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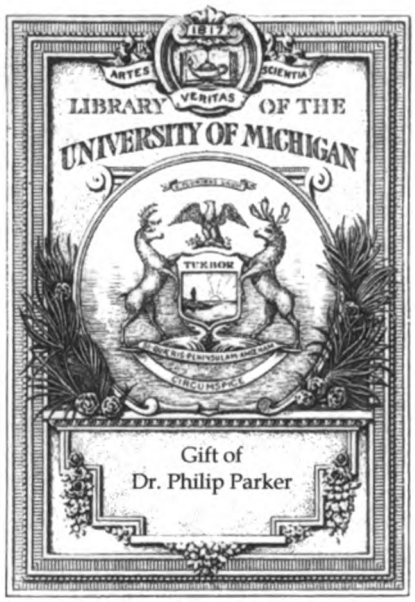
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GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Miss Denise Orme as "St. Cecilia."
SELECTED BY MR. BASSANO AS HIS BEST PHOTOGRAPH.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxix. JANUARY, 1910. No. 229.

"MY MOST BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH."

BY LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS.

MANY persons have been puzzled to understand how it is that, while a really beautiful woman so frequently emerges from the photographic processes as a really plain one, another with scarcely any pretensions to beauty is revealed as a being who might easily evoke the rapturous homage of a poet. The reason for this seeming perversity is now made clear. It is all a question of personal skill, personal judgment, of the personal equation, not in the sense which implies technical manipulation of the plate or print, but in the intelligent management of camera and chemicals to produce the desired result.

And what is the desired result? Let Mr. Langfier and other famous photographic artists say: It is Truth. Mr. Bernard Shaw and numerous of his commentators have been telling us a great deal lately about photography in its relation to painting and life. We have been told about the functions of photography and the functions of pictorial art. Photography, to be anything at all, must be an accurate untouched transcript of Nature, and Mr. Shaw expressed his contempt of that kind of photographic impressionism "which is really under-exposure." As regards portrait work, the camera should be made to tell the truth. But what nobody seems to have observed in this connection is that there are two kinds of truth to be photographed—that which is seen by the eye and that which is seen by the mind. And they say that the camera fails to convey the second kind of truth, and must only give us information about particular facts.

What is forgotten is that the camera, so far from being originally truthful, is consummately untruthful. It seizes hold of some unessential detail—something, perhaps, that the human eye would not observe at all—and exaggerates it until it seems to be essential and predominating. On the other hand, some essential detail, some delicate beauty of proportion, it fails to register duly.

And when we speak of the camera we do not necessarily mean the light of heaven passing through a lens. The lens may be accurate, the image on the ground-glass may be accurate, but the final picture is, and must be, the result of processes. To this picture all the sun does is to throw the image upon a sensitized film, the image itself—the representation of the creature or scène that stood in front of the lens—being lost for ever. It is the business of the photographer to recall that image. There, in a word, is the whole art of photography.

And photography is an art, because it represents facts and can select them. Where it falls short of art is in its lack of invention, and its dependence for beauty upon the beauty of the facts represented. When, granting these canons, photography fails adequately to represent beauty, it fails owing to the unskilfulness of the artist, because he does not understand the arrangement and juxtaposition of light-values, because he cannot select, because he cannot eliminate. Why, too, should it be denied that his photograph of beauty, whether of landscape or of flesh, should not be "the result of the successful expression of the artist's emotions"? A beautiful woman beautifully rendered is a work of beauty and a work of art. It must, to be perfect, have feeling and quality, and that is what the eleven perfect photographs of eleven perfect women taken by eleven master photographers each possesses. Each has been selected by the artist as his masterpiece.

One need have something more than the

MISS JANET ALEXANDER.

Selected by Miss Caswall Smith.

MiU

MISS MARGUERITE DREXEL.
The Ideal Subject of Mme. Lallie Charles.

MISS JOE HOWARD.
Chosen by Messrs. Foulsham & Banfield.

MRS. KNIGHT.
Selected by the Dover Street Studios.

MISS KATHLEEN HAYES.
Chosen by Miss Rita Martin.

MRS. F. WALKER.

Selected by Mr. Esmé Collings.

MISS SWIFT.
The London Stereoscopic Co.'s Ideal Portrait.

MRS. FRANK SHUTTLEWORTH.
Chosen by Mr. Langfier.

THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.
Chosen by Mr. Lafayette.

LADY EILEEN ELLIOT.
Miss Amy Cassels' Ideal Subject.

judicial impartiality of a Paris to award the golden prize to any one of these splendid sitters. It must be remembered that they are not, with two or three exceptions, "stage beauties," and so they need not be suspected of co-operating with the artist, other than by the most favourable presentation of their facial perfections at a sitting.

It will be observed in such an admirable collection as the present how intensely individual are the styles of the different great photographers. It is not necessary to account for the difference in presentation, in pose, and in colour-values by reason of the different individuality of each sitter. Yet there is more in the effect of such individuality upon the resultant photograph than may have been hitherto conceded, because in spite of all that is said to the contrary the sitter does influence the artist. We see no little technical contrast in the respective styles of Mr. Lafayette and Mme. Lallie Charles.

The latter's work, as that of most members of the new school of lady photographers, is at once feminine, delicate, sympathetic, and yet direct. But the directness is no simple mechanical directness. It is attained, yet legitimately, through the due processes of the art. The fact that each photographer has a distinct style easily recognizable is a proof —*pace* the critics—that execution does play a part in the art of photography. Of course, the technical differences are not so manifest in a reproduction such as the present as they are in the original prints, but enough of quality and of treatment remain to illustrate this truth.

Then hardly less interesting as bearing upon "selection" and "elimination" is the artist's choice of an ideal subject. It would hardly be expected that Mr. Langfier, for example, would choose the same sort of beauty as Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, or that the London Stereoscopic Company would see eye to eye with Mr. Esmé Collings. It would be like expecting Sir Luke Fildes to assimilate his ideals to those of Sir William Orchardson. In his photographic masterpiece Mr. Bassano has conceived and built up a poetic idea, or, rather, the representation of a poetic idea. He has not, save in one detail, invented, because photography cannot invent; but he has placed a beautiful woman in a poetic *milieu* and thereby approximated to the pictorial arts. He would not ask us to believe that the nimbus of the halo over the head of his St. Cecilia accurately reproduced anything which appeared on the ground-glass of his camera, and in so far he has doubtless transcended the photographer's art. But so does a sculptor who colours and embellishes his statues with the colours of the sister art of painting.

Like her sister, Mme. Lallie Charles, of whom we have spoken, Miss Rita Martin possesses in almost equal degree that eclectic sense so invaluable to a photographer.

Moreover, there are few of the camera artists *à la mode* in whom the feeling for beauty is so strongly developed. Whether it is that fair sitters flock naturally to her studio as to a shrine, or whether she boasts with some distinguished masters of the brush her faculty of discreet idealization, must be left to a severer critic to determine.

Very often must the artists whose productions bear the name of Caswall Smith have regretted the limitations of the camera, for in their work, as in that of Mr. Histed and his American rival, Mr. Coburn, we seem to see an attempt to pluck the heart out of the sitter's mystery—to give something more than a mere map of the face, a striving, largely aided by chiaroscuro, to convey emotion and produce sentiment. In some of the impressionist schools this is carried to excess; it is not in Miss Caswall Smith's work, nor in that of Miss Amy Cassels.

That direct, straightforward, unembellished photography commended by Mr. Shaw has no more capable exponent than the London Stereoscopic Company. In all their work we find the most candid and implicit reliance upon the negative. In this they but follow the plain teachings of the school which long held sway in England—a school, on the whole, of almost hard and fast limitations, both as to negative and print.

Such artists as Messrs. Lafayette and the Dover Street Studios endeavour, and not unsuccessfully, to steer a course between the severe naturalistic and the fashionable school of idealism. While aiming at a sharpness of definition and a brilliancy of finish, they do not neglect a warmness of tone and a proper subordination of high lights.

On the whole, it may well be affirmed that no such choice collection of the masterpieces of the leading English photographers has ever before been published. Making every allowance for the loss in quality through the engraver's screen and the substitution of printer's ink for the more delicate tones of a sensitized film, we may yet recognize in the accompanying examples the individual characteristics of each artist represented.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE

by

EDGAR JEPSON

THE room was all a hard glitter; for electric lights had been set in the old glass chandelier, and its hundreds of lustres flung the white rays backwards and forwards from one to another in a dazzling interchange, and multiplied them to thousands. So hard was the glitter that the late device of civilization produced an effect of crude barbarism. Its staring brilliance even struck a dull gleam out of the tarnished gilt of the old French furniture.

Prince Paul Urusoff stood very still before the blazing fire, a resplendent figure in his General's uniform, its gold lace, the orders on his breast, the scabbard of his sword, all agleam in the white glare. In the perfect balance of hard muscles and calm nerves he stirred no more than a statue. But his grey eyes as they followed the movements of the servant putting the last touches to the supper-table were dancing with something of the joyful expectancy of a mischievous schoolboy, and now and again a slow smile broke the grim lines of his face.

The servant turned from the table and said:—

"All is ready, Highness."

"You know what you have to do?" said Prince Urusoff.

"Yes, Highness," said the man, and went quietly out of the room.

"'YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO?' SAID PRINCE URUSOFF."

Prince Urusoff stood smiling, and presently the door opened and Constantin Urusoff came in. He blinked in the glare as he saluted his father, came to his side, and stood looking down into the fire, silent, frowning in an uneasy perplexity, with troubled eyes. Prince Urusoff turned a little and watched him.

They were very plainly father and son. Their grey eyes were alike, the curve of the brows above them, their straight noses, their firm, square chins, the line of their lips, their hands, their lean heads, their slim, muscular figures—uncommonly alike. Constantin, under the hammering of responsibility, might even come to look as grim as his father.

He stared into the fire a while, then gave himself a little shake and said, "Did you dine at the palace?"

"Yes; and they gave me dry champagne. I hate it—English muck!" said his father.

"They should know better than that," said Constantin.

"Know better? They know nothing nowadays," growled Prince Urusoff. "Where's Elizabeth?"

"Colonel Svalon is bringing her from the opera."

"Svalon? It's always Svalon; they're never apart. I can't understand why you don't find some way of stopping it," said Prince Urusoff, frowning.

"I don't interfere. It would do no good. Elizabeth would be hurt. Besides, I want nothing she does not give freely—nothing."

"But it makes you unhappy."

Constantin shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't understand it—to be unhappy without making a fight for it. I suppose it is modern," said Prince Urusoff. "Besides, women are not won like that. When I was young it was different. I should certainly have challenged Svalon."

"If I killed Svalon, it would profit me no more with Elizabeth than if Svalon killed me. She would have a horror of me. She's the gentlest creature."

"A woman's gentleness is very much a surface quality—where a man is concerned. Besides, so gentle—and always with Svalon?" said Prince Urusoff; and his eyebrows rose.

"Yes; it's strange that he should attract her so. It's a fascination. She thinks of nothing else; she talks of nothing else—an absolute fascination."

"Well, he has cast a kind of spell on her—a passing spell. Those noisy, energetic fellows often do—on delicate creatures like Elizabeth."

"No; it's the fascination of the hero. Svalon has done great things," said Constantin, with frowning thoughtfulness.

"As for that, heroism is a mere accident—a matter of getting your chance. It might happen to anybody. The chances don't always come to the bravest men. I have seen war," said Prince Urusoff.

"Well, the chances came to Svalon, and he took them. And Elizabeth admires him—passionately."

"Admires him? Yes; but no more. There's no need to be downhearted about that. The spell will pass, I tell you. You have had months' start of Svalon with Elizabeth, and she does not easily change," said Prince Urusoff.

"Not easily; but——" said Constantin; and he shrugged his shoulders with an air of bitter resignation. "After all, the important thing is that she should be happy."

"The important thing is that she should be happy with you. And—well, we shall see. I think we shall see," said Prince Urusoff; and again his eyes were dancing with mischief, and the smile broke the grim lines of his face.

They were silent, and Constantin's troubled eyes stared into the fire.

There was a murmur, the door opened, a servant announced the Countess Zakomelsky and Colonel Svalon, and Elizabeth came into the room, blinking in its glare.

Her blue eyes were shining; the clear skin of her rather pale cheeks was flushed; one after another, quickly, smiles wreathed her sensitive lips. She looked a supremely happy child. The staring white light robbed her beauty of some of its colour and deepened her air of fragility. Black-eyed, black-haired, high-coloured, Colonel Svalon followed her into the room with a gait springy almost to jerkiness. His high cheek-bones and the slight upward slant of the eye-slits showed a strong strain of Tartar blood in him; he looked a man of coarser and even harder grain than the two Urusoffs.

Prince Urusoff's grim face relaxed in an indulgent smile at the sight of Elizabeth; and he bent to kiss her hand with an air almost of devotion.

Elizabeth held out both her hands to Constantin; and as he took them she said, in her clear, childlike voice, "Colonel Svalon has just told me another story—a splendid story."

"He is a lucky man to have so many to

tell," said Prince Urusoff, as the three men saluted one another.

"There is no satisfying the Countess," said Colonel Svalon, in a rather rough, harsh voice. "As soon as I have finished one, she asks for another and then another, and always stories of war. I tell you, if all Russian women were as keen about war, we should be a good deal quicker in conquering the world. And Japan? There would be no Japan. It was hard work collecting those stories; but it was worth while, since the Countess is so eager to hear them."

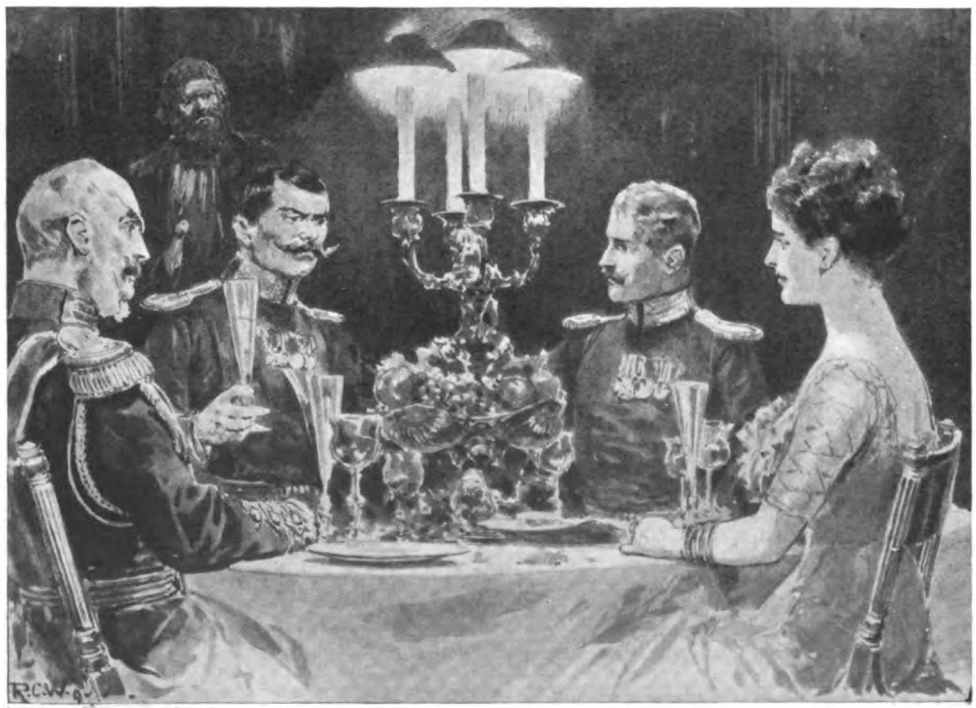
"It was more than hard work. It was terrible—magnificently terrible," said Elizabeth, and there was a touch of awe in her admiring tone. "Tell them the story, Colonel Svalon."

He told the story, an affair of outposts, and he told it well. The quick, jerky movements of his body, his sparkling little eyes unceasingly darting from one to the other, his restless hands gave the impression of an overflowing, irrepressible energy.

When he came to the end of the story the servant said, "Supper is served, Highness."

They sat down at the table, Elizabeth facing Svalon, Constantin facing the Prince. The talk was easy, unchecked, unbroken by pauses. Constantin did not smile often, not even at Elizabeth, but he took a sufficient share in it. Elizabeth seemed to have no ears for anyone but Svalon. She listened to him with shining eyes, parted lips, and flushed cheeks, bent all the time a little towards him. Her frail beauty seemed to draw warmth and colour from his abounding vigour. She was like a flower turning to the sun.

Under the stimulus of her eyes and the champagne he talked more and louder, telling them what he had done and what he would do—or, rather, telling Elizabeth; more and more he addressed himself to Elizabeth. There was nothing of the boaster about him. It was the talk of a man who had done things, and, sure of himself, was resolved steadfastly to do greater things. But it was always the unrelieved egotist who spoke. Svalon had worked and fought for Svalon, and he was going to work and fight for Svalon, and for no one and nothing else. He sneered at the Panslavistic dream; the conquest of Persia, himself the conqueror, was his goal. The East was the proper field for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Once, when there were no servants in the room, he broke out about the Czar, that rankling grievance of the Russian ruling class, speaking of him as "that cowering rat, Nicky Miloush," who could never keep a decent



"ELIZABETH SEEMED TO HAVE NO EARS FOR ANYONE BUT SVALON."

man near him, whose passion for sneaking a finger into every pie hampered everyone.

But all the while that he was dominating the party by his violent vigour he showed an uncommon, quick-witted address. He deferred to Prince Urusoff; Elizabeth had but to move her lips and he was all earnest attention; he seemed to weigh their words carefully before he agreed with them. He was civil to Constantin, but with a reserve; two or three times when his eyes rested on him there was a question in them; they seemed to weigh him as an adversary.

Prince Urusoff flattered him, applauding his designs, urging him to develop his plans further. He seemed resolved that his guest should display his powers to the full. At the end of another discussion of the conquest of Persia he said, with sincere admiration, "You're a great man, Colonel Svalon."

"He is a superman—dreaming in empires," said Elizabeth, softly; and she gazed at him with fascinated eyes.

The three men looked at her. A slow flush gathered in Svalon's face; his restless eyes were still devouring her, and he said, slowly, "I don't know what a superman is, Countess. I'm a soldier—but I have other dreams."

They seemed to be alone together—to have forgotten the other two. There was a dull, painful anger in Constantin's eyes.

"Open another bottle of champagne, and you can leave us, Vassili," said Prince Urusoff to the servant.

They sat silent. Elizabeth was gazing down with rapt, unseeing eyes. Svalon and Constantin gazed at her. At the pop of the champagne cork all three started. Vassili put the bottle on the table and went out of the room.

Constantin and Svalon looked at one another with hostile, challenging eyes.

"A great scheme," said Prince Urusoff.

None of them seemed to hear him.

He had been sitting bent forward with his right arm on the table. He drew himself upright, and in a louder voice said, "One of you is wearing a watch which ticks very loud."

"I'm not wearing a watch," said Svalon.

Constantin shook his head.

"It must be yours, Elizabeth," said Prince Urusoff.

"No; my watches are at home," said Elizabeth.

"It's odd. I hear a ticking. Listen!" said Prince Urusoff.

They were all quiet.

"Yes; there is a ticking—in the corner. It comes from Marie Antoinette's cabinet," said Elizabeth.

Constantin rose, went to the cabinet, and opened its doors. There were a few pieces of bric-à-brac on the shelves, but no watch or clock. With a sudden movement he bent towards the floor, drew himself upright, and turned to them.

His face was very pale, but he said quietly, "There is nothing. Let's go to the drawing-room, father."

There was a curious tense silence for a moment. Constantin's eyes met those of Prince Urusoff and then those of Svalon. None of the three men looked at Elizabeth.

"Come along, Elizabeth," said Prince Urusoff, rising.

"Why? It's very pleasant——"

Then the compelling force in Prince Urusoff's tone struck her; her voice died down suddenly; and she rose and moved along the side of the table, a faint, groping wonder in her eyes.

With strides which were not quick but long, Svalon was at the door, opening it for her. It seemed to stick; and the handle jarred to his tug.

"There's something wrong with the lock," he said, on a strident note.

"Allow me," said Prince Urusoff, letting Elizabeth's hand fall from his arm.

He turned the handle, shook it, and loosed it.

"The door's locked," he said.

"The window," said Svalon; and he went the length of the room in three strides.

"It's no use—forty feet from the ground and barred," said Prince Urusoff.

Svalon threw it open, gripped one of the bars, and shook at it. An icy wind blew into the room and a hundred snow-flakes fluttered round his head. He shut the window; and for all the icy blast his forehead was shining.

"What—what—oh, the ticking! It's an infernal machine!" cried Elizabeth.

Constantin caught her hand, and said, "There's no need to be frightened. We've found it in plenty of time to get you away."

She gasped and sobbed once, and stood quiet, trembling.

Svalon came springing back to the door, and struck it hard with his fist, testing it.

"We must break out a panel," he cried.

"Kyshtim oak, forty years old, and more than two inches thick," said Prince Urusoff.

Svalon sprang to the fireplace—he seemed able to move only in leaps—snatched up the thin poker, and flung it down.

"No use; and this flimsy furniture would

smash like touchwood against that door," he said, and stood still glowering round at the rosewood chairs and couches.

Constantin ran across the room to him, seized his arm, and shook him savagely.

"Where's your resource, man? You must get Elizabeth away!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Can't you see these cursed revolutionists have all the resources? This room was built for them," growled Svalon.

He stood hunched together, his brow puckered, his eyes half-closed in an intense concentration.

"Can we pull up a plank and throw the thing out of the window?" cried Constantin.

Without a word Svalon bounded to the corner, and Constantin was nearly as quick. They dropped on their knees, wrenched up the carpet, ripping it from the nails, and dragged it back, upsetting the cabinet.

"THEY DROPPED ON THEIR KNEES AND WRENCHED UP THE CARPET, RIPPING IT FROM THE NAILS."

The ticking rang out louder.

"New screws," said Constantin, bending over the bared planks.

They stood up and stared round the room, seeking some makeshift tool.

"The knives!" said Svalon, leaping to the table.

He snatched up a knife, set his heel on the blade, snapped it in half, and was back in the corner, on his knees, working away at one of the screws which held down the plank. Constantin was quick to imitate him. The thin blades chipped and bent; not a screw moved half a turn. Prince Urusoff watched them, with an arm round Elizabeth. Svalon broke three knives and Constantin two before they relaxed in their fruitless efforts.

They rose and looked at one another, and came back to the table. There was no longer any springiness in Svalon's gait; he sank limply into a chair and wrapped a napkin round his bleeding fingers. Constantin set himself as a shield between Elizabeth and the corner, looking at her with a fury of pity and horror in his eyes. She held her head high, but she was moistening her dry lips with the tip of her tongue.

In their silence the sound of the ticking came very clear.

"So—we are caught like rats in a trap," said Prince Urusoff; and he sat down.

"Like rats in a trap," snarled Svalon.

There came two gasping, strangled sobs from Elizabeth; Constantin made a step towards her. She checked her sobs by a convulsive effort and was very still. The ticking struck very loud on their strained ears.

"It's absurd—monstrous—execrable! Cut off like a rat in a trap—at the beginning of things!" shouted Svalon, violently; and he burst into a storm of execrations at the revolutionists.

"Howling won't mend matters," said Constantin.

Svalon was silent. Then, in a fresh spasm of energy, he rushed to the window, opened it, and shouted for help. The others watched him. His voice drowned the sound of the ticking. It was a relief.

Prince Urusoff said, "The window opens on to the courtyard. Not a servant will be out in it on a night like this. With that wind blowing, no one will hear you."

Svalon banged the window and came down the room, cursing again.

"Don't make such a noise. I can't hear the ticking if you make such a noise," said Elizabeth, fretfully.

"The Countess sets you an example of composure, Colonel," said Prince Urusoff.

"Curse composure!" said Svalon. But he looked at Elizabeth, and some of the savage rage faded out of his face. "God, it is hard!" he said. "At the beginning of things—the very beginning of things. And you too, Countess—to lose you too!" He threw out his hands. "Everything was coming my way—everything."

Elizabeth gazed at him with curious, searching eyes, and a faint flush warmed her pale cheeks.

He took a step towards her and held out his arms. "Come, let us die together. It's all that's left—a few kisses."

Elizabeth took a step backwards. "No; you're wrong. I'm not—I wasn't—coming to you, Colonel Svalon," she said, quickly.

"This is no time for timidities. We're out of the world. You can be yourself; there will be no one to tell, eh, Highness?" said Svalon.

"There will be no one to tell," said Prince Urusoff.

Svalon made another step towards her, smiling. "Quick! We have not long—three kisses, perhaps."

A faint repugnance shone in Elizabeth's eyes, a little shiver shook her. "No," she said, in a faint voice, but clear. "You're wrong—quite wrong. Never, had we been living, would you have kissed me."

"I think I should," said Svalon, quietly. "But what does it matter now?"

He dropped into a chair, filled a glass with champagne, drank it slowly, and then another.

The ticking rang out in the silence as jarring as a cracked bell. It hammered on their ears.

"Oh, will it be long? It's dreadful waiting," cried Elizabeth, and her voice broke in a sob.

"Poor Elizabeth! Don't be so frightened. It will be very quick. You will know nothing—feel nothing—nothing at all," said Constantin, gently; and there was a poignant tenderness, an aching regret in his tone.

"But it's so dreadful, waiting," she wailed; and then, softly, "Hold me, Constantin."

Constantin made a step forward, and his arms were round her. She raised her face, and their lips met.

"Oh, Elizabeth—poor Elizabeth!" he groaned.

"So that was how the land lay. I thought so," growled Svalon; and, scowling at them, he poured out another glass of champagne.

Prince Urusoff laughed softly; then he said, "I think the joke has gone far enough."

Svalon twisted on his chair and looked at him; but neither Elizabeth nor Constantin heard.

"I meant to wait till the alarum went off," said Prince Urusoff, in a louder voice, which caught their ears. "But it might be too great a shock to Elizabeth. The ticking is bad enough."

"Alarum! Joke! What do you mean?" said Svalon, starting up.

"Well, I wanted to test your nerves, Colonel Svalon, so I had a plank taken up and put one of those loud-ticking American clocks underneath it. It's not an infernal machine at all," said Prince Urusoff, smiling.

"Oh!" said Elizabeth; and she twisted herself out of Constantin's arms and stood gasping and blushing.

"An American clock! An American clock! Well, I'll be shot!" cried Svalon; and he burst into a great shout of laughter, and then roared and roared on a lower note. The roars rang a little hysterical. Presently he was rocking on his feet, holding his ribs, and the tears were running down his cheeks. After a while he got control of himself, checked his laughter, and gasped, "A splendid joke—stupendous!"

"I merely wished to test things," said Prince Urusoff.

"But you're detestable, godpapa!" said Elizabeth; and then she smiled.

"You shouldn't have done it, father! It was cruel—horrible to frighten poor Elizabeth like that," cried Constantin, hotly.

He was panting painfully, like a man who has run himself out in a race.

"I don't think you've any great reason to complain, Constantin," said Prince Urusoff, mildly. "And I think Elizabeth will forgive me. I fancy my infernal machine—cleared the air."

"It didn't, godpapa! I never — I always——" cried Elizabeth, and she stopped short, blushing furiously.

There was a jarring click, and then the buzzing tingle of the alarum, smothered by the floor. Elizabeth clutched Constantin's arm with both hands.

Another great shout of laughter burst from Svalon. "A glorious joke—glorious!" he roared. "I have been nearly frightened to death!"

"'A GLORIOUS JOKE—GLORIOUS!' HE ROARED."

"My Reminiscences."

XIV.

By JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

PERSONS with a tendency to saying nice things have been kind enough to tell me that at a very early age I displayed no little aptitude for "mechanical pursuits," which, being translated into everyday language, means, I take it, that I had a taste for filing and scraping. For my own part, all I can remember is that I was very fond of making things; and a boy naturally likes to do what he likes. But the boy who has no taste for mechanics can surely never become a mechanician. And, by the same token, a boy whose tastes drift strongly in the direction of mechanism can never become anything else, for the study of mechanism is one of those all-powerful habits whose influence so undermines the will that its luckless victim finally becomes a slave to an all-absorbing passion.

So it was with me. From the initial stage of wanting to see the wheels go round I passed, in the ordinary course of events, to the more advanced period of wanting to make them go round. And although I was born some three score and ten years ago—on the 22nd of December, 1839, to be accurate—even in these far-away days I can look back with a pang of pity upon a family of seven sisters, afflicted morn, noon, and night by the untutored, but none the less enthusiastic, efforts of a mechanically-minded and only brother whose chief object in life it was to see "how things worked."

MR. J. N. MASKELYNE.
From a Photograph.

Of my early boyhood experiences one in particular stands out most vividly. Bathing in a canal I was carried out of my depth, and after the usual period of struggling I was drowned, and, saving my subsequent resuscitation, I was, to all ordinary intents and purposes, as dead as cold mutton or the proverbial door-nail. Of course, this particular incident happened a very long time ago, but I may say that, so far as my memory carries, drowning is far from an unpleasant death. After the first few seconds, after the first wild struggles for breath, it is quite painless, and, although there is a popular theory that all the past events of his life muster together and crowd in Indian file through a drowning man's brain, I am compelled to admit that, as far as I am concerned, it assuredly was not the case that all the events of my life presented themselves to me.

One thing, however, did appear to my mental vision and as clearly outlined as though it were actually before my eyes. That was the image of my mother engaged upon her household duties. On returning home I was intensely astonished to find that she also had experienced a strong feeling that all was not well with me at the actual moment when I was so near death. I need scarcely say that there are numerous records of similar occurrences in which a natural influence appears to be exercised between mind and mind, though whether or not it may be possible to establish any physical law bearing upon the subject I cannot say. But, to me, this mental action during times of stress and danger—call it telepathy, or what you will—remains an undisputable fact which no amount of reasoning can explain away. Apropos of my drowning experience, I should like to say that my recovery was so complete that a few hours after my arrival home I went to church and, as a chorister, I sang a solo in an anthem the same evening.

I trust, however, that this will not be taken as a precedent, for I have yet to hear that any living soul, who has actually returned as I did, after passing through the valley of the shadow, has so far recovered as to be able to do the same thing.

The event in my boyhood which exercised a more powerful influence than any other on my future career was a visit to the Exhibition of 1851. There I saw the "Piping Bullfinch" for the first time. The crowd of people round this "wonder" was so great that it was difficult to get near the mechanical songster, which to me, I must tell you, was the whole exhibition. I had no eyes for anything else. The delight of seeing the miniature bird emerge from its hiding-place and sing with all the life and movement of Nature's handiwork was simply indescribable, and I am firmly convinced it was that which first aroused in me a taste for all that is fine and delicate in mechanism.

So far as a profession is concerned I had always shown a great desire to learn watchmaking. Accordingly, I was apprenticed to a working jeweller and watchmaker at Cheltenham, and although I was perfectly happy and worked diligently during business hours, in my leisure time I devoted my earnest attention still more studiously to the invention and construction of magical apparatus. It was during my apprenticeship that I first became interested in spiritualism, and as since then spiritualists have obtruded themselves by no means unostentatiously in my career, my first introduction to "spiritualism" will doubtless interest many people.

Near my place of business lived a man who professed to be able to cure disease by mesmerism and supernatural power. He frequently came to the shop in which I worked, to have made for him "little pieces of apparatus." These commissions were generally placed in my hands, and in the course of time we became so friendly that he finally invited me to his séances, in which, at first, I soon became quite absorbed, believing for a time that they were perfectly genuine. I was only seventeen, by the way, so I may reasonably charge my tender years for this blind faith in his occult performances.

One day, however, disillusion came to me. He who professed to cure disease by mesmerism and supernatural power brought me "a piece of apparatus" to be repaired, telling me at the same time that it was a surgical appliance. I was most curious to see how this surgical appliance could be intelligently applied to surgery, and after experimenting with it I found that, by attaching it to the leg, and making several additions, it made raps upon the table in a manner which reminded me most vividly of those rappings I had heard at some of my acquaintance's séances.

But my business was to repair the appliance, which I soon did, and sent it back to the owner, enclosing an account made out as follows :—

Repairs to table-rapping apparatus ... 1s. 6d.

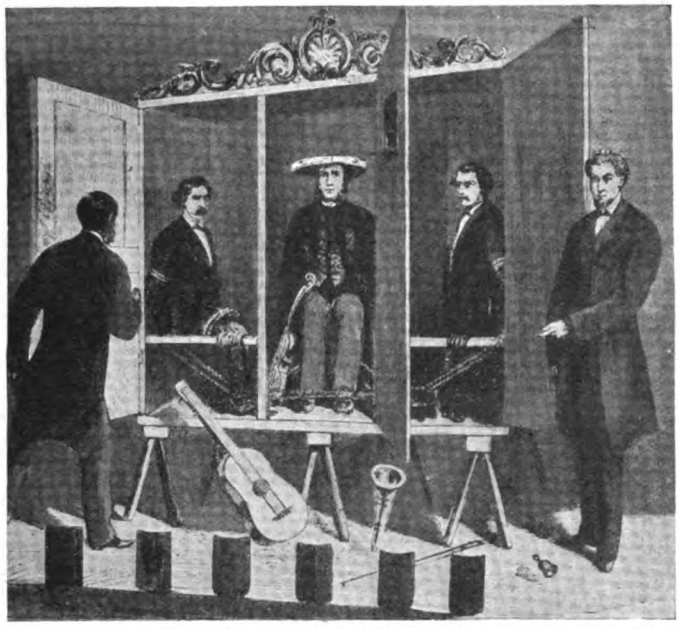
I considered this very smart at the time, but it proved an act of unwisdom, for I was never again invited to any of those séances; no more work was placed in my hands, and, in consequence, I was prevented from discovering any more of this man's tricks. This circumstance, however, created in me an intense desire to get to the bottom of the fraud and expose it. I, therefore, attended every spiritual séance I possibly could, and frequently had to pretend to believe in the humbug to gain admittance; but, as some slight compensation for these "acts of insincerity," I usually came away with a few tricks added to my repertoire.

No doubt, sooner or later, I should have adopted magic as a profession. The matter, however, was settled for me by an event which happened just over forty-five years ago. That was the visit of the notorious Davenport Brothers to Cheltenham. Those spiritualistic impostors were billed to give séances at the Town Hall, and as everywhere they went they made a great sensation their advent was awaited with the keenest anticipation. Their performance, as thousands of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will doubtless remember, was given with the aid of a cabinet, in which the brothers were secured hand and foot with ropes, sometimes by the public and sometimes by spirits. The cabinet, in appearance, was much like a wardrobe with three doors, in the centre of which was an aperture covered by a piece of black cloth.

The Brothers Davenport sat facing one another at either side of the cabinet, and thus, the two doors right and left being closed, it was only by looking sideways into the cabinet that either brother could be seen. I would mention, however, that the light in the room was always dim, so that even when the centre door was open it was difficult to distinguish any movement inside. And although the men sat there, apparently tightly bound, no sooner was the middle door closed than hands would be thrust out through the aperture, instruments placed within the cabinet were performed upon, bells were rung, and tambourines were

jingled. Then, of a sudden, the centre door would open and the instruments would come flying into the room, though, when the side doors were open, the Davenport Brothers were found to be tied just as previously, not even a single knot being disturbed. Numerous effects of the most startling character were also produced in the cabinet, and altogether the performance was an exceedingly clever one.

In due course the world-famous mystifiers held their séance at the Town Hall at Cheltenham, the windows of which were specially darkened for the occasion. It so happened that I was one of the committee of investigation elected by the audience. During the séance I was seated on one side of the stage, with a row of darkened windows at my back. It was an afternoon performance. Once, while the centre door was opening and instruments were flying out of the cabinet, a small piece of drapery fell from the window behind me. A ray of sunlight shot into the cabinet, lighting up Ira Davenport, whose actions thus became visible to me. There sat Ira with one hand behind him and the other in the act of throwing the instruments out. In a trice both hands were behind him. He gave a smart wriggle of his shoulders, and lo! when his bonds were examined, he was found to be thoroughly secured; so firmly bound, in fact, that the ropes were cutting into the flesh on his wrists.



THE CABINET TRICK OF THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS WHICH WAS EXPOSED BY MR. MASKELYNE.
From an Old Print.

But I had discovered the secret. Ira Davenport's movement had taught me the trick. And I knew that with a little practice I could do it. The spokesman, the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, tried to get me away, but with no success. "Ladies and gentlemen," I said, addressing the audience, "by a slight accident I have been able to discover this trick." This statement was challenged by the gentleman who engaged the performers. I at once replied that it was a feat of dexterity, and could not, therefore, be performed without practice, adding that, to prove my statement, I would there and then make a promise to put the trick into practice, and at the earliest possible moment I would undertake to present a replica of the entire performance in the same hall. At this time, I must tell you, I was a member of an amateur band, and at rehearsals a certain Mr. G. A. Cooke used to sit beside me.

Now, in order to do this trick effectively I realized at once that I should require an assistant, for it was a sheer impossibility for any one man alone to give a correct imitation of the Davenports' performance. I suggested to Mr. Cooke, therefore, that he should help me, which he readily consented to do, and that is how the names of Maskelyne and Cooke became connected. Mr. Cooke, I would mention, ever afterwards remained my confidential assistant almost to the day of his death, four years ago.

Writing of this connection reminds me that, from remarks I have often heard made and letters I have received on the subject, there would seem to be a widespread impression among those interested in magic that I am a foreigner, and that my name has been assumed purely for showmanship purposes. This, however, is not so. My name is my birthright, and I am a member of a Wiltshire family who have possessed landed estates in the neighbourhood of Purton and Wootton Bassett for many hundreds of years.

But I am digressing. Three or four months after the Davenports' appearance I gave an

exact replica of their performance in the same hall at Cheltenham as I had promised. The success attending this exposure, and the numerous applications I received from persons desirous of securing a repetition of the performance, brought me such notoriety that I was offered engagements all over the country, and I soon found it impossible to devote my time to anything else but magic, and, much to the disgust of my parents and my wife, I decided to "cross the Rubicon" without further hesitation. So, abandoning my first choice of professions, I launched out on the stormy seas of magic and mysticism.

I will not here go into my early struggles, though struggles, indeed, I had. Still, these are inseparable from almost every calling selected by those who have to make their own way in the world. Suffice it to say, therefore, that after first securing a great success at the St. James's Large Hall, just over thirty-six years ago, some two months afterwards I made my first appearance in London at the Egyptian Hall, hoping to remain there three months. I stayed for thirty-three years, until the hall was demolished for improvements in Piccadilly.

In those days we practically had the field to ourselves, and I think I am correct in saying that I was the first London entertainer to give performances twice daily. Frequently I was able to advertise, "The only entertainment in London this afternoon." The late Sir Henry Irving—who, by the way, few people are probably aware, was something of a conjurer himself—was at the time very much interested in magic, and frequently came to see me at the Egyptian Hall. "You seem to get very good audiences," he said, at the end of one afternoon's performance. "Yes," I replied; "on the whole I think we do decidedly better in the afternoon than in the evening." Whether or not these casual words of mine gave birth to the idea I cannot say; but this much I know, that shortly afterwards Henry Irving started giving regular *matinées* himself.

Perhaps the greatest success I ever achieved at the Egyptian Hall was made by Psycho, which was the first automaton I ever constructed, and, by the same token, probably the best. The construction of that machine alone occupied me for considerably more than two years, during the whole of which time I was giving two very trying performances daily. I could always work better in the quiet of the night than in the morning. My invariable custom, therefore, was to get home immediately after the evening's performance, have a cup of tea, and work until far into the small hours of the morning, generally turning into bed at about four o'clock, and rising at eight o'clock, or thereabouts, to continue my work until obliged to leave for the Egyptian Hall.

Like all my other mysteries, Psycho was the subject of countless so-called "imitations," some of which consisted of a figure which looked like Psycho seated upon the box, wherein a small boy was concealed. Such an imitation, for example, was produced at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, three months after I introduced my automaton. I have learnt that "a correct imitation" of a mystery is anything which looks like the original to people who know nothing about it. And, this being so, I have little doubt that the majority of the public at first failed to see any great difference between the Aquarium imitation and the original Psycho.

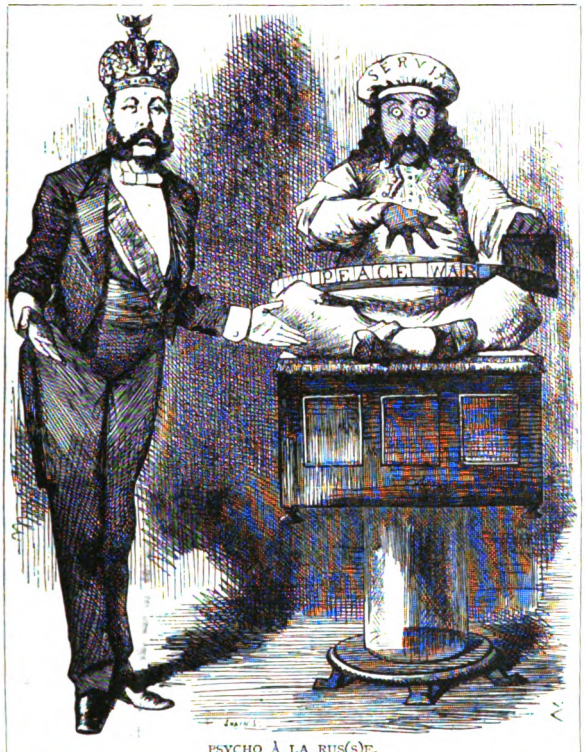
However, like murder, "fakes" will out, and following the usual course this particular imitation was doomed to exposure at Gloucester, when a door in the side of the apparatus accidentally flew open, and the scared face of the boy within was seen peering out in wonder as to what had happened.

Now, there are some things which a mechanician cannot stand, and an "android," which is the technical definition of an automaton, or a machine in the human form, is one of those things. In consequence I was compelled to take steps to prove that, whatever may have happened in the case of supposed imitations, the secret of my whist-player, Psycho, had never been discovered.

To this end I offered a reward of two thousand pounds to anyone who could produce an automaton that could perform Psycho's movements under the same conditions. The reward of two thousand pounds was extensively advertised, and in this connection I would mention an amusing thing which happened. In a certain periodical, in which my offer of two thousand pounds appeared, just below figured a notification to the effect that "a correct imitation of my automaton was to be disposed of, together with a dress coat, suitable for a stout gentleman, for the very reasonable sum of eight pounds." I have yet to hear that this curious assortment found a purchaser. Unless, however, human nature is even more gullible than many people suppose, I scarcely think it likely that it was disposed of, for even the most philanthropic bargain-vender would surely scarcely sell for eight

pounds something which could be the means of earning for him two thousand pounds for about five minutes' conversation.

Psycho, I would mention, gave altogether no fewer than four thousand consecutive performances. At the end of that time, however, his delicate "internal regions" became deranged — he suffered, I think, from a form of nervous debility —and I removed him to my workshop to give him a chance of recovering his health. Since his retirement I have waited for over twenty years for an opportunity to execute the necessary surgical operations, but none occurred until the beginning of this year, when my energetic partner, Mr. Devant, relieved me from stage work. That responsibility taken off my hands has provided me with the necessary leisure, and since then I have been engaged on the task of nursing Psycho back to health. At the moment of writing I am glad to say that he is convalescent, and if the improvement continues, as I think it will, Psycho will shortly make his bow to a new generation and, I sincerely hope, to many old admirers.



PSYCHO À LA RUS(S)E.

RUSS-MASCULINE.—"It must be plain to everyone that I do not in any way influence the movements of the figure ! !"

MR. MASKELYNE'S "PSYCHO" USED AS A "PUNCH" CARTOON.

Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

During my career I have always found it a labour of love to expose frauds of spiritualism, and in this connection I must refer to the notorious prosecution of "Dr." Slade, a noted "medium" from America, who professed to hold supernatural converse with the souls of the dead, for which obliging action he was accustomed to charge a fee of one sovereign. And that this pastime was a remunerative one can easily be understood when I say that the "doctor" was wont to start work between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and until late at night his séances, which generally lasted about twenty minutes, were crowded with visitors, each of whom gladly paid a sovereign for the manifestations which "Dr." Slade professed to be able to perform.

Here I may say that since I have been in London I have never known a medium, and have never seen a performance, in which trickery could not enter. Indeed, I would go still further and add that every one that I have taken up I have succeeded in exposing. But the "Dr." Slade case was the most difficult I have ever had to deal with.

In the first place, although I made several applications for a sitting, he persistently refused to allow me to come. In consequence, I had to find out the trick at second-hand—a matter of extreme difficulty. Eventually, however, I solved the mystery, and was called as a witness at the prosecution, the principal witnesses of which were Professor Edwin Ray Lankester and Dr. Horatio Donkin.

The main question to be decided, of course, was whether the writing which Slade exhibited to visitors as that of his deceased wife's spirit was not, in reality, done by himself. The other two principal witnesses besides myself gave evidence that they had called at Slade's residence, where he had exhibited, and, having paid their money, were treated to the "spiritualistic performance." It appeared from their evidence that the slate was sometimes held by Slade with one hand under the table. The identical table was produced in court, amid much amusement. It seemed to be an ordinary kitchen table

with four legs and two flaps, and its size, when extended, was about four feet square. It had the ordinary framework around the centre portion of the table and the legs to the depth of six or eight inches, but when the flaps were extended it would appear to an ordinary sitter to be devoid of any framework. The table was turned over in court and examined underneath, when I saw that it was precisely the kind of table I should have made myself to perform the trick.

So much for the table itself. Now for the trick, which I will explain exactly as I did in court. "It is a very good trick," I said to the magistrate, Mr. Flowers, when cross-examined, "and the point is this. It seems impossible that a man with a heavy slate can hold it and produce writing with the same fingers beneath the slate. It is, however, very easy, especially if there is a slight projection or peg beneath the table, or a cross-piece, as in the table in court, to push the slate against and help to support it. The slate can then be supported by the thumb and the whole of the fingers left at liberty. The best way, however, of holding the pencil is not under a finger-nail, for that is impracticable, but by an apparatus like this." Here I produced a little thimble with an attached pencil fastened by elastic beneath my sleeve, which disappeared by itself when let go. The thimble I made and painted to exactly resemble the end of my finger and nail. With this instantaneously fixed on the end of my finger I held the slate before me with my left hand, and resting the thumb of my right hand, and having the fingers loose on the other side, rapidly wrote a few words which, when the slate was handed up to the Bench, Mr. Flowers read, amid great laughter: "The spirits are present."

"The peculiarity of writing in this way is that the lines are necessarily curved," I continued, in explaining the trick. "In producing such writing under a table the operator would, by a slight kick, or by shuddering, take off the attention for a second, which time would be ample for him to turn the slate over. Another short message would then be written on the under side, and on the slate being produced there would be the appearance of writing on the side which had been apparently next to the table. Having two messages written on the slate is, of course, convenient, for the performer would read the upper one and, rubbing it out, would say, 'Now we will try again.' Then he would place the other side of the slate against the table and say to his visitor, 'You hold the corner.' Of course, the point of the trick is that he turns the slate over beneath the table, and then, after it has been held close against the table, the writing appears again on the upper surface of the slate." Long messages can be written upon slates and rendered invisible, but in a short time they will appear as though they had just been written.

When once the method by which "Dr." Slade "conversed with the souls of the dead" was explained, the whole fraud became clear, and eventually he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. On a technical point, however, the indictment was quashed, and before this world-famous "medium" could be arrested again he had fled the country. Some years ago I learnt that he eventually died in America in abject poverty. For the latter statement of things I make no doubt that my exposure of the "fake" was largely responsible, but I cannot say that this weighs very heavily on my conscience, for a clearer and more iniquitous case of fraud, cloaked under that most convenient of all garments, spiritualism, I have seldom encountered.

Of recent years few cases have created a greater sensation than Archdeacon Colley's one-thousand-pound challenge. Below is a copy of the actual challenge:—

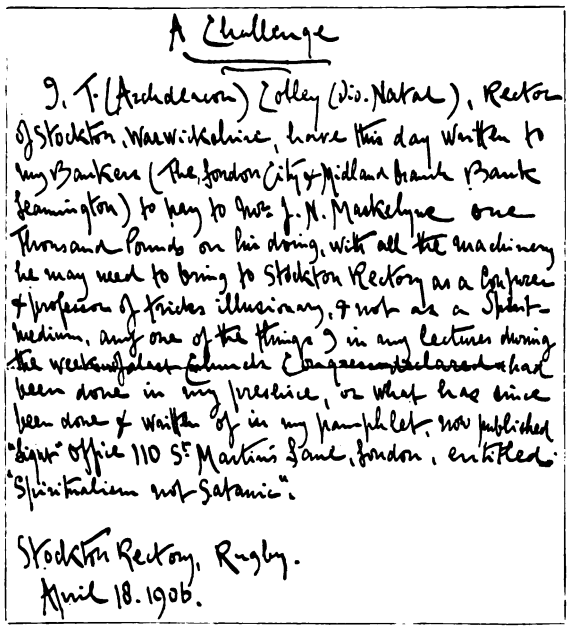
"I, T. (Archdeacon) Colley (Dio. Natal), Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, have this day written to my bankers (the London City and Midland Branch Bank, Leamington) to pay to Mr. J. N. Maskelyne one thousand pounds, on his doing, with all the machinery he may need to bring to Stockton Rectory as a conjurer and professor of tricks illusionary, and not as a spirit-medium, any one of the things I, in my lectures during the week of last Church Congress, declared had been done in my presence, or what has since been done and written of in my pamphlet, now published, entitled 'Spiritualism not Satanic.'"

I was reluctant to accept the foolish challenge, because it would prove nothing, and, in any case, I had no wish to appropriate Mr. Colley's money; but, on a long correspondence ensuing through the public Press, I was eventually driven to accept the challenge to save my reputation from suffering. All I had to work on was a rambling statement printed in a pamphlet, in which the manifestations the Archdeacon described he declared took place more than thirty years ago, most of them through the "mediumship" of a "Dr." Monck. One manifestation, however, was very curious. In the pamphlet the Archdeacon declared

that he wrapped several yards of muslin round his body, next his skin; and in that condition he rode his cycle many miles on a hot summer's day to visit a lady medium.

He then took the muslin off and put it into the medium's lap, whence it disappeared and was carried seventy miles in a few seconds by "psychic parcels post." For my part, I did not attempt that sanitary experiment, but selected rather "the extrusion of a materialized spirit from Dr. Monck's side in a cloud of vapour." This illusion I performed, and afterwards claimed the reward, which, however, was withheld from me. I thereupon brought an action to recover it, intending to return the one thousand pounds if I got it, or to present it to charity. The case, from the point of view of the public, was apparently one of the most laughable ever heard in a court of law, and after a severe cross-examination Mr. Colley's counsel admitted that I had performed one half of the manifestation, but that the manifestation was not quite complete unless I made the spirit return to my body.

This point was pressed with all the force a clever counsel could command. The judge, also, gave it as his opinion that I ought to have taken the young lady back into my body, but added, "No doubt, if Mr. Maskelyne could produce the spirit, he could also make her disappear." The jury, however, decided against me, doubtless upon this point alone, whereupon I explained that the reason that I did not make the spirit disappear as she was, was that to do so would spoil the trick as an illusion, in that it would produce an anti-climax. I, however, stated in court that I would at once go and perform that part of the manifestation, and, having done so, would bring another action, but before I could get back to St. George's Hall a special message had arrived from Mr. Colley's solicitor which ran as follows: "Dear Sir,—My client instructs me to withdraw the challenges issued by him to yourself. Please take notice that the same are hereby withdrawn." On that account, and on that account only, I was prevented from prosecuting the matter farther. I would say, however, that this case is probably the last battle I shall ever fight against the frauds of spiritualism.


A Challenge

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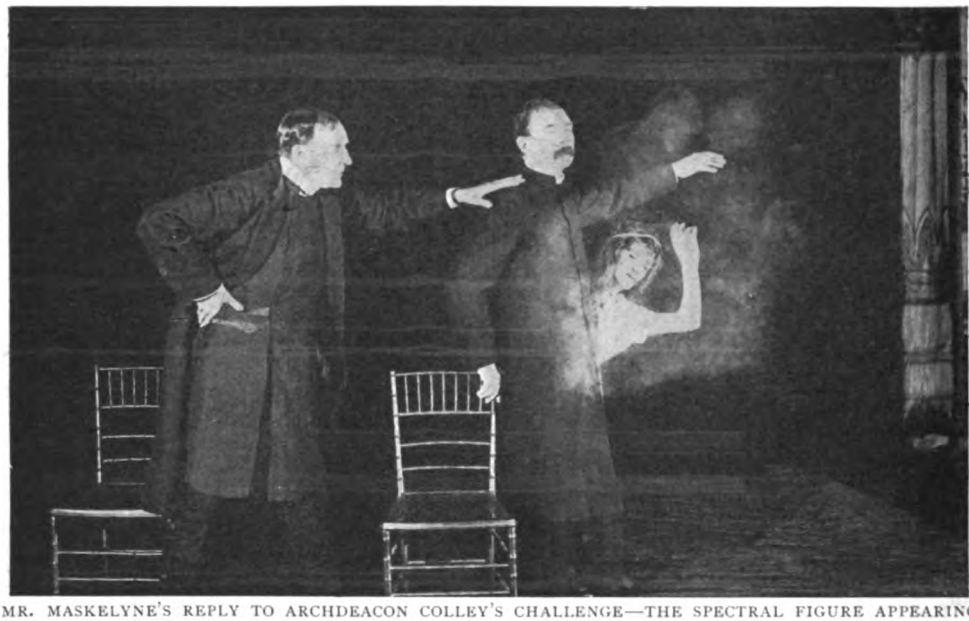
Stockton Rectory, Rugby.
April 18. 1906.

ARCHDEACON COLLEY'S CHALLENGE TO MR. MASKELYNE.

By this time I make no doubt that space presses, and therefore, by way of conclusion, I will refer to a question which constantly crops up in every walk of life, and which, probably, I have been asked more frequently than any other: "What prospect does the occupation of a magician present to a youth who has a taste for it?" In reference to magic, as in so many other cases, my answer must be that the prospect of success depends very largely upon the youth himself. There are very few prizes and very many blanks, and in my opinion it is almost as difficult to become a successful illusionist as it is to become a successful politician.

Let the educated man try to invent a new proposition in Euclid, and he will realize something of the difficulty to be faced in producing a new illusion. Indeed, without originality and inventive ability there is small hope of achieving success as an illusionist, for to copy others and merely do what others can do inevitably means very little more than a bare existence. No; the man who takes to magic as a means of livelihood must first of all be an inventor, and that he cannot be unless he has had a mechanical training. Even then all the training in the world will not make a man an inventor if the faculty of invention is not born in him. But I would



MR. MASKELYNE'S REPLY TO ARCHDEACON COLLEY'S CHALLENGE—THE SPECTRAL FIGURE APPEARING FROM HIS SIDE.
From a] *[Photograph.*

add that, to those who take a real interest in the art of invention, the life possesses charms which amply compensate one for the great labour the production of a really novel invention entails.

"Is your life an arduous one?" is another query very often put to me. Without a doubt, my career has been a very arduous one, but, at the same time, it certainly has not interfered with my health, for although now I have actually reached man's allotted span of three score years and ten, since the age of four — for sixty-six years — I have never once had to keep to my bed for a single day. Surely no more conclusive proof could be offered that a magician's life, to put it very mildly, is an exceedingly healthy one, despite its occupying in so wholesale a manner the attention of spurious imitators, of whom German makers of conjuring apparatus are the greatest sinners.

THE SPECTRAL FIGURE FULLY EMERGED.
From a Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

RUDGWICK'S ROMANTIC DISPOSITION

By C. H. Bovill

"ALL I ask of life," murmured Rudgwick, gazing dreamily out to sea, "is to be loved for myself."

"For yourself? What do you mean?" laughed Miss Thompkins, looking at him mischievously. "You don't expect anyone to love you for Harry Lauder or the Archbishop of Canterbury, do you?"

Rudgwick explained that when he said loved for himself he meant as opposed to being loved for his money.

"But you haven't got any," objected Miss Thompkins, who found the cold facts of life quite sufficiently puzzling without these unnecessary excursions into the realms of hypothesis.

"But suppose I had," persisted the young man, with all a lover's obstinacy. "Ten thousand pounds a year, say. Would you still love me?"

Miss Thompkins was dubious.

"I dare say I should still be fond of you in a sort of way," she admitted, after some thought. "But I expect I should find myself getting gradually more and more drawn to your income. But why let us talk about it? You haven't got it. If you had, it would simply spoil everything."

Mistaking Rudgwick's look of anxiety for one of astonishment, Miss Thompkins hastened to explain.

"The dream of my life has always been to marry some dear, nice man" (she pressed Rudgwick's hand affectionately) "who was quite, quite poor, and to help him and inspire him in his struggle up the ladder of success. That's what I'm going to do for you. Don't you think it will be just splendid?"

"Splendid!" agreed Rudgwick, who had never struggled up anything without the assistance of a lift. "Absolutely gorgeous!"

"Very well, then, dear," said Miss Thompkins, holding out her hand so that he might help her up from the shingle. "If somebody dies and leaves you a lot of money just before our wedding-day you'd better not tell me anything about it, or I shall probably throw you over in favour of some poor but honest rival."

The words were lightly spoken, but they succeeded, with some little assistance from a typical seaside mattress, in keeping Rudgwick awake half that night. Over and over again he asked himself, as he tossed and turned, was he to lose the happiness which had seemed to be within his grasp simply because a wicked uncle had elected to saddle him with an incubus of something like a quarter of a million sterling?

Rudgwick's case was peculiarly deserving. He suffered from an incurably romantic disposition. Do what he would, it never seemed to get any better. Now, to be romantic in any circumstances is difficult enough, good-

ness knows; but to be romantic in circumstances which are disgustingly comfortable is practically impossible. Rudgwick found this out at a very early stage in his career. Still, he continued to do his best, though the results were far from encouraging.

As he had quite truthfully explained to Miss Thompkins, all he asked of life was to be loved for himself. Not much to ask, perhaps; but with so formidable a rival as an income running well into five figures one is not likely to get it. Rudgwick, in point of fact, did not get it, or even go near getting it. What used to happen, with monotonous regularity, was this.

Rudgwick would get engaged without any difficulty to some charming girl who knew all about the very satisfactory state of his investments, and then—just as his friends were beginning to search for the best shop at which to buy something costing not more than thirty shillings, suitable for presentation to a wealthy man from whom much subsequent hospitality was to be expected—that ass would go and, as he called it, "test" the sincerity of his *fiancée's* affections by suddenly announcing to her that he had lost all his money except a beggarly three hundred pounds a year. One or two of the darlings, I believe, had the immortal impudence to murmur some amusing nonsense to the effect that it was only reluctance to being a drag on a young man just on the threshold of life that compelled them to release him from his engagement; but most of them lost no time in calling for their big brothers to come upstairs and heave Rudgwick out into the street. Afterwards, of course, when they discovered the trick that he had played on them, they threatened him with legal proceedings; but Rudgwick paid up quite cheerfully. Anything was better, he declared, than being tied for life to a woman who did not love you. Friendly attempts to make him understand that this was not half so exhausting as being tied for life to a woman who *did* love you he received with disfavour.

Consequently, when Rudgwick met Miss Thompkins on the esplanade of one of our most popular seaside resorts and decided, directly their eyes met, that the only possible girl had at last come into his life, he also decided that on this occasion his love story should begin a little differently. Never again would he give himself the trouble of falling passionately in love with a woman—only to discover, after living blissfully in a fool's paradise for a time, that the facts of the case compelled an affirmative reply to the torturing question—"Is it my money she wants?" This time the object of his adoration should be given not the slightest inkling that he was a man of means until she had shown that she possessed sufficient force of character to love a man for what he was, and not for what he had got. Then she should have her reward. In the meantime she should be wooed in some modest, yet withal gentlemanly, guise.

After mature consideration Rudgwick came to the conclusion that the *rôle* of bank-clerk combined modesty and gentility in about the most suitable proportions. A woman did not love a bank-clerk because he was a bank-clerk, but because, in spite of the souring nature of his occupation, he had contrived to remain a very charming fellow.

It was, then, as Mr. Ballpen, a bank-clerk on his holiday, that Rudgwick, having vacated his palatial quarters at the Esplanade Hotel, took up his abode at Magenta House—the select boarding-establishment to which he had tracked the fair unknown. Rudgwick had never been in a boarding-house before, the best rooms in the best available hotel having hitherto always met his modest needs quite satisfactorily; but for the sake of settling himself comfortably in life he was prepared to run some risks.

Once established in Magenta House, Rudgwick lost no time in setting about the task of winning Miss Thompkins's young affections. And they were worth winning—in spite of the fact that her papa was apparently not one of the old *noblesse* (to be precise, he was a speculative builder of some eminence), and that her relentless godparents had pushed her out on to life's stormy waters with such a millstone as "Ermyntrude" about her neck. She was about as nice a girl as any man could wish to meet.

"Ermyntrude," it must be confessed, was a bit of a shock to Rudgwick just at first. Like most of us, he had always imagined that it was the Mrs. Harris of feminine nomenclature, invented by alleged comic authors for their own blackguardly purposes. To discover that not only did such a name exist, but was actually borne by the very woman with whom he had every intention of falling madly in love, was rather overwhelming. For the matter of that, though, his own name was Oswald; so, undoubtedly, there would have to be a fair amount of give and take on both sides.

Before he had enjoyed five minutes of her acquaintance Rudgwick had the good fortune to do something that attracted Miss Thompkins's very favourable attention.

The guests at Magenta House were discussing *(sotto voce)* the hot lunch (much virtue, unless the prospectus lied, lay in that matter of temperature), and Rudgwick had just had placed before him some savoury mess that a subtle instinct of self-preservation warned him would probably be a little too rich for his comparatively untrained digestion. Debating what he should do, Rudgwick's eye rested thoughtfully on Sancho, the dog of the house—a pug, well on in his teens, who spent most of his time wandering asthmatically about the rooms, tripping people up and making himself generally obnoxious.

After lunch, when they were all standing out on the front doorstep, hoping that the sea-breeze might pull them together a little, Miss Thompkins commented favourably upon Rudgwick's fondness for animals.

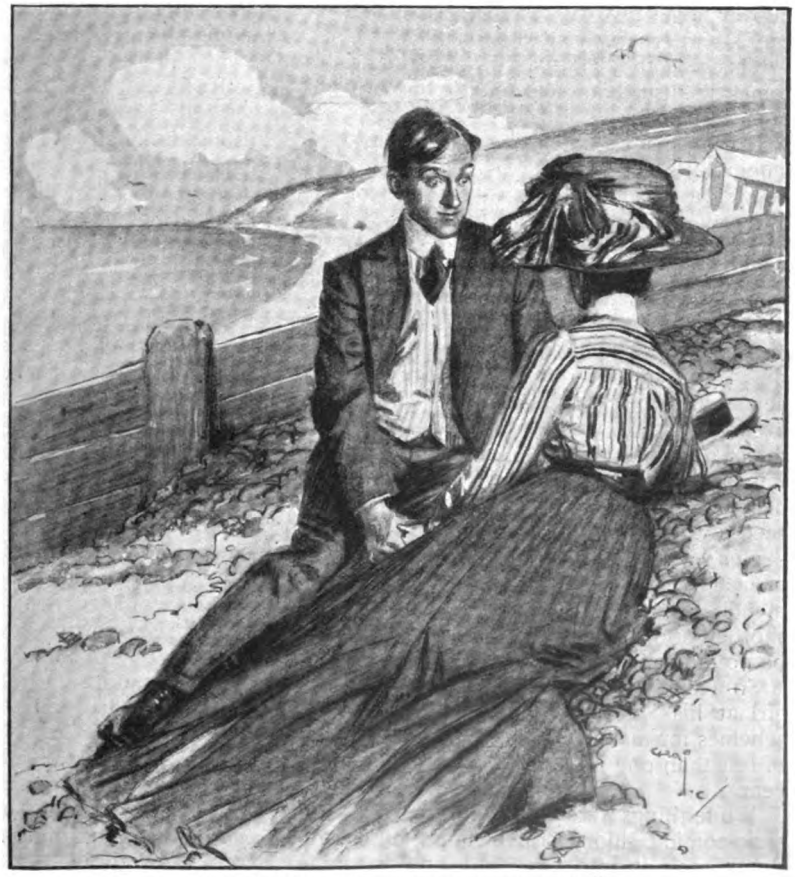
"It *was* good of you, Mr. Ballpen!" she exclaimed, admiringly. "Fancy giving all the best bits off your plate to that horrid little pug! I like to see a man denying himself for the sake of a dog. Generally, men are so greedy."

Rudgwick gave a careless, oh-that's-nothing sort of laugh, and explained to her that dogs were a passion with him. He would do anything for a dog. Then Miss Thompkins told him about *her* dog. It was a wonderful animal, it seemed; quite the talk of the suburb from which Miss Thompkins hailed. She had been thinking of showing it, only the difficulty was to know for which class it ought to be entered. The experts appeared to be divided as to whether it was a dachshund or a red setter; it had such a look of both breeds. Rudgwick hastened to say that if Miss Thompkins would allow him to call when he got back to town and inspect the dog, probably he would be able to give her an authoritative opinion, one way or the other. He rather hinted that the Kennel Club frequently consulted him as a sort of unofficial referee, to unravel these intricate cases. Miss Thompkins thanked him very graciously for his kind offer and said that she would speak to pa about it.

A fortnight later, under the lee of Breakwater No. 27, Miss Thompkins was confessing shyly to Rudgwick that she *did* love him.

He could hardly believe his ears. Earth, sea, and sky became mingled in one vast blur. The music of a million harps swept through the air. Was it possible that at last he had found true love?

Thinking from his wildly sceptical expression that he had perhaps not heard



"HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS."

her aright, Miss Thompkins repeated her words:—

"Yes, dear Oswald, I do love you. And I will be yours."

The turbulence of Rudgwick's emotions found expression at last in one painfully-stammered word:—

"Why?"

The question was just a little startling; but Miss Thompkins, after a momentary hesitation, answered quite frankly:—

"Well, dear, as you ask me, I will tell you. I love you—not because you are particularly good-looking or clever, but because you are *nice;* and I am willing to marry you because I do think you want a woman to look after you more than any man I ever met. I shall be able to give you just the help you need."

Just as Rudgwick was about to fold her in his arms, and assure her that the only help he would require from his sweet little wife would be in the direction of spending his superfluous wealth, Miss Thompkins went on:—

"Papa will be furious, though! I'm afraid he will never give his consent. But I don't care; I will marry you without it!"

This was the point at which Rudgwick's romantic disposition elected to butt in and proceed to play the hopeless fool.

It had been his intention to reveal to Miss Thompkins the truth about himself directly he was assured that she loved him for his own sake and not for the sake of what he had got; but her last remark suggested possibilities which Rudgwick felt he simply could *not* allow to go unexploited. Hitherto the course of true love had always been for him as smooth as a water-chute. At the slightest indication of a penchant the lady, her parents, and everybody concerned tumbled over themselves in their anxiety to make things as easy for him as possible. But here was a vastly different state of affairs. A delicious vista of clandestine meetings, stormy scenes with an infuriated father, and possibly—glory of glories!—an elopement at the end of it all, spread itself before Rudgwick's mental vision. To cut this moving drama short at the end of the very first act would be nothing short of a crime.

So Rudgwick allowed the poor, innocent girl at his side to rattle on with her clever schemes for making ends meet on an income of less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

While things were going on in this pleasant, serio-comic fashion, Ermyntrude's father suddenly took it into his head one Saturday morning that he would like to run down and spend a week-end in his daughter's society. He gave no intimation of his coming, his idea being to afford his daughter a pleasant little surprise. As things turned out, it was Mr. Thompkins who got the little surprise.

Rather unfortunately, Rudgwick and Ermyntrude were out when he arrived, so Mr. Thompkins had an opportunity to enjoy a long and somewhat perturbing chat with the châtelaine of Magenta House—a lady amongst whose faults a lack of powers of observation or undue secretiveness could certainly not be reckoned. Matters of the first importance, to which Ermyntrude had not made the remotest reference in her daily picture-postcard to the home circle, were brought to Mr. Thompkins's knowledge.

His manner, when his daughter and Rudgwick came in together to tea, after a long, delirious *tête-à-tête* behind their favourite breakwater, was the reverse of genial.

"I didn't catch your name," he said truculently to Rudgwick, when Ermyntrude, obviously flustered by the unexpected apparition of her papa, had floundered through an incoherent introduction.

"My name," said Rudgwick, pleasantly, "is Ballpen—Oswald Ballpen."

"Ballpen? Ballpen?" said Mr. Thompkins, turning the name distastefully on his tongue, as if he were a wine-taster about to pass sentence on some alleged claret. "I want to have a few words with you, Mr. Ballpen."

"Certainly," was Rudgwick's affable rejoinder. He leant easily against the mantelpiece, prepared to listen cheerfully to anything which Mr. Thompkins might have to say. Suddenly he caught sight of Ermyntrude making violent signals to him from behind her father's back to sit down. Slightly mystified, he took her pantomimic advice, for which he was afterwards not sorry. Miss Thompkins knew what she was about. She had seen her father having a few words with young men before.

"And now, Mr. Ballpen," said Thompkins *père*, leaning forward in his seat, with a fat hand planted aggressively on either knee, and plunging with praiseworthy directness *in medias res*, "I should like you just to tell me what you mean by having the sauce to make up to my daughter? What are you, hey?"

"I'm a clerk in a bank," replied Rudgwick, with unruffled composure. He had never before enjoyed the experience of being regarded as an undesirable *parti*, and he found it delightful. "I'm a clerk in a bank; and as you are evidently of an inquiring turn

of mind, I may add that my salary is at present one hundred and ten pounds per annum. Some day, if I am lucky, it may be a little more. Not much, though."

A large vein in Mr. Thompkins's forehead began to behave like a cinematograph picture. He turned to his daughter and said, in an awful voice :—

"Leave the room, Ermyntrude; I'm going to talk."

"Nonsense!" said Rudgwick, laying a detaining hand on Miss Thompkins's arm as she rose hastily to obey the paternal mandate. "Stay where you are, dear. We're both on in this performance."

Performance was undoubtedly the word, though Rudgwick had long ago lost sight of the fact that he was only playing a part.

"May I ask," demanded Mr. Thompkins, after a brief struggle with some obscure laryngitical trouble, "if you propose to marry my daughter, Mr. Ballspond?"

"I do," was Rudgwick's terse reply. "I love her; and she has given me to understand that she loves me. There does not, therefore, seem to be anything in the way of our happiness."

"Loves you!" howled Mr. Thompkins, rising from his chair so that his emotions might have freer play. "Loves you! A rat of a clerk" (he rendered the offensive word doubly so by making it rhyme with "work") —"a rat of a bank-clerk, when the biggest house and estate agency in North London is only waiting for a suitable opportunity to say the word to her? Do you think a daughter of mine is going to pig it on a hundred and ten pounds per annum when she could have the thick end of two thousand? Do you think she's clean off her onion?"

"No," replied Rudgwick, blandly; "although that vegetable appears with unnecessary frequency at the table here, I cannot say that Ermyntrude has yet shown any marked symptoms of satiety."

Mr. Thompkins seized from the mantelpiece behind him a colossal mock Dresden vase which had been giving Rudgwick bad dreams ever since his first view of it, and balanced it in his twitching fingers for a

"'MAY I ASK,' DEMANDED MR. THOMPKINS, 'IF YOU PROPOSE TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER?'"

minute or more. Then, to Rudgwick's deep regret, he replaced it, uninjured.

"Then, might I further ask," inquired Mr. Thompkins, when his voice was once more under control, "whether you think *I'm* going to keep you? Or have you" (this with biting sarcasm) "private money of your own?"

"I have no private means," answered Rudgwick, boldly. He was determined to put Ermyntrude's affection to the severest possible test. "But that really doesn't matter, Mr. Thompkins," he went on, cheerfully. "There are other things in this world besides money. You don't know it, but I know it; and Ermyntrude, God bless her, knows it too."

Ermyntrude did know it. Before her eyes there swam a beatific vision of herself mothering this helpless young man along life's stormy way.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Thompkins, squaring himself resolutely. "I've had enough of this rot. It's sickening. Ermyntrude, go and pack your box; you come back to London with me by the very next train. And as for you, Mr. Balderdash——" (Mr. Thompkins seemed to find some slight measure of relief in these variations of what he fondly imagined to be Rudgwick's name), "as for you—if ever I catch you trying to communicate with my daughter again, in any form whatsoever—well, you look out, that's all!"

"Thanks," replied Rudgwick, quietly. "I will."

Mr. Thompkins was as good as his word. In half an hour Ermyntrude, weeping wildly out of the window of a rickety fly, was being borne towards the station. Rudgwick waited on the steps of Magenta House only long enough to wave her out of sight, and then hurried round to the garage. His chauffeur being—as the result of three weeks' idleness—a great deal too intoxicated to be entrusted with the guidance of anything more complicated than a wheelbarrow, Rudgwick drove himself back to town, singing wildly to himself as the car flew over the roads. Life was worth living after all, he told himself. Romance was not yet dead.

Then followed for Rudgwick the happiest three months that he had ever known. Existence ceased to be a dreary, drab reality, and became instead a delightful comedy, at which Rudgwick sat and watched his own adventures with breathless interest. Incredible strategy was required to keep up communications with Ermyntrude. The intelligence which he expended merely upon smuggling his voluminous correspondence into her hands was in excess of all the previous intellectual efforts of his life put together. Rudgwick was seen no more at race-meetings—to which cause the bankruptcy of more than one leviathan of the ring was directly attributed; his motor-cars ceased to enrich county exchequers; the wits of his various clubs had to search for a new inspiration. Rudgwick had no time for anything but waiting at street corners in the rain on the off-chance of being able to steal five minutes' hurried conversation with the object of his affections. So much ardour, however, did he contrive to compress into these brief interviews that at last, after saying no fewer than two hundred times that she would never do it, Ermyntrude consented one evening to elope with him on the following Tuesday. She thoughtfully selected Tuesday because that was her father's busy day—the houses he had finished on the previous Saturday fell down on Tuesday, or something of that kind. Rudgwick could scarcely contain himself when he heard her whisper assent to his complicated scheme.

"My darling!" he cried, in tones of rapture so ecstatic as to cause the waitress—they were in a tea-shop—to come over and ask if he felt ill. "My darling!" he went on, in a cavernous whisper, when the waitress had haughtily retired out of earshot. "Can it really be that you love me enough to make this sacrifice for my sake?"

Miss Thompkins—who, thanks to the paternal behaviour, was finding the assertion that there is no place like home to be capable of more than one interpretation—assured her adorer that flying to his arms was not at all in the nature of a sacrifice.

"But I'm so poor!" murmured Rudgwick, sadly, watching her narrowly out of the corner of his eye.

"Well, of course, a hundred and ten per ann. isn't much," admitted Miss Thompkins. "But I can manage; you see if I can't. But you'll be getting your rise soon, with me at your side to inspire you; and, anyhow, papa is sure to come round."

"Not to our house, I hope," said Rudgwick, anxiously.

As they walked home arm in arm in the gloom of the December evening they settled the details of their plans for the momentous Tuesday. Early in the morning, long before the rest of the household was astir, Ermyntrude was to slip out of the side-gate and join

her lover, who would have a taxi-cab waiting down the road. A brief visit to a registry-office, lunch at the Trocadero (Miss Thompkins opened her eyes at the magnificence of this item), and then off for a happy fortnight to some jolly seaside place, the exact locality of which Rudgwick refused for the time being to divulge. He smiled to himself as he thought of what Ermyntrude would say when she found that the jolly seaside place was Monte Carlo.

At a quarter to seven on a foggy December morning the streets of London are uninviting. Rudgwick, shivering in the bleak air, found that Romance has its trials as well as its joys. Anticipation of the day before him had kept him awake practically all night, and he had an extremely bad cold in the head. Much as he loved Ermyntrude he could find it in his heart to be vexed with her for being twenty minutes behind time. If a woman could not be punctual for her elopement, what could she be punctual for? It was cold hanging about in this raw air, and a tiresome policeman kept coming up and looking at him in a very annoying way. Rudgwick made his way cautiously towards the side-gate of the Thompkins mansion. It was so dark that, even if anybody was about, there was no danger of his being recognized. Not a sign of Ermyntrude anywhere. Growing desperate with impatience, he opened the gate very quietly and put his head and shoulders inside. Instantaneously he found himself roughly seized by two men who leapt from behind the wall and thrown heavily to the ground. One of the men—approximate weight, as estimated by Rudgwick at the time, twenty stone—knelt on his chest, while the other blew a police whistle with disturbing violence.

The officious policeman, of whose face Rudgwick had grown so tired during his vigil outside, came lumbering up to the scene.

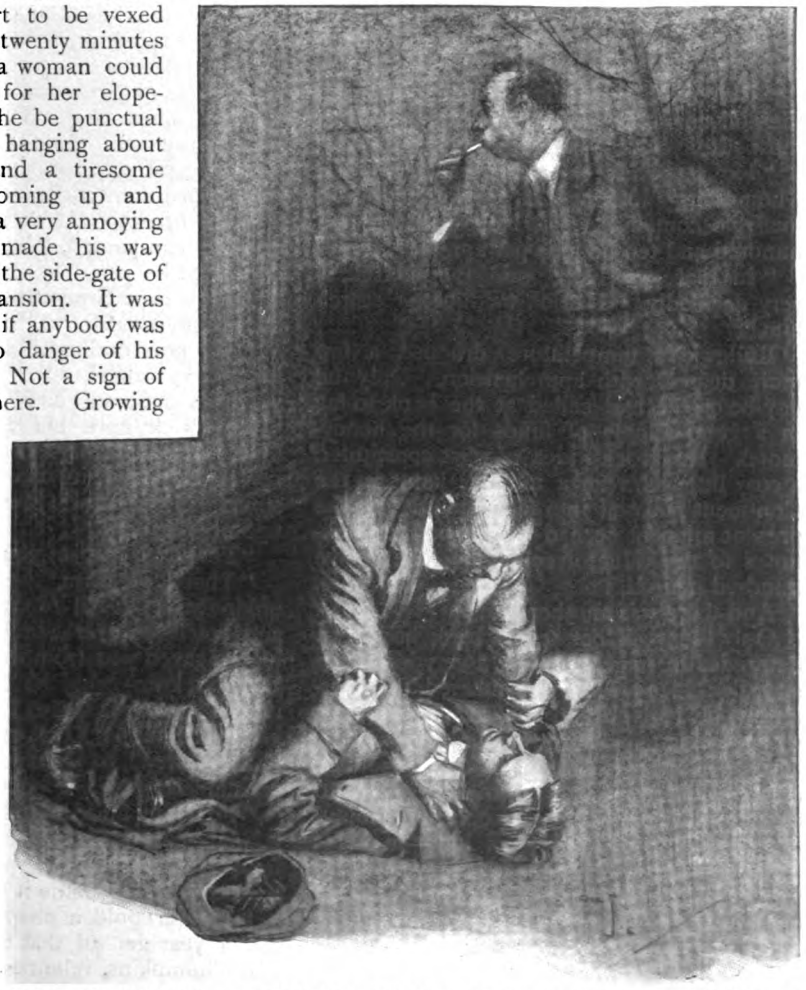
A voice which Rudgwick recognized as that of Ermyntrude's father suggested:—

"We'll take the perishing little image into the greenhouse."

"Right you are, sir!" said the officious constable. "I've 'ad 'im under observation for some time. I believe we shall find he's somebody."

"Yes, I dare say we shall," agreed Mr. Thompkins, dryly. "You don't suppose I should want your help if it was nobody, do you? There—take hold of his legs."

Between them they carried Rudgwick—his clothes a mass of clammy mould—into the



"ONE OF THE MEN — APPROXIMATE WEIGHT, AS ESTIMATED BY RUDGWICK AT THE TIME, TWENTY STONE—KNELT ON HIS CHEST."

greenhouse, and sat him on the floor with his back against an empty barrel.

"And now we're going to have a little chat," said Mr. Thompkins, carefully closing the door of the greenhouse.

"Constable!" exclaimed Rudgwick, pointing an accusing finger at Mr. Thompkins, "I give that man in charge for a most unwarrantable assault—of which you were a witness."

When the constable had done wiping his eyes, and had told the others for the fourth time how much the magistrate would enjoy this joke when he heard it, and had made a careful note of the prisoner's *bon mot* in his book, Mr. Thompkins said:—

"Oh, I know this chap well, constable. He goes in for being a comic. That's not half so funny as some of the things he says—and does. He came here this morning to elope with my daughter. That's not bad, is it?"

"Elope with your daughter, sir!" exclaimed the policeman, in horrified accents. "That's most suspicious. What is he, might I ask?"

"He says he's a bank-clerk," said Mr. Thompkins, looking at Rudgwick with ineffable contempt. "A bank-clerk on one hundred and ten pounds per annum."

"In that case, sir," said the constable, very decidedly, "I think we'd better search him."

Rudgwick's temperature dropped a few more degrees with apprehension. Only the day before he had called at the bank to lay in a good supply of funds for the honeymoon. Rudgwick's idea of what constituted a cosy little sum for a month's jaunt on the Continent ran well into four figures. At the present moment he had on his person bank-notes to the value of something like twelve hundred pounds.

And there was another thing.

Only the week before his bank had been defrauded of large sums by a very ingenious swindler. Rudgwick remembered that yesterday he had chaffed the cashier about it while the latter was getting him his money. The cashier did not seem to think the incident so humorous as Rudgwick had tried to make out. Supposing the constable found this large sum of money on him—in notes stamped with the impress of the very bank which all the world knew had been so recently robbed. Good heavens! he might think the worst.

It was exactly what the constable *did* think. Very few constables ever think anything else. P.-C. Parker's eyes grew bigger and bigger as he counted the notes in Rudgwick's case. When he had got over the thousand hope gave way to certainty. P.-C. Parker saw himself a sergeant on a comfortable West-end beat. P.-C. Parker also saw himself receiving a very handsome present from a grateful board of directors.

"Good 'eavens!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "I believe we got the man that robbed the London and North-Western Bank. I've heard that one of the clerks was suspected. I must take this chap to the station at once, sir."

"Must you?" Mr. Thompkins's tone implied acute disappointment. "Couldn't you let me step on and off him once or twice before he goes? You'd better," he urged, as the constable shook his head doubtfully. "He might be violent if we don't hammer a little of the devil out of him as a precaution."

The constable was just beginning to show some signs of giving way to Mr. Thompkins's kindly importunity, when the door of the greenhouse was flung violently open and Ermyntrude tottered in, followed by two dishevelled domestics.

"We tried to 'old 'er, sir, as you told us," one of them panted, "but she fought like a deeming!"

By this time Ermyntrude was on her knees at Rudgwick's side.

"My poor darling!" she moaned, kissing his grimy cheeks. "What have these wretches done to you?"

Rudgwick gave her to understand in a faint voice that the recital of what they had *not* done would involve less of a physical strain. Ermyntrude turned flashing eyes upon her father.

"I'll never forgive you for this—never!"

"That'll do, Erm," her father replied, not unkindly. "You'll forgive me fast enough; and you'll be everlasting grateful to me for having saved you from this young scoundrel. Do you know what he is? A thief! The man that robbed the London and North-Western Bank! Look at that!"

He pointed to the bundle of notes in the constable's hand.

"Fourteen hunder and fifty pun, *I* make it," announced P.-C. Parker in a tone which implied that grave suspicion would attach to anybody who made it something else.

"Where could a chap on a hundred and ten a year get all that money?" demanded Mr. Thompkins, relentlessly, of his daughter. "It's as clear as mud that he stole it—to elope with you on."

"How much—how much will he get, do you think?" faltered Miss Thompkins, after a heart-breaking pause.

"Five years—if he's lucky," came the reply from the legal expert present.

address on my card, and ask them to send one of my motors here to take me home, I shall be very much obliged."

It was a long time before they could be persuaded to do it. When the motor-car at

"'HOW MUCH WILL HE GET, DO YOU THINK?' FALTERED MISS THOMPKINS."

Ermyntrude turned to Rudgwick and murmured, shakily:—

"Oswald, I'll wait for you. I know it was wrong of you to steal; but you did it for my sake. I'm to blame as much as you are."

Rudgwick opened his eyes and looked round him wearily. He had had about enough romance for one morning.

"My name," he said, dully, "is not Ballpen, but Rudgwick, as that intelligent ass in blue will discover if he takes the trouble to look a little more closely into that pocket-book of mine. I am not a bank-clerk. I'm romantic—that's what's the matter with me; but I don't think I shall ever have a recurrence of the attack. I pretended to be a bank-clerk for reasons which nobody here, not even you, Ermyntrude, would understand. If you will kindly telephone to the

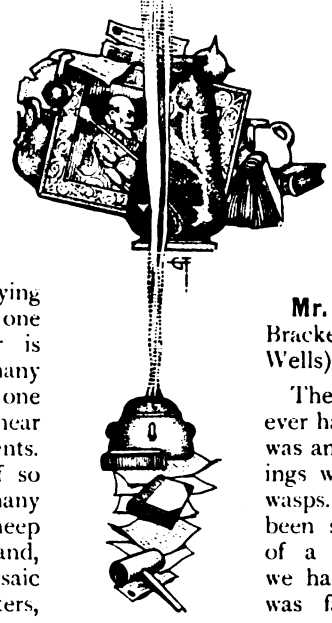
last arrived, with Rudgwick's valet, and his doctor and the manager of the bank and several other people, who seemed to be very much perturbed at seeing his condition, Rudgwick asked to be left alone for a few minutes with Miss Thompkins.

"Well, Ermyntrude, I suppose it's got to be good-bye?" he said, sadly, when the sound of Mr. Thompkins's excited explanations and apologies had been partially deadened by an intervening door. "I'm not very poor, unfortunately; and I rather gather that a poor and struggling husband—whom you could help and look after—is the only sort you have any use for?"

"My dear boy," replied Ermyntrude, with robust good sense, "you want looking after more than any human being I ever met. I don't intend ever to let you out of my sight again."

THE MOST STRIKING AUCTION-ROOM INCIDENT I REMEMBER

A Symposium of Well-Known Auctioneers

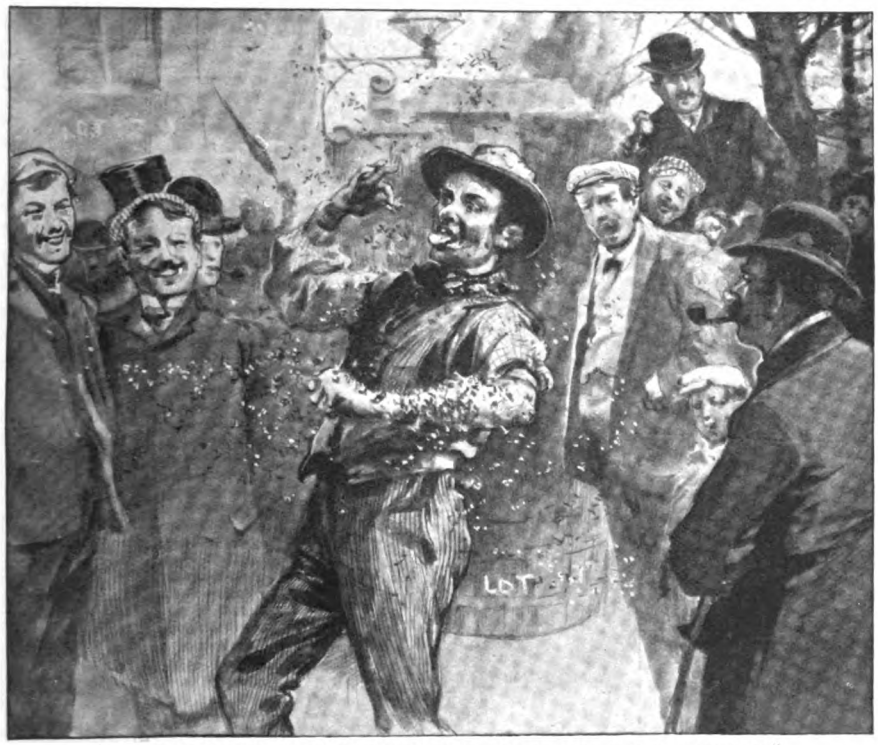


ALTHOUGH buying and selling of one kind or another is responsible for many a romance, yet one does not often hear stories of auction-room incidents. The mere selling, it is true, of so much bricks and mortar, so many tons of machinery, so many sheep or horses, or so many acres of land, looks on the face of it a prosaic enough affair; but in these matters, as in everything else, there are almost always wheels within wheels and undercurrents of hidden feeling which may lead to all manner of unexpected *dénouements*.

The auctioneer, seated at his desk, has countless opportunities of studying human nature which are never given to other men, and at some time or other each and all of them are brought face to face with incidents of an unusual kind. Even bricks and mortar, though they represent nothing more than their actual face value to one man, may be rich in valuable association to another; while land, horses, jewels, and articles of virtu vary from time to time so enormously in their intrinsic value that excitement is bound to rule high when those who covet them endeavour to become their possessors. In the hope of entertaining our readers we have, therefore, with the kind assistance of Mr. Arthur W. Brackett, collected from a number of eminent auctioneers some account of the most striking auction-room incident each remembers. Many are amusing; some are curious; a few are bizarre, but all are interesting.

Mr. A. W. Brackett (of Messrs. Brackett and Sons, of Tunbridge Wells).

The most exciting experience I ever had in pursuit of my profession was an occasion when the proceedings were disturbed by a swarm of wasps. We had already that day been subjected to the interference of a sheriff's officer, but for him we had made preparations, and he was fain to admit that he was not strong enough to carry out his orders. The wasps proved much more troublesome visitors. The rostrum had been placed on their nest, and it was not long before they made their presence known. The sale had hardly begun when we had to adjourn to another part of the yard, but even there we had not seen the last of them, for one member of the audience who declared himself to be "wasp proof" thrust his bare arm into the nest, and then walked in and out of the audience with the wasps crawling harmlessly about him. Nor was this the end of his performance, for he next went on to swallow the wasps one after another, placing them on his tongue and washing them down with long draughts of beer. Needless to say, great disturbance was caused, for the swarms of wasps buzzed round the wasp-eater wherever he went, incidentally stinging any of the crowd who happened to get in



"HE NEXT WENT ON TO SWALLOW THE WASPS ONE AFTER ANOTHER."

their way. This diverted attention from the business in hand to such an extent that I had to order him off. He explained his immunity by saying that the wasps "did not like the taste of him," and I think anyone who saw him would agree that they showed considerable discrimination!

Mr. Thomas Martin (the well-known Exeter auctioneer).

My most exciting reminiscence is, I think, associated with a sale of furniture that I conducted some time ago in the country. I was engaged to make a valuation for probate, and amongst the other articles of furniture was a rocking-horse, which I valued in the sum of half a guinea. The family not being able to agree as to an equitable division of the effects, I was instructed to realize the same at auction. At the auction all went well for some time, until I came to this particular rocking-horse, which was started at half a crown. An altercation was going on at the time with the wives of two of the sons, and between them the competition for the rocking-horse was carried on until it realized twelve pounds fifteen shillings, at which price it was secured by one of the wives, who h- velled from Liverpool to purchase, as she said, amongst other things, this rocking-horse, her husband having told her to be sure to bring it home for Jacky, which she did, and I hope not only that Jacky had many rides upon it, but that her husband was satisfied with the transaction!

Mr. F. Charles Giddy (of Messrs. Giddy and Giddy).

The most curious recollection I have is, I think, that of an incident which illustrates very strikingly the tricky ways of some smart second-rate brokers, and the pains they will be at in order to take any advantage they can of the slips which auctioneers or their clerks cannot help making sometimes. It was quite in my early days as an auctioneer that I was at a sale where there was put up one of those combination washstands with mirror and other fittings attached. The washstand and the fittings had been set down in the catalogue as two lots, and a dealer who had obviously read through the catalogue with keen accuracy duly observed this fact. "Halloa!" said our friend; "I fancy I can make some money out of this." And this was the way he went about it. It is the custom of brokers to purchase articles at a sale for

different people and under different names, and he accordingly attended the sale and bought the washstand under the name of Brown, and then the fittings under that of Robinson. The washstand being sent to Brown, he at once demanded the fittings as well. "Do you think I should have bought the washstand," he said, "if I hadn't also purchased the fittings to go with it?" Our representative thought that there was something in his argument, and, imagining that the fittings had probably been left out by mistake, promised that he should have them, and saw that they were sent on to him. Thereupon, of course, the next person to see us was Robinson, and he insisted upon having the fittings which he had purchased. Needless to say, we were in a pretty quandary, and we did not get out of the matter until after the loss of a lawsuit. I think this incident will serve to show how sharp a look-out we auctioneers have to keep upon the wiles of brokers.

Mr. J. Staite (of Leamington Spa).

The incident that remains most vividly in my memory during all my experience as auctioneer is one which I should like to have occurred more often, for it was one in which I, as wielder of the hammer, decidedly profited. I had eight acres of land to sell, and there was one landowner in the district, whom I will call Mr. Robinson, who was very anxious to secure this particular piece of land because it adjoined his own estate. He had already attempted to acquire it by private arrangement, but the negotiations had fallen through. Being engaged at the funeral of a relative on the day of the sale, he left very definite instructions with his butler, who had only entered his service a day or two before, to attend the sale and buy the field at any price. The butler duly came to the sale and took up his station in the old chimney-corner, out of sight of everyone excepting myself. It so happened, however, that Mr. Robinson was back from the funeral earlier than he expected, and, going to the sale and failing to observe his butler, began the bidding with an offer of five hundred pounds. Up and up went the price, the landowner and his butler bidding against one another like Trojans, until at last the field was knocked down to the latter at fifteen hundred pounds. The feelings of Mr. Robinson and the amusement of the company may be easily imagined when the purchaser remarked in a quiet voice, "For Mr. Robinson. Here's his cheque for you to fill in for the deposit." Fortunately Mr. Robinson was anything but a poor man, and he had benefited to the tune of forty thousand pounds in the loss of his relative, so the few extra hundreds he paid did not hurt him.

Mr. James Boyton (of Messrs. Elliott, Son, and Boyton).

One of the most remarkable things I ever remember in connection with an auction occurred on an occasion when I was offering a leasehold residence for sale. The property was boldly announced as for sale "without reserve," yet in spite of this, and although the auction-room was full of people interested in the property, I was unable to obtain any response, and was obliged to withdraw the property because I could not get even the smallest bid. To my great astonishment I was approached, almost directly after I had announced the property as withdrawn, by a gentleman who asked me whether I would accept one thousand pounds for it. Needless to say, I immediately closed with him. I doubt whether it would be possible to find a more curious example than this of reticence on the part of those who attend auctions. As the property was offered "without reserve," he could have purchased it had he bid even five pounds at the auction, provided he was not compelled to advance on that figure through other biddings.

Mr. J. G. Head (of Upper Baker Street).

Many curious incidents befall an auctioneer in the course of his career, some of which are amusing and some quite the reverse. The writer has sold a six-roomed house for five pounds, a horse for thirty shillings; he has sold a town mansion when there was only one man in the room besides the auctioneer and his clerk; he has knocked down a house to a bidder who eventually proved to be drunk and would not sign the contract, and has sold a London theatre to a man who wanted to borrow from him the whole of the purchase-money. But the most amusing incident he has personally witnessed was as follows. It is well known that an auctioneer must be raised above his audience, so that he may be able to see who is bidding. On one occasion when the writer was present the auctioneer and his clerk were sitting at a desk raised upon the dining-room table, as being the strongest piece of furniture in the house and most suitable for the purpose. The room was full of buyers, some of whom were also sitting on the edge of the table, when the legs began to yield under the

pressure. Ominous cracks were heard, forming a ground bass accompaniment to the "Going! Going!" when suddenly the auctioneer realized the danger, and in a few brief seconds he was "gone"!

Mr. Charles Harris, F.C.I.S. (Sec. Auctioneers' Institute of the United Kingdom).

The sale of which I am about to tell took place at an auction-room in the provinces, and the items in the catalogue were of a very heterogeneous character, comprising all sorts of odds and ends, from bedsteads to butterflies. One particular lot which attracted a good deal of attention was an old picture so covered with dirt and grime that it was almost impossible to see what it was like. This was hung upon the wall in a prominent position, but did not, apparently, find favour in the eyes of any of the dealers who were present. All of them seemed to think that it was of no value, and had been faked up by the owner in order to tempt somebody with a leaning towards speculation into purchasing an unknown quantity. No reserve price was placed upon this picture, which had been put into the sale by a local pawnbroker, to whom it had been pledged and not redeemed. In spite of every effort on the part of the auctioneer, who naturally did his best to make his audience believe that it might be of considerable value, bids came very slowly, and it was eventually knocked down to a young man who had looked into the sale quite casually, in order to waste half an hour during which he had to wait for a London train. Taking a great fancy to the frame, which was of oak, blackened with age, he hazarded a bid of a sovereign, at which price it was knocked down to him without any competition. As he did not want the picture, he asked the auctioneer whether he would mind trying to get a bid for it, if he cut it out of the frame; and being answered in the affirmative, he took out his knife and neatly cut through the canvas all round the edge. Imagine the astonishment of himself and all present when, hidden behind the canvas, he discovered ten Bank of England notes for ten pounds each! Evidently the picture had been used to conceal the savings of some previous owner who had died without disclosing the secret, and whose hard-won fortune thus came into the hands of a total stranger.

"HIDDEN BEHIND THE CANVAS HE DISCOVERED TEN BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES."

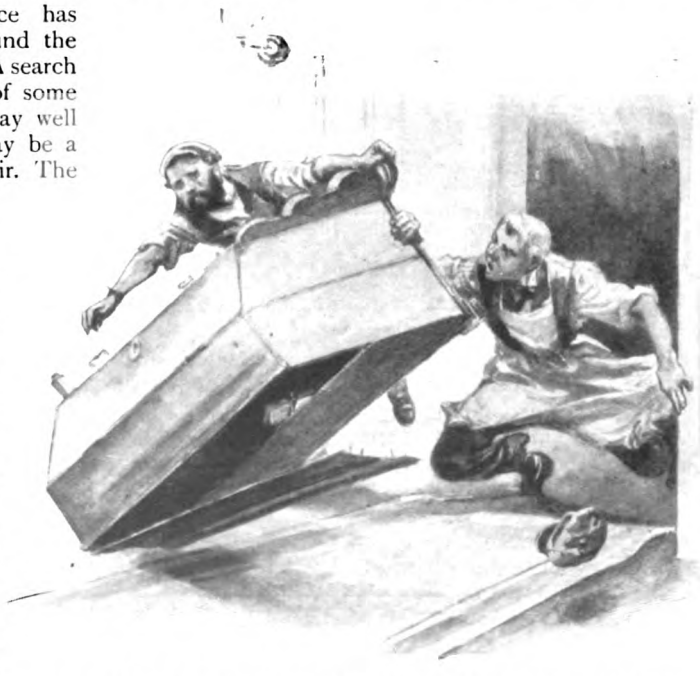
Mr. Bennett Rogers (of Messrs. Rogers, Chapman, and Thomas).

The incidents that impress one most in the course of one's auctioneering career are generally in connection with surprises, joyful or disappointing, in the value of articles put

up for sale. Thus I should quote as very interesting a sale at Rutland Gate, where there were only the remains of the furniture, a firm having been allowed to take what they chose to their rooms. It was accordingly after the nature of a rummage sale, but in one cupboard, which had been overlooked, were what a junior clerk described as "three silver cups." The auctioneer was sitting in his office when a gentleman drove up in a hansom cab, anxious to speak about these cups, for which he offered no less than three hundred pounds. The auctioneer was so much surprised that he thought his visitor must have some reason for this high bid, and he wisely determined not to take the first offer he received. "Oh, I don't think they will take that," he said, and with this answer the gentleman had to be content. An expert was then called in to examine the so-called cups, and he discovered them to be in reality sixteenth-century chalices, for which he himself made an offer of seven hundred pounds. The three "cups" were subsequently sold for one thousand one hundred and fifty pounds, but it was only by the slightest chance that they had not gone for a mere song.

Mr. H. M. Allom (Managing Director of Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, Limited).

Much romance has been woven round the finding of wills. A search for the old will of some rich man, as may well be imagined, may be a very exciting affair. The most striking auction-room incident I remember to have heard of consisted in the finding of such a will, quite unexpectedly and under most dramatic circumstances, during the progress of an auction. Some years ago there died at a large provincial town a man of considerable wealth. As his marriage had been childless and his wife predeceased him there was no direct heir, although he had two brothers, each with a large family. One of the brothers had himself married a rich woman and was very comfortably off, but the other, who had suffered from ill-health all his life, was in bad circumstances and had, in fact, been supported mainly by the kindness of his childless brother. The only will in existence was one dated ten years earlier, in which the poor brother was hardly mentioned, for he was then abroad. Consequently practically everything went to the rich relation. The poor brother, whom we will call Thomas, had often been told by William before his death that he would leave him well provided for, but when no will was found to this effect the poor man was nearly distraught. He was forced, therefore, to realize what he could by selling the furniture, which had been left to him. One of the items in the catalogue was an old oak bureau, worm-eaten with age, and much coveted by several dealers who were present. About halfway through the sale this was carried into the room, but just on the threshold the bearers tripped up over a piece of matting and the bureau was flung to the ground with such violence that a part of the back was broken off. Hastily picking themselves up, the



"THE BEARERS TRIPPED UP OVER A PIECE OF MATTING AND THE BUREAU WAS FLUNG TO THE GROUND."

porters examined the desk to see the extent of the damage, when they were amazed to find that behind the broken piece was a false back, and that in the space between the two was a document. Amid intense excitement —for the dead man's affairs had been much discussed locally and everybody knew the circumstances—the document was handed to the poor brother, who, opening it with trembling hands, announced with a cry that it was the missing will. By this will, I may add, he benefited to the extent of many thousands of pounds, which might never have been his but for the lucky accident which I have described.

Mr. Henry Stevens (of the well-known firm of that name).

Of course, I have met with a good many interesting experiences during my career as an auctioneer, but the most striking of them all occurred, I think, in connection with a Great Auk's egg. The incident illustrates very clearly how unexpectedly articles of exceptional value are sometimes brought to life, and the great danger they sometimes run of being consigned to oblivion. Some years ago a young fellow in Kent rode over to an obscure furniture sale at a country village in the hope of securing a bargain to help in furnishing a home in view of his intended marriage. And a bargain he did get, though not of the kind he originally thought of! One of the lots put up for sale was a basket full of shells, eggs, and other oddments which had attracted the attention of an old lady who happened to be present. Just as they were on the point of being knocked down to her, the young man was struck with the appearance of two large eggs in the basket, and thinking he might as well have them as curiosities he started to bid, with the result that the lot was knocked down to him for thirty-six shillings. Upon examining the eggs it occurred to him that he might be able to make a slight profit on their sale. He accordingly wrapped them up in a handkerchief, tied this to his bicycle, and, having a free afternoon, rode up to London there and then and brought them to me. As soon as I had washed off the grime which covered them I discovered that they were eggs of no less a bird than the Great Auk, and as the result of their sale a few weeks later I handed the astute young bargain-hunter a cheque for four hundred pounds, which was sufficient to set him up in business. If it had not been for his cuteness, those eggs would most likely have served to decorate the old lady's cottage, where they would probably have remained, along with a number of quite valueless shells, until they were broken to pieces and consigned to the dust-heap. Another incident of which I have a very vivid recollection occurred in connection with the sale of some valuable shells. The bidding for one large shell in particular was much more brisk than I had anticipated, but

"HE FLUNG IT UPON THE GROUND AND TRAMPLED IT TO ATOMS."

the reason for this became apparent when at last it was knocked down to a gentleman in a very excited condition, who, directly it was handed to him, flung it upon the ground and trampled it to atoms, at the same time shouting out in a loud voice that, now that one was destroyed, he possessed the only specimen in the world!

Mr. C. H. ELSOM (of High Wycombe).

I have had one or two experiences myself of an amusing nature, but I think a better story will result, perhaps, if I relate the adventure of another auctioneer of my acquaintance On a certain occasion he had to conduct the sale of a menagerie, and fearing lest, in his efforts to show some of the good points of the animals, the owner might enter their cages — a course which might give the beasts an opportunity to escape—he armed himself with a revolver and pocket-dagger, and chose as his rostrum the driver's seat of a high show-wagon, feeling he would there be fairly safe if any of the lots joined the company. All went well for some time, and he succeeded in disposing of camels, zebras, monkeys, and so on, until he reached the *bonne-bouche* of the catalogue, "A cage of five very fine performing African lions." The company invited the auctioneer to give a performance, but not feeling equal to the occasion he remained where he was and allowed the proprietor of the show to take his place. No sooner was the man inside the cage, however, than the lions, enraged by the crowd and noise, began to roar ominously. The showman immediately made for the door again, but was foolish enough to turn his back on the lions, one of which sprang after him and was out of the cage before he could close the aperture. There was at once a wild stampede. The audience climbed hurriedly to the tops of carriages, roofs of sheds, lamp-posts, telegraph poles, and every available place of comparative safety. Fortunately, the showman kept his head and bolted the cage-door after the escape of the lion, which, itself much frightened, took refuge under the van where the auctioneer was perched, and was speedily roped up.

"THERE WAS AT ONCE A WILD STAMPEDE."

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE
by A. E. W. Mason

At the baccarat tables at Aix-les-Bains Julius Ricardo saw a girl talking to the holder of the bank, in whom he recognized with surprise an English acquaintance named Harry Wethermill. The girl, Celia Harland, he remembered having seen as a medium at a spiritualistic performance in an English town. Wethermill and Celia, after a run of bad luck, left the tables together, meeting at the entrance Mme. Dauvray, famous in Aix for her jewels, to whom Celia acted as companion. Two days later Wethermill burst into Ricardo's dressing-room with a morning paper announcing the murder of Mme. Dauvray at her residence, the Villa Rose. Her maid, Hélène Vauquier, had been found in bed chloroformed, while Celia had disappeared. It had also been ascertained that Mme. Dauvray's motor-car was missing.

Hanaud, one of the best French detectives, enjoying a holiday at Aix, was known slightly to both Ricardo and Wethermill, and the latter persuaded his friend to seek the help of the detective. The three thereupon went down to the Villa Rose, accompanied by Perrichet, the *sergent-de-ville* who discovered the crime.

CHAPTER III.
PERRICHET'S STORY.

PERRICHET was a young, thick-set man, with a red, fair face, and a moustache and hair so pale in colour that they were almost silver. He came into the room with an air of importance.

"Aha!" said Hanaud, with a malicious smile. "You went to bed late last night, my friend. Yet you were up early enough to read the newspaper. Well, I am to have the honour of being associated with you in this case."

Perrichet twirled his cap awkwardly and blushed.

"Monsieur is pleased to laugh at me," he said. "But it was not I who called myself intelligent. Though indeed I would like to be so, for the good God knows I do not look it."

Hanaud clapped him on the shoulder.

"Then congratulate yourself! It is a great advantage to be intelligent and not to look it. We shall get on famously. Come!"

The four men descended the stairs, and as they walked towards the villa Perrichet related, concisely and clearly, his experience of the night.

"I passed the gate of the villa about half-past nine," he said. "The gate was closed. Above the wall and bushes of the garden I saw a bright light in the room upon the first floor which faces the road at the south-western corner of the villa. The lower windows I could not see. More than an hour afterwards I came back, and as I passed the villa again I noticed that there was now no light in the room upon the first floor, but that the gate was open. I thereupon went into the garden, and, pulling the gate, let it swing to and latch. But it occurred to me as I did so that there might be visitors at the villa who had not yet left, and for whom the gate had been set open. I accordingly followed the drive which winds round to the front door. The front door is not on the side of the villa which faces the road, but at the back. When I came to the open space where the carriages turn, I saw that the house was in complete darkness. There were wooden latticed doors to the long windows on the ground floor, and these were closed. I tried one to make certain, and found the fastenings secure. The other windows upon that floor were shuttered. No light gleamed anywhere. I then left the garden, closing the gate behind me. I heard a clock strike the hour a few minutes afterwards, so that I can be sure of the time. It was now eleven o'clock. I came round a third time an hour after, and to my astonishment I found the gate once more open. I had left it closed and the house shut up and dark. Now it stood open! I looked up to the windows and I saw that in a room on the second floor, close beneath the roof, a light was burning brightly. That room had been dark an hour before. I stood and watched the light for a few minutes, thinking that I should see it suddenly go out. But it did not; it burned quite steadily. This light and the gate opened and

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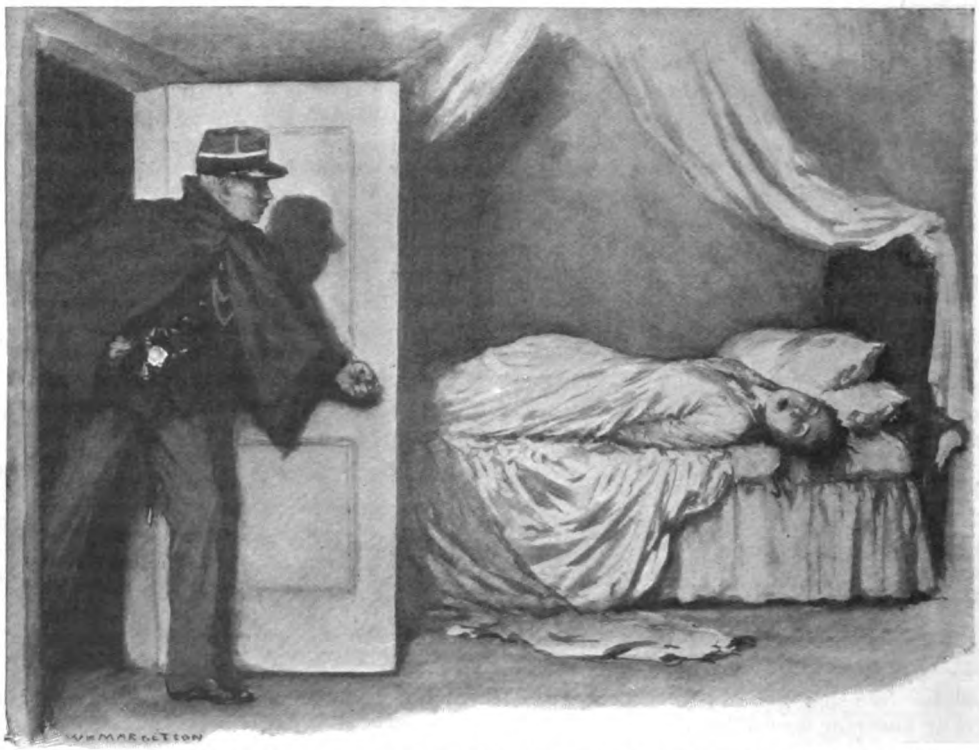
reopened aroused my suspicions. I went again into the garden, but this time with greater caution. It was a clear night, and, although there was no moon, I could see without the aid of my lantern. When I came round to the front door I saw that the shutters of one of the ground-floor windows were swung back, and that the inside glass window which descended to the ground stood open. The interior of the room gaped black. I crept up to the window and flashed my lantern into the room. The window, however, was in a recess which opened into the room through an arch, at each side of which curtains were draped. The curtains were not closed, but between them I could see nothing but a strip of the room. I went carefully in, taking heed not to walk on the patch of grass before the window. The light



"I CAME UPON NO ONE UNTIL I REACHED THE ROOM UNDER THE ROOF WHERE THE LIGHT WAS BURNING."

of my lantern showed me a chair overturned upon the floor, and to my right, below the middle one of the three windows in the right-hand side wall, a woman lying huddled upon the floor. It was Mme. Dauvray. She was dressed. There was a little mud upon her shoes, as though she had walked after the rain had ceased. Monsieur will remember that two heavy showers fell last evening between six and eight."

"Yes," said Hanaud, nodding his approval.

"She was quite dead. Her face was terribly swollen and black, and a piece of thin strong cord was knotted so tightly about her neck that at first I did not see it, for Mme. Dauvray was stout."

"Then what did you do?" asked Hanaud.

"I went to the telephone which was in the hall and rang up the police. Then I crept upstairs very cautiously, trying the doors. I came upon no one until I reached the room under the roof where the light was burning. There I found Hélène Vauquier, the maid, in bed, snoring in a terrible fashion."

The four men turned a bend in the road. A few paces away a knot of people stood before a gate which a *sergent-de-ville* guarded.

"But here we are at the villa," said Hanaud.

They all looked up, and from a window at the corner upon the first floor a man looked out and drew in his head.

"That is M. Besnard, the Commissaire of our police in Aix," said Perrichet.

"And the window from which he looked," said Hanaud, "must be the window of that

room in which you saw the bright light at half-past nine on your first round?"

"Yes, m'sieur," said Perrichet. "That is the window."

They stopped at the gate. Perrichet spoke to the *sergent-de-ville*, who at once held the gate open. The party passed into the garden of the villa.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE VILLA.

THE drive curved between trees and high bushes towards the back of the house, and as the party advanced along it a small, trim, soldier-like man, with a pointed beard and a narrow face, came to meet them. It was the man who had looked out from the window, Louis Besnard, the Commissaire of Police.

"You are coming, then, to help us, M. Hanaud!" he cried, extending his hands. "You will find nothing amongst us but a desire to carry out your suggestions. All we wish is that the murderers should be discovered. Mon Dieu, what a crime! And so young a girl to be involved in it! But what will you?"

"So you have already made your mind up on that point!" said Hanaud, sharply.

The Commissaire shrugged his shoulders.

"Monsieur shall judge for himself," he replied.

Half-way between the gate and the villa a second carriage-road struck off to the left, and at the entrance to it stood a young, stout man in black leggings.

"The chauffeur?" asked Hanaud. "I will speak to him."

The Commissaire called the chauffeur forward.

"Servettaz," he said, "you will answer any questions which monsieur may put to you."

"Certainly, M. le Commissaire," said the chauffeur. His manner was serious, but he answered readily. There was no sign of fear upon his face.

"How long have you been with Mme. Dauvray?" Hanaud asked.

"Four months, monsieur. I drove her to Aix from Paris."

"And since your parents live at Chambéry you wished to seize the opportunity of spending a day with them?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"When did you ask for permission?"

"On Saturday, monsieur."

"Did you ask particularly that you should have yesterday, the Tuesday?"

"No, monsieur; I asked only for a day whenever it should be convenient to madame."

"Quite so," said Hanaud. "Now, when did Mme. Dauvray tell you that you might have Tuesday?"

Servettaz hesitated. His face became troubled. When he spoke, he spoke reluctantly.

"It was not Mme. Dauvray, monsieur, who told me that I might go on Tuesday," he said.

"Not Mme. Dauvray! Who was it, then?" Hanaud asked, sharply.

Servettaz glanced from one to another of the grave faces which confronted him.

"It was Mlle. Célie," he said, "who told me."

"Oh!" said Hanaud, slowly. "It was Mlle. Célie. When did she tell you?"

"On Monday morning, monsieur. I was cleaning the car. She came to the garage with some flowers in her hand which she had been cutting in the garden, and she said: 'I was right, Alphonse. Madame has a kind heart. You can go to-morrow by the train which leaves Aix at one-fifty-two and arrives at Chambéry at nine minutes after two.'"

Hanaud started.

"Were those her words?" He lifted a warning finger and said, gravely, "Be very careful, Servettaz."

"Those were her words, monsieur."

"'I was right, Alphonse. Madame has a kind heart'?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then Mlle. Célie had spoken to you before about this visit of yours to Chambéry," said Hanaud, with his eyes fixed steadily upon the chauffeur's face. The distress upon Servettaz's face increased. Suddenly Hanaud's voice rang sharply. "You hesitate. Speak the truth, Servettaz!"

"Monsieur, I am speaking the truth," said the chauffeur. "It is true I hesitate . . . I have heard this morning what people are saying . . . I do not know what to think. Mlle. Célie was always kind and thoughtful for me . . . But it is true," and with a kind of desperation he went on. "Yes, it is true that it was Mlle. Célie who first suggested to me on Saturday that I should ask for a day to go to Chambéry."

To Mr. Ricardo the words were startling. He glanced with pity towards Wethermill. Wethermill, however, had made up his mind. He stood with a dogged look upon his face, his chin thrust forward, his eyes upon the chauffeur. Besnard, the Commissaire, had made up his mind, too. He merely shrugged his shoulders. Hanaud stepped forward

and laid his hand gently on the chauffeur's arm.

"Come, my friend!" he said. "Let us hear exactly how this happened!"

"Mlle. Célie," said Servettaz, with genuine

They followed the road between the bushes until a turn showed them the garage with its doors open.

"The doors were found unlocked?"

"Just as you see them."

"SHE CAME TO THE GARAGE WITH SOME FLOWERS IN HER HAND."

compunction in his voice, "came to the garage on Saturday morning and ordered the car for the afternoon. She stayed and talked to me for a little while, as she often did. She said that she had been told that my parents lived at Chambéry, and since I was so near I ought to ask for a holiday. For it would not be kind if I did not go and see them."

"That was all?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well," and the detective resumed at once his brisk voice and alert manner. He seemed to dismiss Servettaz's admission from his mind. Ricardo had the impression of a man tying up an important document which he has done with, and putting it away ticketed in some pigeon-hole in his desk. "Let us see the garage!"

Hanaud nodded. He spoke again to Servettaz. "What did you do with the key on Tuesday?"

"I gave it to Hélène Vauquier, monsieur, after I had locked up the garage. And she hung it on a nail in the kitchen."

"I see," said Hanaud. "So anyone could easily have found it last night?"

"Yes, monsieur. If one knew where to look for it."

At the back of the garage some tins of petrol stood against the brick wall.

"Was any petrol taken?" asked Hanaud.

"Yes, monsieur; there was very little petrol in the car when I went away. More was taken, but it was taken from the middle tins—these." And he touched the tins.

"I see," said Hanaud, and he raised his

eyebrows thoughtfully. The Commissaire moved with impatience.

"From the middle or from the end—what does it matter?" he exclaimed. "The petrol was taken."

Hanaud, however, did not dismiss the point so lightly.

"Then if you had had no reason to look," he said, "it might have been some while before you found out that the petrol had been taken?"

"Indeed, yes," said Servettaz. "I might even have forgotten that I had not used it myself."

"Quite so," said Hanaud, and he turned to Besnard. "I think that may be important. I do not know," he said.

"But since the car is gone," cried Besnard, "how could the chauffeur not look immediately at his tins?"

The question had occurred to Ricardo, and he wondered in what way Hanaud meant to answer it. Hanaud, however, did not mean to answer it. He took no notice of it at all. He put it aside with a superb indifference to the opinion which his companions might form of him.

"It was a powerful car?" he asked.

"A sixty-horse-power Daimler," said Servettaz.

Hanaud turned to the Commissaire.

"You have the number and description, I suppose? It will be as well to advertise for it. It may have been seen; it must be somewhere."

The Commissaire replied that the description had already been printed, and Hanaud, with a nod of approval, examined the ground. In front of the garage there was a small stone courtyard, but on its surface there was no trace of a footstep.

"Yet the gravel was wet," he said, shaking his head. "The man who fetched that car fetched it carefully."

He turned and walked back with his eyes upon the ground. Then he ran to the grass border between the gravel and the bushes.

"Look!" he said to Wethermill; "a foot has pressed the blades of grass down here, but very lightly—yes, and there again. Someone ran along the border here on his toes. Yes, he was very careful."

They turned again into the main drive and, following it for a few yards, came suddenly upon a space in front of the villa. It was a small toy pleasure-house, looking on to a green lawn gay with flower-beds. It was built of yellow stone and was almost square in shape. A couple of ornate pillars flanked the door, and a gable roof, topped by a gilt vane, surmounted it. To Ricardo it seemed impossible that so sordid and sinister a tragedy had taken place within its walls during the last twelve hours. It glistened so gaudily in the blaze of sunlight. Here and there the green outer shutters were closed; here and there the windows stood open to let in the air and light. Upon each side of the door there was a window lighting the hall, which was large; beyond those windows again, on each side, there were glass doors opening to the ground and protected by the ordinary green latticed doors of wood, which now stood hooked back against the wall. These glass doors opened into rooms oblong in shape, which ran through towards the back of the house and were lighted in addition by side windows. The room upon the extreme left, as the party faced the villa, was the dining-room, with the kitchen at the back; the room on the right was the salon in which the murder had been committed. In front of the glass door to this room a strip of what had once been grass stretched to the gravel drive. But the grass had been worn away by constant use, and the black mould showed through. This strip was about three yards wide, and as they approached they saw, even at a distance, that since the rain of last night it had been trampled down.

"We will go round the house first," said Hanaud, and he turned along the side of the villa and walked in the direction of the road. There were four windows just above his head, of which three lighted the salon, and the fourth a small writing-room behind it. Under these windows there was no disturbance of the ground, and a careful investigation showed conclusively that the only entrance used had been the glass doors of the salon facing the drive. To that spot, then, they returned. There were three sets of footmarks upon the soil. One set ran in a distinct curve from the drive to the side of the door, and did not cross the others.

"Those," said Hanaud, "are the footsteps of my intelligent friend, Perrichet, who was careful not to disturb the ground."

Perrichet beamed all over his rosy face, and Besnard nodded at him with condescending approval.

"But I wish, M. le Commissaire"—and Hanaud pointed to a blur of marks—"that your other officers had been as intelligent. Look! These run from the glass door to the drive, and, for all the use they are to us, a harrow might have been dragged across them."

Besnard drew himself up.

"Not one of my officers has entered the

room by way of this door. The strictest orders were given and obeyed. The ground as you see it is the ground as it was at twelve o'clock last night."

Hanaud's face grew thoughtful.

"Is that so?" he said, and he stooped to examine the second set of marks. They were at the right-hand side of the door. "A woman and a man," he said. "But they are mere hints rather than prints. One might almost think——" He rose up without finishing his sentence, and he turned to the third set and a look of satisfaction gleamed upon his face. "Ah, here is something more interesting," he said.

There were just three impressions; and, whereas the blurred marks were at the side, these three pointed straight from the middle of the glass doors to the drive. They were quite clearly defined, and all three were the impressions made by a woman's small, arched, high-heeled shoe. The position of the marks was at first sight a little peculiar. There was one a good yard from the window, the impression of the right foot, and the pressure of the sole of the shoe was more marked than that of the heel. The second, the impression of the left foot, was not quite so far from the first as the first was from the window, and here again the heel was the more lightly defined. But there was this difference—the mark of the toe, which was pointed in the first instance, was in this broader and a trifle blurred. Close beside it the right foot was again visible; only now the narrow heel was more clearly defined than the ball of the foot. It had, indeed, sunk half an inch into the ground.

Hanaud looked at the marks thoughtfully. Then he turned to the Commissaire.

"Are there any shoes in the house which fit those marks?"

"Yes. We have tried the shoes of all the women—Célie Harland, the maid, and even Mme. Dauvray. The only ones which fit at all are those taken from Célie Harland's bedroom." He called to an officer standing in the drive, and a pair of grey suède shoes were brought to him from the hall.

"See, M. Hanaud, it is a pretty little foot which made those clear impressions," he said with a smile; "a foot arched and slender. Mme. Dauvray's foot is short and square, the maid's broad and flat. Neither Mme. Dauvray nor Hélène Vauquier could have worn these shoes. They were lying, one here, one there, upon the floor of Célie Harland's room, as though she had kicked them off in a hurry. They are almost new, you see. They have been worn once, perhaps, no more, and they fit with absolute precision into those footmarks, except just at the toe of that second one."

Hanaud took the shoes and, kneeling down, placed them one after the other over the impressions. To Ricardo it was extraordinary how exactly they covered up the marks and filled the indentations.

"I should say," said the Commissaire, "that Célie Harland went away wearing a new pair of shoes made on the very same last as those."

As those she had left carelessly lying on the floor of her room for the first person to notice, thought Ricardo. It seemed as if the girl had gone out of her way to make the weight of evidence against her as heavy as possible. Yet, after all, it was just through inattention to the small details, so insignificant at the red moment of crime, so terribly instructive the next day, that guilt was generally brought home.

Hanaud rose to his feet and handed the shoes back to the officer. He took a measure from his pocket and measured the ground between the window and the first footstep and between the first footstep and the other two.

"How tall is Mlle. Célie?" he asked, and he addressed the question to Wethermill. It struck Ricardo as one of the strangest details in all this strange affair that the detective should ask with confidence for information which might help to bring Celia Harland to the guillotine from the man who had staked his happiness upon her innocence.

"About five feet seven," he answered.

Hanaud replaced his measure in his pocket. He turned with a grave face to Wethermill.

"I warned you fairly, didn't I?" he said.

Wethermill's white face twitched.

"Yes," he said. "I am not afraid," but there was more of anxiety in his voice than there had been before.

Hanaud pointed solemnly to the ground.

"Read the story those footprints write in the mould there. A young and active girl of about Mlle. Célie's height, and wearing a new pair of Mlle. Célie's shoes, springs from that room where the murder was committed, where the body of the murdered woman lies. She is running. She is wearing a long gown. At the second step the hem of the gown catches beneath the point of her shoe. She stumbles. To save herself from falling she brings up the other foot sharply and stamps the heel down into the ground. She recovers her balance. She

"HANAUD TOOK THE SHOES AND, KNEELING DOWN, PLACED THEM ONE AFTER THE OTHER OVER THE IMPRESSIONS."

steps on to the drive. It is true the gravel here is hard and takes no mark, but you will see that some of the mould which has clung to her shoes has dropped off. She mounts into the motor-car with the man and the other woman and drives off—some time between eleven and twelve."

"Between eleven and twelve? Is that sure?" asked Besnard.

"Certainly," replied Hanaud. "The gate is open at eleven, and Perrichet closes it. It is open again at twelve. Therefore the murderers had not gone before eleven. No; the gate was open for them to go, but they had not gone. Else why should the gate again be open at midnight?"

Besnard nodded in assent, and suddenly Perrichet started forward, with his eyes full of horror.

"Then, when I first closed the gate," he cried, "and came into the garden and up to the house they were here—in that room? Oh, my God!" He stared at the window, with his mouth open.

"I am afraid, my friend, that is so," said Hanaud, gravely.

"But I knocked upon the wooden door, I tried the bolts, and they were within—in the darkness within, not three yards from me." He stood transfixed.

"That we shall see," said Hanaud.

He stepped in Perrichet's footsteps to the sill of the room. He examined the green wooden doors which opened outwards, and the glass doors which opened inwards, taking a magnifying-glass from his pocket. He called Besnard to his side.

"See!" he said, pointing to the woodwork. "Gloves!"

Then he stooped down to the sill, where some traces of steps were visible.

"Rubber shoes," he said, and so stepped into the room, followed by Wethermill and the others. They found themselves in a small recess which was panelled with wood painted white, and here and there delicately carved with festoons of flowers. The recess ended in an arch, supported by two slender pillars, and on the inner side of the arch thick

curtains of pink silk were hung. These were drawn back carelessly, and through the opening between them the party looked down the length of the room beyond. They passed within.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SALON.

JULIUS RICARDO pushed aside the curtains with a thrill of excitement. He found himself standing within a small oblong room which was prettily, even daintily, furnished. On his left, close by the recess, was a small fireplace with the ashes of a burnt-out fire in the grate. Beyond the grate a long settee covered in pink damask, with a crumpled cushion at each end, stood a foot or two away from the wall, and beyond the settee the door of the room opened into the hall. At the end a long mirror was let into the panelling, and a writing-table stood by the mirror. On the right were the three windows, and between the two nearest to Mr. Ricardo was the switch of the electric light. A chandelier hung from the ceiling, an electric lamp stood upon the writing-table, a couple of electric candles on the mantelshelf. A round satin-wood table stood under the windows, with three chairs about it, of which one was overturned, one was placed with its back to the electric switch, and the third on the opposite side facing it.

Ricardo could hardly believe that he stood actually upon the spot where within twelve hours a cruel and sinister tragedy had taken place. There was so little disorder. The three windows on his right showed him the blue sunlit sky and a glimpse of flowers and trees; behind him the glass doors stood open to the lawn, where birds piped cheerfully and the trees murmured of summer. But he saw Hanaud stepping quickly, and with an extraordinary lightness of step for so big a man, from place to place, obviously engrossed, obviously reading here and there some detail, some custom of the inhabitants of that room.

Ricardo leaned against the wall.

"Now, what has this room to say to me?" he asked aloud, with some importance. Nobody paid the slightest attention to his question, and it was just as well. For the room had very little information to give him. He ran his eye over the white Louis Seize furniture, the white panels of the wall, the polished floor, the pink curtains. Even the delicate tracery of the ceiling did not escape his scrutiny. Yet he saw nothing likely to help him but an overturned chair and a couple of crushed cushions on a settee. It was very annoying, all the more annoying because M. Hanaud was so uncommonly busy. Hanaud looked carefully at the long settee and the crumpled cushions, and he took out his measure and measured the distance between the cushion at one end and the cushion at the other. He examined the table, he measured the distance between the chairs. He came to the fireplace and raked in the ashes of the burnt-out fire. But Ricardo noticed a singular thing. In the midst of his search Hanaud's eyes were always straying back to the settee, and always with a look of extrême perplexity, as if he read there something, definitely something, but something which he could not explain. Finally he went back to it; he drew it farther away from the wall, and suddenly with a little cry he stooped and went down on his knees. When he rose he was holding some torn fragments of paper in his hand. He went over to the writing-table and opened the blotting-book. Where it fell open there were some sheets of note-paper, and one sheet of which half had been torn off. He compared the pieces which he held with that torn sheet and seemed satisfied.

There was a rack for note-paper upon the table, and from it he took a stiff card.

"Get me some gum or paste, and quickly," he said. His voice had become brusque, the politeness had gone from his address. He carried the card and the fragments of paper to the table. There he sat down and, with infinite patience, gummed the fragments on to the card, fitting them together like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle.

The others over his shoulders could see spaced words, written in pencil, taking shape as a sentence upon the card. Hanaud turned abruptly in his seat towards Wethermill.

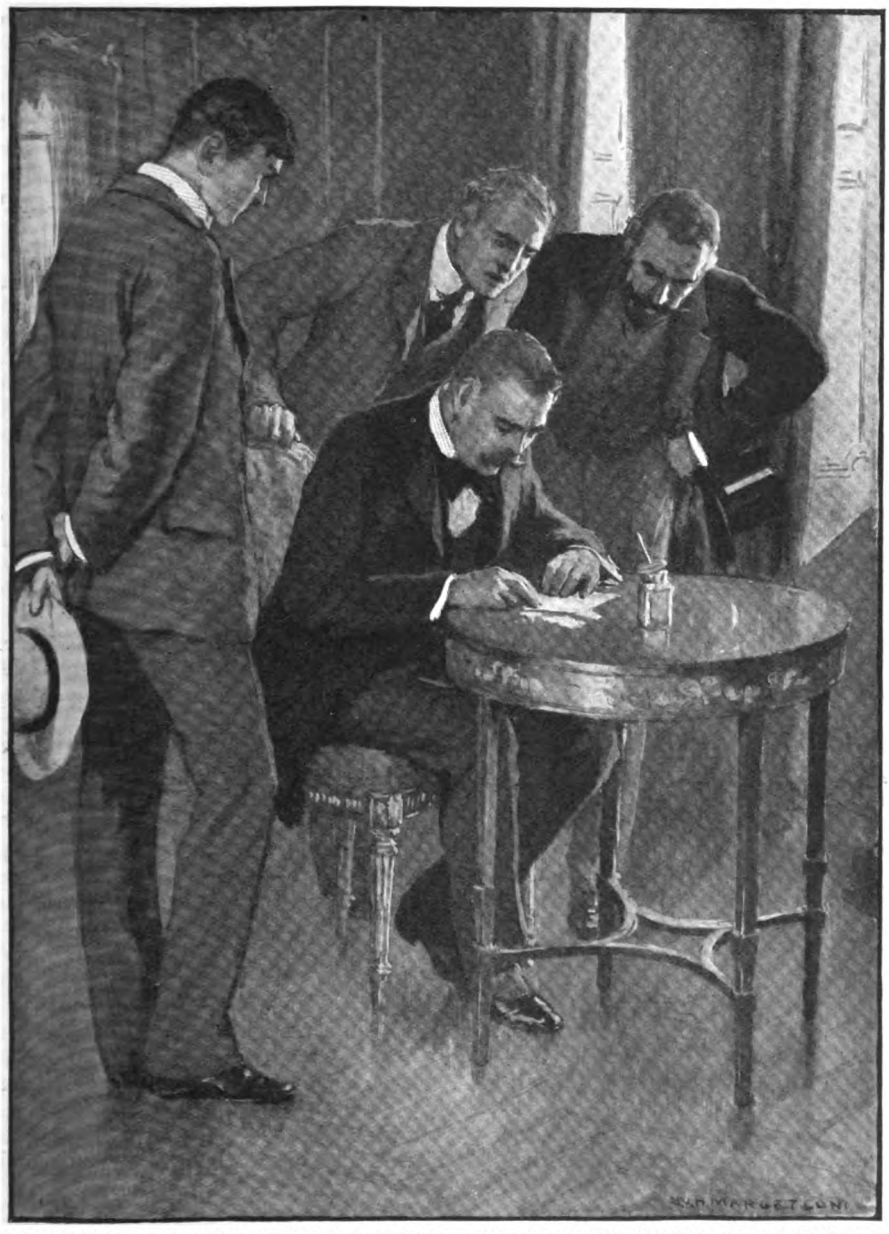
"You have, no doubt, a letter written by Mlle. Célie?"

Wethermill took his letter-case from his pocket and a letter out of the case. He hesitated for a moment as he glanced over what was written. The four sheets were covered. He folded back the letter, so that only the two inner sheets were visible, and handed it to Hanaud. Hanaud compared it with the handwriting upon the card.

"Look!" he said at length, and the three men gathered behind him. On the card the gummed fragments of paper revealed a sentence:—

"Je ne sais pas."

"'I do not know,'" said Ricardo; "now this is very important." Beside the card Celia's letter to Wethermill was laid.



"HE SAT DOWN AND, WITH INFINITE PATIENCE, GUMMED THE FRAGMENTS ON TO THE CARD."

"What do you think?" asked Hanaud.

Besnard, the Commissaire of Police, bent over Hanaud's shoulder.

"There are strong resemblances," he said, guardedly.

Ricardo was on the look-out for deep mysteries. Resemblances were not enough for him. They were inadequate to the artistic need of the situation.

"Both were written by the same hand," he said, definitely. "Only in the sentence written upon the card the handwriting is carefully disguised."

"Ah!" said the Commissaire, bending forward again. "Here is an idea! Yes, yes; there are strong differences."

Ricardo looked triumphant.

"Yes, there are differences," said Hanaud. "Look how long the up stroke of the 'p' is, how it wavers! See how suddenly this 's'

straggles off as though some emotion made the hand shake. Yet this," and touching the letter he smiled ruefully, "this is where the emotion should have affected the pen." He looked up to Wethermill's face and then said, quietly:—

"You have given us no opinion, monsieur. Yet your opinion should be the most valuable of all. Were these two papers written by the same hand?"

"I do not know," answered Wethermill.

"And I, too," cried Hanaud, in a sudden exasperation, "je ne sais pas. I do not know. It may be her hand carelessly counterfeited. It may be her hand disguised. It may be simply that she wrote in a hurry with her gloves on."

"It may have been written some time ago," said Mr. Ricardo, encouraged by his success to another suggestion.

"No; that is the one thing it could not have been," said Hanaud. "Look round the room. Was there ever a room better tended? Find me a little pile of dust in any one corner if you can! It is all as clean as a plate. Every morning, except this one morning, this room has been swept and polished. The paper was written and torn up yesterday."

He closed the card in an envelope as he spoke, and placed it in his pocket. Then he rose and crossed again to the settee. He stood at the side of it, with his hands clutching the lapels of his coat and his face gravely troubled. After a few moments of silence for himself, of suspense for all the others who watched him, he stooped suddenly. Slowly, and with extraordinary care, he pushed his hands under the head cushion and lifted it up gently, so that the indentations of its surface might not be disarranged. He carried it over to the light of the open window. The cushion was covered with silk, and as he held it to the sunlight all could see a small brown stain.

Hanaud took his magnifying-glass from his pocket and bent his head over the cushion. But at that moment, careful though he had been, the down swelled up within the cushion, the folds and indentations disappeared, the silk covering was stretched smooth.

"It does not matter now," said Hanaud, as he replaced the glass in his pocket. He carried that cushion back and replaced it. Then he took the other which lay at the foot of the settee, and carried it in its turn to the window. This was indented too, and ridged up, and just at the marks the nap of the silk was worn, and there was a slit where it had been cut. The perplexity upon Hanaud's face greatly increased. He stood with the cushion in his hands, no longer looking at it, but looking out through the doors at the footsteps so clearly defined—the footsteps of a girl who had run from this room and sprung into a motor-car and driven away. He shook his head, and, carrying back the cushion, laid it carefully down. Then he stood erect, gazed about the room as though even yet he might force its secret out from its silence, and cried:—

"There is something here, gentlemen, which I do not understand."

Mr. Ricardo heard someone beside him draw a deep breath, and turned. Wethermill stood at his elbow. A faint colour had come back to his cheeks, his eyes were fixed intently upon Hanaud's face.

"What do you think?" he asked, and Hanaud replied, brusquely:—

"It is not my business to hold opinions, monsieur; my business is to make sure."

There was one point, and only one, of which he had made everyone in that room sure. He had started confident. Here was a sordid crime, easily understood. But in that room he had read something which had troubled him, which had raised the sordid crime on to some higher and perplexing level.

What was that something? Ricardo asked himself. He looked once more about the room. He did not find his answer, but he caught sight of an ornament upon the wall which drove the question from his mind. The ornament, if so it could be called, was a painted tambourine with a bunch of bright ribbons tied to the rim; and it was hung upon the wall between the settee and the fireplace at about the height of a man's head. Of course, it might be no more than it seemed to be—a rather gaudy and vulgar toy, such as a woman like Mme. Dauvray would be very likely to choose in order to dress her walls. But it swept Ricardo's thoughts back of a sudden to the concert-hall at Leamington and the apparatus of a spiritualistic show. After all, he reflected triumphantly, Hanaud had not noticed everything, and as he made the reflection Hanaud's voice broke in to corroborate him.

"Let us go upstairs," he said. "We will first see the room of Mlle. Célie. Then we will visit the maid, Hélène Vauquier."

The four men, followed by Perrichet, passed out by the door into the hall and mounted the stairs. Celia's room was in the south-west angle of the villa, a bright and airy room, of which one window overlooked the road, and two others, between which stood the

dressing-table, the garden. Behind the room a door led into a little white-tiled bathroom. Some towels were tumbled upon the floor beside the bath. In the bedroom a dark grey frock of tussore and a petticoat were flung carelessly upon the bed; a big grey hat of Ottoman silk was lying upon a chest of drawers in the recess of a window; and upon a chair a little pile of fine linen and a pair of grey silk stockings, which matched in shade the grey suède shoes, were tossed in a heap.

"It was here that you saw the light at half-past nine?" Hanaud said, turning to Perrichet.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Perrichet.

"We may assume, then, that Mlle. Célie was changing her dress at that time."

Besnard was looking about him, opening a drawer here, a wardrobe there.

"Mlle. Célie," he said, with a laugh, "was a particular young lady, and fond of her fine clothes, if one may judge from the room and the order of the cupboards. She must have changed her dress last night in an unusual hurry."

There was about the whole room a certain daintiness, almost, it seemed to Mr. Ricardo, a fragrance, as though the girl had impressed something of her own delicate self upon it. Wethermill stood upon the threshold watching with a sullen face the violation of this chamber by the officers of the police.

No such feelings, however, troubled Hanaud. He went over to the dressing-table and opened a few small leather cases which held Celia's ornaments. In one or two of them a trinket was visible; others were empty. One of these latter Hanaud held open in his hand, and for so long that Besnard moved impatiently.

"You see it is empty, monsieur," he said, and suddenly Wethermill moved forward into the room.

"Yes, I see that," said Hanaud, dryly.

It was a case made to hold a couple of long ear-drops—those diamond ear-drops, doubtless, which Mr. Ricardo had seen twinkling in the garden.

"Will monsieur let me see?" asked Wethermill, and he took the case in his hands. "Yes," he said. "Mlle. Célie's ear-drops," and he handed the case back with a thoughtful air.

It was the first time he had taken a definite part in the investigation. To Ricardo the reason was clear. Harry Wethermill had himself given those ear-drops to Celia. Hanaud replaced the case and turned round.

"There is nothing more for us to see here," he said. "I suppose that no one has been allowed to enter the room?" And he opened the door.

"No one except Hélène Vauquier," replied the Commissaire.

Ricardo felt indignant at so obvious a piece of carelessness. Even Wethermill looked surprised. Hanaud merely shut the door again.

"Oho, the maid!" he said. "Then she has recovered!"

"She is still weak," said the Commissaire. "But I thought it was necessary that we should obtain a description of what Célie Harland wore when she left the house, so I brought Hélène Vauquier here myself just before you came. She looked through the girl's wardrobe to see what was missing."

"Was she alone in the room?"

"Not for a moment," said M. Besnard, haughtily. "Really, monsieur, we are not so ignorant of how an affair of this kind should be conducted. I was in the room myself the whole time, with my eye upon her."

"That was just before I came," said Hanaud. He crossed carelessly to the open window which overlooked the road and, leaning out of it, looked up the road to the corner round which he and his friends had come, precisely as the Commissaire had done. Then he turned back into the room.

"Which was the last cupboard or drawer that Hélène Vauquier touched?" he asked.

"This one."

Besnard stooped and pulled open the bottom drawer of a chest which stood in the embrasure of the window. A light-coloured dress was lying at the bottom.

"I told her to be quick," said Besnard, "since I had seen that you were coming. She lifted this dress out and said that nothing was missing there. So I took her back to her room and left her with the nurse."

Hanaud lifted the light dress from the drawer, shook it out in front of the window, twirled it round, snatched up a corner of it and held it to his eyes, and then, folding it quickly, replaced it in the drawer.

"Now show me the first drawer she touched." And this time he lifted out a petticoat, and, taking it to the window, examined it with a greater care. When he had finished with it, he handed it to Ricardo to put away and stood for a moment or two thoughtful and absorbed. Ricardo in his turn examined the petticoat. But he could see nothing unusual. It was an attractive petticoat, dainty with frills and lace, but it was hardly a thing to grow thoughtful over. He looked up in perplexity and saw that Hanaud was watching his investigations with a smile of amusement.

"When M. Ricardo has put that away," he said, "we will hear what Hélène Vauquier has to tell us."

He passed out of the door last and, locking it, placed the key in his pocket.

"Yes, monsieur," said Durette. "At the shop of M. Corval, in the Rue du Casino, a young lady in a dark grey frock and hat bought some cord of this kind at a few minutes after nine last night. It was just as

"HANAUD LIFTED THE LIGHT DRESS FROM THE DRAWER, SNATCHED UP A CORNER OF IT, AND HELD IT TO HIS EYES."

"Hélène Vauquier's room is, I think, upstairs," he said. And he moved towards the staircase.

But as he did so a man in plain clothes, who had been waiting upon the landing, stepped forward. He carried in his hand a piece of thin, strong whipcord.

"Ah, Durette!" cried Besnard. "Monsieur Hanaud, I sent Durette this morning round the shops of Aix with the cord which was found knotted round Mme. Dauvray's neck."

Hanaud advanced quickly to the man.

"Well! Did you discover anything?"

the shop was being closed. I showed Corval the photograph of Célie Harland which M. le Commissaire gave me out of Mme. Dauvray's room, and he identified it as the portrait of the girl who had bought the cord."

Complete silence followed upon Durette's words. The whole party stood like men stupefied. No one looked towards Wethermill; even Hanaud averted his eyes.

"Yes, that is very important," he said, awkwardly. He turned away and, followed by the others, went up the stairs to the bedroom of Hélène Vauquier.

(To be continued.)

FREAKS OF EYESIGHT.

The World as it Appears to Defective Eyes.

By CONSTANCE CLYDE.

A FEW months ago an article appeared in this Magazine, "How the World Looks to the Short-Sighted."

Several requests have been made that other defects might be dealt with in similar fashion, and this article has been the result. The more one studies the matter the more one is convinced of a new truth—one half the world does not know how the other half sees. No eye beholds its surroundings quite like any other eye, this being equally true if the eyes in question are both in the same head. To have normal vision is to be abnormal, and perhaps Bernard Shaw made not quite so exaggerated a statement as he fancied he did when he claimed to be almost the only person in London who possessed it.

To show in picture how the world looks to defective eyes is not a very easy matter, for persons suffering from these diseases, some of which are rare, have sometimes no ability or inclination to put their impressions on paper or canvas. An interesting exception, however, is the case of a glaucoma patient, who drew several sketches for the *Lancet*, showing how the world appeared to him. Glaucoma is a very peculiar and serious complaint which usually attacks people after middle age, and for some reason or other is more common among Jews than Christians; owing to the configuration of the myopic eyes the short-sighted are less liable to it than those of a different vision.

It usually begins with cloudiness or fog, while artificial lights are seen with rainbow and haloes round them. A general feature of the disease is the gradual closing up of the field of vision till the patient can see only what is directly in front of him. All the world is a darkness, but for a long distance there is a dim-lit lane in front of him down which humanity approaches. In the *Lancet* picture the glaucoma patient has depicted himself walking through a street in Manchester, showing the street not as it is, but as it appears to him. As a matter of fact it is really crowded, but to him it seems empty except for the one man whom he sees as a black shadow just as he touches him. A curious feature in this special case is the fact that the patient can evidently see the buildings in a dim way, though the streets appear absolutely deserted!

The same man describes himself as walking through a sunny field which appears to him as if ravaged by an enemy; again he shows himself in bed, realizing that his wife has opened the door and is coming towards him with a tray, but unable to visualize this till she stands directly in front.

Glaucoma is an unusual defect. Not so astigmatism, which, in a slight degree, is present in very many eyes. Astigmatism, to put it simply, means the inability of an eye to perceive horizontal and vertical lines with

A STREET SCENE AS IT APPEARS TO A GLAUCOMA PATIENT.

A CLOCK FACE AS SEEN BY AN ASTIGMATIC EYE.

the same degree of clearness. According to the form of the astigmatism, either the vertical or the horizontal line will be the fainter of the two, and, consequently, at a distance the object loses some of its clearness of outline.

Usually the astigmatism is too slight to be very perceptible. In some cases, however, it is extreme. The clock shown in the picture is quite complete in all its figures; but this is how the astigmatic eye sees it, the three and nine being missing; the adjoining numbers, being slightly less horizontal, are visible, though only faintly so. If the astigmatism were of the other kind, the twelve and six would be blotted out.

The general effect of astigmatism is to interfere with the sense of form. Thus, in a picture shown me a square was given as an oblong, such as it would appear to an astigmatic eye; similarly the reverse might occur. This tendency to see some lines longer than they are has sometimes been a cause of trouble to portrait-painters—and their sitters. Thus, certain such painters who have been blamed for making faces and necks too long (this occurred to a Parisian artist, for instance) would continue to get good commissions if, instead of talking about the artist's eye, they corrected these optics with glasses and saw the world as it really was.

Very many are the curious defects to which illustrations are not needful. I have spoken of glaucoma, in which central vision alone remains. In other cases the central vision is lost, the victim being able to see only that which is on each side of him. Sometimes only one half the field of vision remains.

Occasionally, again, one eye sees something higher up than another, while again there are micropsia and macropsia—objects appearing either larger or smaller than they should be.

Diplopia, as its name signifies, is the defect which causes the eye to see two images of the same object. Of course, the drunkard's temporary diplopia is well known, but it is possible for a quite sober person to perceive two keyholes instead of one, as the comic journals have it, and yet be a total abstainer.

Diplopia is usually the result of squint or general eye-weakness, and is necessarily a distressing malady. As a rule, the defect manifests itself in regard to small objects at some distance—eight feet or so. For instance, one lamp will be seen slightly above another or to right or left. As a rule, the false image is fainter than the genuine one, but when I looked through the prism, which made me for the time being diploptic, I saw the second image quite as clearly as the first, but with a tendency to wander. The farther away the false image appears from the true,

THE EFFECTS OF ASTIGMATISM ON AN ARTIST'S WORK—THE FEATURES, INSTEAD OF BEING AS REPRESENTED IN THE LEFT-HAND PORTRAIT, ARE ELONGATED AS IN THAT ON THE RIGHT.

the less distinct is its outline.

Many eye defects, of course, are due to the bad habits of their possessors. Tobacco, for instance, is generally held to impair their vision, usually injuring the colour-sense so that sovereigns and shillings become indistinguishable. According to some medical authorities, again, the connection between eye and tooth trouble is more than an old wife's fable. In his book dealing with the subject, Hancock relates the story of a boy who woke up one morning to find himself blind. On examination, his teeth were discovered to be crowded together, and a few of them were removed; with the result that by evening he could distinguish between light and darkness. More teeth were removed, and in eleven days his sight was fully restored. Other cases which tend to show the connection between eye and tooth trouble have also been noted. Very frequently occupation has much to do with one or other eye defect. Thus, nystagmus is sometimes known as the miners' disease.

THE DOUBLE IMAGE SEEN BY A SUFFERER FROM DIPLOPIA.

Nystagmus is an involuntary oscillation of the eyeball to and fro or round in its orbit. In contradistinction to glaucoma, it is a young defect, having been noticed in infants, but sometimes it attacks miners after forty. Miners are inclined to attribute the failing to the bad light, but it is more likely to be caused by the continual upward glance so often necessitated by their occupation.

Compositors, for instance, are liable to it; and an incident is told concerning a baker's boy who became nystigmatic for no ascertainable reason. The cause was clear, however, when it was learnt that his duty consisted in continually lifting trays of loaves above his head, casting an upward glance at each to see that all was right. When he lifted his body instead of his eyes, the trouble vanished. The human eye is not made to look upward, and the experienced worker in such occupations soon learns that a little exertion of limb or frame is preferable to such movement on the part of the eye.

Inability to see by day is matched by the commoner night-blindness which most of us have known in friend or relative. This defect, which includes an inability to see even by artificial light, is congenital with some people and never overcome. It is often hereditary. It may also be caused, however, by long exposure to over-bright light, coupled with fatigue. A strange story is told concerning a ship's crew two centuries ago, which was overcome by night-blindness so extreme that their captain was obliged to force a fight with a Spanish privateer during the day, knowing that by night his men would be helpless. In order to obviate this difficulty for future occasions he ordered each sailor to keep one eye bound during the daytime, discovering, to his gratification, that this eye, having rested, was then free of the defect. The sailors were very amusing in their efforts to retain the bandage well over the eye that must be ready for night-duty, and so a method of modifying this trouble was discovered.

Presbyopia, or long sight, is, of course, merely short sight reversed. Asthenopia, or eye-strain, has sometimes a similar effect, inasmuch as often the near vision fails first, distant objects remaining clear for a longer period. In the end, however, unless precautions are taken, the whole vision fails. "Stand farther off and I shall recognize you!" is his cry, even as the myopic or short-sighted person must have his acquaintances within arm's length.

Almost every civilized person has felt that sense of fullness in the eyeball and weight upon the forehead which constitutes asthenopia in a mild degree. Americans, however, are most liable to this defect, even as Germans are inclined to myopia. In certain forms it may lead to diplopia.

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test Star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure eighteen miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

In this article I have touched upon the vision as it affects art. Some curious statements as regards this matter were made by Dr. R. Liebrich, ophthalmic surgeon and lecturer at St. Thomas's Hospital. In a lecture delivered some decades ago the speaker gave various interesting comments on the world as seen by two artists, Turner and Mulready.

His points are too technical to be dwelt upon in a popular article, but the gist of them is that Turner's strange style of later years was due to astigmatism. The lecturer then showed a copy of one of the artist's oil-paintings in the Kensington Museum, and by looking at it through a certain glass gave it all the appearance of a picture in Turner's later style. In his early days Turner painted trees unknown to Nature, but a common tree looked at through this glass becomes a Turner tree. Thus we can only judge Turner's art by seeing the world as it appeared to him.

With regard to colour, again, the eye of the artist as well as his work must be studied. Mulready, for instance, painted too purple—this purple, when analyzed, shows a preponderance of blue. Look at one of Mulready's paintings through a yellow glass, however, and these faults disappear, for now we are looking through the lens of his eye, which has yellowed with age. The violet tones of the face become red, the blue shadows are grey, while the blue is softened. Mulready painted two similar subjects, one before and one after this change in the eye. One is called "Brother and Sister" (painted in 1836, at the age of fifty); the other, "The Young Brother" (painted when seventy)—both in the Kensington Museum.

By looking at the last through a yellow lens, or, rather, one of a pale sherry colour, the colouring becomes exactly like that of the first. A technical explanation is given for the fact that the blue of the sky does not change. The lecturer seems to recommend that Mulready's later works should be regarded only through this yellowish medium, this being really the impression conveyed by Mulready's eye. It should be made a little darker, however, as later works are examined, Mulready's own lens darkening with age. The experimenting eye also should be allowed to get accustomed to the yellow.

It would be interesting if glasses suitable for each picture were supplied for our next Academy show day, critics slipping lenses off and on as new works have to be studied. Artists do not believe that their strange representations are due not to superior imagination, but to defective eyes. Nevertheless, good oculists declare that they can tell by looking at a painting the age of the artist and the particular eye-disease from which he suffers. "It has a pathological interest," said one, as he waved his hand round the canvas-covered walls on Academy opening day; and perhaps this may be the idea of the future, when artists who feel out of sorts will merely send a picture to the doctor instead of submitting eye or pulse.

By H. G. WELLS.

MY First Aeroplane! What vivid memories of youth that recalls!

Far back it was, in the spring of 1912, that I acquired "Alauda Magna," the Great Lark, for so I christened her; and I was then a slender young man of four-and-twenty, with hair—beautiful blond hair—all over my adventurous young head. I was a dashing young fellow enough, in spite of the slight visual defect that obliged me to wear spectacles on my prominent, aquiline, but by no means shapeless nose—the typical flyer's nose. I was a good runner and swimmer, a vegetarian as ever, an all-wooler, and an ardent advocate of the extremest views in every direction about everything. Precious little in the way of a movement got started that I wasn't in. I owned two motor-bicycles, and an enlarged photograph of me at that remote date, in leather skull-cap, goggles, and gauntlets, still adorns my study fireplace. I was also a great flyer of war-kites, and a voluntary scout master of high repute. From the first beginnings of the boom in flying, therefore, I was naturally eager for the fray.

I chafed against the tears of my widowed mother for a time, and at last told her I could endure it no longer. "If I'm not the first to fly in Mintonchester," I said, "I leave Mintonchester. I'm your own son, mummy, and that's *me!*"

And it didn't take me a week to place my order when she agreed.

I found one of the old price-lists the other day in a drawer, full of queer woodcuts of still queerer contrivances. What a time that was! An incredulous world had at last consented to believe that it could fly, and in addition to the motor-car people and the bicycle people, and so on, a hundred new, unheard-of firms were turning out aeroplanes of every size and pattern to meet the demand. Amazing prices they got for them, too—three hundred and fifty was cheap for the things! I find four hundred and fifty, five hundred, five hundred *guineas* in this list of mine; and many as capable of flight as oak

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trees! They were sold, too, without any sort of guarantee, and with the merest apology for instruction. Some of the early aeroplane companies paid nearly 200 per cent. on their ordinary shares in those early years.

How well I remember the dreams I had—and the doubts!

The dreams were all of wonder in the air. I saw myself rising gracefully from my mother's paddock, clearing the hedge at the end, circling up to get over the vicar's pear trees, and away between the church steeple and the rise of Withycombe, towards the market-place. Lord! how they would stare to see me! "Young Mr. Betts again!" they would say. "We *knew* he'd do it."

I would circle and perhaps wave a handkerchief, and then I meant to go over Lupton's gardens to the grounds of Sir Digby Foster. There a certain fair denizen might glance from the window. . . .

Ah, youth! Youth!

My doubts were all of the make I should adopt, the character of the engines I should choose. . . .

I remember my wild rush on my motor-bike to London to see the things and give my order, the day of muddy-traffic dodging as I went from one shop to another, my growing exasperation at hearing everywhere the same refrain, "Sold out! Can't undertake to deliver before the beginning of April."

Not me!

I got "Alauda Magna" at last at a little place in Blackfriars Road. She was an order thrown on the firm's hands at the eleventh hour by the death of the purchaser through another maker, and I ran my modest bank account into an overdraft to get her—to this day I won't confess the price I paid for her. Poor little Mumsy! Within a week she was in my mother's paddock, being put together after transport by a couple of not-too-intelligent mechanics.

The joy of it! And a sort of adventurous tremulousness. I'd had no lessons—all the qualified teachers were booked up at stupendous fees for months ahead; but it wasn't in my quality to stick at a thing like that! I couldn't have endured three days' delay. I assured my mother I had had lessons, for her peace of mind—it is a poor son who will not tell a lie to keep his parent happy.

I remember the exultant turmoil of walking round the thing as it grew into a credible shape, with the consciousness of half Mintonchester peering at me through the hedge, and only deterred by our new trespass-board and the disagreeable expression of Snape, our trusted gardener, who was partly mowing the grass and partly on sentry-go with his scythe, from swarming into the meadow. I lit a cigarette and watched the workmen sagely, and we engaged an elderly unemployed named Snorticombe to keep watch all night to save the thing from meddlers. In those days, you must understand, an aeroplane was a sign and a wonder.

"Alauda Magna" was a darling for her time, though nowadays I suppose she would be received with derisive laughter by every schoolboy in the land. She was a monoplane, and, roughly speaking, a Blériot, and she had the dearest, neatest seven-cylinder forty horse-power G.K.C. engine, with its G.B.S. flywheel, that you can possibly imagine. I spent an hour or so tuning her up—she had a deafening purr, rather like a machine-gun in action—until the vicar sent round to say that he was writing a sermon upon "Peace" and was unable to concentrate his mind on that topic until I desisted. I took his objection in good part, and, after a culminating volley and one last lingering look, started for a stroll round the town.

In spite of every endeavour to be modest I could not but feel myself the cynosure of every eye. I had rather carelessly forgotten to change the leggings and breeches I had bought for the occasion, and I was also wearing my leather skull-cap with ear-flaps carelessly adjusted, so that I could hear what people were saying. I should think I had half the population under fifteen at my heels before I was half-way down the High Street.

"You going to fly, Mr. Betts?" says one cheeky youngster.

"Like a bird!" I said.

"Don't you fly till we comes out of school," says another.

It was a sort of Royal progress that evening for me. I visited old Lupton, the horticulturist, and he could hardly conceal what a great honour he thought it. He took me over his new greenhouse—he had now got, he said, three acres of surface under glass—and showed me all sorts of clever dodges he was adopting in the way of intensive culture, and afterwards we went down to the end of his old flower-garden and looked at his bees. When I came out my retinue of kids was still waiting for me, reinforced. Then I went round by Paramors and dropped into the Bull and Horses, just as if there wasn't anything particular up, for a lemon squash. Everybody was talking about my aeroplane. They just shut up for a moment when I came in, and then burst out with questions. It's

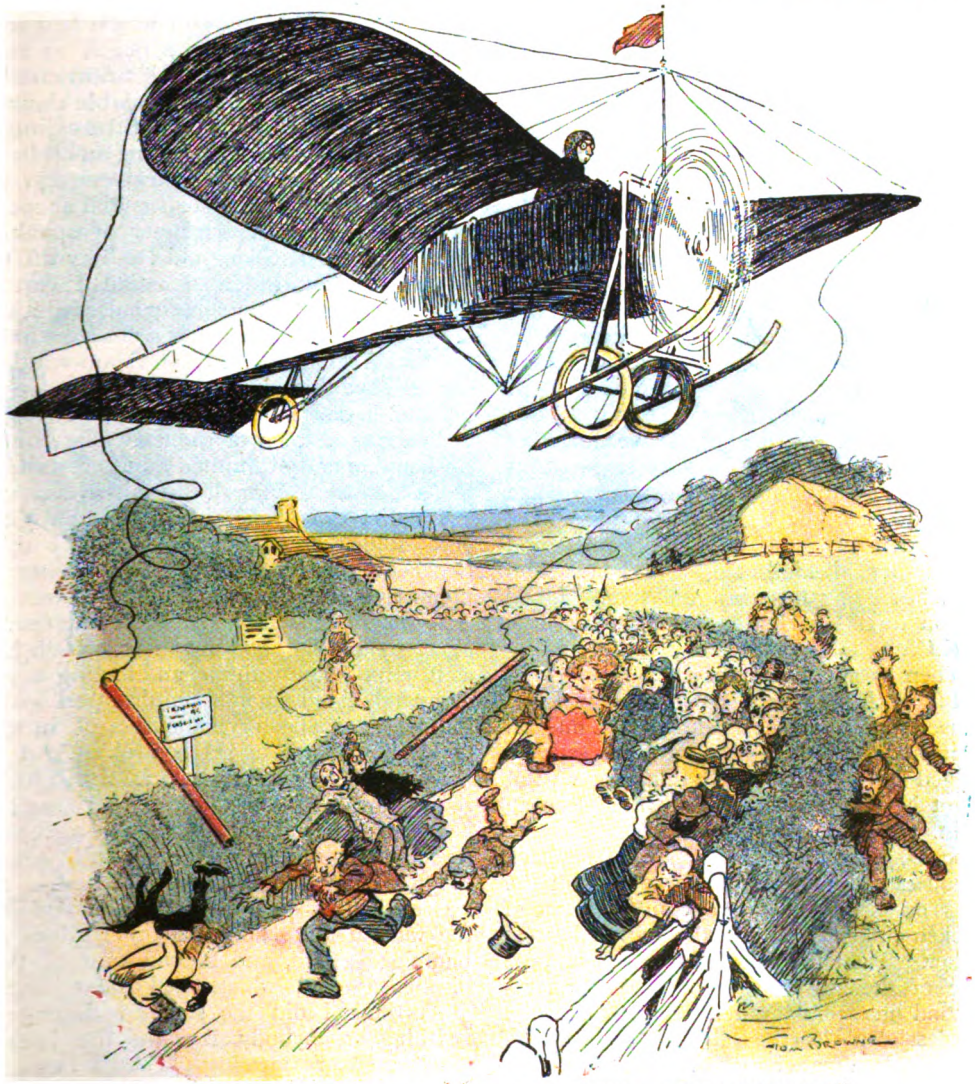
odd nowadays to remember all that excitement. I answered what they had to ask me and refrained from putting on any side, and afterwards Miss Flyteman and I went into the commercial-room and turned over the pages of various illustrated journals and compared the pictures with my machine in a quiet, unassuming sort of way. Everybody encouraged me to go up—everybody.

I lay stress on that because, as I was soon to discover, the tides and ebbs of popular favour are among the most inexplicable and inconsistent things in the world.

I particularly remember old Cheeseman, the pork-butcher, whose pigs I killed, saying over and over again, in a tone of perfect satisfaction, "You won't 'ave any difficulty in going *up*, you won't. There won't be any difficulty 'bout going *up*." And winking and nodding to the other eminent tradesmen there assembled.

I *hadn't* much difficulty in going up. "Alauda Magna" was a cheerful lifter, and the roar and spin of her engine had hardly begun behind me before she was off her wheels—snap, snap, they came up above the *ski* gliders—and swaying swiftly across the meadows towards the vicarage hedge. She had a sort of onward roll to her, rather like the movement of a corpulent but very buoyant woman.

I had just a glimpse of brave little mother,



"THEY WERE TRAILING AND DANCING AND LEAPING ALONG BEHIND ME."

trying not to cry, and full of pride in me, on the veranda, with both the maids and old Snape beside her, and then I had to give all my attention to the steering-wheel if I didn't want to barge into the vicar's pear trees.

I'd felt the faintest of tugs just as I came up, and fancied I heard a resounding whack on our new Trespassers will be Prosecuted board, and I saw the crowd of people in the lane running this way and that from my loud humming approach; but it was only after the flight was all over that I realized what that fool Snorticombe had been up to. It would seem he had thought the monster needed tethering—I won't attempt to explain the mysteries of his mind—and he had tied about a dozen yards of rope to the end of either wing and fixed them firmly to a couple of iron guy-posts that belonged properly to the Badminton net. Up they came at the tug of 'Alauda," and now they were trailing and dancing and leaping along behind me, and taking the most vicious dives and lunges at everything that came within range of them. Poor old Templecom got it hottest in the lane, I'm told—a frightful whack on his bald head; and then we ripped up the vicar's cucumber frames, killed and scattered his parrot, smashed the upper pane of his study window, and just missed the housemaid as she stuck her head out of the upper bedroom window. I didn't, of course, know anything of this at the time—it was on a lower plane altogether from my proceedings. I was steering past his vicarage—a narrow miss—and trying to come round to clear the pear trees at the end of the garden—which I did with a scrase—and the trailers behind me sent leaves and branches flying this way and that. I had reason to thank Heaven for my sturdy little G.K.C.'s

Then I was fairly up for a time.

I found it much more confusing than I had expected; the engine made such an infernal whirr-r-row for one thing, and the steering tugged and struggled like a thing alive. But I got her heading over the market-place all right. We buzzed over Stunt's the greengrocer's, and my trailers hopped up his back premises and made a sanguinary mess of the tiles on his roof, and sent an avalanche of broken chimney-pot into the crowded street below. Then the thing dipped—I suppose one of the guy-posts tried to anchor for a second in Stunt's rafters—and I had the hardest job to clear the Bull and Horses stables. I didn't, as a matter of fact, completely clear them. The ski-like alighting runners touched the ridge for a moment and the left wing bent against the top of the chimney-stack and floundered over it in an awkward, destructive manner.

I'm told that my trailers whirled about the crowded market-place in the most diabolical fashion as I dipped and recovered, but I'm inclined to think all this part of the story has been greatly exaggerated. Nobody was killed, and I couldn't have been half a minute from the time I appeared over Stunt's to the time when I slid off the stable roof and in among Lupton's glass. If people had taken reasonable care of themselves instead of gaping at me, they wouldn't have got hurt. I had enough to do without pointing out to people that they were likely to be hit by an iron guy-post which had seen fit to follow me. If anyone ought to have warned them it was that fool Snorticombe. Indeed, what with the incalculable damage done to the left wing and one of the cylinders getting out of rhythm and making an ominous catch in the whirr, I was busy enough for anything on my own private personal account.

I suppose I am in a manner of speaking responsible for knocking old Dudney off the station bus, but I don't see that I can be held answerable for the subsequent evolutions of the bus, which ended after a charge among the market stalls in Cheeseman's shop-window, nor do I see that I am to blame because an idle and ill-disciplined crowd chose to stampede across a stock of carelessly-distributed earthenware and overturned a butter stall. I was a mere excuse for all this misbehaviour.

I didn't exactly fall into Lupton's glass, and I didn't exactly drive over it. I think ricochetting describes my passage across his premises as well as any single word can.

It was the queerest sensation, being carried along by this big, buoyant thing, which had, as it were, bolted with me, and feeling myself alternately lifted up and then dropped with a scrunch upon a fresh greenhouse-roof, in spite of all my efforts to get control. And the infinite relief when at last, at the fifth or sixth pounce, I rose—and kept on rising!

I seemed to forget everything disagreeable instantly. The doubt whether after all "Alauda Magna" was good for flying vanished. She was evidently very good. We whirred over the wall at the end, with my trailers still bumping behind, and beyond one of them hitting a cow, which died next day, I don't think I did the slightest damage to anything or anybody all across the breadth of Cheeseman's meadow. Then I began to rise, steadily but surely, and, getting the

"KNOCKING OLD DUDNEY OFF THE STATION BUS."

thing well in hand, came swooping round over his piggeries to give Mintonchester a second taste of my quality.

I meant to go up in a spiral until I was clear of all the trees and things and circle about the church spire. Hitherto I had been so concentrated on the plunges and tugs of the monster I was driving, and so deafened by the uproar of my engine, that I had noticed little of the things that were going on below; but now I could make out a little lot of people, headed by Lupton with a garden fork, rushing obliquely across the corner of Cheeseman's meadow. It puzzled me for a second to imagine what they could think they were after.

Up I went, whirring and swaying, and presently got a glimpse down the High Street of the awful tangle everything had got into in the market-place. I didn't at the time connect that extraordinary smash-up with my transit.

It was the jar of my whack against the weathercock that really stopped my engines. I've never been able to make out quite how it was I hit the unfortunate vane; perhaps the twist I had given my left wing on Stunt's roof spoilt my steering; but, any-

how, I hit the gaudy thing and bent it, and for a lengthy couple of seconds I wasn't by any means sure whether I wasn't going to dive straight down into the market-place. I got her right by a supreme effort—I think the people I didn't smash might have squeezed out one drop of gratitude for that—drove pitching at the tree-tops of Withycombe, got round, and realized the engines were stopping. There wasn't any time to survey the country and arrange for a suitable landing-place; there wasn't any chance of clearing the course. It wasn't my fault if a quarter of the population of Mintonchester was swarming out over Cheeseman's meadows. It was the only chance I had to land without a smash, and I took it. Down I came, a steep glide, doing the best I could for myself.

Perhaps I did bowl a few people over; but progress is progress.

And I had to kill his pigs. It was a case of either dropping among the pigs and breaking my rush, or going full tilt into the corrugated iron piggeries beyond. I might have been cut to ribbons. And pigs are born to die.

"I DROPPED OFF POOR 'ALAUDA MAGNA' LIKE A SHOT."

I stopped, and stood up stiffly upon the framework and looked behind me. It didn't take me a moment to realize that Mintonchester meant to take my poor efforts to give it an Aviation Day all to itself in a spirit of ferocious ingratitude.

The air was full of the squealing of the two pigs I had pinned under my machine and the bawling of the nearer spectators. Lupton occupied the middle distance with a garden fork, with the evident intention of jabbing it into my stomach. I am always pretty cool and quick-witted in an emergency. I dropped off poor "Alauda Magna" like a shot, dodged through the piggery, went up by Frobisher's orchard, nipped over the yard wall of Hinks's cottages, and was into the police-station by the back way before anyone could get within fifty feet of me.

"Halloa!" said Inspector Nenton; "smashed the thing?"

"No," I said; "but people seem to have got something the matter with them. I want to be locked in a cell." . . .

For a fortnight, do you know, I wasn't allowed to come near my own machine. I went home from the police-station as soon as the first excitement had blown over a little, going round by Love Lane and the Chart so as not to arouse any febrile symptoms. I found mother frightfully indignant, you can be sure, at the way I had been treated. And there, as I say, was I, standing a sort of siege in the upstairs rooms, and sturdy little "Alauda Magna," away in Cheeseman's fields, being walked round and stared at by

everybody in the world but me. Cheeseman's theory was that he had seized her. There came a gale one night, and the dear thing was blown clean over the hedge among Lupton's greenhouses again, and then Lupton sent round a silly note to say that if we didn't remove her she would be sold to defray expenses, going off into a long tirade about damages and his solicitor. So mother posted off to Clamps', the furniture removers at Upnorton Corner, and they got hold of a timber-wagon, and popular feeling had allayed sufficiently before that arrived for me to go in person to superintend the removal. There she lay like a great moth above the *débris* of some cultural projects of Lupton's, scarcely damaged herself except for a hole or so and some bent rods and stays in the left wing and a smashed skid. But she was bespattered with pigs' blood and pretty dirty.

I went at once by instinct for the engines, and had them in perfect going order before the timber-wagon arrived.

A sort of popularity returned to me with that procession home. With the help of a swarm of men we got "Alauda Magna" poised on the wagon, and then I took my seat to see she balanced properly, and a miscellaneous team of seven horses started to tow her home. It was nearly one o'clock when we got to that, and all the children turned out to shout and jeer. We couldn't go by Pook's Lane and the vicarage, because the walls are too high and narrow, and so we headed across Cheeseman's meadows for Stokes' Waste and the common, to get round by that *détour*.

I was silly, of course, to do what I did—I see that now—but sitting up there on my triumphal car with all the multitude about me excited me. I got a kind of glory on. I really only meant to let the propellers spin as a sort of hurrahing, but I was carried away. Whuz-z-z-z-z! It was like something blowing up, and behold! I was sailing and plunging away from my wain across the common for a second flight.

"Lord!" I said.

I fully meant to run up the air a little way, come about, and take her home to our paddock, but those early aeroplanes were very uncertain things.

After all, it wasn't such a very bad shot to land in the vicarage garden, and that practically is what I did. And I don't see that it was my fault that all the vicarage and a lot of friends should be having lunch on the lawn. They were doing that, of course, so as to be on the spot without having to rush out of the house when "Alauda Magna" came home again. Quiet exultation—that was their game. They wanted to gloat over every particular of my ignominious return. You can see that from the way they had arranged the table. I can't help it if Fate decided that my return wasn't to be so ignominious as all that, and swooped me down on the lot of them.

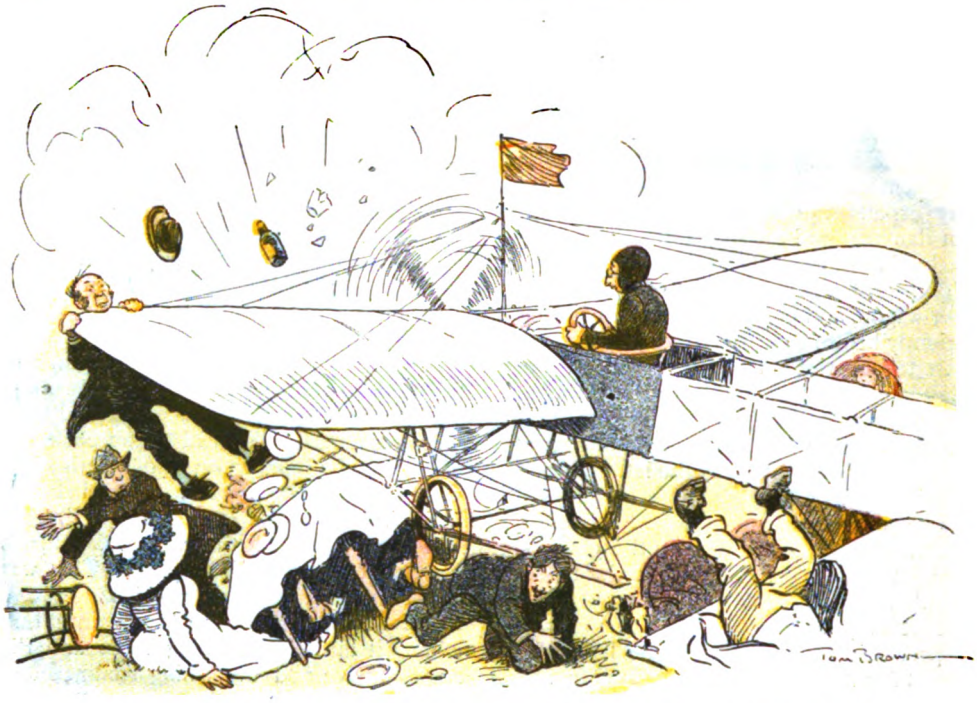
They were having their soup. They had calculated on me for the dessert, I suppose.

To this day I can't understand how it is I didn't kill the vicar. The forward edge of the left wing got him just under the chin and carried him back a dozen yards. He must have had neck vertebræ like steel; and even then I was amazed his head didn't come off. Perhaps he was holding on underneath; but I can't imagine where. If it hadn't been for the fascination of his staring face I think I could have avoided the veranda, but, as it was, that took me by surprise. That was a fair crumple up. The wood must have just rotted away under its green paint; but, anyhow, it and the climbing roses and the shingles above and everything snapped and came down like stage scenery, and I and the engines and the middle part drove clean through the French windows on to the drawing-room floor. It was jolly lucky for me, I think, that the French windows weren't shut. There's no unpleasanter way of getting hurt in the world than flying suddenly through thin window-glass; and I think I ought to know. There was a frightful jawbation, but the vicar was out of action, that was one good thing. Those deep, sonorous sentences! But perhaps they would have calmed things. . . .

That was the end of "Alauda Magna," my first aeroplane. I never even troubled to take her away. I hadn't the heart to. . . .

And then the storm burst.

The idea seems to have been to make mother and me pay for everything that had ever tumbled down or got broken in Mintonchester since the beginning of things. Oh! and for any animal that had ever died a sudden death in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The tariff ruled high, too. Cows were twenty-five to thirty pounds and upward; pigs about a pound each, with no reduction for killing a quantity; verandas—verandas were steady at forty-five guineas. Dinner services, too, were up, and so were tiling and all branches of the building trade. It seemed to certain persons in Mintonchester, I believe, that an era of unexampled prosperity had dawned upon the place—only limited, in fact,



"THE FORWARD EDGE OF THE LEFT WING GOT HIM JUST UNDER THE CHIN."

by the solvency of me and mother. The vicar tried the old "sold to defray expenses" racket, but I told him he might sell.

I pleaded defective machinery and the hand of God, did my best to shift the responsibility on to the firm in Blackfriars Road, and, as an additional precaution, filed my petition in bankruptcy. I really hadn't any property in the world, thanks to mother's goodness, except my two motor-bicycles, which the brutes took, my photographic dark-room, and a lot of bound books on aeronautics and progress generally. Mother, of course, wasn't responsible. She hadn't lifted a wing.

Well, for all that, disagreeables piled up so heavily on me, what with being shouted after by a rag-tag and bobtail of schoolboys and golf caddies and hobbledehoys when I went out of doors, threatened with personal violence by stupid people like old Lupton, who wouldn't understand that a man can't pay what he hasn't got, pestered by the wives of various gentlemen who saw fit to become out-of-works on the strength of alleged injuries, and served with all sorts of silly summonses for all sorts of fancy offences, such as mischievous mischief and manslaughter and wilful damage and trespass, that I simply had to go away from Mintonchester to Italy, and leave poor little mother to manage them in her own solid, undemonstrative way. Which she did, I must admit, like a Brick.

They didn't get much out of her, anyhow, but she had to break up our little home at Mintonchester and join me at Arosa, in spite of her dislike of Italian cooking. She found me already a bit of a celebrity because I had made a record, so it seemed, by falling down three separate crevasses on three successive days. But that's another story altogether.

From start to finish I reckon that first aeroplane cost my mother over nine hundred pounds. If I hadn't put my foot down, and she had stuck to her original intention of paying all the damage, it would have cost her three thousand. . . . But it was worth it. It was worth it. I wish I could live it all over again; and many an old codger like me sits at home now and deplores those happy, vanished, adventurous times, when any lad of spirit was free to fly—and go anywhere—and smash anything—and discuss the question afterwards of just what the damages amounted to and what his legal liability might be.

The Pageant of the Months.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc., etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

A NOVEL feature in one of the London music-halls takes the form of a huge post-card album, which opens and reveals various *tableaux vivants*. The first picture may represent a Japanese maiden in all the gorgeous hues of the Far East. Then the book closes, and all is dark. Once more the cover is thrown back and another page revealed. The scene is now in Holland, and quaint figures are seen wearing costumes of red, blue, and white. The picture disappears and the book once more opens. It is night, and a child, clothed in rags, is seen shivering on the pavement of a London street. So each picture that follows comes as an artistic surprise.

Let us imagine for the moment that we could look upon a British landscape in this manner. Our eyes suddenly open some January day upon a scene like that shown in the first illustration—a day when winter's frosty breath pervades the whole atmosphere. It accumulates on the branches and twigs of the trees and clothes them with a garment of tiny crystals that scintillate with diamond hues. Then a particularly heavy breath seems to almost obliterate from view the whitening trees. Even some of the water of the fast-running brook has been caught in the icy grip of the Frost King, while the ground is wholly enveloped in a smooth mantle of white, over which the waves of frosty air can be seen flowing. Then a fluttering object amongst the branches suddenly swoops down to the water's edge, and sweet notes of music burst from its scarlet breast, for the robin sings even when hungry and cold. The icy wind whistles through the trees, and snowy crystals fall and glisten; but suddenly all has become dark.

After an interval of many days another picture appears. A February morn, when the alder trees on the opposite side of the brook stand out cold and distinct against a windy and storm-tossed sky. On the ground is a worn carpet of brown and shrivelled leaves, grass blades, and the stems and stalks of many plants whose life has been spent. Nevertheless, near the water's edge are

JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

patches of vivid green that speak of new life. There is music, too, for the brook rushes over the pebbles at its bottom with a merry jingle, and in the distance the loud voice of the missel-thrush can be heard occasionally between the boreal blasts; but as we listen the scene vanishes.

The darkness again clears and March has come. An inspiring, though as yet but imperfectly visible, touch of life seems now to invest the scene; every twig and every grass blade appears lively and pert. Sudden glimpses of bright sunlight seem to startle the birds into wondrous activity, which activity is almost instantly subdued when the dark and broken rain-clouds extinguish the bright light. There is evidently life below ground as well, for the busy mole has thrown up many heaps of fine red soil while searching for his breakfast. The neighbouring rooks have become noisy, and the bleating of young lambs (one of which carries a not unmusical bell) adds sounds of country life grateful to the ear.

MARCH.

Another interval has elapsed and April has made its advent. The sky is of the brightest blue, and the hawthorn bush in the centre of the scene has now developed some delicate sprays of bright green foliage that are most attractive to the eye. The tall Lombardy poplars, that in January and February stood like sentinels by the water's edge, are also putting on their uniforms of green; while from the ruddy male catkins of the alder across the stream clouds of yellow pollen dust are spread on almost every breeze. The carpet that covers the ground has lost its brown hue and is now adorned by many new colours, amongst which the golden stars of the lesser celandine vie in splendour with the wide-eyed dandelions, and, together with the white flowers of the deadnettle and the fresh green of the new grass and of the young nettles, add to the charm of awakening life. The chiff-chaff has arrived, for, although unseen, its lively call betrays its presence; but, as the picture fades from view, a sound is heard that truly proclaims that spring has come—it is the voice of the cuckoo.

Again from the darkness appears a picture. All is a lovely tracery of green—the green of May. Against the blue sky the delicate young leaves are seen to be enveloping every branch. The poplars look charming in their new hue, and the distant elm trees now show but few of their branches; even the cold-looking boughs of the alders have become graceful. The flower buds of the hawthorn bush are beginning to show their white petals, and below it the young nettles are striving to grow tall and overtop the grasses;

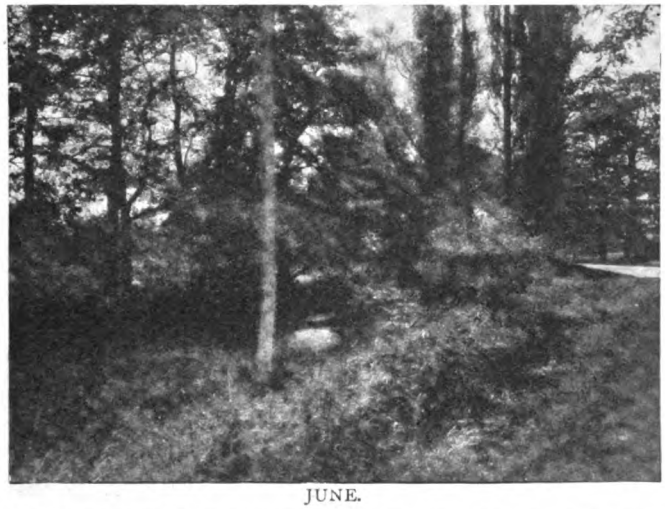
APRIL.

while gaudy tortoiseshell and orange-tip butterflies flutter amongst the blossoms by the water's edge. As the light declines the corn-crake utters its grating "creak-creak," a sound that seems strangely at discord with all its surroundings; but it suddenly ceases as if ashamed, for the nightingale has commenced his music-lesson.

The scene has changed to leafy June. Every tree has now donned its summer finery, while the herbage in the foreground has now grown thick and tall; goosegrass, nettles, and thistles jostle each other as they strive to obtain a footing on the moist bank, almost hiding from view the stream itself. The meadow behind the alder trees has likewise become obscured by the alders' developing leaves. White butterflies are continually sipping nectar from the various flowers, and a gay-painted chaffinch has also alighted with a merry "pink-pink" to quench its thirst at the stream. A cloud of gnats are performing some graceful evolutions above the water, rising and falling with remarkable rhythm, and about the river's bank large humble-bees drowsily hum.

A new picture again appears, for July has come. The grasses have grown tall, and, like the nettles, have produced their flowers, while the bright green foliage of the trees has matured into a much deeper tone. The voices of many of the song-birds have become subdued, and the cuckoo and the nightingale are no longer heard; the sky-lark, however, still soars aloft and makes merry with its song. Insect life abounds on every side. Gay-coloured butterflies, and beetles with armour of metallic splendour, and flies and caterpillars of wondrous kinds swarm

MAY.



JUNE.

JULY.

amongst the vegetation. The life of the scene has attained its meridian, and here and there a yellowed leaf tells of the receding tide.

When the picture again appears August has come, and dense masses of deep green foliage clothe every tree. The early cuckoo flowers, celandines, and other spring blossoms have

AUGUST.

now entirely disappeared, and in their place are great willow-herbs with large purplish-red flowers, whose colours contrast with the deep shadows of the stream and fascinate the eye. The water figwort has also produced its meat-coloured blossoms, so attractive to wasps until the cold days come; and in the foreground a plant of the wild angelica has thrown up its umbels of cream-coloured flowers. When the flowers of these late plants appear we may know that the season has advanced and that the glory of the landscape will henceforth be of a different type. An occasional silver-washed fritillary butterfly is seen, and, in the shadow of the stream, a tiger-moth has flashed its gaudy colours during a brief flight.

It is September. Autumn has come; the leaves all around have assumed a mellow hue that gives a warm tone to the landscape. There is no longer bright green grass, but brown stalks predominate, and amongst them may be found many fallen leaves. The young bramble in front of the hawthorn bush has produced a few blackberries on its trailing branches which bend towards the stream, and the hawthorn's green haws are becoming red. The flowering stems of the wild angelica have grown tall, and its flowers are rapidly changing into seeds; and, by the water's edge, mushrooms and toadstools of weird forms and vivid colours abound. The robin has again become a popular artiste and the hedge-sparrow chirps from the hawthorn bush. From the distance comes the sound of the sportsman's gun, working destruction amongst the partridges.

Out of a mist which slowly clears there is revealed a scene enriched with sparkling dewdrops, that glisten like jewels from every grass blade, leaf, and spider's

SEPTEMBER.

web, until they are consumed by the sun's warm rays at midday. When the October mist has lifted its thick curtain from the river the glory of autumn tints is revealed. The leaves of the alders have changed from green to blue-grey, and those of the poplars have yellowed as well as those of the distant elms. Masses of leaves have now fallen, and the sky and the meadow over the stream are again becoming exposed to view

between the branches. In the meadow, too, the voice of the farmer and the jingle of harness are heard as he turns round his plough.

Again there is a mist; but now it clears more rapidly, and a cold air blows that gives a tingling sensation to one's face which reminds one that November has come. Many of the alders' branches have become almost bare, and the poplars' trunks and twigs are now exposed, while the foreground vegetation has dwindled down sufficiently to permit a full view of the river again. Leaves are continually whirled downwards in rapid succession by the gusty wind, and the brown carpet below steadily increases in thickness. Passing carts on the distant road, loaded with mangolds, tell us that the last harvest is being carried from the fields. From over the ploughlands peewits call, and from the bushes, where the missel-thrush feeds, may be heard harsh notes that tell of the approach to his preserves of hungry blackbirds or redwings.

In December the landscape is again exposed to view. Winter has followed close on autumn's heels; a sharp frost has suddenly spread over the land, and a slight snow-storm has sprinkled the meadows with white. Near the stream, where the young grass and the winter nettle shoots are growing, the snow has melted at the first signs of sunlight, and it is fast disappearing from the fields. The distant elm trees and the hawthorn bush in the foreground are still yellow with late-clinging leaves, but now the sun's rays have penetrated the misty clouds, and soon every branch will be bare. The robin, however, sings apparently without a care, and the noisy rooks seem hopeful of the future.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.

By AUBREY HOPWOOD.

OVER the seven sandy miles which separate the town of Melonville from the English settlement on Lake Topekah there plies, three days in every week, a heavy-laden vehicle known as the Melonville Express.

Its pace belies its title, for the road is rough, and it is drawn by a raw-boned, mud-coloured horse, whose driver performs, for an infinitesimal fee, the office of a common carrier.

He is a silent, stern-faced man, with snow-white hair, though his years have barely numbered the half of life's allotted span: and those who watch him on his lonely round grow silent at his coming, with a sense of sudden awe.

For, many years ago, when the mud-coloured horse was a playful four-year-old, and his owner a fresh-complexioned English boy, they played the leading parts in the final act of a grim and awful tragedy.

It would seem that the humdrum routine of an expressman's daily round demands no special mental attainments. Certainly one would argue that an Eton education, followed by two years' tuition at the hands of a fashionable Army crammer, was an unnecessarily extravagant preparation for it. But, when the Sandhurst lists came out, time after time, leaving the name of Frederick Burton unrecorded, his parents, in their wisdom, exported him to Florida.

Migrating, by chance, to the English colony on Lake Topekah, Freddy Burton embarked, with light heart and inadequate knowledge, upon the perilous occupation of orange culture. Two years afterwards he emerged from the ruins of his shattered castles, to realize that their foundations had been laid on shifting sands. Surprised and disgusted, he set himself to consider his position, and to take stock of the possibilities remaining to him.

His available assets, he found, amounted to the sum of three hundred dollars in United States currency; and an idea.

It was not a bewilderingly brilliant nor even a specially original one, but it served. For Freddy Burton invested one half his capital in the purchase of a horse and wagon, decorated the near-side panel of the latter with a yellow-painted legend setting forth his name and purpose, and took the road.

And so, three days in every week, there plies over the seven sandy miles which separate the town of Melonville from the English colony on Lake Topekah a heavy-

laden vehicle known as the Melonville Express.

It was a monotonous existence enough. Each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, rain or shine, he made the round of the English colony's scattered habitations, and booked his miscellaneous orders. Each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening he delivered, with praiseworthy punctuality, a varied assortment of provisions, groceries, hardware, cutlery, furniture, fertilizers, and Melonville millinery at his clients' residences. Then he stabled the mud-coloured horse and retired to the solitude of a four-roomed log-cabin, deserted, on the completion of his section, by the late overseer of the Lake Topekah Railroad Company.

For a healthy Eton boy it was a demoralizing, wearisome existence; but he had fallen under the lethargic spell of the land of his adoption, and he worried along, contentedly enough, until the pregnant moment came when Providence, inscrutable, decreed that he should meet his fate.

And a tempting little fate in truth she seemed, as he saw her first, in the misty glory of an April morning, a shapely, reckless, bare-legged cracker girl of seventeen, with an imp of mischief in her laughing eyes and a tumbled mass of corn-coloured hair about her shoulders. Perched upon the comfortable summit of a cypress fence-post, she hailed him as he drew alongside; and Freddy Burton, nothing loath, pulled up.

"Good morning," he said, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

Her blue eyes twinkled, and she dropped lightly from her elevation to the sandy road. Then, from some mysterious recess within her bodice, she brought forth a crumpled sheet of paper, scribbled with pencilled memoranda in an unformed, childish hand. Perusing it with professional gravity, Freddy Burton found the lengthy list to contain such diverse commodities as an axe-handle, four tins of condensed milk, a demijohn of rye whisky, and a flannel shirt.

"Dad says, will you please bring them all back with you this evening? And you'll have to pay for them too, 'cause they won't give him credit any more at the store, especially the whisky. He'll give you the money to-morrow morning—at least, he told me to say he would, and——" She broke off breathless, and looked up into his face with an irresistibly merry smile.

The susceptible driver of the Melonville Express folded the crumpled paper and placed it carefully in his breast-pocket. Then, as he looked into her laughing eyes, an inspiration seized him.

"It's a lovely morning for a drive," he said. "Why not come and help me choose them?"

"Like this?"

"Certainly."

"No shoes and stockings! No hat! Folks would talk, wouldn't they?"

"Let them talk."

"You mean it, sure? Just as I am?"

Prophetically forestalling the marriage service, Freddy Burton announced his intention of taking her just as she was, and the little gipsy's eyes glistened with excitement.

"I'll come," she cried, and in a moment she was beside the wagon, a small, bare foot upon the step, a hand upstretched to his. Then she paused.

"Say, how much do I have to pay?"

"Nothing at all," he responded, serenely. "Give me the pleasure of your company and we'll call it quits."

She made no more ado, but gripped his hand and mounted nimbly to the vacant seat beside him. The mud-coloured horse thrust his lean neck into his roomy collar, and the delayed express creaked forward on its sandy way.

She talked, the little cracker girl, with scarce a pause or intermission, jumping from topic to topic with a happy inconsequence that almost took his breath away. In her bright, disjointed way she had outlined for him the history of her uneventful little life before they had covered one half that memorable journey.

"And you'd never guess that I was English-born, now, would you?" she questioned, pointing to an arched, bare foot that scarcely touched the wagon boards. "See; I've lived so long down here among the flat woods I guess I've most run wild. Besides, it's cooler, and shoes cost a heap of money too." She pursed her red lips into an irresistible smile, and her blue eyes twinkled with enjoyment.

"We never have no money, dad and me. Never have had since mother died, and that's away back as far as I remember anything. You see, dad spends all he earns, and he owes a heap besides. Those things I wrote down on the paper now, he'll never pay you for them. Say," she concluded, suddenly, "don't you buy them."

"And what would become of your housekeeping if I didn't? I suppose you are housekeeper, aren't you?"

"I suppose I am, when there's anything to keep," she laughed. "But that ain't always."

"And your father," suggested Burton; "tell me something about him." He found the situation a trifle bewildering, and he was trying to focus his new acquaintance. "What does he do?"

"Drinks a lot more than he ought to," she responded, promptly. "And he's an old ruffian when he's drunk, dad is."

She nodded her head sagely, but the contemplation of her parent's failing did not seem to disconcert her in the least, for use is second nature, and the horizon of the flat woods is very limited at the best.

"And your name? You can read mine on the side of the wagon; but we've known each other nearly an hour and you haven't told me who you are."

"I'm Kitty Westley. You've heard of old man Westley, maybe? Yes, I guessed you had; but he's not so bad as folks would make him out—not when you come to know him rightly."

She had been watching his face more closely than he knew, but the involuntary exclamation of surprise that escaped him did not disturb her much.

"Honest, now, you thought we was just crackers yourself, didn't you?" she asked.

"I did until I saw you," said Freddy Burton.

She looked full into his eyes, with the unaffected simplicity of a questioning child.

"Well?" she queried, naively. "And what do you think now?"

"Don't you trouble about that," he responded, emphatically. "I'll tell you some other time. See, we've almost reached our destination."

And so it was. The solitude of the scented pine woods had given place to an open, stump-strewn clearing, and beyond it lay revealed, incongruously picturesque, a typical South Florida town in process of evolution.

Here and there, grotesquely self-conscious, some massive structure towered a head and red-brick shoulders above his humbler brethren. And the resentful pigmies, clustering close about him, reared heavenwards their wooden sky signs; blazoning their hidden virtues, as little men are fain to do, lest they should go unnoticed in competition with their superiors.

A foot or more above the level of the sandy street a rickety side-walk warped, on rotten supports, in the glaring sunlight.

In the shelter of their verandas Melonville's business men, in shirt-sleeves clipped by elastic garters at the elbow, smoked or chewed the stunted ends of oily black cigars. Below them, sunning on the door-stoops, negro children munched pink slices of water-melon, or imbibed alternate solace from unwieldy lengths of sugar-cane.

And, wherever the shade permitted, a patient horse stood tethered to a convenient hitching-post, a spider-wheeled buggy at his heels, a swarm of gnats about his nose, and a hungry horse-fly at his flank.

Dark brown against the vivid blue of a cloudless sky a pair of buzzards sailed on heavy wing, wheeling and circling slowly to and fro.

And over all the promiscuous jumble of wooden stores, of saw-mills, livery stables and hotels, of green shutters and red roofs, rickety side-walks and sandy highways, the gleaming eye of a semi-tropical sun stared down, with fierce, unwinking glare.

The mud-coloured horse ploughed his heavy way down the main street, towards the well-known stable where he was wont to take his midday rest, and Freddy Burton pointed with his whip to a gaudy wooden building as they passed.

One of its windows displayed an elaborate menu, compounded of such diverse delicacies as clam chowder and pineapple ice cream; the other a facetious pictorial presentment of a skeleton and a fat man, purporting to portray the self-same customer before and after partaking of the far-famed fifty-cent lunch at Shannon's café. In the centre of the side-walk, outside the front door of his establishment, stood the redoubtable proprietor, Sol Shannon, in person.

He was a tall, thin man with a face of parchment hue, sinister in expression, curiously Chinese in type. His yellow skin, high cheek-bones, and almond-shaped slits of eyes were all so redolent of the Mongolian race that he only lacked the distinction of a pendent pigtail to complete the caricature. But, instead, he wore his black hair close cropped above his shaven face, for he was a naturalized citizen of the United States, who bitterly resented the nickname of Shanghai, bestowed upon him in virtue of his suggestive figure-head.

In response to Freddy Burton's greeting he grunted an inaudible retort, but he scowled angrily at the passenger, who heeded him scarcely at all. He followed the wagon with his narrow eyes till it turned the corner, and spat viciously in the sand. Then he rolled himself a cigarette, with dirty, taper fingers; and so retreated, like a snarling beast, within his lair.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the

misguided expressman. "As soon as we've made our purchases we'll go round to Shanghai's and lunch there."

For a moment the girl looked at him with a puzzled expression; then she laughed.

"So we will. Sure you won't be ashamed of me, though? Maybe Shanghai won't serve lunch to a girl with bare legs."

"I'd like to see him refuse," said Freddy Burton. As a matter of fact, the detail had entirely escaped his recollection.

And so it fell out that, twenty minutes later, the curiously-assorted couple presented themselves at Shanghai's restaurant, found an unoccupied table in a secluded corner, and took possession. The place was comparatively empty, and its patrons, after bestowing a glance of amusement on the pair, returned to the formal business of feeding.

Freddy Burton, with royal hospitality, dispatched a negro waiter to the nearest saloon and obtained, in exchange for three dollars, a fictitiously labelled bottle of sweet champagne. The occasion, he felt, was an exceptional one and called for observance in orthodox fashion. For it is a tenet of all right-minded Englishmen, lunching publicly in doubtful company, to call for champagne and chance the consequence. And Kitty Westley, to whom the flavour of the beverage was as novel as the experience was exciting, chattered away to her host with a happy abandonment which he found quite irresistible.

But the proprietor hovered about the vicinity of their table, obviously displeased; and once, as he turned away to answer the summons of a departing guest, Freddy Burton caught so ugly an expression on his face that he was fairly startled.

"I wonder what's the matter with Shanghai?" he said. "Seems to have lost his temper."

"He's jealous, I guess."

She laughed serenely.

"Jealous! Of you?"

She nodded.

"Of me and of you," she said.

"But why?" Freddy Burton had grown suddenly serious. "Do you know him well?"

"Better than I want to. Him and dad are old friends."

She sipped her champagne and considered for a moment. Then she leaned across the table and dropped her voice:—

"Shanghai wants me to marry him."

"To marry him!" he repeated, in horrified bewilderment. "Why, you're only a child; and he's a Chinaman, or next door to one."

"I'm seventeen," she laughed. "And Shanghai's an American citizen; at least, he claims to be. Dad says I'll have to do it some day."

But the light died out of her eyes and the laughter from her voice quite suddenly.

From the farther end of the restaurant Shanghai had fixed his gaze upon her, with a scowl too malevolent for misconstruction.

"I won't!" she said, fiercely. "I won't! I won't!" And she stamped a bare foot petulantly upon the matted floor.

"You won't if I can help it," said Freddy Burton. "Has he asked you?"

"Heaps and heaps of times."

"What did you say?"

"Said I'd cut my throat before I'd marry him."

"That's right. Have some more champagne."

He filled her glass, and Shanghai, watching, cursed a negro waiter so furiously that the man dropped a pile of plates with a clatter on the floor and fled for his life.

"Nice kind of a husband he'd make, wouldn't he? Guess what he told me."

"What?"

"That he'd cut my throat himself before he'd see me married to another man. Maybe thinks I'm scared of him. But I ain't, not much."

She snapped her fingers in the direction of the proprietor, and her merry laugh rang true.

"Say, if you've finished we'd best light out. I reckon dad will think I've run away with you."

"You might do worse," responded the expressman, emptying his glass.

He paid his bill and returned Shanghai's scowl with interest as they left the café.

But the homeward drive was much more silent than the morning's, and Freddy Burton did not feel that the moment was yet propitious for his introduction to old man Westley. So he dropped his pretty fare at the corner of a tumble-down snake-fence, and watched her, laden with many packages, pattering on small, bare feet into the unknown.

Then he drove moodily homewards, and sat up later than his wont in the solitude of the four-roomed log cabin, which suddenly struck him as being sadly out of repair.

But the pleasant experience was obviously one to be repeated, and Kitty Westley must be protected at all costs from the influence of Shanghai. These things Freddy Burton decided, and promptly acted upon. And so it came about that the mud-coloured horse

"SHANGHAI, WATCHING, CURSED A NEGRO SO FURIOUSLY THAT THE MAN DROPPED A PILE OF PLATES.

learned to stop of his own accord at the sight of a bare-legged cracker girl perched upon a fence-post; and within a month the English community had ceased to whisper and to shrug their shoulders when the Melonville expressman and his pretty passenger drove by. After all, so long as he was punctual in his deliveries, it was no concern of theirs.

The springtime ripened into summer; old man Westley's liquor bill swelled apace; Shanghai's yellow face grew murderous in expression; and Freddy Burton, in his lone log-cabin, took to dreaming.

That is a dangerous occupation for an English bachelor in the Florida flat woods. If the subject of his dreams chance to be a bare-legged cracker girl, with blue eyes and corn-coloured hair, there are two probable conclusions. With a man of Freddy Burton's temperament only one is possible.

Brooding, night by night, on the loneliness of his present existence, he convinced himself, quite speedily, that he had dropped out of the groove of his social sphere in England beyond all possibility of retrieval. His friends and relations had ceased to take any particular interest in his welfare; certainly they did not wish him back. Therefore it followed that he was wasting the best years of his life, and that it was his obvious duty to make the most of his remaining chance of happiness.

When a man resorts for self-conviction to that insidious argument about the best years of his life, there is small doubt as to the upshot. Freddy Burton convinced himself that marriage with Kitty Westley constituted his remaining chance of happiness, and there was nothing more to be said.

Not that he deluded himself in the least. He was perfectly aware that all his social acquaintance would stigmatize the match as

a hopeless *mésalliance*, for which the penalty was sentence of ostracism. But he had arrived at the stage where he simply did not care.

Matters moved apace, the plunge once taken; and, indeed, there was no reason for delay. The units of the English colony received the news of their expressman's engagement with varying degrees of surprise, and conveyed their congratulations with measure of warmth in proportion.

Freddy Burton took them very quietly; he was not a demonstrative man.

But he busied himself with repairs and improvements to the log-cabin, and was very nearly satisfied with the result. At least it was comfortably habitable, and it was weather-proof.

A month afterwards the marriage was solemnized, in presence of a Notary Public, at the registry office in Melonville. And the mud-coloured horse relaxed his muscles, in the unwonted leisure of a livery stable, while bride and bridegroom spent a golden week in a tiny, picturesque hotel which snuggles, unpretentiously secluded, on a shady slope above the Indian River.

Then they settled down to the new-born happiness of married life in the glorified log-cabin. But the murderous scowl on Shanghai's face grew blacker day by day.

To Freddy Burton and his laughing little bride the world held thereafter no such elements of discord as drunken father or scowling Chinaman. For them, the concentrated happiness of all creation long centred in four walls of varnished pine. Surely, in the wide world's history, was never marriage more propitious.

A woman's subtle intuitions, grafted upon the happy nature of a child, proceeded to develop the little cracker girl, against the moss-grown canons of tradition and of caste, into the ideal mate for Freddy Burton. She was so quick to note, so eager to learn, so jealous to justify her hero's choice, that she seemed to have drawn on, with her first pair of shoes and stockings, a garment of new dignity.

Perhaps the mud-coloured horse resented the change a little, as the strain of hurried homeward journeys began to tax his sinews. Certainly the expressman's patrons had cause to bless their carrier's punctuality.

For the smoke of his cabin chimney called him from afar; the welcome of the little watcher on the veranda thrilled him ever, with a new sense of wonder at the gift vouchsafed him of the gods; and he came to stable and to feed his weary accomplice in a very fever of impatience.

As he entered, he never ceased to wonder at the orderly neatness of his spotless home; at the white cloth, garnished with fresh-gathered wild flowers from the woods; at that mystery of sweet companionship which sometimes comes, foretaste of Paradise, into the lives of lonely men.

Later, relapsing to conditions less ethereal, he helped to clear away the supper and to wash the dishes; smoking his evening pipe while he sipped his whisky and chatted of the doings of the day. Each item of them seemed to hold new interest. It was always a fresh pleasure to retail the minor happenings of Melonville; to listen to his little wife's recital of experiences; the tale of eggs her hens had laid; the intrusion of a stranger pig, unnoticed, through the fence gap; the new shoots showing on the wistaria; the hundred little intimate confidences that filled their happy world.

Thus, all unreckoned, three swift months slipped by. Then, in the fourth, the cruel shadow fell.

It was an autumn evening, and a load, unusually heavy, had delayed the express. The woods seemed weird and lonely, as the short twilight deepened into night, under the pale gleam of a crescent moon.

On either side of the road a mighty tract of grass land lay scorched and blackened, fired by the sparks from a passing locomotive miles away. The pungent scent of smouldering timber hung heavy on the air. Here and there a tiny tongue of flame flickered high overhead, where the hungry forest fire had licked up the resin of some scarred pine-trunk.

Freddy Burton, strolling homewards beside his weary beast, kicked against something in the sandy track and, stooping, picked up a cast horseshoe. It was nearly new—indifferently affixed, he decided; and he slipped it into his pocket with a smile. Kitty cherished a hundred happy little superstitions, and horseshoes stand for luck the whole world over.

It took but a few minutes to stable the raw-boned horse that night, when his owner realized, for the first time, no welcoming watcher on the porch. But when he reached the cabin and found the sitting-room in darkness, a sudden fear that some accident had befallen caused his hands to tremble so that he had difficulty in lighting the lamp. He steadied his voice carefully as he turned to the inner room, calling her by name, and

he sickened at the unanswering silence. Chilled with a formless foreboding, he pushed open the door and stood, one hideous moment, on the threshold.

There, in the flickering lamp-light, lay his girl-wife, stiff and cold, upon her bed, beyond all reach of human voice or help of human hands. The film of death had glazed her eyes, upturned in agony of piteous terror, and above the rounded softness of her neck there gaped a ghastly wound.

As in a lightning flash each detail photographed itself, for all time, on his brain. And then there fell that numbing horror which kindly Nature sometimes sends to lull a shock beyond the power of man to bear.

Not till the faint dawn showed through the uncurtained window did he know that he had sat all night at her bedside, with his dead wife's hand clasped close between his own, and a mocking horseshoe gleaming on the crimsoned pillow.

But on the haggard, vacant face that stared him back from the mirror were stamped indelibly the lines that marked the minutes of his awful vigil.

Even in that lawless land the tragedy was theme for more than nine days' wonder. The inquest threw no light at all upon the perpetrator of the brutal outrage.

Old man Westley, shocked into sobriety, sobbed incoherent answers to his questioners. Burton himself, with vacant eyes and impassive persistence, reiterated his formula time and time again. His wife had never, to his knowledge, made an enemy in her life. He had no clue to offer, no theory to suggest. So he swore.

The jury brought in a verdict of murder, in the first degree, against some person or persons unknown, and Kitty Burton was laid to rest in the English cemetery at Melonville.

Then, to the surprise of those who knew him best, the man took up, where he had dropped it, the routine of his daily round.

And so, three days in every week, there plies over the seven sandy miles which separate the town of Melonville from the English colony on Lake Topekah a heavy-laden vehicle known as the Melonville Express.

But the driver was a changed man, a brooding, solitary hermit, with vacant eyes and lips that muttered as he went. And he did strange things.

Once he idled away a working morning in a shoeing forge, beguiling the lazy blacksmith into argument. But when the man brought the matter to a crisis, vowing that the subject of their discussion had been fitted by himself to a white-legged sorrel in Martin's stable, who cast it the next day, Burton laughed him to scorn. The mud-coloured horse, he swore, had dropped it only yesterday.

Then he fraternized with a good-for-nothing helper at Martin's, inquiring minutely as to the stamina and possible endurance of his charges. At hazard he selected a white-legged sorrel, and insisted on verifying the tale of its engagements for a month. He pored over the order-book, seeking chapter and verse for every statement. But when he found that the sorrel had been hired out to Sol Shannon, and the helper recollected that the horse had lost a shoe upon its journey, his interest flagged. He presented his garrulous informant with a bottle of whisky, and told him he was talking nonsense.

Once he stopped a nigger on the side-walk and offered him five dollars for the coat upon his back. The price was readily accepted, and the man, a discharged waiter, explained that the garment had been presented to him by his late employer.

Impassively methodical, Burton drove home to the lone log-cabin and pieced together the clues which he had gathered. Behind the vacant eyes his busy brain was all alert.

The sum of circumstantial evidence embraced four counts.

First, there was Shanghai's threat to the dead girl that he would cut her throat himself before she should marry another man.

Second, there was a horseshoe, found within three hundred yards of his fence-rail, sworn to by the smith who forged it as belonging to a white-legged sorrel horse.

Third, there was Martin's order-book to prove that on the day of the murder the sorrel had been driven by Shanghai, and Martin's helper to swear that the horse came home with three shoes only.

Fourth, there was a coat which the restaurant-keeper had presented to a discharged waiter, from which one button and a tiny strip of cloth had been torn away. That button had been found tight-clenched in the murdered woman's hand, and had lain in the widower's pocket when he perjured himself in open court.

Such was the case for the prosecution, and no one was present to defend. It remained merely to pass sentence.

The expressman laid aside the items of his evidence, and sat down to pore, for the fiftieth time, over a back number of an

English illustrated paper. There was a picture there that fascinated him.

It depicted a common form of Chinese torture, and, as he gazed, his vacant eyes began to gleam.

The victim was represented, bare-headed, buried to the chin in sand; parched, starved, and helpless in the burning sun. The agony of approaching death was in his face.

The expression was one which Shanghai might be made to simulate.

Far into the night sat Burton, gloating on the pictured horror—slowly maturing the scheme of his revenge. In the morning he rose and went upon his dreamy round, vacant and listless as before.

People began to whisper that the shock had turned his brain. But the mind of the lonely man, brooding ever on one topic, was strangely active underneath the mask.

Days grew to weeks, and weeks slipped into months, while the memory of the tragedy faded from men's minds. And the expressman's only confidant was a good-for-nothing helper in Martin's livery stable.

Incessantly he plied the man with questions, learning of every buggy ordered out, speculating upon the hirer's probable destination. His ally, primed with whisky, came to appreciate the harmless mania, and to respond with zeal. And, finally, the patient quest bore fruit.

At twilight one Sunday evening the mud-coloured horse was rudely awakened from his doze. Grunting his disapproval, he found himself harnessed and at bay between the wagon-shafts before he had time to enter protest against the unwonted indignity.

The load was but a light one. It comprised a spade and shovel, an axe, some empty corn-sacks, and several lengths of strong new cord.

Burton took the reins, and a purposeful light was in his eyes as he struck out into the pine woods. Nearly three miles he drove before he halted, in one of the densest thickets bordering on the Florida Extension Railroad track. There he tied up his horse to the trunk of a live oak, and took both spade and shovel from the wagon.

Then the deep silence of the pine woods received him, and closed him in.

It was a long hour before he returned, streaming with perspiration and breathing hard. He climbed into the wagon and drove off once more, shaping his course across country, and travelled eastwards a mile.

Once more he tied his horse, and proceeded, axe in hand, a hundred yards on foot. This time he emerged upon the sandy road that runs, due north and south, from Melonville to Tampa. Five minutes' deliberation sufficed him. He selected a sturdy pine sapling and deftly felled it, dropping it at right angles across the fairway. Then he retired to a place of concealment, and set himself deliberately to await the thing which should befall.

The moon climbed up above the pine trees, framed in a bank of clouds, and the night was very still. Scarcely a breath of air stirred among the branches overhead as his long watch drew out. But he waited quite patiently and made no movement, though every nerve was tense and every sense alert.

It was after nine o'clock before a buggy, occupied by a single traveller, crept slowly into view. Burton crouched closer in his hiding-place, recognizing his victim from afar.

Within some twenty yards of the unexpected obstacle Sol Shannon pulled up his weary horse and reconnoitred the obstruction. So common an incident as a pine tree fallen across the path brought him no hint of warning, and his first impulse was to pull out into the scrub and so to circumvent it.

But the spot was chosen craftily. A thick, impenetrable growth on either hand necessitated the bodily removal of the sapling. With a muttered imprecation, he descended from his buggy to effect it.

He had stooped over the lighter end and fairly grasped it with both hands when a grip of iron closed around his throat.

Then, with a gasp of terror, Sol Shannon faced about to grapple his assailant. One ghastly moment he saw the glare of murder in a madman's eyes; the next a superhuman strength had stifled him to unconscious silence.

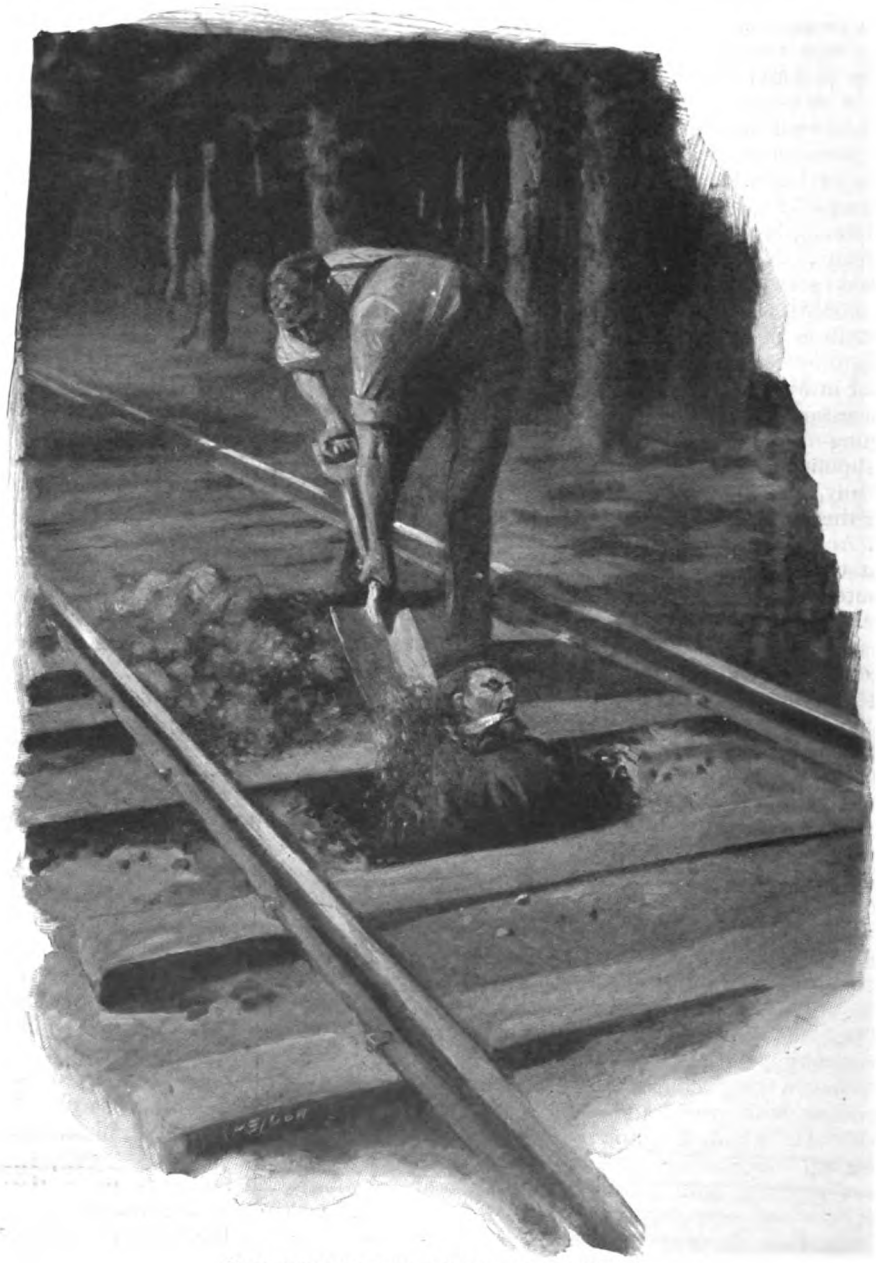
It was the jolting of the wagon that brought back his scattered faculties, and the plight in which he found himself filled him with the sickening fear of present death. Hand and foot he was firmly bound and pinioned, and a strong, coarse sack further confined his fettered limbs, its mouth tied tightly about his neck. His captor had neglected no precaution, even to the gag which precluded audible speech or attempted outcry. Powerless, speechless, and helpless as a baby, he lay and trembled while the wagon travelled slowly back upon its tracks.

The driver spoke no word. When he halted he tied the horse's head to the trunk of a live oak as before, and lifted his heavy

burden in his arms. Nothing but the mute terror in the doomed man's eyes protested. Burton staggered forward with his load, through the thicket fringing the railroad track, out into the open.

There, in the centre of the permanent way, between the cross-ties, yawned a fresh-dug pit, nearly five feet in depth. Into that gloomy hole Burton carefully lowered his victim. Only the head and neck protruded, a foot above the level of the road-bed.

The expressman returned to the wagon for his tools, and set about the completion of his task. Stripping off his coat and rolling his shirt-sleeves to the elbow, he shovelled in the loose sand, spadeful by spadeful; packing it close, patting it down, treading it smooth and even. He worked swiftly and in silence,



"HE WORKED SWIFTLY AND IN SILENCE."

breathing hard. Finally he collected the surplus into an empty sack, carried it away, and dumped it out of sight in the thicket.

Not until he had completed the work to his satisfaction, leaving the road-bed smooth as he had found it, save for the protrusion of that gruesome head, did Burton pause. The perspiration poured from his face and neck, and his arms and shoulders ached stiffly with the unusual exertion. But he looked upon his finished task as an artist looks upon the picture that has grown beneath his fingers to the complete ideal. It was more perfect than he had even dared to hope.

The sallow face, the wild, hopeless terror in the staring eyes, the quivering features—everything was there as in the model he had copied. Best of all, it lived. Only the gag in the twitching mouth annoyed the artist a little. He listened with keen pleasure to the gurgling noises in the doomed man's throat, but he dared not take the chances of a full-mouthed scream for help.

Leisurely deliberate, he removed to his wagon the utensils of his labour, and bestowed his shovel and his empty sacks within it. He donned his coat, and drew the wagon off yet another hundred yards into the darker shelter of the trees. Then he returned to his victim's grave and for the first time he spoke.

A wild light glowed behind his eyes now, and his voice quivered with repressed excitement.

"You murdering coward!" he said. "I've brought you here to die. Haven't you often wondered how I could wait so long? I might have given evidence that they'd have hanged you on. I might have shot you in your café, or knifed you in the street. I might have strangled you before to-day with my own hands. But I waited, and I'll tell you why.

"I've seen the terror of an awful death in a murdered woman's eyes. I'll see it in a living man's to-night. An eye for an eye; the old Jew law, Shanghai! We've never framed a better since the world began.

"Mark you how well I've laid my plan and picked my place. A quarter of a mile up there, above us, lies the one steep pitch on all this level line; below it the track curves sharply round, and no one can tell what lies beyond the bend. At midnight, fifty miles an hour, the Tampa mail runs through.

"You'll see her flaring head-light as she swings the bend; you'll hear the whistle of the engine as she shrieks your last good night. And the grinning teeth of the cow-catcher spread wide and low, the height of a man's head above the cross-ties. Fifty miles an hour she'll come, Shanghai; and nothing on God's green earth can save you then!"

He paused on a sudden; threw back his head and laughed—peal after peal of wild, weird laughter—till it seemed that he would never stop. In the solitude of the pine woods the sound struck a strange, unreal note. Peal after peal, till the tears started to his burning eyes, and, with a choking sob, he ceased as suddenly as he began.

From behind the banking clouds the silver circle of the moon swam slowly out into the blue. He pointed upwards with a shaking finger.

"The curtain's up, Shanghai!" he shouted. "The limelight's on the stage! Vengeance is mine at last! At last!"

His voice broke and failed, the wild light faded from his eyes, and he staggered like a drunken man, pressing a hand against his throbbing head.

"An eye for an eye—the old Jew law," he muttered, as he turned away.

And the pinioned victim in the pit knew that his hour had come.

Silence fell upon the pine woods, and the moon shone fair and full upon the scene of impending tragedy.

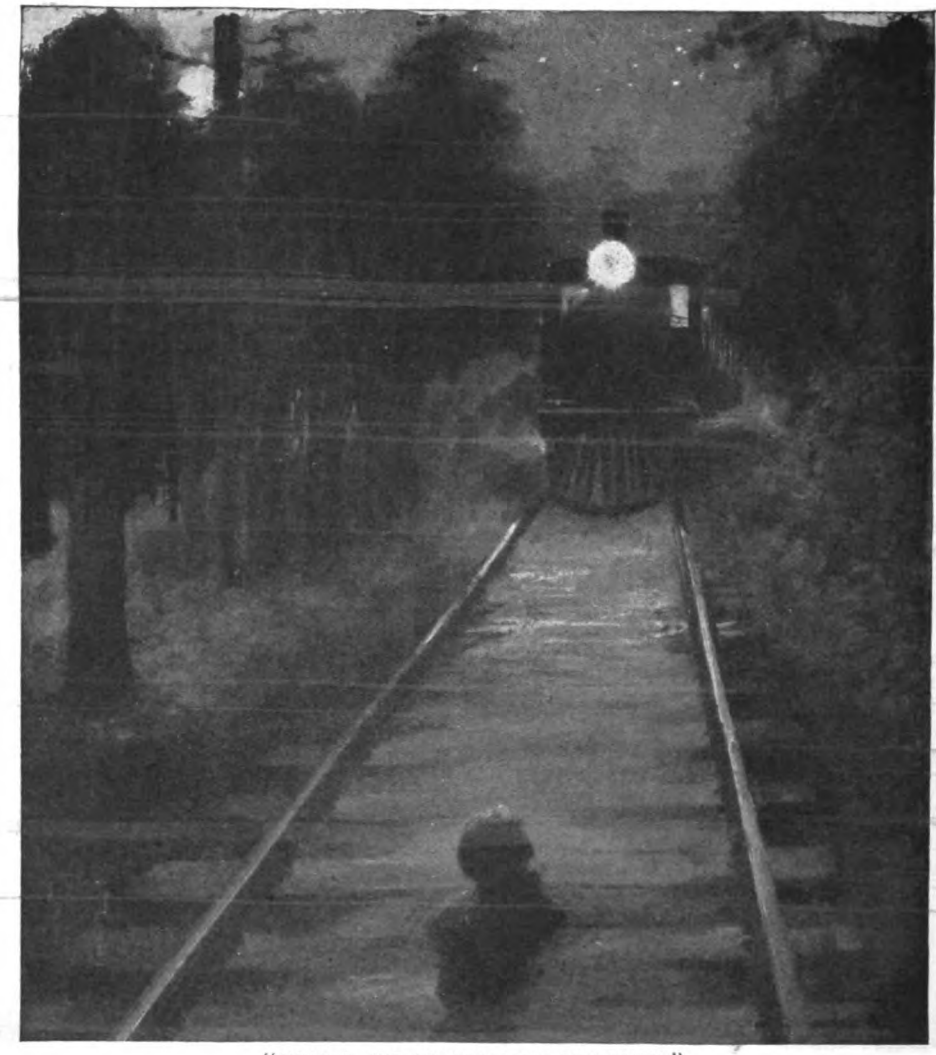
Framed between two lines of gleaming metals, midway to an inch between the cross-ties, a ghastly yellow face stood out a foot above the levelled sand, with straining eyeballs fixed upon the curve that closed their view and twitching jaws that fought in vain against their gagging bondage. Fifty yards above, in the angle of the track, where a stunted oak tree commanded an unbroken view on either side, Burton sat crouched in the crook of a lower branch.

And twenty miles away, with the signals in her favour and an open track ahead, the racing Tampa mail came speeding south.

Fifteen minutes passed before the expressman, listening intently, caught a faint sound—so faint as to be scarcely distinguishable. Then on the rising breeze it came again, still faint, but unmistakable. It was the far-off rumble of the coming train.

Burton's eyes gleamed wild again. It was the first note of the overture. The orchestra was striking up; the drama was about to begin.

Shanghai had heard it too; and the convulsive efforts, which for a time he had abandoned, recommenced. In his frantic struggles the sweat poured down his hollow cheeks, half blinding the bloodshot eyes, and



"NEARER AND NEARER CAME THE CRISIS."

the watcher saw the beaten sand heave and shudder around the straining muscles of his yellow neck. Burton laughed, exultant.

The crooked branch of the stunted oak crackled and snapped, but the man who clung there never noted. Whatever happened now, he must watch his victim's face.

The thing he turned to gaze upon was scarcely human. Contorted beyond recognition, it had become a mere sweating mask of abject terror. Rigid with the appalling horror of his coming doom, the man had ceased to move; the sightless eyeballs glared vacantly into space.

The snapped branch dropped from under Burton's feet, and left him swinging by his hands.

Nearer and nearer came the crisis; twenty yards—fifteen—ten—!

The strain increased beyond the watcher's power to bear, and his nerveless hands relaxed their grip. With a deafening shriek the Tampa mail raced past, and he dropped gently to the ground.

Three days in every week, over the seven sandy miles which separate the town of Melonville from the English colony on Lake Topekah, there plies a heavy-laden vehicle, drawn by a raw-boned, mud-coloured horse.

And the driver is a silent, stern-faced man with snow-white hair, and wistful eyes that peer along the lonely road, seeking a passenger who never comes.

"SPY" AND HIS SITTERS.

By LESLIE WARD ("SPY").

(Accompanying this article are many unpublished sketches and cartoons by the famous caricaturist of "Vanity Fair," and now of the "World.")

ONCE upon a time there was a famous caricaturist who professed to teach the art of caricature. Of course, none of the pupils learnt it, because caricature cannot be taught. I doubt if it has ever even been acquired; it is an innate gift. As a schoolboy at Eton I could no more help doing caricatures of my school-fellows and my masters than I could have resisted the seduction of cream tarts. It was in the blood, as I came of a long line of artistic ancestry (counting four Royal Academicians among them) on both sides of the house. In due time a caricature of mine of Professor Owen, entitled "Old Bones," came under the notice of an old family friend, Sir John Everett Millais, and with that drawing my professional career as a caricaturist for *Vanity Fair* began. It may interest my present readers, by the by, to see my first sketch of that caricature of Owen, which has never yet been published, and so I include it herewith.

"SPY."
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

One thing is certain: in order to obtain a successful result very careful observation is necessary, whether drawing from Nature or memory. In studying a subject, weakness or strength of character should be grasped first; but almost equally important is to note every detail of dress—the shape and pitch of a hat, for instance—for these are essential to the caricature. Self-consciousness, and sometimes nervousness, shows itself in various ways. The fact is that few men know what they appear to be to others. I have known a peer express an objection to being drawn with spats, because he did not consider they looked well in a picture, although he always wore them. Another, who had been splendidly caricatured by Pellegrini, said to me: "I get the shivers when I am in the room with that man, ever since he so grossly libelled me. If there is one thing upon which I pride myself it is my physique, and he has made me bent and stooping." And yet his lordship's stoop was the first thing one noticed about him.

"OLD BONES"—SIR RICHARD OWEN.
An unpublished sketch for "Spy's" first caricature.

When the late Lord Lytton stood to me I was under the disadvantage of not having seen him before. He was most kind and willing to help me, but he struck an attitude that I knew was unnatural to him. He posed as though sitting to a sculptor for a statue. I had the privilege of knowing his father, the first Lord Lytton. There was a considerable resemblance between father and son; and, although the former was a much taller man, there was enough to tell me that this attitude was a false one. Feeling this, I waited for an opportunity and at last seized it. He politely aided me in finding my hat, which I had placed in a corner of the room; while doing this he threw off his statesmanlike attitude, bent his head,

raised his shoulders, and, in a word, was himself. In those few seconds he was safely in my head, and I hastened to my studio to place this impression on paper, so that this so-called sitting was merely an opportunity for carefully considering my subject.

I may add that I have been told that my drawing, here reproduced, of the author of "Rienzi" was the best likeness which was ever made of him, because it rendered his attitude and expression and everyday appearance.

LORD LYTTON.

It is bad taste, I think, to lay too much stress on physical defects, which, although they must appear in the picture, should be suggested as delicately as possible. I seldom use a photograph in this particular kind of work, for it is apt to destroy originality of idea. However, it may sometimes be useful as a reference. By this I mean that when drawing a man in profile a full-face photograph may possibly recall him to your mind, while a profile one might slavishly copy. When the intention of the artist is to commit his subject to memory it is well to see him engrossed in business, or, perhaps, in a heated discussion upon a subject that he thinks he understands.

Some people, I have found, are very sensitive about their physical peculiarities. Writing of that reminds me of an old gentleman of very considerable position in the world, who came to my studio one day many years ago. He had a very red nose, and as he was leaving he observed, rather shyly:—

"I hope, Mr. Ward, you won't make my nose as red as it is; at all events, perhaps you won't increase the redness. It is an unfortunate fact that my grandfather and my father, besides myself, had red noses, but they were really most temperate. As a matter of fact, I'm a total abstainer myself, too." It was really touching, and I felt compelled to leave some of the colour out of his nose.

But all men are not like that. I remember going to lunch with a very rich individual for the purpose of studying him. He would insist on looking at some rough notes I had made, and the sight of them made him greatly incensed.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "I may be shortish, and I may be inclined to be stout, but I'm not a fat dumpling figure like that. If you want to please me and my friends" (which, of course, I did not wish to do) "you will make me tall. You see, it will be funny to make me tall, because it will be the exact opposite to what I am!" Such was the man's idea of caricature.

Well do I remember following the late Lord Salisbury, being in his bulk and burliness and obvious sagacity the very prototype of John Bull. This is one of the sketches I made of him for my subsequent cartoon.

AN UNPUBLISHED STUDY OF THE LATE LORD SALISBURY.

My method of work depends upon the opportunities I manage to get of studying the subject. I prefer, when it is possible, to take my victim unawares. I have found I can catch his little peculiarities of manner and motion better than if I have sittings. But some people are unsusceptible of caricature without very long study; there is nothing distinctive enough about them to emphasize. What I do when I catch my man alive, so to speak, is to jot down, on paper or mentally, in a few lines, my general impressions of his salient points. Then, after a while, I try to recall the effect produced by the man on my mind. Sometimes a face vanishes from my mind altogether, and do what I will to recall it I fail, until a time comes when suddenly it flashes quite vividly across me.

As to my funniest caricature, I have some hesitation in saying; but my friends at the time agreed that my caricature of Anthony Trollope is my best in this respect. I hasten to express a hope that this sketch which I have exhumed from my portfolios will not give pain to the present admirers of "Barchester Towers."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Considered "Spy's" funniest sketch—now first published.

I like best to stalk my man, to walk side by side with him — as, for instance, I did one day across the Park with Dean Bradley. I noticed everything about him—the rosette in his hat, the number of decanal buttons upon his sleeve. I flew home and dotted down my impression of him.

Cardinal Newman was a difficulty. A friend asked me purposely down to stay in Birmingham. At Euston Station, on my way, whom should I see upon the platform but the old Cardinal himself! He went into the refreshment-room; I did the same. He ordered a plate of soup; I followed suit. He sat down at a small table; I took a seat opposite to him and got a good stare. But not content, as I wanted to see him in conversation, I went down to Birmingham, and next day called at the Oratory and asked to see the "Father." To my alarm a priest suddenly came forward, and —"Did I wish to consult his Eminence? If so, he would try to procure me an audience!" Here was a dilemma, and no mistake. I could not say I had come to caricature the old gentleman. The priest left me to make inquiries, and I seized the opportunity and fled. I wonder if they counted the spoons afterwards?

But I was fortunate with Dom Carlos, the Spanish Pretender. He not only consented to sit to me, but, as a great favour, to lend me his priceless collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece, with strict injunctions to take the utmost care of it, which I faithfully promised to do. I duly placed it on a model, who, in removing it, to my horror let it fall and broke it in two places. Almost in despair, I hurried to Hunt and Roskell, who greatly relieved me by saying they could restore it so that the fracture would never be noticed. They kept their promise, and I placed it again in the hands of Dom

DOM CARLOS.

Carlos as good as ever, with many thanks for his kindness and condescension.

It is curious how people try to impress my supposed mistakes upon me. There was a man whose eyes were almost invisible owing to heavy eyelids. The lashes were heavily touched up, too. Of course, I drew him as he usually appeared, but he was at pains to convince me that I was in the wrong. He faced me and actually held his eyelids apart to prove to me what a fine, wide-opened eye he had!

"Have I pig's eyes?" he snorted, angrily. "Have I pig's eyes?"

One of my earliest subjects when doing professional caricatures was Lord Beaconsfield. His private secretary and *fidus Achates*, Lord Rowton (or Montagu Corry, as he then was), was an old friend, and consequently I had facilities for making my studies of the statesman. I know of no published portrait which quite expresses his appearance and his sad later days except one of those I made then, and it afterwards attracted wide attention. It is here reproduced.

Some people are very amusing; they come down to the studio and settle themselves as though they were at the photographer's. Then suddenly the sitter will explain: "Oh, I forgot. The photographer tells me this is my worst side; I must turn you the other." But I remark that now he has given himself away he must just let me continue. Once I drew a man in profile. When he saw it he could not believe he had such an appearance, and paced my studio in great grief, trying to persuade me he did not resemble my work, turning himself about in every light to convince me. At last, in sheer pity, I had to draw his full face and keep back the profile from publication.

A noted jockey, by the way, would not believe in his own nose as I drew it, but his friends believed it. Friends generally do.

I need hardly say that the time I spent in transferring to paper the features of the famous American humorist, Mark Twain, is a pleasant memory. He resembled Mr. Kipling in this—that he insisted on walking up and down smoking and firing off some of his most amusing stories. He said, "It's no use making me a well-dressed man; I am very careless about my clothes." I was told afterwards that I had made the author of "Soldiers Three" far too genial, but that is how he impressed me as a sitter, and it is only that aspect that I ever seek to portray.

The Provost of Eton paid me a high

DISRAELI AND LORD ROWTON IN PALL MALL.
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

MARK TWAIN. MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

By permission of "Vanity Fair."

compliment once. I learned of the incident from a friend. The Provost was a little annoyed with his portrait, but he nevertheless had a copy of it hanging in his room. One day, when walking down the "High," he stopped in front of a shop-window, and seeing his reflection in it, said: "Yes; that *Vanity Fair* chap was right after all. I do stand with my umbrella over my shoulder like that!"

Once, whilst in pursuit of Dean Liddon at Oxford, I ascertained from the Dean's servant that he always took his daily "constitutional" after lunch, so a friend and I followed him on one of these occasions on the opposite side of the road for a considerable distance, always keeping just on a level with him, until his suspicions were aroused, whereupon he suddenly turned and politely raised his hat to me; and taking this, as it was doubtless meant, for a hint to discontinue dogging his footsteps, I returned his salutation and made my way back to my hotel, there to produce the result of my interrupted "stalking," which, nevertheless, was not a failure, being in fact, I was told, quite the reverse.

Vanity is surely depicted in the following story of a certain noble lord (who must be nameless) who called upon me at my studio with a view to my putting him in *Vanity Fair*. Being very busy at the time I had to suggest his postponing his appointment till later on, whereupon he took great offence and refused to come again. So, determined he should not escape me, I took the opportunity at an evening party of studying him thoroughly. He was so chagrined when his cartoon appeared that he dyed his hair from white to a ruddy brown, possibly that he should not be recognized!

On another occasion Bradlaugh called upon me at the request of *Vanity Fair*, and quickly came to the point regarding the attitude he should assume for a sitting by asking me if he should "stand on his head or his heels."

I have often been asked which have been my most successful drawings. I have no hesitation in saying that amongst the legal fraternity I consider I reached my high-water mark in Sir H. Cozens-Hardy, K.C., although a study I made of Mr. Rufus Isaacs was said to be

SIR H. H. COZENS-HARDY.

Considered by "Spy" to be his most successful drawing.

A STUDY OF MR. RUFUS ISAACS
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

"far better than any of his photographs," if that is commendation. I was never puzzled about the facial lineaments of Mr. Lloyd George, although many painters and other limners still appear to be. He has grown greyer than when I made the accompanying caricature, but the lines in his face, the semi-humorous expression and gesture, are as represented there. My portrait of Mr. Asquith, over which I took a lot of trouble in the lobby of the House of Commons, I remember rather surprised people who had only known his features from photographs. I made many studies for this before I made one which suited me. It was objected to at the time that Mr. Darling, K.C., was far too young and debonair for a judge, and my caricature of him confirmed this popular opinion. But time has demonstrated his complete fitness for the judicial Bench.

Occasionally I have been detected in the act of "stalking" my victim. Mr. John Burns twigged me while I was studying him in the lobby of the House of Commons. I was flattering myself that he was unconscious of my intentions, when of a sudden he addressed me.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ward," he said, "but I know what you're after!"

However, in this case all was well, and the member for Battersea afforded me assistance to complete the picture.

Perhaps my most comical "stalk" was one in which I was assisted by Mr. Gibson Bowles.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

By permission of "Vanity Fair."

The Rev. Arthur Tooth was the "man of the moment." The celebrated ritualist was in durance vile in Holloway Castle at the particular "moment" in question. "Awkward," said Mr. Bowles; "but we must have him. Let me see. I am the secretary of the Persian Relief Fund. Come along, Ward!" For the life of me I couldn't see the connection between the Persian Relief Fund and the contumacious priest. But Mr. Bowles made the Holloway Castle myrmidons see it. We got through; and I caricatured the Rev. Arthur Tooth as he raged behind the bars!

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.
From an Unpublished Sketch.

I often travel in the same railway compartment as a subject, watching him all the while quite unknown to himself. Once I went down to a country place in search of a man, and finding him absent returned to town, and discovered him at the railway station. Seizing the opportunity, I entered his carriage and travelled all the way back home with him. Thus it is to be a conscientious caricaturist!

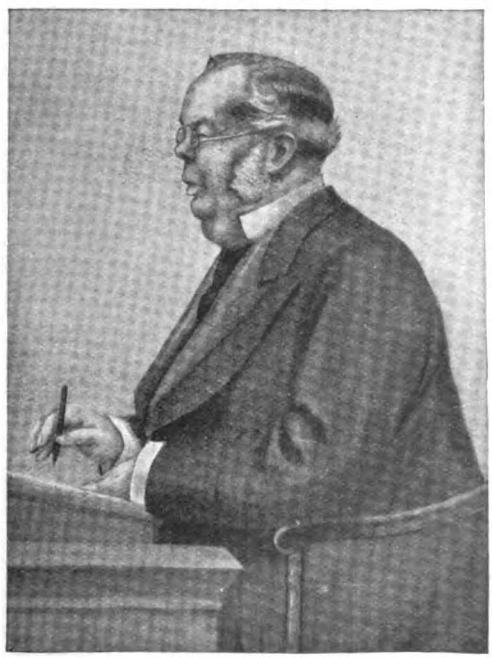
I have been very, very near libel actions, and one man actually threatened me with a warm article in a newspaper in return for a caricature I had done of him. Of course, I'm not universally beloved. I remember caricaturing a certain Army officer. He had enormous ears, and in other respects resembled the conventional low-comedy colonel—very dapper, and with very short legs. He came to the studio, and there prefaced the sitting with the remark that he didn't mind caricatures one bit. But he altered his tune when I had finished with him.

"Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed, on examining the portrait. "I didn't come here to be made a pygmy of. I don't mind genuine caricature, but, hang it! this is an insult to the Queen's uniform. Look at the legs you've given me. They're much too short."

Well, to pacify him I added a piece to each of his legs, but even then he wasn't satisfied.

"Can't you cut a bit off my ears?" he said.

This last remark exhausted my patience, and I told him straight that I didn't invite him to my studio to teach me my profession. With this parting shot from me he vanished, and I afterwards learnt that the little man took the trouble to visit the lithographers and implore them to reduce the size of his ears in the cartoon.



SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT.
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

I shall never forget when I was asked to do a caricature of Sir Roderick Murchison, stalking my prey about for some days. At last I was rewarded. I was in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace on a levee day when my attention was drawn to an extraordinary figure. I hardly needed the words, "Sir Roderick Murchison," to whip out my note-book and make the foregoing more or less accurate presentment of what I saw.

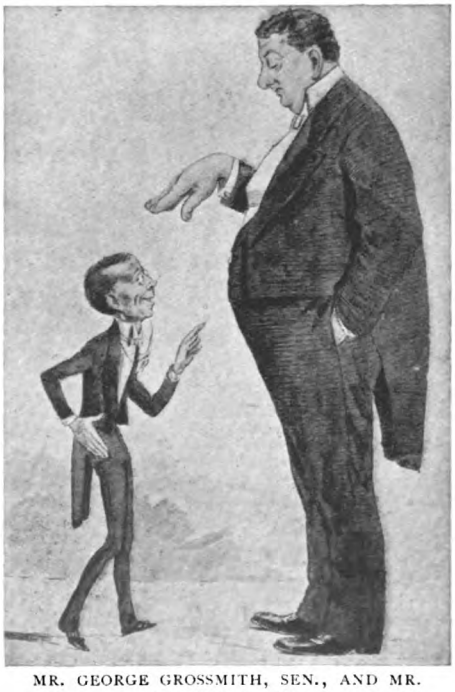
On another occasion, when I had acquitted myself of what I supposed to be a most successful caricature of Sir William Broadbent, I was

chagrined to learn that, although all his friends declared the likeness irresistible, Broadbent himself was furious. Some of his fury he expended in a letter to the *Times*, to the effect that the caricature was not published with his sanction, and that he considered it a gross libel. But amongst those who differed from him was the King (then Prince of Wales). I heard that at a luncheon at which the Prince was present several of the guests were rocking with laughter over this caricature, when in the midst of their mirth Sir William Broadbent was announced, looking, said my informant, more like the caricature than ever, so that it required a very great effort of restraint not to excite his suspicions.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

Certainly one of my most successful presentments is also one of my most recent—that of Mr. Gerald du Maurier; but then, perhaps, it might be urged that this talented young actor lends himself to caricature.

The success of my Corney Grain and George Grossmith sketch arose quite accidentally. I had made one night a rough sketch of the two men—such a comical contrast in height and figure—and happened to show it to a man, who at once wished to buy it. Then Rudolph Lehmann came up to me and begged to be the purchaser, and I had to tell him it was already sold. That led to the suggestion that copies should be printed, and in the end I had a great number of subscribers,



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, SEN., AND MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and a large number of well-known people. I got them all to put their autographs in an album, which you can understand is of great interest and value to me.

Not only have people given me broad hints that they wished to have their caricatures published, but some who have favoured me with sittings actually have tried to bribe me to deal gently with them! During the sitting the visitor broaches a pretty little scheme. He wants a serious portrait, quite apart from the one for publication, and I am to have the honour of executing it. I am to please myself entirely with regard to it, am to choose my own style, my own treatment, even my own price; and so on he goes, painting the scheme in very glowing colours. Curiously enough, that is all the painting it gets. I never hear any more of it, and, of course, put no faith in any such promises.

The large majority of my sitters, I have found, are very kind in their appreciation of my work. I once drew a cartoon of Sir Henry Howorth, in which his well-known disregard of neatness of costume was made evident. I showed his tie working its way up the back of his head, and gave him an exceptionally bad hat. A few days after the cartoon had appeared I was calling on *Vanity Fair* to see Mr. Fry, the editor, who, I found, was engaged. "With whom?"

I asked. "Oh, the gentleman who had his picture in last week," was the answer. Thereupon I said I would call again when the gentleman had departed; but before I could go Mr. Fry called down and said I was to come up and be introduced to Sir Henry Howorth. The M.P.'s first words made me quite happy, for he thanked me warmly for the cartoon, which he said was declared by his family and his friends to be exactly like him.

Sometimes when "stalking" people I have had very funny experiences. Dr. Jowett I only managed to get by assuming cap and gown, and attending the learned man's lectures. The Dean of Windsor I well remember, was a "terror." He was much addicted to wearing a certain venerable hat of most eccentric appearance. It had a wide, soft brim, and being, no doubt, very comfortable, the Dean could never be persuaded to give it up. I was in Windsor at the time, and, happening to catch sight of him one morning in the identical hat, at once snatched the opportunity for a sketch. The Dean was walking in his garden, and had one side of the brim turned down to keep the wind off. It was quite large enough to be a shelter, and was constantly used as such. So I "took" him, and when that number of the paper came out all Windsor realized the joke and laughed at Mr. Dean's hat, which, I shortly afterwards heard, was seen no more.

A STUDY OF LORD HOUGHTON.

A caricaturist's work is far from being easy. Some people are much more difficult to sketch than others. I shall never forget how I failed time after time in getting a likeness to the late Sir Richard Quain, although his face might not appear to some to be a difficult one. Some of my sitters are very amusing in their preferences. My good friend, Mr. Comyns Carr, I remember, begged to be among the "porks" rather than among the "beefs," as he denominated the two varieties of my cartoons. Well, I did my best to keep his face from being too florid, but all in vain, apparently, for when he greeted me at the club it was with these words, "Oh, Leslie, I am among the 'beefs,' after all!" Of course, it was not always my fault, I must claim, that the faces in the cartoons used often to be so ruddy. It was the difficulty of the lithographer, who I gladly testify did his utmost to interpret my sketches correctly.

It might easily be my boast that I had, if not a Royal collaborator, at least a Royal aider and abetter, in my portrait of the famous Lord Houghton. I was invited to a dinner-party for the purpose, having been previously warned that no likeness would do his lordship justice which was not taken at a certain stage of the evening. Various efforts were made to induce my victim to alter his expression, and at last, when he was gradually slipping down in his chair, I received a wink from Royalty, and I took my notes accordingly. Here is one of my studies and souvenirs of that memorable dinner-party.

One of my subjects was Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald —"Rim," as he was popularly called—a bluff, hearty, good-natured sailor, but one, I fear, in whom a sense of humour was not very strongly developed. After my cartoon of him appeared he was furious. The idea of my treating him in that way!—what provocation had he given?—et cetera. We parted in anger, at least on his side, and I never expected he would shake hands with me again. What, therefore, was my surprise, a week or two later, to have him walk into my studio in the most friendly fashion. "About that portrait of me," he began, in a somewhat embarrassed manner; "it appears, what I could not have believed

possible, that there are two opinions on the matter." And with that he handed me a letter to the following effect: "Marlborough House, Thursday morning. My dear Rim, — Capital! Splendid! It's one of the best likenesses I have ever seen. I wonder if I could acquire the original?" The letter was signed "Albert Edward." I offered to do one especially for the writer, as the original was out of my hands, and later I took it to Marlborough House. There I met the Duke of Edinburgh, who was kind enough to show me great favour and invite me to come on a six weeks' cruise with him. I went, and never enjoyed myself so much in my life; and although many things have been said about the late Duke, not always to his advantage, I can bear testimony that a more charming host and appreciative companion it has never been my lot to travel with. And all this sprang from a so-called "unjust libel"!

SIR REGINALD MACDONALD ("RIM").
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

About my caricature of the sculptor, Sir Edgar Boehm, who was a great favourite of the late Queen Victoria, there is a story. I drew Sir Edgar contemplating a bust of John Ruskin. When the published drawing reached Windsor it was duly placed before Her Majesty, who, casting one glance at it, flushed with anger, and, tearing the production in two, threw it into the waste-paper basket. Now, it never struck me that there was any facial resemblance between the author of "The Stones of Venice" and my gracious Sovereign, but the Queen evidently thought otherwise, especially as the sculptor's regard for his Royal patron was notorious. Naturally I was filled with consternation. A few days later I heard that a member of the Royal suite had again shown the Boehm caricature to the Queen, asking Her Majesty if she didn't think it amusing. Then came the *éclaircissement*, and all ended happily; otherwise I fear I should have been in bad odour in exalted quarters.

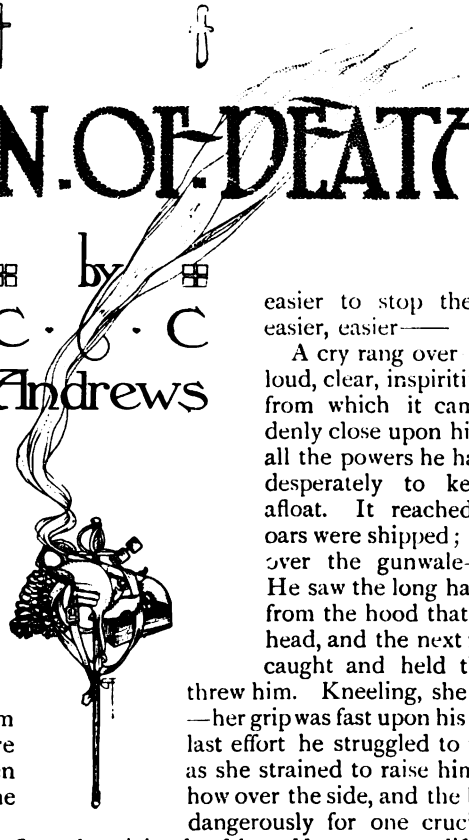
SIR EDGAR BOEHM AND THE RUSKIN BUST.
By permission of "Vanity Fair."

In conclusion, it might be of interest to some if I again record how I came to adopt the *nom de crayon* "Spy." Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, who was the proprietor of *Vanity Fair* at the time I submitted my first cartoon, requested me to invent some characteristic signature consisting of three letters. I worked three initials into the form and semblance of a jester's bauble. But that did not please him. Thereupon he threw me over a dictionary, and asked me to choose a three-lettered word which would constitute an appropriate signature. The book opened in the middle of the "S" pages. Near the top of the first column was the word "Spy," one of the meanings of which was given as "to observe." Whereupon I adopted the word as a pencil-name, and I have caricatured under it ever since.

ON PAIN OF DEATH

by

C. C. Andrews



REVELSTOKE, coming to the surface and turning on his back to float, did so as mechanically as he battled to regain his breath. For the moment his senses were rather suspended than merely confused; somehow he had struck his head in falling and was dazed as well as gasping. And the thing had happened so swiftly. One moment he had been standing by the bulwark, with eyes strained eagerly upon the dim line of shore unseen for near five years — there had come the sudden jerk and heave of the vessel, and the next he was struggling in the water.

The sea was, luckily, smooth; he floated easily. His scattered wits, returning, prompted him to strike out. Doing so, he reflected that he had been quite alone in that part of the deck, and his fall consequently unseen; in all probability he would not be missed until the ship reached Bristol. Such chance as he had lay, of course, in the shore; but at best he was only a fair swimmer, and just now weak from the Indian musket-wound that still plagued his side. The rough surgery of the colony, that had probed for the bullet without finding it, and the murderous method of the time, that had drained more blood from the body already exhausted by its loss, had, in conjunction with a sharp fit of fever, so enfeebled him that he had been fain to have himself carried on board the vessel when she left the Potomac. The voyage had strengthened him; but how weak he still remained he realized with every painful stroke. The line of the shore was no clearer, the breath was thick and short in his throat—it would be easier to stop the struggle—easier, easier——

A cry rang over the water—loud, clear, inspiriting; the boat from which it came was suddenly close upon him, and with all the powers he had he fought desperately to keep himself afloat. It reached him; the oars were shipped; a figure bent over the gunwale—a woman. He saw the long hair blown out from the hood that covered her head, and the next moment had caught and held the rope she threw him. Kneeling, she bent farther—her grip was fast upon his arms; with a last effort he struggled to raise himself as she strained to raise him, was somehow over the side, and the boat, heeling dangerously for one crucial moment, righted safely. He strove to lift himself, to speak; felt a hot stab of pain in his side, followed by a rush of blood, and sank helplessly down; it seemed that his senses drifted away on the breath of a strange cry.

It broke from the girl as his head fell back and his face was thus turned to the light—a strange cry indeed. For a breathless instant she remained rigid, staring, then fell on her knees beside him. With little moans and wordless cries of tenderness and pity she tried to shift him to lie more easily, rolled her cloak into a pillow for his head, and, back in her seat, put both hands to her lips with a passionate gesture towards his senseless figure, as though she flung him her whole soul in a kiss. Then she took the oars and rowed, her eyes upon him as he lay. Not until a last vigorous stroke sent the boat's keel grating in did she glance away, turning to scan the flat beach that stretched bare in the sunless grey light of the autumn morning. Only one figure—a man's—moved upon it; she hailed him; he shouted back, and came

"WITH A LAST EFFORT HE STRUGGLED TO RAISE HIMSELF."

striding down the sand to the water's edge—a huge, handsome, bronzed young giant.

"You go abroad early!" he said, bluntly. "I had a mind to doubt my eyes, finding your boat gone, and it scarce an hour past cock-crow. . . . Hey, what's here? A dead man, sure, or should be."

"Near drowned, but he lives," said the girl. She moved; her position hid the unconscious figure. "'Twas by the merest chance I saw him—he was near sinking, and scarce got safe aboard when he swooned. Hurry, hurry! He has a hurt in the side—he may die as he lies—die while I stand by. You had best fetch Peter Wright to help you carry him."

"Carry him?" He stared, frowning. "Where?"

"Home. Where else—'tis the nearest house. And I saved him—who should tend him but I?"

Kneeling again at Revelstoke's side and drawing away the cloak, she raised him on her arm and contrived to draw it about him so that his figure was almost hidden. When the feet of the two men were heard returning she dropped a fold across his face, and with deft cunning kept it there while he was lifted and laid in the improvised stretcher of sail-cloth that they brought.

Revelstoke, waking many hours later from the sleep that had followed his swoon, remained for a while blankly regarding the strange room in which he lay before memory, little by little, drifted back. Surely his hardly-healed wound had broken as he fainted?—his hand touched fresh bandages—yes. A confused impression strengthened of two persons whispering as they tended him, of a cordial held to his lips. As this was done it seemed that a sweep of fallen hair had brushed his cheek before a supporting arm tenderly lowered his head upon the pillow.

He was dizzy and giddy when he stood upon his feet; it was not without many halts that he contrived to dress, but it was done at last, even to the tying of his hair at a tiny mirror reflecting so lean, tanned, and gaunt a visage that he smiled grimly. Faith, most would need to look again and yet again before they recognized the Anthony Revel who had fled from Culloden and Cumberland in '45! Opening the door, another door faced him across a narrow entry; in the room beyond the sparkle of a fire was bright; entering, he found it empty. He had hardly done so when, through an opposite door, a woman came in quickly.

Not seeing him, she approached the window. The afternoon light flowed brightly over her; without doubt the girl of the boat. Though he retained only a vague impression of a rich darkness of hair and eyes and a brunette splendour of colouring, he was instantly sure of her. She turned, gave a cry, and he bowed low to her.

"I have most gratefully to thank you for the saving of my life, madam," he began, and

paused, wondering at what seemed wonder in her face. "Sure I do not mistake? It was you, was it not?"

"In the boat? Yes, yes; 'twas I." She advanced; it seemed that a sob choked her throat; her hands, fluttering strangely, pressed him gently back to a great, cushioned chair by the fire. "I thought you slept still; I hoped it. Pray sit; your wound hath bled sorely, and, sure, you are too weak to stand, my lord!"

"'My lord?' . . . Madam! You know me, then?" Revelstoke cried.

From the chair he stared at her. She drew back to the opposite side of the hearth.

"Yes, my lord," she answered, simply.

"Ha! And when?"

"When you swooned I saw your face. 'Twas then."

"So quickly?" His frown dissolved with his shrug and laugh; all the gay, recklessly dauntless spirit that had done much to bring him to his present case danced in his eyes as he looked at her. "Faith," he said, coolly, "it would seem that I am scarce so changed as I believed. It was but a moment since I told myself that folk would be slow to recognize my lord Viscount Revelstoke in the bloodless, sun-dried, fever-bitten vision your glass showed me. And yet, half-drowned and senseless to boot, you——" He stopped; his eyes scanned her again. "Sure, madam, your memory does me so much honour I am shamed that mine should be so slack. Without doubt I should know you, but I fear I do not. . . . You stand in the shadow. If you would come nearer." . . . He rose; she advanced, with dropped eyelids; he looked; with a sudden ejaculation his hands were on her shoulders. "As I live," he cried, "you are Alison Peerless!"

She nodded, tremulous, eyes alight, cheeks glowing. His hands slipped down and clasped her hands.

"Alison Peerless, my old tutor, Parson Peerless's daughter! Faith, Alison, I am a graceless dog to dare forget you! Your pardon, my child, and on my knees I kiss the brave hands that have held my life in them."

Admiration, gratitude, kindly memory, affection were in his eyes as he stood erect. He released her hands, sinking back into the chair.

"When all is said, 'tis perhaps not so strange that I did not for the moment remember you, Alison. It must be full six years since our last meeting, when you were but a half-grown girl, and scarce sixteen."

"Near seventeen. And indeed, my lord, I think you remembered quickly—for a man."

He missed the halt in the words; his eyes examined the room.

"This is not the Parsonage, Alison, though there are some things here that I know—both clock and corner cupboard are old acquaintances, or I mistake." He glanced at her face. "I fear," he said, gently, "my old friend, your good father——"

He had died two years ago, the girl answered, quietly. Yes, she lived here with her uncle, Silas Batchford—he would remember Silas Batchford, captain and owner of the trading-barque *Good Fortune?* He had wished rather to make a home for her in Barnstaple; but all her life had been passed near to Queston, and——

The word brought Revelstoke upon his feet.

"Queston?" he cried. "Why, is it then so near?"

"Surely, my lord. 'Tis close. From the window——"

"The window?" He was at it in an eager stride, forgetful of wound and weakness. "Faith, yes—there flies the old flag from the turret! Then my father is there? Yes. And my brother? All? And all well? Ah! . . . Alison, did you know how many of my dreams have been of the old house and the woods you might have looked to find my ghost haunting them. I think my soul has been here and but my body in Virginia!"

"My lord Marquess knows of your coming?" she asked.

"As yet, no, and I fear it is a question—at first—of how he may receive me. We parted with the bitterest of quarrels when I chose, like a hot-head as I was, to follow Prince Charlie; indeed, he swore that once gone, alive or dead, he would neither recognize nor pardon me."

He moved back to the chair with the words, and presently the girl, saying that he must need food, called the old servant from the kitchen, whispered her some directions, and began to spread a little table at his side. Revelstoke, watching, admiring her, found a crowd of youthful memories throng upon him—a hundred times he had plagued and petted her. His meal was over when he spoke again.

"You were alone in the boat, Alison—you saved and rowed me ashore alone. But how came I here? Who carried me?"

"Two, my lord—they made a stretcher of sail-cloth. Peter Wright you will not know—he is a new-comer in these parts. The

other was Amos Ridpath. You remember him?"

"Yeoman Ridpath's son? Surely. A young giant he promised to be." He laughed suddenly. "Why, I once gave him a trouncing with my hunting-whip for plaguing you by tormenting your kitten, did I not? I recollect it well, and how, although you had cried over the beast, you looked on at the drubbing with never a tear, hard-hearted little maid that you were! If he, too, remembers it, 'tis a wonder that he came to my help."

"He did not see you," she said, quickly. "I covered your face. Had he known, he might have refused even me." She hesitated, her rich colour deepening. "Indeed, he remembers well that you flogged him. And Amos is strange and secret; he forgets nothing, and, I think, pardons as little."

"Does he not? I must shift to make my peace with him," said Revelstoke, lightly. He paused. "You were always a very mermaid, I remember; but surely it was somewhat early to be out with your boat?"

"Yes." She glanced away. "I had not slept. I saw the ship's sails from my window as day broke, and so rowed out to watch her pass."

"To watch her pass? You could not know she was the *Young Virginia?*"

"I—guessed so, my lord. I know her rigging well. And I had watched each day for her—she was a full week overdue."

"That is so; the winds were contrary. And so you watched for her? Why, you are like a child who looks for a present from overseas. Or was it a letter you hoped for? . . . Why, Alison!"

He stared, amazed at the tremor that ran over her, at the gesture, instantly checked, that she made to cover her face. She stood dumb, downcast, crimson. He rose and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Sure you would not blush so for nothing, my dear," he said, kindly. "A friend so old and so grateful may ask a question, may he not? There is someone you love in Virginia?"

"Yes, my lord," she whispered.

"Ah, I thought it! And you lie sleepless and watch for the ship, and row out to see her near, in the hope that she may bring you news of him—or, perhaps, himself?" She nodded. His half laugh was half a sigh. "I swear he is a happy man, child! I would I knew and could do him some service for your sake, though he should ask no better fortune than is his already. You will tell me his name? . . . Not yet? But I must hear it before I go back to Virginia."

"Back?" she cried. "You go back, my lord?"

"Surely; as soon as may be. What else?" His momentarily puzzled look at her startled face passed as he laughed. "Listen! You shall have a secret in exchange for yours. You in England have your sweetheart in Virginia. I, in Virginia, left my sweetheart in England. Now you shall guess me her name. . . . No? You cannot? Sure your wits are dull on a sudden. Who should she be but my father's ward—Mistress Celia Mannering?"

"Mistress Mannering?" cried the girl, blankly.

"No other. We were betrothed when I was last at Queston, though none but ourselves knew it; with my father so hot against me 'twas no time to ask consent. She is at Queston? . . . That's well. You shall carry me a message for her if you will. I fear I may need a peacemaker with the Marquess; and my smug brother Ralph hath never loved me overmuch, nor I him, to say truly. He would make me but a sorry advocate. My pretty Celia must plead my cause. She is well?"

"Yes, she is well. But—but—my lord, I—— . . . Ah, see she is here!" cried Alison.

She drew from the window as he eagerly came to it, looking out upon the figure that alighted at the cottage gate — rose-cheeked, gold-haired, and slender, moving in a silken rustle of brocade, it showed delicate and fine as a flower. He laughed. "She hath not changed in near six years, Alison—she might be but nineteen still. Faith, I shall make but a grim bridegroom for such a rose! I pray she doth not swoon at sight of me! . . . Ah, she calls you!"

"Alison—Alison Peerless!" The voice, raised and sweet, sounded in the entry; a tap of high-heeled shoes advanced; the girl stood radiant in the open door. "Oh, you are here, Alison! La, child, you need not look so moonstruck to see me. 'Tis likely you may have my lord anon. He is near as curious as I. Sure it is not true, the tale Peter Wright's wife hath brought my woman, that out in your boat this morning, before 'twas light, you rescued and brought ashore a whole ship's crew of drowning men? 'Tis so monstrous dull at Queston that——"

She gave no cry as she saw Revelstoke. With dilated eyes and pink mouth agape she stood stock-still and stared, before, with hands impotently extended, she backed away. Alison went out, and for a moment the two

stood regarding each other. Then the girl found her tongue.

"Anthony!" she gasped. He advanced a quick pace and she recoiled again. "No, no! I — I ——" She stammered to dumbness, blanched and quaking — terror and avoidance were in every line of her. Revelstoke stood still.

"As you see, it is I," he said, dryly, and waited. . . . "It would seem that you are minded to give me but a cold welcome, my dear!"

"I—I did not know!" she gasped again. "I—I did not dream that you would risk—would come——"

"Back to England? Nevertheless, it is done. And a man should choose to risk much for a wife! But it is near six years ago—you have perhaps forgot——"

"No, no — I remember. But — but — I . . . Anthony! . . . Oh, I cannot speak it! Anthony——"

Helplessly she thrust out a small shaking hand—the left. He caught it, pulled her to the light, looked at the diamonds shining upon the slim third finger, and tossed it away. Had he struck her she would have shrunk less scared than at his laughter. He swept her a bow, very low.

"My apologies, madam," he said, very smoothly. "I also did not know. Had I done so I should scarce be here to claim a bride who, it seems, has promised herself to another." He looked at her, and now she could have struck him for his smile. "Your pardon—may I ask the favour of my successor's name?"

Her shaking lips shaped the name—no more, but he understood. Back against the table, he laughed again.

"What, Sutherland—Colonel Richard? Madam, my best congratulations! He should be a happy man to win such a bride, though scarce, I fear, a bridegroom to your taste—there lies something of a gap between fifty and five-and-twenty! Though sure it may be bridged when 'tis remembered that on the death of my lord Duke his uncle—who is near ninety, I think?—he makes you Duchess of Tadcaster!"

"Oh, I hate you; I hate you!" hissed Celia, fiercely. She turned on him like a spitting kitten, with a stamp of babyish fury. "And you, my lord? What do you offer me? Would you house the Marchioness of Queston in a wigwam in Virginia?" she cried.

"I own no such title to wear or offer, madam, nor, for my father's sake, desire it," Revelstoke answered, coolly. He surveyed her scarlet cheeks, her trembling rage, it may be with a sort of wonder to find himself moved so little. "But your last packet, I call to mind, was wondrous affectionate, with as many vows of faith as pages. Was it writ before or after you wore the future Duke of Tadcaster's ring?"

"What matters?" she muttered.

"To me, not at all. To you, it seems, as little. But I fear Colonel Sutherland would scarce care to read your letters to a former and still undiscarded lover."

"You would show them?" she cried, and suddenly, imploringly caught his hand. "No, no; you would not. He is of all men the proudest; he would break with me if he knew! I—I swore there had been no one else, and he can neither tell a lie nor pardon one. I care nothing for him—I own it. How should I? My father would have been no older. But to be Duchess of Tadcaster—it tempted me too far. I shall hate him when he is my husband, very like; but——"

She stopped with a scream. Neither had heard Alison's touch upon the half-closed door or its opening; but for a minute she had stood there, checked by the hand upon her arm, whose owner looked over her shoulder. Now he put her aside, entering, and she drew away to the window, uncertain whether to go or stay. Celia, with her scream, clutched a chair-back and stood shaking—her little, scarlet face of passion milk-white with fright. And Colonel Richard Sutherland came forward, making her a bow. He was a tall man, lean and ungraceful, with a hawk-nosed, brick-red face, his own hair in a reddish-grey peruke, and ice-blue eyes as keen as steel.

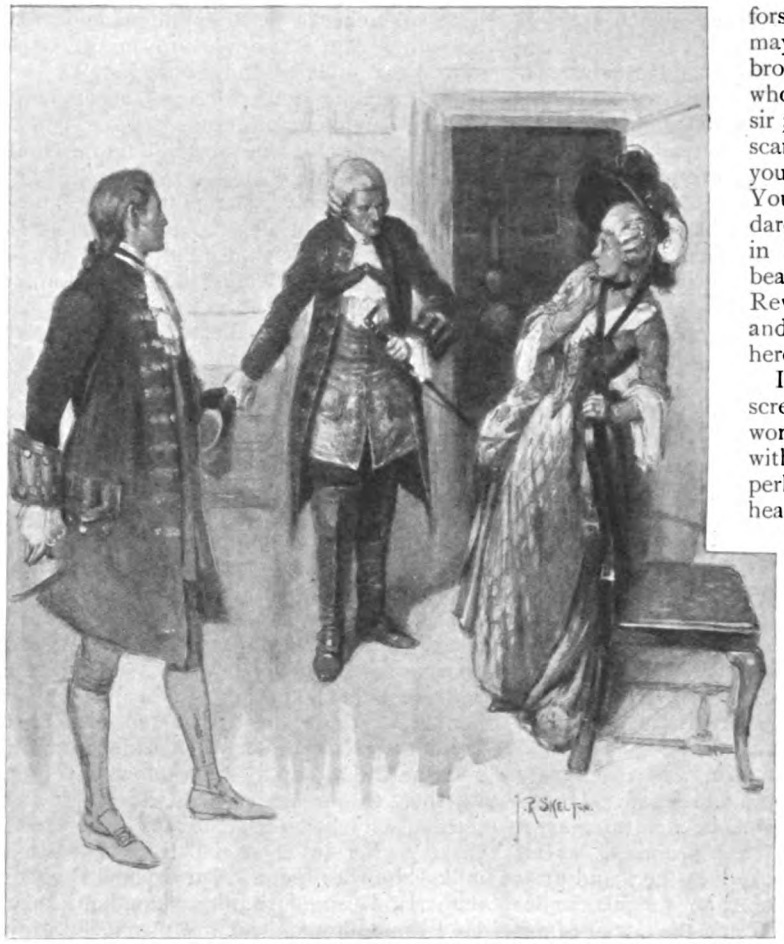
"Your pardon, madam," he said, in a voice that matched them very well. "As I rode by I saw your coach waiting by Mistress Peerless's gate and made bold, as you see, to follow you. Had I known what errand brought you I should still have taken that freedom if but to assure this gentleman that I should not read the letters which he would not offer, for the reason that I have no longer the honour of any concern with their writer."

"Ah!" cried Celia, sharply. "You have listened, sir!"

"I have overheard, madam."

"And — and you would say——" she panted.

"I would say, madam," said the Colonel, with another bow, "that, though I trust always to think as little of myself as may be, I desire to think much of the Duchess of Tadcaster."



"COLONEL RICHARD SUTHERLAND CAME FORWARD, MAKING HER A BOW."

"You—you mean——" she gasped again.

"That I fear a lady who has chosen to betray an absent lover may equally befool an old and hated husband, madam. I would counsel you to return to your faith and duty, should he to whom you pledged them be willing. I have not the pleasure of your name, sir, but I beg you to believe that I trespass upon no man's rights knowingly."

"My name—with due respect—is my own affair, sir," Revelstoke answered, quietly. "It can have no interest for Colonel Sutherland when I add that, like himself, I have no longer the honour of any concern with Miss Mannering."

"Honour!" Celia cried, fiercely. Eyes and cheeks blazed as she came between the two—passion, spleen, mortified vanity had carried her out of herself. It was with another little feline burst of fury that she turned upon Sutherland now. "Faith, forsooth, and duty! You may think less of my broken faith, hearing to whom it was pledged, sir; and, knowing, will scarce need to be told your duty! His name? You ask for what he dare not give you, and, in England, dare not bear! He is Anthony Revel, condemned rebel and traitor, and stands here in peril of his life!"

It was Alison who screamed, but Celia, the words spoken, stopped with a gasp of panic—perhaps only as she heard them did their full horror dawn upon her. For a breath she stood blank-faced, staring wildly, then gave a choked cry and ran out; in a moment her coach-wheels rolled creaking away. Revelstoke broke the tense silence that followed her exit; approaching Sutherland, he made a movement as though he drew and surrendered a sword.

"I am your prisoner, sir," he said, curtly.

"Faith, my lord, for the moment I think not," said Sutherland. He stood ramrod stiff, fingering his chin. "I can scarce drag you at my horse-tail to Glastonbury. Indeed, to ride there to-day would be vastly inconvenient to me, having other work on hand. I fear it may be midday to-morrow at earliest before I can give information of you at the barracks. Afterwards—should you not be found here—I pledge my word that every rat-hole in Bristol and thereabouts shall be most soundly searched for you."

"You mean——" cried Revelstoke.

"Nothing, my lord, but that, as I have said already, I desire to think much of the Duchess of Tadcaster."

With no change in a line of his red, wooden face he bowed and went out. Alison caught Revelstoke's arm, white and shaking.

"It is not true?" she cried, imploringly.

"That I stand here in peril of my life? No less, child. I am attainted rebel and traitor—I have borne arms against King George. Sentence hath been passed upon me; it is on pain of death that I return. Sure you knew it, did you not?"

"Yes—no, no! 'Tis so long ago—five years. I hoped—I thought——"

"That His Most Sacred Majesty would therefore pardon? Were it thrice five years it would not blunt the axe. Should I be taken it is the block for me, and my head aloft to rot on Temple Bar, my dear!"

"No, no; do not say it!" she cried, in horror. He smiled, patting her shoulder.

"Foolish girl—come, come! Taken? Why, I hope there is small fear of it, though I have but a short grace, and must be away as soon as may be. But first I must see my father, Alison."

"The Marquess?" she faltered. "Miss Mannering said he would come here, my lord."

"Come here? Ah, yes—I had forgot it." He laughed half bitterly. "It seems I must needs shift without a peace-maker! But should he not come I must send a letter. If you will give me pen and paper——"

She answered "Yes," and ran out, but in a minute hurried in again.

"My lord," she began, breathless, "your father——" and drew aside from the way of the figure that followed her. Revelstoke sprang forward, flushing red, with hand extended eagerly.

"Father!" he cried.

The Marquess gave one great start, made one impulsive step as though to take the hand, checked, and stopped. Deliberately, composedly, he put his own hands behind him, standing rigid and tall—his old face set itself into lines of iron.

"You come, I think, from Virginia, sir?" he said, slowly.

The tone was ice. Revelstoke drew back.

"From Virginia, my lord."

"I supposed it. You bring, it may be, news of—my son?"

"It may be, my lord."

"Ha! But not, I hope, that he designs to return to England?"

"He has no such design, my lord."

"He is wise, since, putting it aside that he returns on pain of death, to do so would be useless," said the Marquess. "I do not change, sir, and shall not. When it pleased him—him, my heir—to turn rebel and traitor he knew the penalty. You will do well to convey to him as much, and add—though he should know it—that, for the sake of those whose name he hath disgraced, it would be better were he dead."

"Oh, my lord, have no concern!" Revelstoke broke out. "Your son, trust me, disgraces no one henceforth. Permit me to convey the welcome news that he is dead already!"

He laughed. The iron-set face of the Marquess blenched and quivered for an instant—no more.

"A life dishonoured is, without doubt, best ended," he said, frigidly. "For yourself, sir, I presume that you return to Virginia, and——"

"Ah!" cried Alison.

Revelstoke had staggered with a sharp gasp, his hand at his side. A sudden, keen spasm of pain in his wound wrenched and whitened him. As the girl ran to him, and for a moment he leaned upon her, the Marquess, with an exclamation, made a swift step forward and drew as swiftly back, standing still and grim.

"It seems you have a hurt—a wound, sir?" he said, coldly.

"A trifle, my lord—an Indian bullet—nothing. . . . As your lordship supposes, I return to Virginia. A man with neither home nor tie may live where he will, and there at least I have made the means of livelihood. Once more I beg you to be assured that you have heard the last of Anthony Revel!"

He bowed, leaving the way clear to the door. The Marquess, approaching it, stopped.

"If you have need of money, sir——" he began.

"None, my lord."

Unquenchable pride in the eyes of the father met unquenchable pride in the eyes of the son; the old man turned and walked slowly out.

"Oh, 'twas cruel!" cried Alison. "Sure the Marquess——"

"Does but keep his oath as he swore it—he will neither know nor pardon me. I was his favourite, which can but make his wound gall deeper. I had hoped, after so long a parting—— Well, 'tis not so, and I must go, Alison."

"Go?" she echoed, blankly. "Where?"

"Why, truly, that's a question, since there are none who, knowing, durst harbour me."

"You shall not go!" She came between him and the door. "You were near swooning just now—you would swoon upon the road. Wait at least until morning; you will be rested—stronger. Risk? To talk of risk

"THE GIRL RAN TO HIM, AND FOR A MOMENT HE LEANED UPON HER."

to me! They may prison me for a score of years, once you are clear away! I should but laugh if you were safe—'tis all I care for in the world!"

"Why, Alison!" He checked the passionate rush of her speech. "I should be loath to buy my safety at a price of your paying, my dear, let it be light as it might! And all you care for? Come, come! In your kindness for me you forget another who would scarce care to hear you say so!"

"Another?" she echoed.

"Surely! Have you forgot your lover in Virginia?"

"In Virginia?"

She looked at him. Her face, in its pain, reproach, appeal, and wonder, might merely have bewildered him, but for the burning colour that crimsoned it and the low, heart-stricken cry with which, covering it, she shrank trembling away. Enlightened, he stood dumb. When, presently, he spoke her name, approaching her, she shrank farther, her face hidden still.

"No, no," she said, in a moan, "you can say nothing, my lord. And I—I have no lie that can serve me. . . . Oh, I had meant to be silent and hold my secret always—it is the law for women, and if 'tis broke we must needs near die of shame. As I must do, for you will remember always, and scorn me."

"Scorn you!" For a moment he touched the beautiful shamed head as it drooped down. "Look at me," he told her gently, and she looked up, very pale. "My dear, I don't know how it happens that you do me so much honour, but since you do . . . Heaven knows, a woman could scarce have a poorer suitor, since I am my father's son no longer. I may leave you one day—who can tell?—to grieve a rebel's widow. But there should be safety for us in Virginia, and I go back rich beyond count if I take you. Will you come?"

He hardly heard her joyfully answered "Yes," had no need to hear it, being answered already by her irradiated face. She drew herself from his embrace, her hands against his breast.

"Oh," she said, half proud, half piteous, "I know well that as yet you do not love me, but——"

"Do I not?" Something of the laughter that, in the eyes of the boy, had, all unknowing, won her child's love shone in his eyes now as he looked back at her. "Why, if you will have plain speaking, I suppose it is true that an hour since I did not. But when you talked, as I thought, of your

lover in Virginia, I swear I envied him, and grudged the fortune that gave him such a love and such a wife."

Indeed, there was earnestness enough in his face to satisfy her, as hers, in answer, might well sweep any other out of a man's memory. But in a moment he winced and paled at a returning throb and stab of his wound, and, all tender alarm, she besought him to rest and sleep again, throwing open the door of the chamber he had quitted. She closed it upon him, rose-red and tremulous from his just-given kiss, turned back into the outer room, and started with a cry; the great figure of Amos Ridpath stood within the opposite door. He made a stride forward.

"How durst my Lord Revelstoke kiss you?" he demanded.

"Amos!" Fluttered because he had seen, astonished that he was there, amazement at his words was stronger still. "You knew him?" she cried.

"Knew him! You were so wondrous eager to keep his face hid that I had a mind to see it. Small fear but I should know him! As well as though 'twas yesterday he flogged me." He came nearer. "How dared he kiss you, I say?"

He was hoarse, white, furious. Many times the girl had seen that lowering of sullen rage in his face, and had never quailed for him, though he had often blenched for her. But he had never accosted her as roughly as this. Angered by the threatening violence of look and tone, she mercilessly flung him the answer. "I am to be his wife!" she said.

The words might have been a blow, for he reeled under them. In an instant her mood changed and she ran to him, all pity.

"Oh, I should not have said it so, Amos!" She stopped, would have taken his hand but that he fell back from her. "I know you have cared for me always, Amos, dear. But have you ever, girl or woman, got aught from me but 'no' and 'no' again? It may be I should have told you that from a child I have loved him and had no eyes or heart or thought for any man beside. But I could not—a woman must needs hide her heart—and I scarce hoped that I should even see him again. But now! Oh, but now he is here, and——" A sob and a laugh caught her throat; she choked them back. "But he is not safe, Amos. He dare not stay in England for his life—his life!"

"His life!" He gasped it with a ghastly face.

"Yes, yes. Sure you know it, do you not? 'Tis death if he is taken. And there may be some so vile who, did they know of it, would betray him. So he goes back to Virginia as quickly as may be, and I with him. He is wounded and weak; he must lie hid quietly until a ship sails. My lord Marquess hath—— Ah!"

She exclaimed as the latch of the door behind her clicked; Revelstoke, entering, spoke quickly.

"Did you call me, child? I thought—— Why, who's here? Amos Ridpath, surely! Faith, Amos, you have grown a giant in six years! I am right glad to see you again, lad."

He offered his hand. With an indescribable hoarse, wordless sound, an indescribable gesture, the other retreated from it. Surprised, Revelstoke looked at Alison.

"Why, what's this?" He looked at Amos again, half laughed. "Sure, man, you bear no grudge for a drubbing that's near ten years old? Come, if 'tis so I ask your pardon and give you my best thanks for the good service that I hear you did me this morning."

Ridpath fell back another pace, gasping a great breath, turning a look upon the girl. Horror was in it; a very dumb anguish of rage and fear—that and something more. She saw it; with a sudden movement she clutched him by the arms, peered close at him, and sprang back with a shriek.

"Ah!" she screamed. "My lord, he has betrayed you!"

She had caught Revelstoke's hand; for an instant it shut hard on hers, but his eyes were upon the face whose livid look of guilt answered for itself. A moment went by so. Ridpath made a step forward, his powerful hands clenched as they hung.

"Aye," he said, doggedly, "I had a mind to your flogging, my lord. A whip, look you, may sting more than the back—'tis once scarred, raw always with me. And there's no cooling in my blood once 'tis hot. I swore when you thrashed me that I would pay my debt to you when the chance came, if 'twas in twenty years!"

"And you have done it?" Revelstoke demanded.

"Aye. 'Twas easy to see your face this morning, and she none the wiser. I knew you. . . . She's right. I ha' been to the barracks at Glastonbury. But now . . . Here—'tis loaded! You had best shoot me, my lord, and have your revenge, since, happen what may, all's broke past hope 'twixt her and me!"

He flung a pistol on to the table, and swiftly the girl caught it up.

"I will do worse for you!" she cried, fiercely, and thrust it into her breast. "I will shoot myself, Amos Ridpath, if my lord do not get safe away! You shall murder me—me—if he is taken!" She caught at him and shook him roughly. "The soldiers! Quick! Where are they?"

"Close. I did but come to warn you."

"Close?" For an instant her hands were tight upon her head; then she seized his arm again, changing to vehement command, passionate entreaty. "You must save him, Amos! Oh, save him and I'll pardon you a thousand times. I'll pray for you on my knees. I'll hold the thought of you dear for it as long as I live! The sea—'tis the only way." She sprang to the window, pulling him with her, and uttered a cry of wild relief and joy. "Look! look! I hoped it. There is the *Good Fortune* in the bay; she is on her way to Minehead; take your boat; row out; stop her; tell my uncle, Captain Batchford, 'tis my life he saves if he takes my lord aboard in safety. He must put about and make for Cork or Waterford; from there we may find a ship for America, or a packet to

"SHE CAUGHT AT HIM AND SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY."

take us across to France. Quickly! quickly! Oh, Amos, if you pity me!"

She thrust him towards the door. For an instant, as he resisted her, the struggle in his face was dark, then he struck his hand down upon the table with a ringing blow.

"By Heaven, I'll do it!" he cried. "If I do not, and save him, you shall set your shoe on my face, Alison!"

He rushed out. The girl sprang to the opposite door and turned the key.

"It has no bolts," she said rapidly, "nor has the front door, but they will serve to keep them out a few minutes—they must needs come that way. And while they search the house, 'tis a few minutes more. There is a path through the sandhills to the shore that they will scarce find unguided. 'Tis but a little way, and——"

"They are here!" cried Revelstoke.

It was true. As they hurried out and through the garden at the back of the cottage a blow sounded upon the panels of the door, followed by the hoarse command to open in the name of the King. The garden gave straight upon the sandhills above the shore. The track of which Alison had spoken, its entrance masked by a clump of thorn-bushes, was some three hundred yards distant. Before they reached it Revelstoke had staggered more than once; a dozen paces down its slope he stumbled, swaying against its sandy wall, and but for her quick arms would have fallen.

"I fear I cannot go on, child," he said, faintly.

"Yes, yes. Wait; rest a moment." She supported him, fighting the quaking terror at her heart. "They may not come this way, and the path is so hid——"

The words stopped on her tongue, choked by shouted commands and the sound of many feet—the soldiers had turned to the sandhills. Between the end of the path and the water there lay a flat stretch of beach. No hope that way—they would be seen. As Revelstoke, rallying, stood erect, she caught his arm, drew him a few paces farther, made a sharp turn down a narrow passage to the right, and they were in a natural hollowed cave in the sand. If the entrance to the path were discovered their pursuers might pass on unknowing. It was a last poor chance. The shouts and feet came nearer, louder, paused. Revelstoke heard. He swayed again as he clutched her shoulder.

"The pistol, child!" he said, thickly.

"The pistol?" she gasped. "You—you would——"

"Use it? Yes. Since it must needs be death, I'll choose the way. I have no mind to make a show for the rabble, and you will grieve less knowing it over. Keep them back an instant; it is the best kindness you can do me. The pistol—quickly!"

It was in her hand, she almost gave it, but recoiled with a shriek of wild refusal and horror. He tried to reach it, got her wrist, swayed again, staggered, and she caught him as he fell. His inert weight, dragging her to her knees, slipped through her arms, and lay motionlessly still—he had swooned. The officer in advance of the soldiers, reaching the bend, cried out as the flash and crack of a report filled the cave; the smoke of it cleared; he saw the prone figure, and shouted to his men to keep back. Then, on a sudden, he was as still because he faced the levelled pistol which the girl held in a hand as steady as her desperate eyes.

"There is a shot left," she said, in a fierce whisper; "for you, before you shall touch him, I swear it; and after for me what must come. He was your prey living; you may leave him to me now." Then her voice rose smooth and very clear, reaching the soldiers clustered beyond the turn. "You come too late, sir, since, as you see, my Lord Revelstoke is dead!"

For a moment the officer stood hesitating. He lacked no courage, but he was young for a bullet, the girl was beautiful, and, to his eyes, the man lay dead. He made a gesture of deprecation as he stepped back, baring his head.

"It would seem, madam, that I am indeed too late, since, as you say, I perceive my lord Viscount is dead."

"That being so, you will not arrest him, sir?"

"Surely not, madam. With a dead man His Majesty hath no quarrel. Being dead, axe, block, and headsman can do no more."

"It was his choice to escape them, sir."

"In his lordship's place it would have been my endeavour, madam. If I can render you any help——"

"I thank you—none, sir."

The officer bowed and turned—his voice cried out to his men to march—they were too late, the quarry lay dead—their feet tramped up the path, died on the sandy levels above. Only then did the girl's tense figure collapse. Crouched beside the unconscious man, the pistol flung away, she sobbed, weak as a child, caressing his hair, kissing his cold hand, until he stirred, opened his eyes, struggled up on his elbow to stare

"HE FACED THE LEVELLED PISTOL."

"By the life you have given me twice over, by all that a man may best swear by and hold sacred," he said, solemnly, "I will repay you, sweetheart, in Virginia."

His kiss she answered with a kiss, but as she gave it drew away and pushed him from her.

"No, no," she said, and moaned. "I will not go. Heart's dearest, you shall not marry me. In his heart my lord loves you as dear as ever — I saw it, as you must — 'twas torture to him to turn away. He will relent — he is high in favour at Court — he will win you pardon of the King. You will stand in your own place again, and there I should be no fit wife for you."

"Alison!" He caught her by the waist. "Unfit? You? And my own place? I swear that were it mine again for the grasping I would fling it away to take you, and most humbly thank my fortune. And for the rest — look yonder and see how my father pardons me."

His arm tightened its clasp as she followed his gesture, but his eyes, for the moment, were not for her. They were fixed upon the flag on the turret of the great house across the valley, that, lowered to half-mast, streamed out against the russet Queston woods. Perhaps he divined something of the figure of the grim old man who, torn by the anguish of a love that could not pardon, stood in the courtyard below and watched the flutter of that same flag with a rigid and unflinching face.

at her, all bewildered, listened wonderstruck to her recital—it brought her near hysterical laughter now that it was past—of the ruse that had secured the retreat of officer and men. So presently, with her help, he was upon his feet, and then, very slowly, he leaning upon her, they were down the path and out upon the beach, where the *Good Fortune*, brought to, waited in the bay, and Amos Ridpath's powerful strokes were pulling his boat back to shore. As they halted, waiting, Revelstoke took the girl in his arms and held her.

If Our Fashions Were Theirs.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

WE are so much accustomed in art to the attire of our ancestors that a mere glance at an historical picture serves to indicate for us the period of which it treats—to "date" it, as the technical phrase goes. Not only are we as familiar with ruffs, doublets, and hose as we are with the be-winged collar, tailed coats, and creased trousers which adorn our persons in this year of grace, but we know the chiton and diploïdon of the Periclean Greek or the tunic and toga of the Augustan Roman quite as well also. No longer would playgoers be fobbed off with the shrieking anachronisms to which Garrick used to treat his audiences in the eighteenth century. The humblest occupant of the shilling gallery would vociferously protest against the spectacle of Julius Cæsar in the Georgian equivalent of a modern frock-coat, or of Macbeth in a suit of tweeds. And if the actors erred in their historical costume, the painters and engravers were scarcely more accurate, and bobwigs and small-clothes frequently figure in

"DANTE'S FIRST MEETING WITH BEATRICE." BY HENRY HOLIDAY.

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The above shows the change which would be wrought if the mediæval Florentines dressed as we do.

their delineation of classical scenes and personages.

With the representation of an actual historical scene or event a painter can, of course, no longer consult merely his own taste. He must be archæologically accurate, or the critic at once descends upon him with ridicule. But suppose the case were that the people of the period represented actually dressed as we dress in A.D. 1910? Would it destroy the poetry, the charm of the picture? Take Mr. Holiday's beautiful picture of "Dante's First Meeting With Beatrice." How much of the romantic appeal of that composition lies in the dress of the chief characters portrayed by the artist? How much is due to the innate pathos of the event, which would be just as touching and absorbing if it had occurred now in Florence, as when it happened in the fourteenth century?

We must grant the romantic nature of the *milieu*. The scene must be on the banks of the Arno, and not beside Waterloo Bridge. We cannot, even by the most vivid flight of imagination, conjure up Mr. William Watson or Mr. Stephen Phillips halting, overcome with emotion, at the sight of Miss Phyllis Dare or Miss Viola Tree; no, not even in the romantic precincts of Holborn Viaduct, and so furnishing a theme for the painter's brush.

"SHORTLY AFTER MARRIAGE." ONE OF HOGARTH'S "MARRIAGE À LA MODE" SERIES OF PICTURES.

The same picture in which the characters are endowed with modern garments.

Let us, therefore, take Florence for granted, and the characters of Dante and Beatrice are the same. But what a metamorphosis would be wrought if the poet of "The Inferno" dressed as a poet of to-day might be expected to dress! Such is the influence of time upon the draperies worn in the past that they would have come themselves to signify poetry and romance. Will the good people of posterity ever be stirred to a soft and dreamy emotion by the delineation of our tenuous robes and spreading headgear, by our loose tweed jackets, cylindrical "bags," and bowler hats? We wonder!

Turning to another period, what pictures are more familiar than those of Hogarth depicting "Marriage à la Mode"? *À la mode* then signified 1745, when wigs and laced silk coats and silk knee-breeches and cocked hats were prescribed for men, and powdered hair, tight-laced bodices, and hoop skirts for women. It would be impossible to bring the events of this famous series of moral pictures up to date, or to conceive of their happening to-day, for so many of the customs and conditions of society are completely altered; but taking a solitary one out of the six of them we can see at a glance how much (or how little) of the interest depends on the dress of the characters.

How the same scene would appear to-day.

"UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN."
BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Is it possible to imagine "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" in the twentieth-century costume? Our artist has rendered it possible. But we have to throw overboard at the same time a bundle of associations, memories, and impressions connected with the skirted coat and knee-breeches period, and, on the whole, would we not rather they remained?

Has the reader ever paused to reflect upon the important part costume and draperies and coiffure play in many of his favourite pictures?

"Figure, composition, background are important in the making of a picture, but costume is of immense importance also," wrote Millais.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS'S "LORENZO AND ISABELLA."
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whether the form of the heroine should be enveloped in a farthingale or a redingote, a crinoline or classical robe, and whether the limbs of the hero should be encased in tights, knee-breeches, pantaloons, trousers, or the "mit nodings on" of the Roman and the Highlander.

The change in our manners is here emphasized by the modern dress of the characters.

"There is nothing to which I attach more importance than the clothing of my figures, and the precise kind of clothing which will be appropriate to the subject."

Millais, Leighton, and, indeed, most of our great painters made first studies of their figures without any costume at all, and only at a later stage endowed them with draperies, so that, doubtless, unless the exigencies of a certain period demanded it, there may have been a time when it was an even choice

A famous picture is "Lorenzo and Isabella." Here again we are astonished at the effect which the alteration of apparel produces. Yet the *dramatis personæ* were all real modern and not mediæval people. Millais's sister-in-law posed for Isabella; the Lorenzo is a portrait of William Rossetti. The man wiping his lips is Millais's father. Algernon Swinburne, F. G. Stephens, Hugh Fenn also sat; and D. G. Rossetti is drinking out of a long glass at the end, on the right.

In this scene what especially strikes us, perhaps, is the wide gulf of manners which separates our epoch from that delineated by the painter. The subject is, of course, taken from Keats's well-known poem "Isabella." At table is seated the whole family; with timid adoration Lorenzo speaks to Isabella, feeling himself dependent and held in contempt by Isabella's brothers. One of the latter has stretched his leg out to bestow a kick upon his sister's dog.

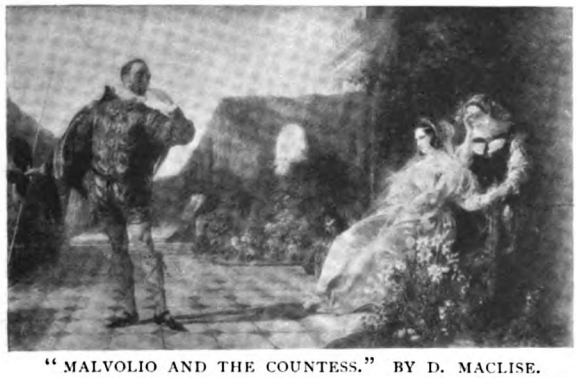
Fair Isabel; poor, simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye,
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,
But to each other dream and nightly weep.

The last of our pictures reclothed is the familiar "Malvolio and the Countess." It is certain that Malvolio was a great dandy, and had the dress of our epoch been his only resource Shakespeare's hero would have got himself up according to the tailor's latest ideas on the subject of fashion; or if tailors were then less the sartorial authority, and fashion-plates unknown, he would be attired as the greatest nobles were attired at the festive Court of the Duke of Illyria.

We can imagine Shakespeare writing, in the famous fifth scene of Act II. of "Twelfth Night":—

Remember who commended thy striped trousers and wished to see them ever with a proper crease. I say, remember. . . . She did commend my striped trousers of late. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in striped trousers, with glossy boots of patent leather.

We may take note of the changes, too, in Olivia's coiffure and head-gear, although perhaps there is less alteration in her dress than one might expect, for the simple reason that a lady's skirt really exhibits little change of style from era to era, when the lady herself is seated. The too-restricted garment of the Directoire did not even ordinarily admit of a sitting posture!



"MALVOLIO AND THE COUNTESS." BY D. MACLISE.

Malvolio in morning coat and creased trousers does not cease to be picturesque.

THE MAGIC CITY

BY E. NESBIT

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

PHILIP HALDANE and his sister lived in a little red-roofed house in a little red-roofed town. They had a little garden and a little balcony, and a little stable with a little pony in it and a little cart for the pony to draw; a little canary hung in a little cage in the little bow window, and the neat little servant kept everything as bright and clean as a little new pin.

Philip had no one but his sister, and she had no one but Philip. Their parents were dead, and Helen, who was twenty years older than Philip and was really his half-sister, was all the mother he had ever known. And he had never envied other boys their mothers, because Helen was so kind and clever and dear. She gave up almost all her time to him; she taught him all the lessons he learned; she played with him, inventing the most wonderful new games and adventures. So that every morning when Philip woke he knew that he was waking to a new day of joyous and interesting happenings. And this went on till Philip was ten years old, and he had no least shadow of a doubt that it would go on for ever. The beginning of the change came one day when he and Helen had gone for a picnic to the wood where the waterfall was—and as they were driving back behind the stout old pony, who was so good and quiet that Philip was allowed to drive it. They were coming up the last lane before the turning where their house was, and Helen said:—

"To-morrow we'll weed the aster bed and have tea in the garden."

"Jolly," said Philip, and they turned the corner and came in sight of their white little garden gate. And a man was coming out of it, a man who was not one of the friends they both knew. He turned and came to meet them. Helen put her hand on the reins—a thing which she had always taught Philip was *never* done, and the pony stopped. The man, who was, as Philip put it to himself, "tall and tweedy," came across in front of the pony's nose and stood close by the wheel on the side where Helen sat. She shook hands with him, and said, "How do

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you do?" in quite the usual way. But after that they whispered. Whispered! And Philip knew how rude it is to whisper, because Helen had often told him this. He heard one or two words, "at last," and "over now," and "this evening, then."

After that Helen said, "This is my brother Philip," and the man shook hands with him—across Helen, another thing which Philip knew was not manners, and said, "I hope we shall be the best of friends." Philip said, "How do you do?" because that is the polite thing to say. But inside himself he said, "I don't want to be friends with *you*."

Then the man took off his hat and walked off, and Philip and his sister went home. She seemed different, somehow, and he was sent to bed a little earlier than usual, but he could not go to sleep for a long time, because he heard the front door-bell ring, and afterwards a man's voice and Helen's going on and on in the little drawing-room under the room which was his bedroom. He went to sleep at last, and when he woke up in the morning it was raining, and the sky was grey and miserable. He lost his collar-stud, he tore one of his stockings as he pulled it on, he pinched his finger in the door, and he dropped his tooth-mug, with water in it too, and the mug was broken and the water went into his boots. There are mornings, you know, when things happen like that. This was one of them.

Then he went down to breakfast, which tasted not quite so nice as usual. He was late, of course. The bacon-fat was growing grey with waiting for him, as Helen said, in the cheerful voice that had always said all the things he liked best to hear. But Philip didn't smile. It did not seem the sort of morning for smiling, and the grey rain beat against the window.

After breakfast Helen said, "Tea in the garden is indefinitely postponed—and it's too wet for lessons."

That was one of her charming ideas—that wet days should not be made worse by lessons.

"What shall we do?" she said; "shall we talk about the island? Shall I make another map of it? And put in all the gardens and fountains and swings?"

The island was a favourite play. Somewhere in the warm seas where palm trees are and rainbow-coloured sands the island was said to be—their own island, beautified by their fancy with everything they liked and wanted, and Philip was never tired of talking about it. There were times when he almost believed that the island was real. He was King of the island and Helen was Queen, and no one else was to be allowed on it. Only those two.

But this morning even the thought of the island failed to charm. Philip straggled away to the window and looked out dismally at the soaked lawn and the dripping laburnum trees, and the row of rain-drops hanging fat and full on the iron gate.

"What is it, Pippin?" Helen asked. "Don't tell me you're going to have horrid measles, or red-hot scarlet fever, or noisy whooping-cough."

She came across and laid her hand on his forehead.

"Why, you're quite hot, boy of my heart. Tell sister, what is it?"

"*You* tell *me*," said Philip, slowly.

"Tell you what, Pip?"

"You think you ought to bear it alone, like in books, and be noble and all that. But you *must* tell me—you promised you'd never have any secrets from me, Helen—you know you did."

Helen put her arm round him and said nothing. And from her silence Pip drew the most desperate and harrowing conclusions. The silence lasted. The rain gurgled in the water-pipe and dripped on the ivy. The canary in the green cage that hung in the window put its head on one side and tweaked a seed husk out into Philip's face, then twittered defiantly. But his sister said nothing.

"Don't," said Philip, suddenly, "don't break it to me; tell me straight out."

"Tell you what?" she said again.

"What is it?" he said. "*I* know how these unforetold misfortunes happen. Someone always comes—and then it's broken to the family."

"*What* is?" she asked.

"The misfortune," said Philip, breathlessly. "Oh, Helen, I'm not a baby. Do tell me! Have we lost our money in a burst bank? Or is the landlord going to put bailiffs into our furniture? Or are we going to be falsely accused about forgery, or being burglars?"

All the books Philip had ever read worked together in his mind to produce these melancholy suggestions. Helen laughed, and instantly felt a stiffening withdrawal of her brother from her arm.

"No, no, my Pippin, dear," she made haste to say. "Nothing horrid like that has happened."

"Then what is it?" he asked, with a growing impatience that felt like a wolf gnawing inside him.

"I didn't want to tell you all in a hurry like this," she said, anxiously; "but don't you worry, my boy of boys. It's something that makes me very happy. I hope it will you, too."

He swung round in the circling of her arm and looked at her with sudden ecstasy.

"Oh, Helen, dear—I know! Someone has left you a hundred thousand pounds a year—someone you once opened a railway-carriage door for—and now I can have a pony of my very own to ride. Can't I."

"Yes," said Helen, slowly, "you can have a pony; but nobody's left me anything. Look here, my Pippin," she added, very quickly, "don't ask any more questions. I'll tell you. When I was quite little like you I had a dear friend I used to play with all day long, and when we grew up we were friends still. He lived quite near us. And then he married someone else. And then the someone died. And now he wants me to marry him. And he's got lots of horses and a beautiful house and park," she added.

"And where shall I be?" he asked.

"With me, of course, wherever I am."

"It won't be just us two any more, though," said Philip, "and you said it should be, for ever and ever."

"But I didn't know then, Pip, dear. He's been wanting me so long——"

"Don't *I* want you?" said Pip to himself.

"And he's got a little girl that you'll like so to play with," she went on. "Her name's Lucy, and she's just a year younger than you. And you'll be the greatest friends with her. And you'll both have ponies to ride, and——"

"I hate her," cried Philip, very loud, "and I hate him, and I hate their beastly ponies. And I hate *you!*" And with these dreadful words he flung off her arm and rushed out of the room, banging the door after him—on purpose.

Well, she found him in the boot-cupboard, among the gaiters and goloshes and cricket-stumps and old rackets—and they kissed and cried and hugged each other, and he said he was sorry he had been naughty. But in his heart that was the only thing he was sorry for. He was sorry that he had made Helen unhappy. He still hated "that man," and most of all he hated Lucy.

He had to be polite to that man. His sister was very fond of that man, and this made Philip hate him still more, while at the same time it made him careful not to show how he hated him. Also it made him feel that hating that man was not quite fair to his sister, whom he loved. But there were no feelings of that kind to come in the way of the detestation he felt for Lucy. Helen had told him that Lucy had fair hair and wore it in two plaits; and he pictured her to himself as a fat, stumpy little girl, exactly like the little girl in the story of "The Sugar Bread" in the old oblong "Shock-Headed Peter" book that had belonged to Helen when she was little.

Helen was quite happy. She divided her love between the boy she loved and the man she was going to marry, and she believed that they were both as happy as she was. The man, whose name was Peter Graham, was happy enough; the boy, who was Philip, was amused—for she kept him so—but under the amusement he was miserable.

And the wedding-day came and went. And Philip travelled on a very hot afternoon by strange trains and a strange carriage to a strange house, where he was welcomed by a strange nurse and—Lucy.

"You won't mind going to stay at Peter's beautiful house without me, will you, dear?" Helen had asked. "Everyone will be kind to you and you'll have Lucy to play with."

And Philip said he didn't mind. What else could he say, without being naughty and making Helen cry again?

Lucy was not a bit like the Sugar-Bread child. She had fair hair, it is true, and it was plaited in two braids, but they were very long and straight; she herself was long and lean and had a freckled face and bright, jolly eyes.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, meeting him in front of a tall house whose low wings seemed to go on for ever; "we can play all sorts of things now that you can't play when you're only one. I'm an only child," she added, with a sort of melancholy pride. Then she laughed. "'Only' rhymes with 'lonely,' doesn't it?" she said.

"I don't know," said Philip, with deliberate falseness, for he knew quite well.

He said no more.

Lucy tried two or three other beginnings of conversation, but Philip contradicted everything she said.

"I'm afraid he's very, very stupid," she said to her nurse, an extremely trained nurse, who firmly agreed with her. And when her aunt came to see her next day, Lucy said that the little new boy was stupid, and disagreeable as well as stupid, and Philip confirmed this opinion of his behaviour to such a degree that the aunt, who was young and affectionate, had Lucy's clothes packed at once and carried her off for a few days' visit.

So Philip and the nurse were left at the Grange. There was nobody else in the house but servants. And now Philip began to know what loneliness meant. The letters and the picture postcards which his sister sent every day from the odd towns on the Continent of Europe, which she visited on her honeymoon, did not cheer the boy. They merely exasperated him, reminding him of the time when she was all his own, and was too near to him to need to send him postcards and letters.

The extremely trained nurse, who wore a grey uniform and white cap and apron, disapproved of Philip to the depths of her well-disciplined nature. "Cantankerous little pig," she called him to herself.

To the housekeeper she said: "He is an unusually difficult and disagreeable child. I should imagine that his education has been much neglected. He wants a tight hand."

She did not use a tight hand to him, however. She treated him with an indifference more annoying than tyranny. He had immense liberty of a desolate, empty sort. The great house was his to go to and fro in. But he was not allowed to touch anything in it. The garden was his—to wander through, but he must not pluck flowers or fruit. He had no lessons, it is true; but, then, he had no games either. There was a nursery, but he was not imprisoned in it—was not even encouraged to spend his time there. He was sent out for walks, and alone, for the park was large and safe. And the nursery was the room of all that great house that attracted him most, for it was full of toys of the most fascinating kind. A rocking-horse as big as a pony, the finest dolls' house you ever saw, boxes of tea-things, boxes of bricks—both the wooden and the terra-cotta sorts—puzzle maps, dominoes, chessmen, draughts, every kind of toy or game that you have ever had or ever wished to have.

And Pip was not allowed to play with any of them.

"You mustn't touch anything, if you please," the nurse said, with that icy politeness which goes with a uniform. "The toys are Miss Lucy's. No; I couldn't be responsible for giving you permission to play with them. No; I couldn't think of troubling Miss Lucy by writing to ask her if you may play with them. No; I couldn't take upon myself to give you Miss Lucy's address."

For Philip's boredom and his desire had humbled him even to the asking for this.

For two whole days he lived at the Grange, hating it and everyone in it, for the servants took their cue from the nurse, and the child felt that in the whole house he had not a friend. Somehow he had got the idea firmly in his head that this was a time when Helen was not to be bothered about anything; so he wrote to her that he was quite well, thank you, and the park was very pretty and Lucy had lots of nice toys. He felt very brave and noble, and like a martyr. And he set his teeth to bear it all. It was like spending a few days at the dentist's.

And then suddenly everything changed. The nurse got a telegram. A brother who had been thought to be drowned at sea had abruptly come home. She must go to see him.

"If it costs me the situation," she said to the housekeeper, who answered:—

"Oh, well—go, then. I'll be responsible for the boy—sulky little brat."

And the nurse went. In a happy bustle she packed her boxes and went. At the last moment Philip, on the doorstep watching her get into the dog-cart, suddenly sprang forward.

"Oh, nurse!" he cried, blundering against the almost moving wheel, and it was the first time he had called her by any name. "Nurse, do—do say I may take Lucy's toys to play with; it *is* so lonely here. I may, mayn't I? I may take them?"

Perhaps the nurse's heart was softened by her own happiness and the thought of the brother who was not drowned. Perhaps she was only in such a hurry that she did not know what she was saying. At any rate, when Philip said for the third time, "May I take them?" she hastily answered:—

"Bless the child! Take anything you like. Mind the wheel, for goodness' sake. Good-bye, everybody!" then waved her hand to the servants assembled at the front door, and was whirled off to joyous reunion with the undrowned brother.

Philip drew a deep breath of satisfaction, went straight up to the nursery, took out all the toys, and examined every single one of them. It took him all the afternoon.

The next day he looked at all the things again and longed to make something with them. He was accustomed to the joy that comes of making things. He and Helen had built many a city for the dream island out of his own two boxes of bricks and certain other things in the house—her Japanese cabinet, the dominoes and chessmen, cardboard boxes, books, the lids of kettles and teapots. But they had never had enough bricks. Lucy had enough bricks for anything.

He began to build a city on the nursery table. But to build with bricks alone is poor work when you have been used to building with all sorts of other things.

"It looks like a factory," said Philip, discontentedly. He swept the building down and replaced the bricks in their different boxes.

"There must be something downstairs that would come in useful," he told himself, "and she did say, 'Take what you like.'"

By armfuls, two and three at a time, he carried down the boxes of bricks and the boxes of blocks, the draughts, the chessmen, and the box of dominoes. He took them into the long drawing-room where the crystal chandeliers were, and the chairs covered in brown holland—and the many long, light windows, and the cabinets and tables covered with the most interesting things.

He cleared a big writing-table of such useless and unimportant objects as blotting-pad, silver inkstand, and red-backed books, and there was a clear space for his city.

He began to build.

A bronze Egyptian god on a black and gold cabinet seemed to be looking at him from across the room.

"All right," said Philip. "I'll build you a temple. You wait a bit."

The bronze god waited and the temple grew, and two silver candle-sticks topped by chessmen served admirably as pillars for the portico. He made a journey to the nursery to fetch the Noak's Ark animals—the pair of elephants, each standing on a brick, flanked the entrance. It looked splendid, like an Assyrian temple in the pictures Helen had shown him. But the bricks, wherever he built with them alone, looked mean, and like factories, or work-houses. Bricks alone always do.

Philip explored again. He found the library. He made several journeys. He brought up twenty-seven volumes bound in white vellum with marbled boards, a set of Shakespeare, ten volumes in green morocco. These made pillars and cloisters, dark, mysterious, and attractive. More Noah's Ark animals added an Egyptian-looking finish to the building.

"Lor', ain't it pretty!" said the parlourmaid, who came to call him to tea. "You are clever with your fingers, Master Philip, I will say that for you. But you'll catch it, taking all them things."

"That grey nurse said I might," replied Philip, "and it doesn't hurt things building with them. My sister and I always did it at home," he added, looking confidingly at the parlourmaid. She had praised his building. And it was the first time he had mentioned his sister to anyone in that house.

"Well, it's as good as a peep-show," said the parlourmaid; "it's just like them picture postcards my brother in India sends me. All them pillars and domes and things—and the animals too. I don't know how you fare to think of such things, that I don't."

Praise is sweet. He slipped his hand into that of the parlourmaid as they went down the wide stairs to the hall, where tea awaited him—a very little tray on a very big, dark table.

"He's not half a bad child," said Susan at her tea in the servants' quarters. "That nurse frightened him out of his little wits with her prim ways, you may depend. He's civil enough if you speak him civil."

"But Miss Lucy didn't frighten him, I suppose," said the cook; "and look how he behaved to her."

"Well, he's quiet enough, anyhow. You don't hear a breath of him from morning till night," said the upper housemaid; "seems silly-like to me."

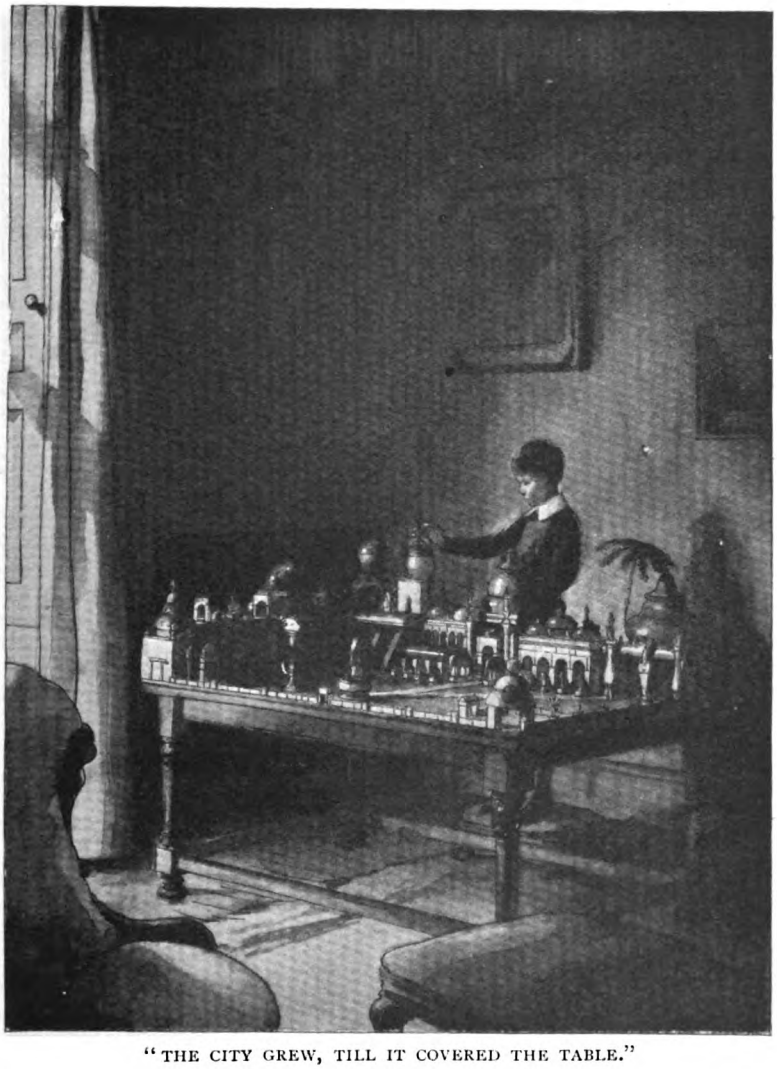
"You slip in and look what he's been building, that's all," Susan told them. "You won't call him silly then. India an' pagodas ain't in it."

They did slip in, all of them, when Philip had gone to bed. The building had progressed, though it was not finished.

"I sha'n't touch a thing," said Susan. "Let him have it to play with to-morrow. We'll clear it all away before that nurse comes back with her caps and her collars and her stuck-up cheek."

So next day Philip went on with his building. He put everything you can think of into it: the dominoes, and the domino-box—bricks and books—cotton-reels that he begged from Susan, and a collar-box and some cake-tins contributed by the cook. He made steps of the dominoes and a terrace of the domino-box. He got bits of southern-wood out of the garden and stuck them in cotton-reels, which made beautiful pots—and they looked like bay trees in tubs. Brass finger-bowls served for domes, and the lids of brass kettles and coffee-pots from the oak dresser in the hall made minarets of dazzling splendour. Chessmen were useful for minarets, too.

"I must have paved paths and a fountain," said Philip, thoughtfully. The paths were paved with mother-of-pearl card counters, and the fountain was a silver and glass ash-tray, with a silver needlecase of filigree work rising up from the middle of it,



"THE CITY GREW, TILL IT COVERED THE TABLE."

and the falling water was made quite nicely out of narrow bits of the silver paper off the chocolate Helen had given him at parting. Palm trees were easily made — Helen had shown him how to do that — with bits of larch fastened to elder stems with plasticine. There was plenty of plasticine among Lucy's toys; there was plenty of everything.

And the city grew, till it covered the table. Philip, unwearied, set about to make another city on another table. This had for chief feature a great water-tower, with a fountain round its base, and now he stopped at nothing. He unhooked the crystal drops from the great chandeliers to make his fountains. This city was grander than the first. It had a grand tower made of a waste-paper basket and an astrologer's tower that was a photograph-enlarging machine.

"I will keep it as it is till Helen comes. How she will *love* it!" he said.

The two cities were connected by a bridge which was a yard-stick he had found in the servants' sewing-room and taken without hindrance, for by this time all the servants were his friends. Susan had been the first — that was all.

He had just laid his bridge in place, and put Mr. and Mrs. Noah in the chief square to represent the inhabitants, and was standing rapt in admiration of his work, when a hard hand on each of his shoulders made him start and scream.

It was the nurse. She had come back a

day sooner than anyone expected her. The brother had brought home a wife, and she and the nurse had not liked each other; so she was very cross, and she took Philip by the shoulders and shook him, a thing which had never happened to him before.

"You naughty, wicked boy!" she said, still shaking.

"But I haven't hurt anything—I'll put everything back," he said, trembling and very pale.

"You'll not touch any of it again," said the nurse. "I'll see to that. I shall put everything away myself in the morning. Taking what doesn't belong to you!"

"But you said I might take anything I liked," said Philip, "so if it's wrong it's your fault."

"You untruthful child!" cried the nurse, and hit him over the knuckles. Now, no one had ever hit Philip before. He grew paler than ever, but he did not cry, though his hands hurt rather badly. For she had snatched up the yard-stick to hit him with, and it was hard and cornery.

"You are a coward," said Philip, "and it is you who are untruthful and not me."

"Hold your tongue," said the nurse, and whirled him off to bed.

"You'll get no supper, so there!" she said, angrily tucking him up.

"I don't want any," said Philip, "and I have to forgive you before the sun goes down."

"Forgive, indeed!" said she, flouncing out.

"When you get sorry you'll know I've forgiven you," Philip called after her, which, of course, made her angrier than ever.

Whether Philip cried when he was alone is not our business. Susan, who had watched the shaking and the hitting without daring to interfere, crept up later with milk and sponge-cakes. She found him asleep, and she says his eyelashes were wet.

When he awoke he thought at first that it was morning—the room was so light But presently he saw that it was not yellow sunlight, but white moonshine which made the beautiful brightness.

He wondered at first why he felt so unhappy, then he remembered how Helen had gone away and how hateful the nurse had been. And now she would pull down the city and Helen would never see it. And he would never be able to build such a beautiful one again. In the morning it would be gone and he would not be able even to remember how it was built.

The moonlight was very bright.

"I wonder how my city looks by moonlight?" he said.

And then, all in a thrilling instant, he made up his mind to go down and see for himself how it did look.

He opened his door softly and crept along the corridor and down the broad staircase, then along the gallery and into the drawing-room. It was very dark, but he felt his way to a window and undid the shutter, and there lay his city, flooded with moonlight, just as he had imagined it.

He gazed on it for a moment in ecstasy and then turned to shut the door. As he did so he felt a slight, strange giddiness and stood a moment with his hand to his head. He turned and went again towards the city, and when he was close to it he gave a little cry, hastily stifled, for fear someone should hear him and come down and send him to bed. He stood and gazed about him bewildered and, once more, rather giddy. For the city had, in a quick blink of light followed by darkness, disappeared. So had the drawing-room. So had the chair that had stood close to the table. He could see mountainous shapes raising enormous heights in the distance, and the moonlight shone on the tops of them. But he himself seemed to be in a vast, flat plain. There was the softness of long grass round his feet, but there were no trees, no houses, no hedges or fences to break the expanse of grass. It seemed darker in some parts than others. That was all. It reminded him of the illimitable prairie of which he had read in books of adventure.

"I suppose I'm dreaming," said Philip, "though I don't see how I can have gone to sleep just while I was turning the door-handle. However——"

He stood still expecting that something would happen. In dreams something always does happen, if it's only that the dream comes to an end. But nothing happened now—Philip just stood there quite quietly and felt the warm soft grass round his ankles.

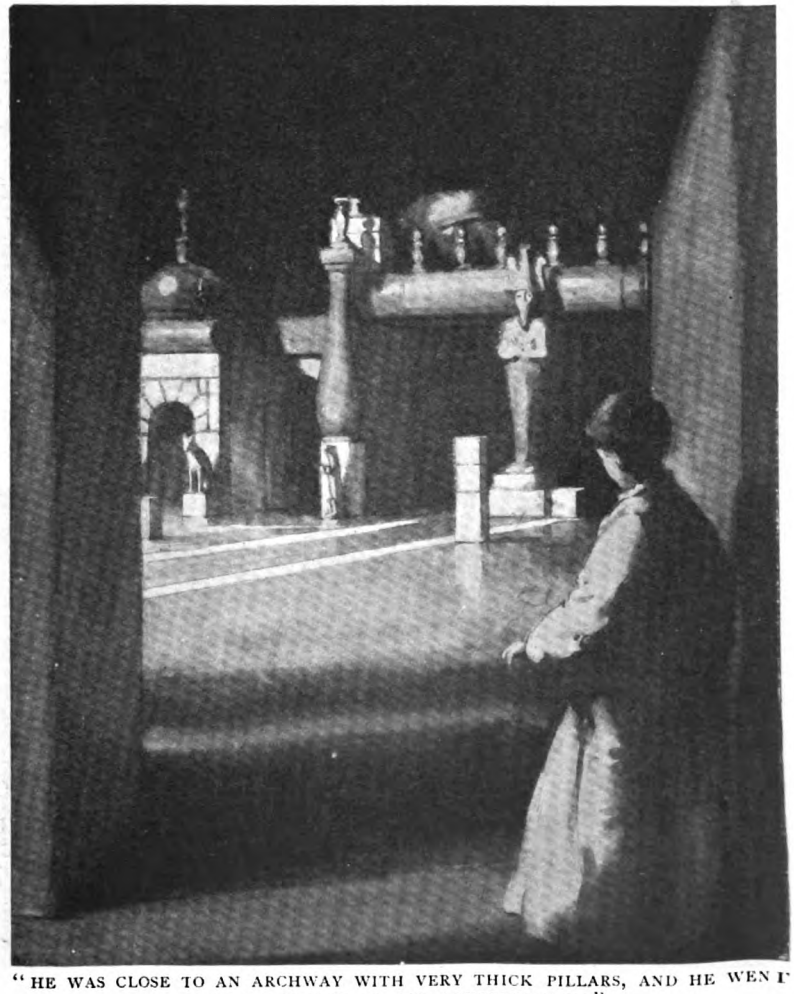
Then, as his eyes became used to the darkness of the plain, he saw some way off a very steep bridge leading up to a dark height on whose summit the moon shone whitely. He walked towards it, and as he approached he saw that it was less like a bridge than a sort of ladder, and that it rose to a giddy height above him. It seemed to rest on a rock far up against dark sky, and the inside of the rock seemed hollowed out in one vast, dark cave.

And now he was close to the foot of the

ladder. It had no rungs, but narrow ledges made hold for feet and hands. Philip remembered Jack and the Beanstalk, and looked up longingly; but the ladder was a very, very long one. On the other hand, it was the only thing that seemed to lead anywhere, and he had had enough of standing lonely in the grassy prairie, where he seemed to have been for a very long time indeed. So he put his hands and feet to the ladder and began to go up. It was a very long climb. There were two hundred and seventy-two steps, for he counted them. And the steps were only on one side of the ladder, so he had to be extremely careful. On he went, up and on, on and up, till his feet ached, and his hands felt as though they would drop off for tiredness. He could not look up far, and he dared not look down at all. There was nothing for it but to climb and climb and climb, and at last he saw the ground on which the ladder rested — a terrace hewn in regular lines, and, as it seemed, hewn from the solid rock. His head was level with the ground — now his hands, now his feet. He leaped sideways from the ladder and threw himself face down on the ground, which was cold and smooth like marble. There he lay, drawing deep breaths of weariness and relief.

There was a great silence all about, which rested and soothed, and presently he rose and looked about him. He was close to an archway with very thick pillars, and he went towards it and peeped cautiously in. It seemed to be a great gate leading to an open space, and beyond it he could see dim piles that looked like churches and houses. But all was deserted; the moonlight and he had the place, whatever it was, to themselves.

"I suppose everyone's in bed," said Philip, and stood there in his white nightgown trembling a little, but very curious and interested, in the black shadow of the strange arch.



"HE WAS CLOSE TO AN ARCHWAY WITH VERY THICK PILLARS, AND HE WENT TOWARDS IT AND PEEPED CAUTIOUSLY IN."

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES.

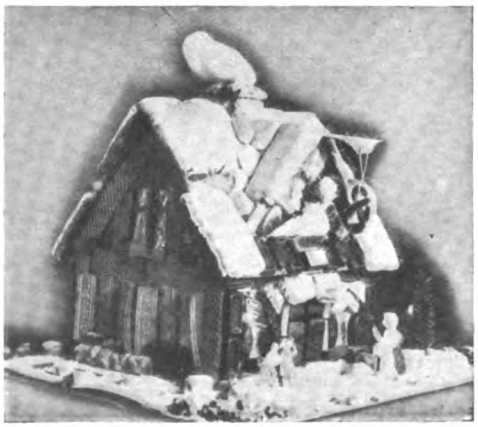
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

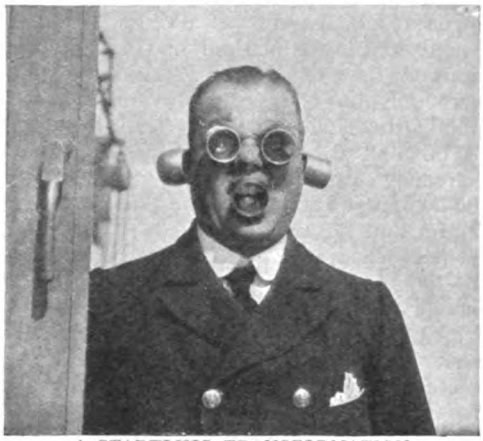
NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS.

IT appears easy to manipulate the fingers in the manner shown in the photograph, but I have only seen one person who could do it. It may amuse some of your readers to see if their fingers are flexible enough for the purpose.—Mr. A. Untermann-Wagner, 40, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

A CONFECTIONERY COTTAGE.

THIS inviting little dwelling, as will be seen on closer scrutiny, is entirely composed of chocolates, biscuits, etc. In Germany it is customary to make such little curiosities—as they would be considered in this country—as presents for the children at Christmas-time.—Mr. C. M. Dodwell, St. Kevin's, 72, Muswell Road, Muswell Hill, N.





A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION.

ALL that one needs to produce the startling appearance shown in the accompanying picture are five napkin-rings. The photograph is of one of my messmates who adopted this original method of sending his small nieces to bed when they became too troublesome.—A Naval Officer.

CAN YOU DO THIS?

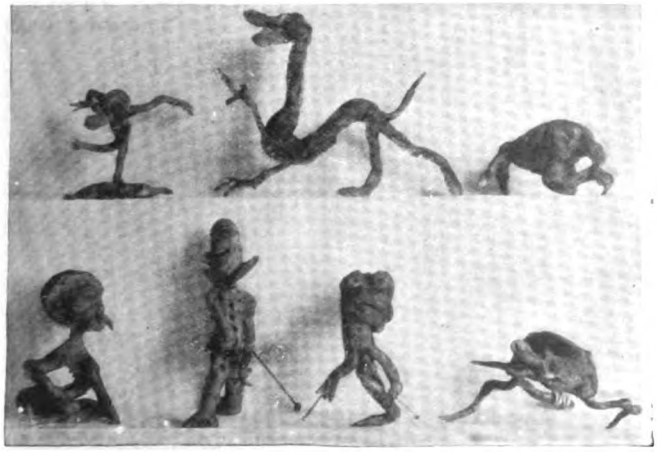
HERE is a photograph of an ordinary tumbler, into which, after its being filled to the brim with water, I dropped considerably over two thousand pins, without spilling a drop of the water. The bulge on the glass shows how the water has risen without falling over. I claim this to be a record, and thought you might like to add it to your pages of Curiosities.—Mr. William Relph, 17, Elsenham Road, Manor Park, E.

AN INGENIOUS GRINDSTONE.

THIS illustration, which almost explains itself, shows a grindstone made from an old bicycle and mounted on a box. As will be seen, the front wheel has been taken off. It is quite an easy matter to get twelve hundred revolutions of the stone per minute. The machine was made by the gardener seen in the photograph, and is used by him for sharpening tools such as clippers, edging-irons, etc. —Mr. T. A. Aldridge, 51, Alum Chine Road, Bournemouth.

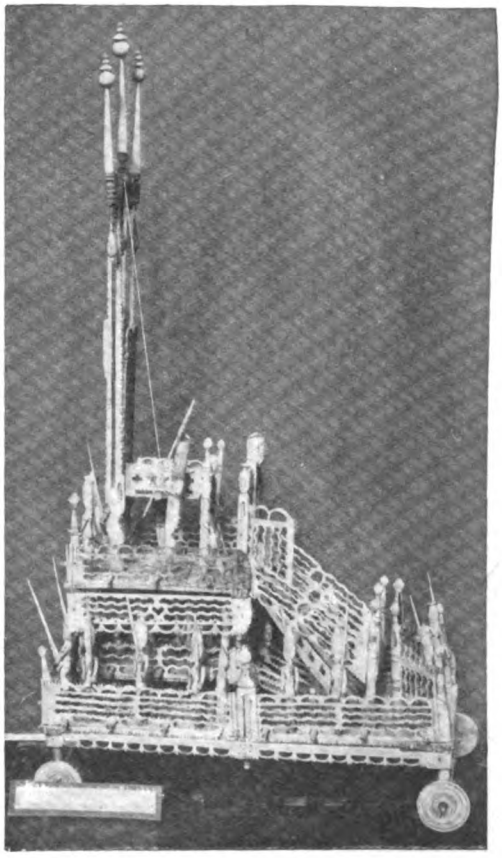
AMUSING "MICROBES."

THE following photograph shows a group of so-called "microbes," which have afforded much amusement to the inmates of this establishment. In reality they are nothing more deadly than pieces of the roots or stems of heather, the natural grotesqueness of which has been slightly accentuated by the use of a penknife.—Mr. A. Clement, King Edward VII. Sanatorium, Midhurst.



A MODEL OF THE GUILLOTINE.

THIS is a photograph of a wonderful model guillotine made by a French prisoner confined in England during the Napoleonic wars at the end of the eighteenth century. The wonder is increased when one realizes that the prisoner had only such beef bones as were thrown out from the soup-cauldrons of the prisoners' camp for his carving, though it has all the appearance of being fashioned in ivory. It is most intricate in detail. On the top tier lies the



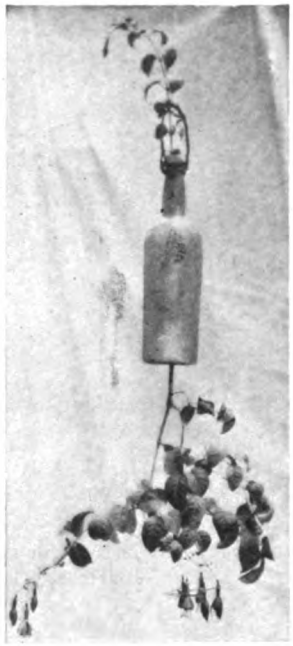
headless body of the victim, beneath is a tiny bucket stained with blood, and in it the head once lay, but it has disappeared during the past century. On the second tier the executioner is at his post. On the bottom tier soldiers stand on guard. The marvellous elaboration and accuracy is perhaps not to be wondered at when one remembers that the gruesome scenes of the French Revolution may have been enacted before that very prisoner's eyes. This model was made at the Norman Cross Barracks, which were specially erected for these prisoners of war near Peterborough, and is now in the Peterborough Museum.—Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall, 13, London Road, St. Albans.

A RINKER'S ORIGINAL COSTUME.

HERE in South Africa, as in England, the rinking craze has taken a very firm hold of the public. The photographs I am sending you represent a competitor in the fancy dress carnival held at the Olympia Skating Rink, Cape Town. This particular "get-up" carried off the prize for the most original costume. It is supposed to indicate the injuries sustained by an enthusiastic victim in his attempts to master the art of rinking. Not the least amusing features of the costume are the curiously-worded labels. They describe in pseudo-medical terms the various fractures and dislocations which he suffered, and their composition shows the exercise of a very nimble wit. Needless to say, the costume aroused considerable merriment, which no doubt helped to sustain the prizewinner through what can hardly have been a comfortable evening.—Mr. G. E. Harris, 18, De Lorentz Street, Cape Town, South Africa.

SOMETHING NEW IN FLOWER-POTS.

I AM sending you a photograph, taken on September 20th, 1909, of a fuchsia growing in an ordinary port bottle. The slip was planted in the bottle in August, 1907, being inserted in a hole about the size of a florin. The following year it blossomed, and last year developed a shoot from the neck of the bottle. As it attracted a good deal of attention at a flower show here I thought it might interest your readers. It certainly suggests a new method of utilizing old bottles, and a number of them with the plants in full bloom could be used with great effect in carrying out a novel and unusual scheme of decoration.—Miss G. J. Light, Verandah Cottage, East Street, Braintree, Essex.



NATURE AS SEAT-MAKER.

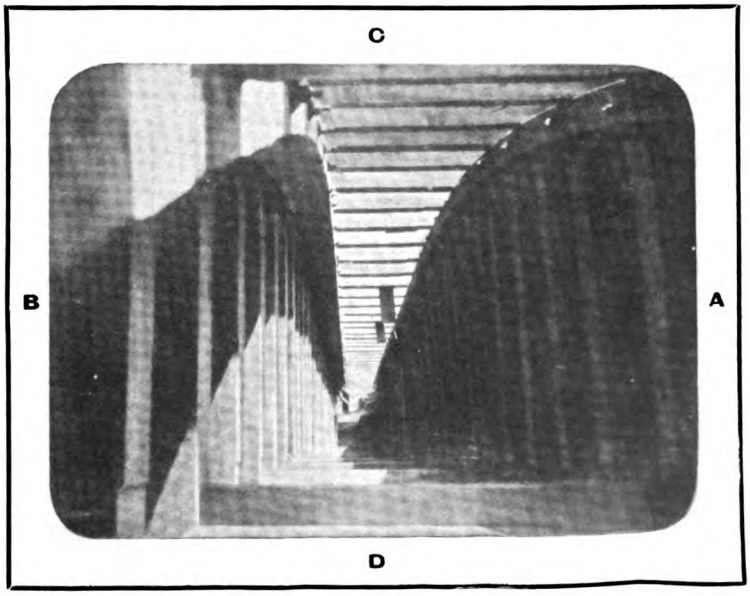
IN the spring of 1856 Mr. V. B. Ratliffe, of Lockhart, Miss., who is shown in the accompanying photograph, placed the board by which he is standing between these two oak trees, which at that time were about ten inches in diameter. This board is at the present time—fifty-four years later—in a remarkable state of preservation.—Mr. L. M. Harwood, Editorial Dept., *Commercial Appeal*, Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A.

A PARSNIP PYTHON.

WHEN digging up parsnips, carrots, etc., many quaint forms of growth are met with, especially when two or more roots grow together. The example here shown is more than usually curious. In the first picture the parsnips are seen to be carrying on a veritable struggle for life. The smaller parsnip, instead of growing bulky in the soil like its fellow, has obviously developed strength instead, and this acquired strength it has apparently employed in a determined effort to strangle its neighbour. How far its effort has proved successful is shown in the second picture. The explanation of this curious growth has, I think, to be looked for at a very early stage in its history. When the seeds were set it is probable that several would germinate together, and that the bulky parsnip would be the middle one, and, perhaps, the first to germinate. The python parsnip would be a healthy seedling next to it, endeavouring to get its root into the soil, and on account of being crushed by the other germinating seedlings near it the root would naturally work round that of its larger fellow. Having completed the circle, matters would stand much the same as before, and consequently another circle would be made. Then the gardener thins out all but the largest plants. At this early stage he would fail to notice the little plant twisted round the larger one. Then, the soil being cleared, the larger parsnip would grow apace, and the helpless python parsnip, now being entwined, would get pushed farther and farther into the soil as the big root increased in girth. In its struggle to get its developing leaves above the soil it would necessarily have to grip its larger neighbour firmly, and so it would be compelled to develop muscle instead of fat, as it were. — Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

A MANY-SIDED PHOTOGRAPH.

IT was only on my handing this photograph to several of my friends, who found some difficulty in making it out, that I noticed anything out of the common in it. If held with C uppermost it looks like a long cutting ; if with D uppermost, like a huge staircase ; if held over the head if gives the appearance of chimney-scaffolding ; whilst again, if held on a level with one's waist and kept flat, it gives the appearance of the opening to a mine or shaft ; if held with either A or B on the top it appears much the same in each position ; when held in the proper way, with A on top, it represents the interior of the first gold-dredge built on this island or in Chile. The figure seated at the far end makes the solution far easier than it would otherwise be. — Mr. Alan Aylwin, Sociedad Ganadera de Gente Grande, Gente Grande, Tierra del Fuego.



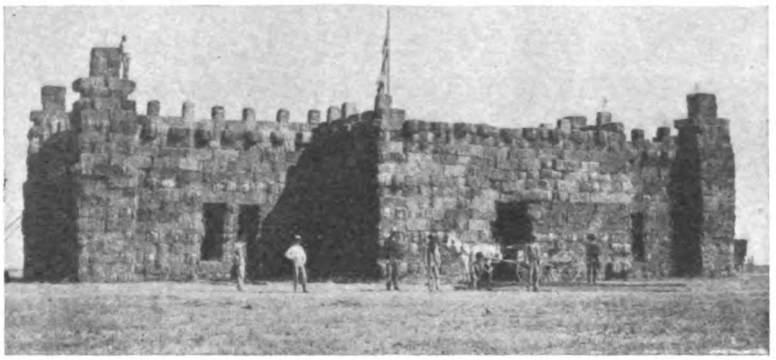
A CASTLE OF HAY.

ERECTED chiefly with the idea of attracting the attention of likely settlers, this castle at Roswell, New Mexico, was built of bales of alfalfa hay, and, as will be seen, made a most picturesque and realistic structure. Alfalfa is one of the most profitable crops in that region, sometimes as many as five cuttings being possible.—Mr. F. G. Hodsoll, 446, Strand, London, W.C.

MISS CAROLINE BENITEZ

Se alch and English Zaundress dun with Satesfation at the shortas natich forall hona of ships in this past

Gerona, 5 (Centro) SEVILLE



MORE MUTILATED ENGLISH.

I THINK the short example of mutilated English I now send you is as good as any you have published. "Hona" is "owner," while "past" stands for "part"; but what the meaning of "se alch" may be is more than I can say. Possibly one of your readers may be able to decipher it.—Mr. Richard Walton, ss. *Arana*, Almeria, Spain.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CHESS-BOARD.

By D. LITTLEWICK.

Solutions to the Puzzles given last month.

TWO-MOVER BY E. B. COOK.—The solution to this little problem is, 1 P—Kt 8 (becoming a rook) and mate next move. White cannot promote the pawn to a Q, as Black would then be stalemated.

PUZZLE BY SIGNOR ASPA.—The solution is that you must replace the pawn on Black's K 3 and put a White R on White's KB 5. Black had taken this R with his P, but he must now move his K and is then mated with the R. There is no other solution. If you substituted a Q for the R, Black would be stalemated; and if you replaced the pawn on Kt 3, the R could not mate.

PUZZLE BY W. BONE.—The four moves are as follows: 1 Kt—Q 3, 2 Kt—Kt sq ch, 3 K moves, 4 Kt—B 3 (discovered mate). Black's moves are all forced, and, therefore, not given. White's first and second moves may be reversed, but this was not considered a blemish at the time the puzzle was composed.

PUZZLE BY G. A. A. WALKER.—The solution is: 1 B—Kt 3 ch, 1 P—Q 4, 2 P × P *en passant*, mating all the six kings. Note how that capture by the P discovers mate on four kings, and gives mate itself to the remaining two.

"THE GARDEN WALL." BY H. E. DUDENEY.—The solution is as follows: Black plays precisely the same moves as White, and therefore we give White's moves only.

1 Kt—KB 3	5 Kt—Kt 6	9 Kt—R 4	13 Kt × B
2 Kt—KR 4	6 Kt × B	10 Kt—Kt 6	14 Kt—Q 6
3 Kt—Kt 6	7 K × Kt	11 Kt × R	15 Q—K sq
4 Kt × R	8 Kt—QB 3	12 Kt—Kt 6	16 Kt × Q

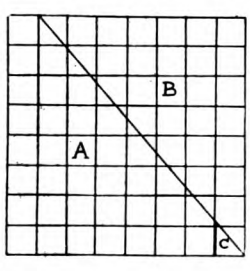
17 K × Kt, and the position is reached.

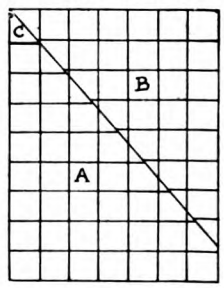
The puzzle cannot be solved in fewer than seventeen moves.

"THE MONUMENT," BY LICHTENSTEIN.—The puzzle is solved in this way: 1 R—QKt 8 ch, 2 R—K 7 ch, 3 B—Kt 5 ch, 4 B—B 4 ch, 5 B—Q 5 ch, 6 Q—KB 3 ch, and 7 P mates. Black's moves are all forced.

"THE EIFFEL TOWER," BY C. W. WOOD.—The key move here is 1 Q—K 2, preserving the symmetry of the arrangement. Whatever Black now plays, the White Queen mates next move.

THE CHESS-BOARD FALLACY.—The explanation of this little fallacy, given in Mr. Dudeney's account of "The Paradox Party" in our last issue, is as follows. The error lies in assuming that the little triangular piece, marked C, is exactly the same height as one of the little squares of the board. As a matter





of fact, its height (if we make the sixty-four squares each a square inch) will be 1¼in. Consequently the rectangle is really 9¼in. by 7in., so that the area is sixty-four square inches in either case. Now, although the pieces do fit together exactly to form the perfect rectangle, yet the directions of the horizontal lines in the pieces will not coincide. The new diagrams above will make everything quite clear to the reader.

MAIDS ON THE PLAINS.

By ISABEL BALLARD.

I HAVE often thought that one of its heroines ought to write the story of one of the many romances of emigration in which five girls employed in a West-end draper's establishment took part. I myself happened to be one of the five, and if no particular romance fell to my share, yet I had many interesting experiences before I returned to England to visit my surviving parent and — contrary to my expectations —marry and settle down in the land of my birth.

THE AUTHOR.

No one who has not tried it knows the strain, the struggles, the temptations of a female shop-assistant in London —the long hours, the bad light and ventilation, the perpetual standing, the trials to which customers subject us, the petty humiliations of the establishment. I can look back dispassionately upon it all now, and I dare say we were better off than many others. But nobody will be surprised when I tell them that the chief idea of our little coterie was to get rid of it all—to lift ourselves out of the rut.

One of us received an invitation to a lecture at the Society of Arts by Lady Aberdeen, and she came back full of a tremendous new idea. We had frequently thought of domestic service in the Colonies or in America, where we could have good wages, our evenings to ourselves, a comfortable home, and where the class distinctions were not so tightly drawn. But we had never quite known how to begin such a career, and we still lacked the funds to travel. But now we heard all about it. And I may add that we particularly heard of the wages received, and from that time forward the watch-word of the Beech Tree Club (as we called ourselves) was emigration to Canada. We kept our secret, and I could relate many stories of how we saved and pinched during the next year or so in order to raise all the money we needed. On September 22nd, 1902, we at last realized our wishes, and landed from the steamer at Montreal. A good many had advised against our going steerage, but we were glad we had not taken their advice. Being a party we could keep to ourselves and look after ourselves, and we suffered not the slightest inconvenience.

At Montreal we spent three days at the Y.W.C.A. home, and here our adventures —our real adventures — began. We wanted time to look about and decide in which part of Canada we should cast our lot. We hit upon Winnipeg, and heard that places could be at once obtained for us in good houses, where we would be paid sixteen dollars (three pounds five shillings) a month, have two evenings off a week, no fires to build, no boots to clean,

and be regarded as one of the family.

On the train we got acquainted with a middle-aged man who dealt in real estate at Haileybury, Ontario. He seemed tremendously interested in us and showed one of us, whom I will call Gertrude, great attention. He was a widower, and he had gone to Montreal to try to find a housekeeper to look after his place and his three small children. The upshot was that he offered Gertrude thirty dollars a month to take the situation. Gertrude said she dared not go alone; whereupon the Haileybury gentleman explained that his old mother was living with him, although rather feeble, and that if Gertrude didn't like it after a month he would pay her wages and her fare to Winnipeg. So, ultimately, the offer was accepted, and at Nipissing we said good-bye to Gertrude, wishing her the best of luck.

Our adventures had begun in earnest. At Winnipeg we soon found the places we sought. But we did not remain in them long. At the end of six months the first of the quartet (Emily) was a clerk in an hotel, having a knowledge of book-keeping. To this hotel there came in the summer of 1904 a miner from the Klondike, who had been a mining engineer in Australia and was now very wealthy. He fell in love with the young lady, and in the autumn of that year he carried her away to Dawson City. Emily's adventures did not end there. Her husband sold out his interest in the Klondike and took her to Japan. There he met with an accident which caused his death, and last year Emily became the wife of an American officer in the Philippines, where she now (November, 1909) resides with her two children.

As for Catherine, the eldest of our party, after some most amusing experiences as an amateur cook, she was induced to go into partnership with an old lady, who opened a millinery shop in Edmonton and advertised her colleague as "late of the West-end, London." The business grew, and my friend might have made her fortune in course of time, only she herself received a handsome offer to open a similar shop in Cobalt. She, too, married finally a railway official "on the sure road to promotion," as she wrote me last year.

Then came Dolly, who took up mission work amongst the Indian tribes, and had some extraordinary experiences until she joined her fortunes to those of a Hudson Bay Company factor and settled down to a post in Saskatchewan. And I—what fate eventually overtook my poor self? As I said in the beginning, I had no romance as a maid in Canada. After a period in domestic service, during which I was promoted to parlourmaid, and finally to lady's-maid, in one of the wealthiest and best-known Winnipeg families, I tried my hand as governess to two children in Victoria. Honestly, I preferred waiting at table and washing the dishes; and some of the happiest moments of my life were those I spent as a "help" in Winnipeg.

I had abundant leisure for reading, of which I availed myself, and I went to church every Sunday. In four years I had rejected two offers of marriage and had saved nearly seven hundred dollars. With this I came home to England to see my dying mother, who had lately inherited a little money. There I met a cousin whom I had not seen since childhood, and—well, we were eventually married. As this cousin—now my husband—is a young barrister, beginning to be heard of in the world of the law, I do not think we shall emigrate just yet.

But I do not consider my experiences as a "lady-help" in the Canadian West have made me a less competent, a less grateful, or a less loving wife than if I had been content with my companions to have stayed behind the West-end draper's counter and eventually set up housekeeping—who knows?—with a City clerk.

At any rate, I have told the story of the emigrating members of the Beech Tree Club faithfully, and I hope, for their own sakes, that those who stayed behind at the drapery establishment resembled us in their luck and in their marital experiences.

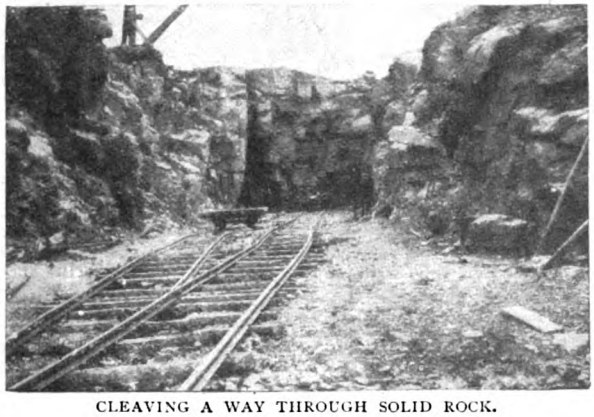
Millions to Save Minutes.

Railway Building Extraordinary in the Rockies.

By FRED. A. TALBOT.

"SPEND millions to save minutes." This is the watchword of the railway directing force of to-day, which has one hand on the present and the other on the future; and when it is applied to a railway stretching for 3,600 miles across a continent its significance becomes far more potential. In such a mileage the contour of the country traversed necessarily undergoes constant variety. Stretches of prairie are intersected with yawning ravines and towering mountain ranges, and it is here that the question of "spending millions to save minutes" becomes such a vital factor.

In the early days of transcontinental expansion the policy was rather "to get through quickly and as cheaply as possible — never mind how, but do it." The result was that, in order to save millions, the line meandered like a snake, described sharp curves, and switchbacked up and down mountain slopes without paying the slightest attention to grades. Never mind if the banks were so heavy as to reduce a crack express's speed to a snail's crawl to get over them; engines could be retained here and there to give them a welcome boost and pull over the more difficult portions. Thus millions were saved in construction, but valuable minutes lost in transit owing to the drop in the train's speed and also its hauling capacity. As the years wore on and traffic increased these banks, curves, and tortuous windings were felt to be such a hindrance that heavy reconstruction and re-alignment works became imperative, and ran into more money than was actually expended upon the original construction.



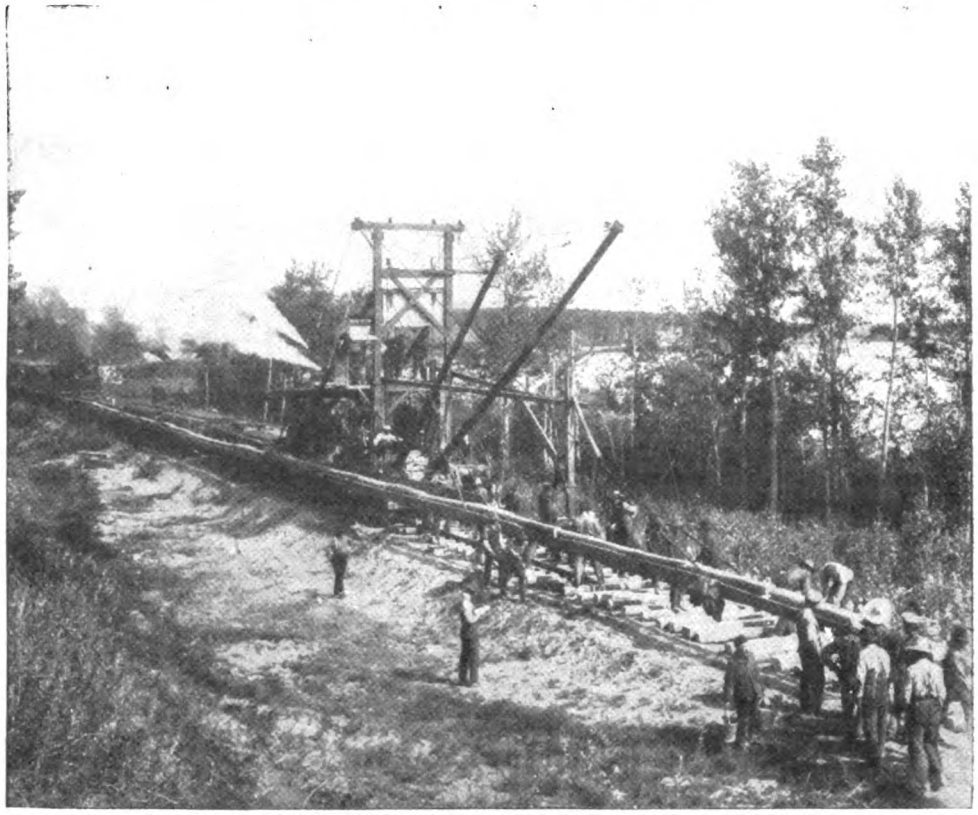
CLEAVING A WAY THROUGH SOLID ROCK.

"See here. We do not intend to ballast this track with the half-consumed fuel belched from labouring locomotives as they climb over the mountains. They have got to rattle through the range at the same speed as over the prairie." This from the guiding spirit of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway when at last it was decided to provide an All-Red steel thread across the Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific. He had called together his engineers —the pick of the railway-building brains of the New World—and was elaborating the project in hand.

"But the cost!" one engineer interpolated.

"Is a secondary consideration," retorted the chief. "This line has got to earn revenue through every mile of its route, and we've got to give the farmer the lowest rates and the quickest service for the transhipment of his produce. To do so operating expenses must be cut down to the minimum, and such is only possible by your finding the path through the mountains which is not a bit heavier than the steepest bank on the plains."

The engineers smiled. Such instructions had been issued before in connection with other transcontinental railways; the same idea had been committed to paper, on which it appeared very attractive; but when it came to wrestling with Nature on the spot those original ideas had made a very bad fit. To plan a thing and to carry it into execution among towering, closely-packed masses of mountains are two vastly different things. Those engineers knew that terrible, forbidding barrier fringing the Pacific seaboard, and how hopeless the task appeared. But the chief was inflexible. He had been too well drilled in the school of railway economics, knew how heavy grades eat into revenue, and that in such cases the farmers must make good the deficiency by paying higher rates. The provision of a ruling grade in the mountains



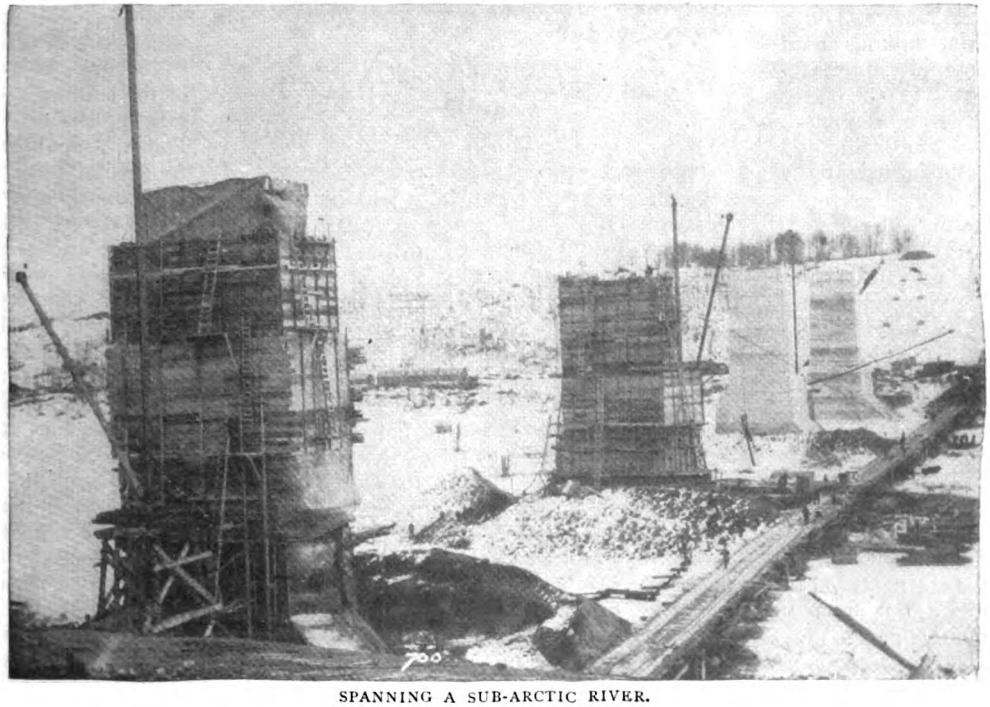
HOW A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY IS BUILT—LAYING THE SLEEPERS.

which did not exceed so much was going to improve the prospects of the settlers' fortunes and the success of the railway by just so much. The lower the grade the cheaper he could haul wheat, and the cheaper he could achieve this end the greater would become the prosperity of the country through which the line was to pass. It was looking into the future with remarkable perception. So his engineers departed westward. For three years they were buried among the snow-capped, rugged peaks which stand sentinel over the Pacific Coast. The public chafed at the delay in building the railway section, as it was called; engineers laughed at the ambitions of the directing hand, and sarcastically asked whether he proposed to bury his engineers in the range; and rival railways ridiculed his proposals, for they had tried the same scheme themselves and had failed. But the chief was unperturbed—he had too firm a grip upon the situation.

At last the long-expected message came: "We've found the one per cent. passage through the mountains." The chief smiled grimly, the public hailed the solution with delight, the engineering critics were silenced, and the news so perturbed the rival railway interests—and they foresaw the stern competition which was doomed to be raised against them—that they poured out millions towards putting their own railways in order, cutting out banks here and straightening curves there. The battle for supremacy in transcontinental railway traffic had commenced. The farmers were the first to profit by the discovery. A stampede for land in the new wheat country just revealed ensued. The life-blood of the farmer is cheap and quick railway facilities, and these saw that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway would give them such, whether it was to the Pacific or to the Atlantic Coast. What has been the result? Successful farmers in the Eastern States of Canada, anxious to acquire larger ranches, have hied west. wards; the expert farmers of the United States have forsaken their own country for the new El Dorado fringing the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific. A country which for centuries has been the undisputed home of the Indian and a rolling wilderness has been

opened, and the red man has been driven still farther north to satisfy the hunger for land. Towns have sprung up like magic. A rude assortment of primitive shacks of one day have in the course of a few weeks blossomed into flourishing, growing towns with well laid streets, extensive commercial houses, trams, and the hundred-and-one other conveniences to be found in well-appointed, centuries-old cities. The boundless prairie has been cut up like a gigantic cake, with the thin bond of steel running through its centre, and homesteads dot the country in all directions. The land, formerly a waste of luxurious dense grass, has been tilled and changed into an ocean of golden rolling corn. Westward is flowing a flood-tide of settlers, while eastward is running a rising river of wheat to the great centres where the precious grain is housed until, in response to the call of the European markets, it is shipped across the Atlantic. But will that river of grain always flow towards the Atlantic? The farmers say no. The low grade through the mountains will enable them to deflect the current to the nearer Pacific much more cheaply than the long haul across the Continent, and that it will be more economic to ship to Europe from Prince Rupert either *viâ* Cape Horn, the Suez Canal, Isthmus of Panama, or the Tehuantepec Railway. When the Pacific

A TYPICAL HEAVY CUTTING.



SPANNING A SUB-ARCTIC RIVER.

port is brought into direct touch with the inner North-West, and the train service has been brought into full swing, then we will see a development in transportation such as has never been witnessed before. That rattle through the Rockies, with a rise of not more than 21 feet to the mile, whereby a huge modern locomotive will be able to haul its 2,000-ton train of grain at the same speed as it would whirl over the vast prairies to the Atlantic, is the solution of a great problem.

And the engineers are to-day busy cutting, blasting, hewing, and digging their way through the mountains for the iron road. In a continuous string along the route busy hives of activity may be found. These are the construction camps. The way is hard and the going difficult, but it is being forced through peak, over rift, and up and down mountain slopes by dynamite and steam shovel. At wages ranging from eleven to fourteen shillings per day, armies of men, recruited from all parts of the world, are engaged in a titanic battle with Nature. The thin, sinuous road is rapidly approaching from the Atlantic seaboard, and the Pacific end is threading rapidly through the mountains to meet it. The sputter of steam, the hiss of compressed air, the monotonous tap-tap of the compressor drills, and the dull, intermittent roars of exploding dynamite tearing huge gaps in mountain flanks, followed by impressive rending, splitting, and crashing as the crumbled mass falls down the cliff-side, now disturb a peace and silence which has prevailed since the mountains were moulded by Nature.

PRINCE RUPERT OF TO-DAY—THE METROPOLIS OF TO-MORROW.

This resistless army is not advancing a foot at a time. It would not be contented with that. The progress is counted by the mile. The heavy artillery of the railway-builder—the steam shovel—bites huge chunks, weighing a ton or more at a time, out of the mountain-side, and dumps it into cars which are drawn by fussy locomotives to the end of the construction line and discharged overboard. Here the graders with lightning-like rapidity level off and raise the embankment to the desired level. Hard on the heels of the graders rumbles the track-laying plant, whereby the sleepers are laid and the rails set down on the prepared causeway by mechanical agency, and all the men have to do is to drive in the spikes and align the track as the machine passes forward. From three to five miles a day is the average advance of this machine, and it would go faster could the graders but prepare the permanent way for the reception of the metals at a greater speed. In the wake of the track-layer come the ballast trains, dumping the material which, when packed round the sleepers and rails, provides that solid, durable bed which conduces to fast, smooth travelling, and over which the heaviest trains can hurtle at tip-top speed.

While the iron road is forcing its path irresistibly through the forest-clad mountains, hugging the Skeena River, other engineers are busy setting Prince Rupert into shipshape as a port, to fulfil the position which it is destined to occupy as one of the leading shipping points on the Pacific seaboard. A garden city is being laid out. Wharves are rapidly springing into existence along the water's edge to provide convenient and perfect anchorage for the vessels to take in Canada's wealth of grain for distant climes. Ten years ago the port did not boast a single shack; to-day streets radiate in all directions. The engineers are engaged upon a comprehensive scheme of drainage, water supply, and lighting. Every foot of the harbour, from the landing-stages to a point well out to sea, is being surveyed, to indicate to navigators the channels by which the land-locked port can be gained in all weathers and at all tides. No effort is being spared to render the harbour in every way a fitting terminal to such an important highway as Canada's new transcontinental railway, and to be ready in every respect for the first train that reaches the Pacific from the Atlantic.

Pearling in Queensland.

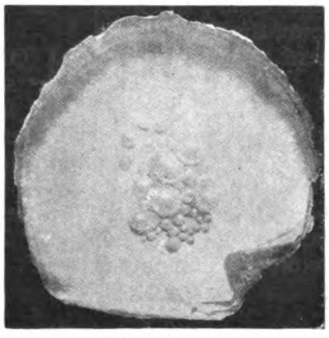
WHEN the poet spoke of the pearl as "imperial" he meant, of course, that it reigned in his heart amongst other gems. But nowadays we may speak of Imperial pearls, coming from the wonderful Colony of Queensland.

The pearl fisheries of Northern Australia are the most lucrative and the least understood of the world's fisheries. In years gone by diving was mostly carried on by naked divers in comparatively shallow waters, but the use of the diving dress is now almost universal. From 1901 to 1907, according to the returns published by the Commonwealth Statistician, 4,640 tons of pearl shell alone were won from the Queensland fisheries, which were valued at about £690,000.

The profits of pearling are enormous. The wages of the divers range from £1 to £2 per month, and a "lay" of £20 on each ton of shell lifted. The pearling boats are worked from a schooner, and during the season, which lasts from April to November, only go ashore once in six weeks for firewood and water.

The majority of pearlers maintain the closest secrecy concerning any pearls they discover—so many gems disappear in this way. This is made easy by the system under which the boats are worked. Every afternoon the mate from the schooner visits each pearling lugger and collects the shells, which are opened on board the schooner by the master of the vessel and the white men. The best pearls are generally found hanging in a small bag just inside the lips of the shell, and others of less value in the body of the fish. The pearls are sent to London and sold privately. The Queensland pearlers prior to 1907 made no attempt to record the value of the pearls they obtained from the pearl shells, but it is fully as great as that returned by the West Australian pearlers.

In Queensland, Torres Straits is the centre of production. Two distinct species of mother-of-pearl shell are exported. The principal trade is done in the large golden-lipped shells found north of Exmouth Gulf. It is used for the larger manufactured articles, such as dessert and fish knife and fork handles, large buttons, and inlaid work.



QUEENSLAND PEARLS.

Soon a bounty is to be offered for the establishment of a pearl-button manufactory in Queensland. One has already been established in New Caledonia, and the plant was so inexpensive that there is reason yet to believe that Queensland pearl buttons will replace the foreign article in the attire of the ladies of Britain.

OPENING SHELLS IN SEARCH OF PEARLS.

Overseas Wit and Humour.

A Prize of One Guinea is offered to readers of "The Strand Magazine" for the most Humorous Joke or Anecdote relating to life in the Colonies. They should be addressed to the Editor, Overseas Supplement.

WHEN the price of wheat was down at Winnipeg a farmer objected to paying a shilling for the price of a shave. "Now that wheat is cheap," he said, "you ought to shave for half-price."

"No, Mr. Bates," said the tonsorial artist, "I really ought to charge more; for when the price of wheat is down, the farmers pull such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

"CALL him a kind man?" said one Rhodesian of another. "A man who has been away so long from his family in England and never sends them a farthing. Do you call that kindness?"

"I do," was the retort; "unremitting kindness."

"THAT is Mount Baillie, is it?" remarked a stranger in British Columbia.

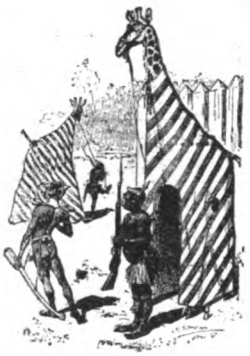
"Yes, sir; highest mountain about here."

"Any story or legend connected with that mountain?"

"Yes, lots of them. One of the most harrowing is about two lovers that went up that side of the mountain and never came down here again."

"Indeed! What became of them?"

"They went down on the other side."



OUR NATIVE FORCES IN RHODESIA.

THEY tell in Tasmania of a man who resolved to leave the Colony after a year's residence.

"The fact is," he said, "I have always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate."

"That's very odd," remarked a listener at the hotel at Hobart. "What's the reason?"

"Well, I rather think," responded the venerable and benevolent old gentleman, "that it's because I'm a physician."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER tells a story of being present on one occasion at an Indian talk, when a man drove up with a barrel of whisky. An old Indian who was sitting by fixed his eye on the barrel and, after looking earnestly for some time, said:—

"Sir Wilfrid, do you know what is in that barrel?"

"Why, it's whisky, I presume," said Sir Wilfrid.

"No, not so," said the Indian; "there's about a thousand songs and fifty fights in that barrel."

LORD RANFURLY once had some shirts made at a Sydney haberdasher's. A few weeks later the haberdasher (a rather distinguished-looking man) and the Proconsul were thrown together on board the New Zealand steamer. Lord Ranfurly remembered the face, but could not place it.

"Good morning, my lord. Fine weather, isn't it?" began the other; and as the peer extended his hand, with a look of perplexity, the haberdasher murmured, "Made your shirts, my lord."

"Of course," cried the new Governor, and turning to his *aide-de-camp* he presented him. "Captain B——, allow me to present Major Schurz!"

AN Australian school-teacher once had a clever young sheep-rancher for a pupil. His peculiarity was that he could not pronounce the letter "r," and at last the lady concocted a couplet which she enjoined he should read out before the whole class:—

Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs
For roasting the rabbit so rare.

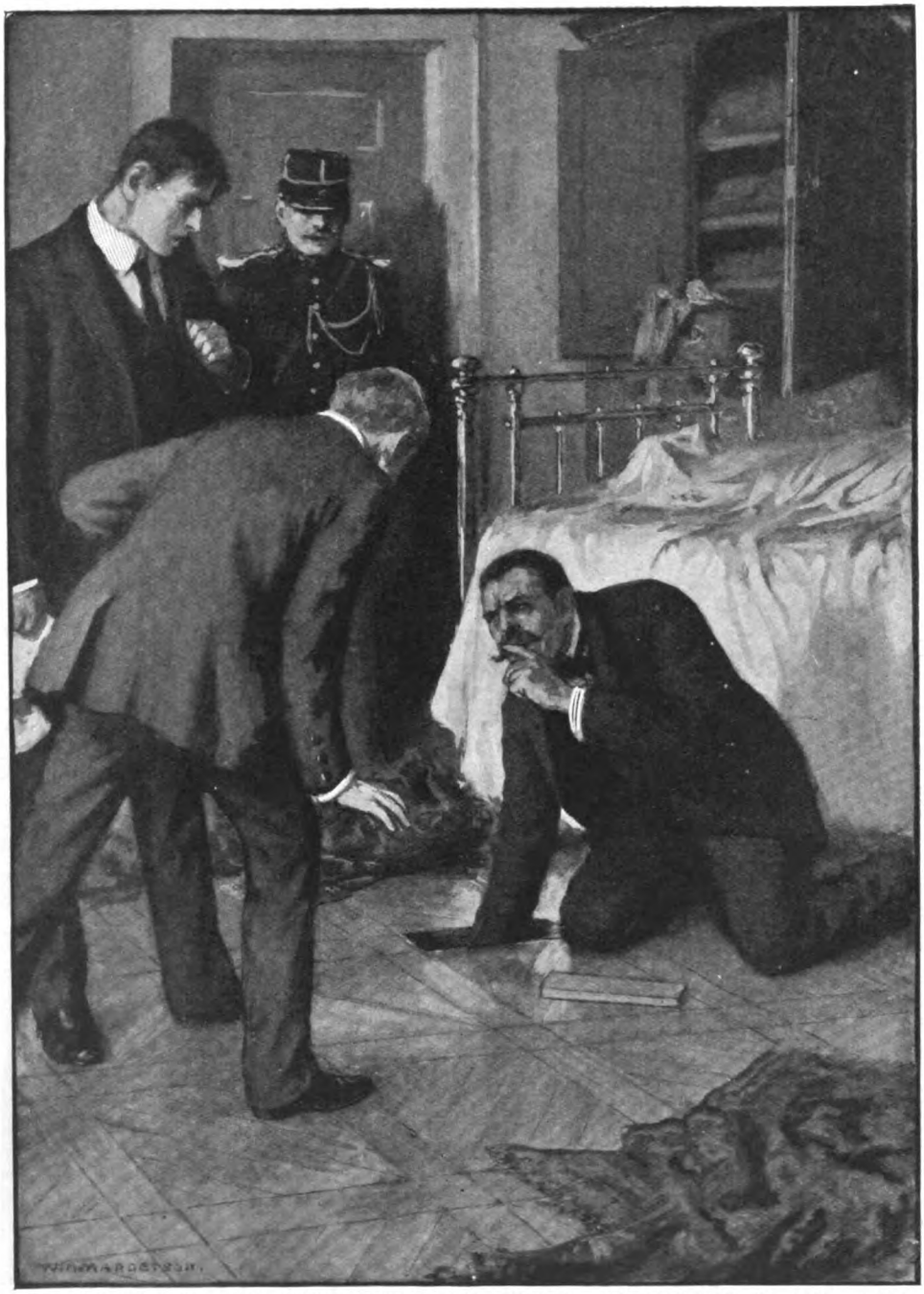
But the pupil was determined not to make an exhibition of himself, and when the time came he boldly stood up and delivered himself of the following:—

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side
For cooking the bunny so little.

"WHAT are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man in Cape Town of a jeweller, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the show-case.

"These are race-cups, to be given as prizes to the best racer."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one," and the stranger, with the cup in hand, started, the jeweller after him. The stranger won the cup.



"A BLOCK OF WOOD ROSE FROM THE FLOOR; HE PULLED IT OUT, AND INSERTED HIS HAND INTO THE OPENING."

(*See page* 141.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE

by A. E. W. Mason

At the baccarat tables at Aix-les-Bains Julius Ricardo saw a girl talking to the holder of the bank, in whom he recognized with surprise an English acquaintance named Harry Wethermill. The girl, Celia Harland, he remembered having seen as a medium at a spiritualistic performance in an English town. Wethermill and Celia, after a run of bad luck, left the tables together, meeting at the entrance Mme. Dauvray, famous in Aix for her jewels, to whom Celia acted as companion. Two days later Wethermill burst into Ricardo's dressing-room with a morning paper announcing the murder of Mme. Dauvray at her residence, the Villa Rose. Her maid, Hélène Vauquier, had been found in bed chloroformed, while Celia had disappeared. It had also been ascertained that Mme. Dauvray's motor-car was missing.

Hanaud, one of the best French detectives, enjoying a holiday at Aix, was known slightly to both Ricardo and Wethermill, and the latter persuaded his friend to seek the help of the detective. The three thereupon went down to the Villa Rose, accompanied by Perrichet, the *sergent-de-ville* who discovered the crime, and Hanaud at once began a thorough examination of the premises. Meanwhile the police had discovered that on the previous evening Celia had bought some cord similar to that found knotted round Mme. Dauvray's neck.

CHAPTER VI.

HÉLÈNE VAUQUIER'S EVIDENCE.

A NURSE opened the door. Hélène Vauquier was leaning back in a chair. She looked ill; her face was very white. On the appearance of Hanaud, the Commissaire, and the others, however, she rose to her feet. Ricardo recognized the justice of Hanaud's description. She stood before them a hard-featured, tall woman of thirty-five or forty, in a neat black stuff dress, strong with the strength of a peasant, respectable, reliable. She looked what she had been, the confidential maid of an elderly woman. But on her face there was an aspect of eager appeal.

"Oh, monsieur!" she began. "Let me go from here—anywhere—into prison if you like. But to stay here—where in years past we were so happy—and with madame lying in the room below. No, it is insupportable."

She sank into her chair, and Hanaud came over to her side. "Yes, yes," he said, in a soothing voice. "I can understand your feelings, my poor woman. We will not keep you here. You have, perhaps, friends in Aix with whom you could stay?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur!" Hélène cried, gratefully. "Oh, but I thank you! That I should have to sleep here to-night! Oh, how that has frightened me!"

"You need have had no such fear. After all, we are not the visitors of last night," said Hanaud, drawing a chair close to her and patting her hand sympathetically. "Now, I want you to tell these gentlemen and myself all that you know of this dreadful business. Take your time, mademoiselle! We are human."

"But, monsieur, I know nothing," she cried. "I was told that I might go to bed as soon as I had dressed Mlle. Célie for the séance."

"Séance!" cried Ricardo, startled into speech. The picture of the Assembly Hall at Leamington was again before his mind. But Hanaud turned towards him, and, though Hanaud's face retained its benevolent expression, there was a glitter in his eyes which sent the blood into Ricardo's face.

"Did you speak, M. Ricardo?" the detective asked. "No? I thought it was not possible." He turned back to Hélène Vauquier. "So Mlle. Célie practised séances. That is very strange. We will hear about them. Who knows what thread may lead us to the truth?"

Hélène Vauquier shook her head.

"Monsieur, it is not right that you should seek the truth from me. For, consider this! I cannot speak with justice of Mlle. Célie. No, I cannot! I did not like her. I was jealous—yes, jealous. Monsieur, you want the truth—I hated her!" and the woman's face flushed and she clenched her hand upon

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"'BUT, MONSIEUR, I KNOW NOTHING,' SHE CRIED."

the arm of her chair. "Yes, I hated her. How could I help it?" she asked.

"Why?" asked Hanaud, gently. "Why could you not help it?"

Hélène Vauquier leaned back again and smiled weakly.

"Hear me, and you shall know. But remember it is a woman speaking to you, and things which you will think silly and trivial mean very much to her. There was one night last June—only last June! To think of it! So little while ago there was no Mlle. Célie——" and, as Hanaud raised his hand, she said hurriedly, "Yes, yes; I will control myself. But to think of Mme. Dauvray now!"

And thereupon she blurted out the story which explained to Mr. Ricardo the question which had so perplexed him: how a girl of so much distinction as Celia Harland came to be living with a woman of so common a type as Mme. Dauvray.

"Well, one night in June," said Hélène Vauquier, "madame went with a party to supper at the Abbaye Restaurant in Montmartre. And she brought home for the first time Mlle. Célie. But you should have seen her! She had on a little plaid skirt and a coat which were falling to pieces—and she was starving. Madame told me the story that night as I undressed her. Mlle. Célie was there dancing amidst the tables for a supper with anyone who would be kind enough to dance with her."

The scorn of her voice rang through the room. She was the rigid, respectable peasant woman, speaking out her contempt. And Wethermill must needs listen to it. Ricardo dared not glance at him.

"And madame brought her home," she continued. "Madame was so kind, so careless in her kindness. And now she lies murdered for a reward!" An hysterical sob checked her utterances, her face began to work, her hands to twitch.

"Come, come!" said Hanaud, gently. "Calm yourself, mademoiselle."

Hélène Vauquier paused for a moment or two to recover her composure. "I beg your pardon, monsieur, but I have been so long with madame—oh, the poor woman! Yes, yes, I will calm myself. Well, madame brought her home, and in a week there was nothing too good for Mlle. Célie. Madame was like a child. Always she was being deceived and imposed upon. Never she learnt prudence. But no one so quickly made her way to madame's heart as Mlle. Célie. Mademoiselle must live with her. Mademoiselle must be dressed by the first modistes. Mademoiselle must have lace petticoats and the softest linen, long white gloves, and pretty ribbons for her hair, and hats from Caroline Réboux at twelve hundred francs. And madame's maid must attend upon her and deck her out in all these dainty things. Bah!"

Vauquier was sitting erect in her chair, violent, almost rancorous with anger. She looked round upon the company and shrugged her shoulders.

"I told you not to come to me!" she said. "I cannot speak impartially or even gently of mademoiselle. Consider! For years I had been more than madame's maid—her friend; yes, so she was kind enough to call me. She talked to me about everything, consulted me about everything, took me with her everywhere. Then she brings home, at two o'clock in the morning, a young girl with a fresh, pretty face from a Montmartre restaurant, and in a week I am nothing at all—oh, but nothing—and mademoiselle is queen."

"Yes, it is quite natural," said Hanaud, sympathetically. "You would not have been human, mademoiselle, if you had not felt some anger. But tell us frankly about these séances. How did they begin?"

"Oh, monsieur," Vauquier answered, "it was not difficult to begin them. Mme. Dauvray had a passion for fortune-tellers and rogues of that kind. Anyone with a pack of cards and some nonsense about a dangerous woman with black hair or a man with a limp. Monsieur knows the stories they string together in dimly-lighted rooms to deceive the credulous—anyone could make a harvest out of madame's superstitions. But monsieur knows the type."

"Indeed I do," said Hanaud, with a laugh.

"Well, after mademoiselle had been with us three weeks, she said to me one morning when I was dressing her hair that it was a pity madame was always running round the fortune-tellers, that she herself could do something much more striking and impressive, and that if only I would help her we could keep madame out of their hands. Sir, I did not think what power I was putting into Mlle. Célie's hands, or assuredly I would have refused. I did not wish to quarrel with Mlle. Célie; so for once I consented, and afterwards I could not refuse, for, if I had, mademoiselle would have made some fine excuse about the psychic influence not being *en rapport*. And if I had confessed the truth to madame, she would have been so angry that I had been a party to tricking her that I would have lost my place. And so the séances went on."

"Yes," said Hanaud. "I understand that your position was very difficult. We shall not, I think," and he turned to the Commissaire confidently for corroboration of his words, "be disposed to blame you."

"Certainly not," said the Commissaire. "After all, life is not so easy."

"Thus, then, the séances began," said Hanaud, leaning forward with a keen interest. "This is a strange and curious story you are telling me, Mlle. Vauquier. Now, how were they conducted? How did you assist? What did Mlle. Célie do? Rattle tambourines in the dark and rap on tables?"

There was a gentle and inviting irony in Hanaud's tone.

"Oh, monsieur, that was nothing," cried Hélène. "She would make spirits appear, and speak!"

"Really! And she was never caught out! But Mlle. Célie must have been a remarkably clever girl."

"Oh, she was of an address which was surprising. Sometimes madame and I were alone. Sometimes there were others, whom madame in her pride had invited. For she was very proud, monsieur, that her companion could introduce her to the spirits of dead people. But never was Mlle. Célie caught out. She told me that for many years, even when quite a child, she had travelled through England giving these exhibitions."

"Oho!" said Hanaud, and he turned to Wethermill. "Did you know that?" he asked in English.

"I did not," he said. "I do not now."

Hanaud shook his head.

"To me this story does not seem invented," he replied. And then he spoke again in French to Hélène Vauquier. "Well, continue, mademoiselle! Assume that the company is assembled for our séance."

"Then Mlle. Célie dressed in a long

gown of black velvet, which set off her white arms and shoulders well—oh, mademoiselle did not forget those little trifles," Hélène Vauquier interrupted herself, with a return to her bitterness, to interpolate—"mademoiselle would sail into the room with her velvet train flowing behind her, and perhaps for a little while she would say there was a force in the room working against her, and she would sit silent in a chair while madame gaped at her with open eyes. At last mademoiselle would say that the powers were favourable and the spirits would manifest themselves to-night. Then she would be placed in a cabinet, perhaps, with a string tied across the door outside—you will understand it was my business to see after the string—and the lights would be turned down, or perhaps out altogether. Or at other times we would sit holding hands round a table, Mlle. Célie between Mme. Dauvray and myself. But in that case the lights would be turned out first and it would be my hand which held Mme. Dauvray's. And whether it was the cabinet or the chairs, in a moment mademoiselle would be creeping silently about the room in a little pair of soft slippers without heels, which she wore so

"SHE WOULD SAY THERE WAS A FORCE IN THE ROOM WORKING AGAINST HER."

that she might not be heard, and tambourines would rattle, and fingers touch the forehead and the neck, and strange voices would sound from corners of the room, and dim apparitions would appear — the spirits of great ladies of the past, who would talk with Mme. Dauvray. Such ladies as Mme. de Castiglione, Marie Antoinette, Mme. de Medici—I do not remember all the names. Then the voices would cease and the lights be turned up, and Mlle. Célie would be found in a trance just in the same place and attitude as she had been when the lights were turned out. Imagine, messieurs, the effect of such séances upon a woman like Mme. Dauvray. She was made for them. She believed in them implicitly. The words of the great ladies from the past—she would remember and repeat them, and be very proud that such great ladies had come back to the world merely to tell her—Mme. Dauvray—about their lives. She would have had séances all day, but Mlle. Célie pleaded that she was left exhausted at the end of them. But Mlle. Célie was of an address! For instance, it will seem very absurd and ridiculous to you, gentlemen, but you must remember what Mme. Dauvray was. For instance, madame was particularly anxious to speak with the spirit of Mme. de Montespan. Yes, yes! She had read all the memoirs about that lady. Very likely Mlle. Célie had put the notion into Mme. Dauvray's head. For madame was not a scholar. But madame was dying to hear that famous woman's voice and to catch a dim glimpse of her face. Well, she was never gratified. Always she hoped. Always Mlle. Célie tantalized her with the hope. But she would not gratify it. She would not spoil her fine affairs by making these treats too common. And she acquired—how should she not?—a power over Mme. Dauvray which was unassailable. The fortune-tellers had no more to say to Mme. Dauvray. She did nothing but felicitate herself upon the happy chance which had sent her Mlle. Célie. And now she lies in her room murdered!"

Once more Hélène's voice broke upon the words. But Hanaud poured her out a glass of water and held it to her lips.

"There, that is better, is it not?" he said.

"Yes, monsieur," said Hélène Vauquier, recovering herself. "Sometimes, too, messages from the spirits would flutter down in writing on the table."

"In writing?" exclaimed Hanaud, quickly.

"Yes; answers to questions. Mlle. Célie had them ready. Oh, but she was of an address altogether surprising."

"I see," said Hanaud, slowly; and he added, "But sometimes, I suppose, the questions could not be answered? What happened then?"

Hélène Vauquier smiled.

"It was all one to Mlle. Célie. In that case the spirits were not allowed to answer, and a spirit-writing floated down in the darkness to that effect. It was not easy to baffle her, I can tell you. She carried a lace scarf which she could drape about her head, and in a moment she would be, in the dim light, an old, old woman, with a voice so altered that no one could know it, Indeed, you said rightly, monsieur. She was clever."

To all who listened, Hélène Vauquier's story carried its conviction. Mme. Dauvray rose vividly before their minds as a living woman. Celia's trickeries were so glibly described that they could hardly have been invented, and certainly not by this poor peasant-woman whose lips so bravely struggled with Medici, and Montespan, and the names of the other great ladies. How, indeed, should she know of them? She could never have had the inspiration to concoct the most convincing item of her story—the queer craze of Mme. Dauvray for an interview with Mme. de Montespan. These details were the truth.

Ricardo, indeed, knew them to be true. Had he not himself seen the girl in her black velvet dress shut up in a cabinet, and a great lady of the past dimly appear in the darkness? Moreover, Hélène Vauquier's jealousy was so natural and inevitable a thing. Her confession of it corroborated her story.

"Well, then," said Hanaud, "we come to last night. There was a séance held in the salon last night."

"No, monsieur," said Vauquier, shaking her head; "there was no séance last night."

"But already you have said——," interrupted the Commissaire; and Hanaud held up his hand.

"Let her speak, my friend."

"Yes, monsieur shall hear," said Vauquier.

It appeared that at five o'clock in the evening Mme. Dauvray and Mlle. Célie prepared to leave the villa on foot. It was their custom to walk down at this hour to the Villa des Fleurs, pass an hour or so there, dine in a restaurant, and return to the Rooms to spend the evening. On this occasion, however, Mme. Dauvray informed Hélène that they should be back early and bring with them a friend who was interested in, but entirely

sceptical of, spiritualistic manifestations. "But we shall convince her to-night, Célie," she said, confidently; and the two women then went out. Shortly before eight Hélène closed the shutters both of the upstair and the downstair windows and of the glass doors into the garden, and returned to the kitchen, which was at the back of the house—that is, on the side facing the road. There had been a fall of rain at seven which had lasted for the most part of the hour, and soon after she had shut the windows the rain fell again in a heavy shower, and Hélène, knowing that madame felt the chill, lighted a small fire in the salon. The shower lasted until nearly nine, when it ceased altogether and the night cleared up.

It was close upon half-past nine when the bell rang from the salon. Vauquier was sure of the hour, for the charwoman called her attention to the clock.

"I found Mme. Dauvray, Mlle. Célie, and another woman in the salon," continued Hélène Vauquier. "Madame had let them in with her latchkey."

"Ah, the other woman!" cried Besnard. "Had you seen her before?"

"No, monsieur."

"What was she like?"

"She was sallow, with black hair and bright eyes like beads. She was short and about forty-five years old, though it is difficult to judge of these things. I noticed her hands, for she was taking her gloves off, and they seemed to me to be unusually muscular for a woman."

"Ah!" cried Louis Besnard. "That is important."

"Mme. Dauvray was, as she always was before a séance, in a feverish flutter. 'You will help Mlle. Célie to dress, Hélène, and be very quick,' she said; and with an extraordinary longing, 'Perhaps we shall see *her* to-night.' Her, you understand, was Mme. de Montespan, and she turned to the stranger and said, 'You will see, Adèle!'"

"Adèle!" said the Commissaire, wisely. "Then Adèle was the strange woman's name?"

"Perhaps," said Hanaud, dryly; "but go on, Mlle. Vauquier."

"The lady sat upright and squarely upon the edge of a chair with a sort of defiance, as though she were determined nothing should convince her, and she laughed incredulously."

Here, again, all who heard were able vividly to conjure up the scene—the defiant sceptic sitting squarely on the edge of her chair, removing her gloves from her muscular hands; the excited Mme. Dauvray, so absorbed in the determination to convince; and Mlle. Célie running from the room to put on the black gown which would not be visible in the dim light.

"Whilst I took off mademoiselle's dress," Vauquier continued, "she said: 'When I have gone down to the salon, you can go to bed, Hélène. Mme. Adèle will be fetched by a friend in a motor-car, and I can let her out. So if you hear the car you will know that it has come for her.'"

"Oh, she said that!" said Hanaud, quickly.

"Yes, monsieur."

Hanaud looked gloomily towards Wethermill. Then he exchanged a sharp glance with the Commissaire, and moved his shoulders in an almost imperceptible shrug. But Mr. Ricardo saw it, and construed it into one word. He imagined a jury uttering the word "Guilty."

Hélène Vauquier saw the movement too.

"Do not condemn her too quickly, monsieur," she said. "And not upon my words. For, as I say, I—hated her."

"I was surprised," she resumed, "and I asked mademoiselle what she would do without her confederate. But she laughed and said there would be no difficulty. That is partly why I think there was no séance last night. Monsieur, there was a note in her voice that evening which I did not as yet understand. Mademoiselle then took her bath while I laid out her black dress and the slippers with the soft, noiseless soles. And now I tell you why I am sure there was no séance last night—why Mlle. Célie never meant there should be one."

"Yes, let us hear that," said Hanaud, curiously, and leaning forward with his hands upon his knees.

"You have here, monsieur, a description of how mademoiselle was dressed when she went away." Hélène Vauquier picked up a sheet of paper from the table at her side. "I wrote it out at the request of M. le Commissaire." She handed the paper to Hanaud, who glanced through it as she continued. "Well, except for the white lace coat, monsieur, I dressed Mlle. Célie just in that way. She would have none of her plain black robe. No, Mlle. Célie must wear her fine new evening frock of pale reseda-green chiffon over soft clinging satin, which set off her fair beauty so prettily. It left her white arms and shoulders bare, and it had a long train, and it rustled as she moved. And with that I must put on her pale green

silk stockings, her new little satin slippers to match, with the high heels and the large paste buckles—and a sash of green satin looped through another glittering buckle at the side of the waist, with long ends loosely knotted together at the knee. I must tie her fair hair with a silver ribbon, and pin upon her curls a large hat of reseda green with a golden-brown ostrich feather drooping behind. I warned mademoiselle that there was a tiny fire burning in the salon. Even with the fire-screen in front of it there would still be a little light upon the floor, and the glittering buckles on her feet would betray her, even if the rustle of her dress did not. But she said she would kick her slippers off. Ah, gentlemen, it is, after all, not so that one dresses for a séance," she cried, shaking her head. "But it is just so—is it not?—that one dresses to go to meet a lover."

The suggestion startled everyone who heard it. It fairly took Mr. Ricardo's breath away. Wethermill stepped forward with a cry of revolt. The Commissaire exclaimed, admiringly, "But here is an idea!" Even Hanaud sat back in his chair, though his expression lost nothing of its impassivity, and his eyes never moved from Hélène Vauquier's face.

"Listen!" she said. "I will tell you what I think. It was my habit to put out some sirop and lemonade and some little cakes in the dining-room, which, as you know, is at the other side of the house. I think it possible, messieurs, that while Mlle. Célie was changing her dress Mme. Dauvray and the stranger, Adèle, went into the dining-room. I know that Mlle. Célie, as soon as she was dressed, ran downstairs to the salon. Well, then, suppose Mlle. Célie had a lover waiting with whom she meant to run away. She hurries through the empty salon, opens the glass doors, and is gone, leaving the doors open. And the thief, an accomplice of Adèle, finds the doors open and hides himself in the salon until Mme. Dauvray returns from the dining-room. You see, that leaves Mlle. Célie innocent."

Vauquier leaned forward eagerly, her white face flushing. There was a moment's silence, and then Hanaud said:—

"That is all very well, Mlle. Vauquier. But it does not account for the lace coat in which the girl went away. She must have returned to her room to fetch that after you had gone to bed."

Hélène Vauquier leaned back with an air of disappointment.

"That is true. I had forgotten the cloak. I did not like Mlle. Célie, but I am not wicked——"

"Nor for the fact that the sirop and the lemonade had not been touched in the dining-room," said the Commissaire, interrupting her. Again the disappointment overspread Vauquier's face.

"Is that so?" she asked. "I did not know—I have been kept a prisoner here."

The Commissaire cut her short with a cry of satisfaction.

"Listen! listen!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Here is a theory which accounts for all, which combines Vauquier's idea with ours, and Vauquier's idea is, I think, very just, up to a point. Suppose, M. Hanaud, that the girl was going to meet her lover, but the lover is the murderer. Then all becomes clear. She does not run away to him; she opens the door for him and lets him in."

Both Hanaud and Ricardo stole a glance at Wethermill. How did he take the theory? Wethermill was leaning against the wall, his eyes closed, his face white and contorted with a spasm of pain. But he had the air of a man silently enduring an outrage rather than struck down by the conviction that the woman he loved was worthless.

"It is not for me to say, monsieur," Hélène Vauquier continued. "I only tell you what I know. I am a woman, and it would be very difficult for a girl who was eagerly expecting her lover so to act that another woman would not know it. However uncultivated and ignorant the other woman was, that at all events she would know. The knowledge would spread to her of itself, without a word. Consider, gentlemen!" And suddenly Hélène Vauquier smiled. "A young girl tingling with excitement from head to foot, eager that her beauty just at this moment should be more fresh, more sweet than ever it was, careful that her dress should set it exquisitely off. Imagine it! Her lips ready for the kiss! Oh, how should another woman not know? I saw Mlle. Célie, her cheeks rosy, her eyes bright. Never had she looked so lovely. The pale green hat upon her fair head heavy with its curls! From head to foot she looked herself over, and then she sighed—she sighed with pleasure because she looked so pretty. That was Mlle. Célie last night, monsieur. She gathered up her train, took her long white gloves in the other hand, and ran down the stairs, her high heels clicking on the wood, her buckles glittering. At the bottom she turned and said to me:—

"'Remember, Hélène, you can go to bed.'

"FROM HEAD TO FOOT SHE LOOKED HERSELF OVER, AND THEN SHE SIGHED—SHE SIGHED WITH PLEASURE."

"That was it, monsieur." And now violently the rancour of Hélène Vauquier's feelings burst out once more. "For her the fine clothes, the pleasure, and the happiness. For me—I could go to bed!"

Hanaud looked again at the description which Hélène Vauquier had written out and read it through carefully. Then he asked a question, of which Ricardo did not quite see the drift.

"So," he said, "when this morning you suggested to Monsieur the Commissaire that it would be advisable for you to go through Mlle. Célie's wardrobe, you found that nothing more had been taken away except the white lace cloak?"

"That is so."

"Very well. Now, after Mlle. Célie had gone down the stairs——"

"I put the lights out in her room and, as she had ordered me to do, I went to bed. The next thing that I remember—but no! It terrifies me too much to think of it." Hélène shuddered and covered her face with her hands spasmodically. Hanaud drew her hands gently down.

"Courage! You are safe now, mademoiselle. Calm yourself!"

She lay back with her eyes closed. "Yes, yes; it is true. I am safe now. But oh, I feel I shall never dare to sleep again!" And the tears swam in her eyes. "I woke up with a feeling of being suffocated. Mon Dieu! There was the light burning in the room and a woman, the strange woman with the strong hands, was holding me down by the shoulders, while a man with his cap drawn over his eyes and a little black moustache pressed over my lips a pad from which a horribly sweet and sickly taste filled my mouth. Oh, I was terrified! I could not scream. I struggled. The woman told me roughly to keep quiet. But I could not. I must struggle. And then with a brutality unheard of she dragged me up on to my knees while the man kept the pad right over my mouth. The man with his free arm held me close to him, and she bound my hands with a cord behind me. Look!"

She held out her wrists. They were terribly bruised. Red and angry lines showed where the cord had cut deeply into her flesh.

"Then they flung me down again upon my back, and the next thing I remember is the doctor standing over me and this kind nurse supporting me."

She sank back exhausted in her chair and wiped her forehead with her handkerchief. The sweat stood upon it in beads.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said Hanaud, gravely. "This has been a trying ordeal for you. I understand that. Now, there is just one little thing more. I want you to read this description of Mlle. Célie through again to make sure that nothing has been omitted." He gave the paper into the maid's hands.

"It will be advertised, so it is important that it should be complete. See that you have left out nothing."

Hélène Vauquier bent her head over the paper.

"No," said Hélène at last. "I do not think I have omitted anything." And she handed the paper back.

"I asked you," Hanaud continued, suavely, "because I understand that Mlle. Célie usually wore a pair of diamond ear-drops, and they are not mentioned here."

A faint colour came into the maid's face.

"That is true, monsieur. I had forgotten. It is quite true."

"Anyone might forget," said Hanaud, with a reassuring smile. "But you will remember now. Think! think! Did Mlle. Célie wear them last night?" He leaned forward, waiting for her reply. Wethermill, too, made a movement. Both men evidently thought the point of great importance. The maid looked at Hanaud for a few moments without speaking.

"It is not from me, mademoiselle, that you will get the answer," said Hanaud, quietly.

"No, monsieur. I was thinking," said the maid, her face flushing at the rebuke.

"Did she wear them when she went down the stairs last night?" he insisted.

"I think she wore them," she said, doubtfully. "Ye-es—yes," and the words came now firm and clear. "I remember well. Mlle. Célie had taken them off before her bath, and they lay on the dressing-table. She put them into her ears while I dressed her hair and arranged the bow of ribbon in it."

"Then we will add the earrings to your description," said Hanaud, as he rose from his chair with the paper in his hand.

Hélène Vauquier looked anxiously towards him.

"I can go from this villa, monsieur?" she pleaded, with a trembling voice.

"Certainly; you shall go to your friends at once."

"Oh, monsieur, thank you!" she cried, and suddenly she gave way. The tears began to flow from her eyes. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "It is foolish of me, but what would you?" She jerked out the words between her sobs. "It has been too terrible."

"Yes, yes," said Hanaud, soothingly. "The nurse will put a few things together for you in a bag. You will not leave Aix, of course, and I will send someone with you to your friends."

The maid started violently.

"Oh, not a *sergent-de-ville*, monsieur, I beg of you. I should be disgraced."

"No. It shall be a man in plain clothes, to see that you are not hindered by reporters on the way."

Hanaud turned towards the door. On the dressing-table a cord was lying. He took it up and spoke to the nurse.

"Was this the cord with which Hélène Vauquier's hands were tied?"

"Yes, monsieur," she replied.

Hanaud handed it to the Commissaire.

"It will be necessary to keep that," he said.

It was a thin piece of strong whipcord. It was the same kind of cord as that which had been found tied round Mme. Dauvray's throat. Hanaud opened the door and turned back to the nurse.

"We will send for a cab for Mlle. Vauquier. You will drive with her to her door. I think after that she will need no further help. Pack up a few things and bring them down. Mlle. Vauquier can follow, no doubt, now without assistance." And, with a friendly nod, he left the room.

Ricardo had been wondering, through the examination, in what light Hanaud considered Hélène Vauquier. He was sympathetic, but the sympathy might merely have been assumed to deceive. His questions betrayed in no particular the colour of his mind. Now, however, he made himself clear. He informed the nurse, in the plainest possible way, that she was no longer to act as jailer. She was to bring Vauquier's things down; but Vauquier could follow by herself. Evidently Hélène Vauquier was cleared.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

HARRY WETHERMILL, however, was not so easily satisfied.

"Surely, monsieur, it would be well to know whither she is going," he said, "and

to make sure that when she has gone there she will stay there—until we want her again?"

Hanaud looked at the young man pityingly.

"I can understand, monsieur, that you hold strong views about Hélène Vauquier. You are human, like the rest of us. And what she has said to us just now would not make you more friendly. But—but——" and he preferred to shrug his shoulders rather than to finish in words his sentence. "However," he said, "we shall take care to know where Hélène Vauquier is staying. Indeed, if she is at all implicated in this affair we shall learn more if we leave her free than if we keep her under lock and key. Monsieur sees that? If we leave her quite free, but watch her very, very carefully, so as to awaken no suspicion, she may be emboldened to do something rash—or the others may."

Mr. Ricardo approved of Hanaud's reasoning.

"That is quite true," he said. "She might write a letter."

"Yes, or receive one," added Hanaud, "which would be still more satisfactory for us—supposing, of course, that she has anything to do with this affair"; and again he shrugged his shoulders. He turned towards the Commissaire.

"You have a discreet officer whom you can trust?" he asked.

"Certainly. A dozen."

"I want only one."

"And here he is," said the Commissaire.

They were descending the stairs. On the landing of the first floor Durette, the man who had discovered where the cord was bought, was still waiting. Hanaud took Durette by the sleeve in the familiar way which he so commonly used and led him to the top of the stairs, where the two men stood for a few moments apart. It was plain that Hanaud was giving, Durette receiving, definite instructions. Durette descended the stairs; Hanaud came back to the others.

"I have told him to fetch a cab," he said, "and convey Hélène Vauquier to her friends." Then he looked at Ricardo, and from Ricardo to the Commissaire, while he rubbed his hand backwards and forwards across his shaven chin.

"I tell you," he said, "I find this sinister little drama very interesting to me. The sordid, miserable struggle for mastery in this household of Mme. Dauvray—eh? Yes, very interesting. Just as much patience, just as much effort, just as much planning for this small end as a General uses to defeat an army—and, at the last, nothing gained. What else is politics? Yes, very interesting."

His eyes rested upon Wethermill's face for a moment, but they gave the young man no hope. He took a key from his pocket.

"We need not keep this room locked," he said. "We know all that there is to be known"; and he inserted the key into the lock of Celia's room and turned it.

"But is that wise, monsieur?" said Besnard.

Hanaud shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he asked.

"The case is in your hands," said the Commissaire. To Ricardo the proceedings seemed singularly irregular. But if the Commissaire was content, it was not for him to object.

"And where is my excellent friend Perrichet?" asked Hanaud; and leaning over the balustrade he called him up from the hall.

"We will now," said Hanaud, "have a glance into this poor murdered woman's room."

The room was opposite to Celia's. Besnard produced the key and unlocked the door. Hanaud took off his hat upon the threshold and then passed into the room with his companions. Upon the bed, outlined under a sheet, lay the rigid form of Mme. Dauvray. Hanaud stepped gently to the bedside and reverently uncovered the face. For a moment all could see it—livid, swollen, unhuman.

"A brutal business," he said, in a low voice, and when he turned again to his companions his face was white and sickly. He replaced the sheet, and gazed about the room.

Downstairs, in the salon, only a chair had been overturned, only a few cushions disarranged. Here there was every sign of violence and disorder. An empty safe stood open in one corner, a circle had been cut out round the lock by a centrebit; the rugs upon the polished floor were kicked up, every drawer had been torn open, the very bed had been moved from its position.

"It was in this safe that Mme. Dauvray hid her jewels each night," said the Commissaire as Hanaud gazed about the room.

"Oh, was it so?" said Hanaud, slowly. It seemed to Ricardo that he read something in the aspect of this room, too, which troubled his mind and increased his perplexity.

"Yes," said Besnard, confidently. "Every night Mme. Dauvray put her jewels away in this safe. Vauquier told me so this morning in Celia Harland's room. Every night she was never too tired for that. Besides, here"—and putting his hand into the safe he drew

out a paper—"here is the list of Mme. Dauvray's jewellery."

But plainly Hanaud was not satisfied. He took the list and glanced through the items. But his thoughts were not concerned with it.

"If that is so," he said, slowly, "if Mme. Dauvray kept her jewels in this safe, why has every drawer been ransacked, why was the bed moved? Perrichet, lock the door—quietly—from the inside. That is right. Now lean your back against it."

Hanaud waited until he saw Perrichet's broad back against the door. Then he went down upon his knees, and, tossing the rugs here and there, examined with the minutest care the parquet flooring. By the side of the bed a Persian rug of blue silk was spread. This in its turn he tossed quickly aside. He bent his eyes to the ground, lay prone, moved this way and that, and then with a spring he rose upon his knees. He raised his finger to his lips. In a dead silence he drew a penknife quickly from his pocket and opened it. He bent down again and inserted the blade between the cracks of the blocks. The three men in the room watched him with an intense excitement. A block of wood rose from the floor, he pulled it out, laid it noiselessly down, and inserted his hand into the opening.

Wethermill at Ricardo's elbow uttered a stifled cry. "Hush!" whispered Hanaud, angrily. He drew out his hand again. It was holding a green leather jewel-case. He opened it, and a diamond necklace flashed its thousand colours in their faces. He thrust in his hand again and again and again, and each time that he withdrew it, it held a jewel-case. Before the astonished eyes of his companions he opened them—collars of pearls, pendants of diamonds, necklaces of emeralds, rings of pigeon-blood rubies, bracelets of gold studded with opals. Mme. Dauvray's various jewellery was disclosed.

"But that is astounding," said Besnard, in an awestruck voice.

"Then she was never robbed after all?" cried Ricardo.

Hanaud rose to his feet.

"What a piece of irony!" he whispered. "The poor woman is murdered for her jewels, the room's turned upside down, and nothing is found. For all the while they lay safe in this *cache*. Nothing is taken except what she wore. Let us see what she wore."

"Nothing but a few rings, Hélène Vauquier thought," said Besnard. "But she was not sure."

"Ah!" said Hanaud. "Well, let us make sure!" and, taking the list from the safe, he compared it with the jewellery in the cases on the floor, ticking off the items one by one. When he had finished he knelt down again, and, thrusting his hand into the hole, felt carefully about.

"There is a pearl necklace missing," he said. "A valuable necklace, from the description in the list," and he sat back upon his heels. "We will send the intelligent Perrichet for a bag," he said, "and we will counsel the intelligent Perrichet not to breathe a word to any living soul of what he has seen in this room. Then we will seal up in the bag the jewels, and we will hand it over to M. le Commissaire, who will convey it with the greatest secrecy out of this villa. For the list—I will keep it," and he placed it carefully in his pocket-book.

He unlocked the door and went out himself on to the landing. He looked down the stairs and up the stairs; then he beckoned Perrichet to him.

"Go!" he whispered. "Be quick, and when you come back hide the bag carefully under your coat."

Perrichet went down the stairs with pride written upon his face. Was he not assisting the great M. Hanaud from the Sûreté in Paris? Hanaud returned into Mme. Dauvray's room and closed the door. He looked into the eyes of his companions.

"Can't you see the scene?" he asked, with a queer smile of excitement. He had forgotten Wethermill; he had forgotten even the dead woman shrouded beneath the sheet. He was absorbed. His eyes were bright, his whole face vivid with life. Ricardo saw the real man at this moment—and feared for Harry Wethermill. For nothing would Hanaud now turn aside until he had reached the truth and set his hands upon the quarry. Of that Ricardo felt sure. He was trying now to make his companions see and understand just what he saw and understood.

"Can't you see it? The old woman locking up her jewels in this safe every night before the eyes of her maid or her companion, and then, as soon as she was alone, taking them stealthily out of the safe and hiding them in this secret place. But I tell you—this is human. Yes, it is interesting just because it is so human. Then picture to yourselves last night, the murderers opening this safe and finding nothing—oh, but nothing!—and ransacking the room in a

deadly haste, kicking up the rugs, forcing open the drawers, and always finding nothing—nothing—nothing. Think of their rage, their stupefaction, and finally their fear! They must go, and with one pearl necklace, when they hoped to reap a great fortune. Oh, but this is interesting—yes, I tell you—I, who have seen many strange things—this is interesting."

Perrichet returned with a canvas bag, into which Hanaud placed the jewel-case. He sealed the bag in the presence of the four men and handed it to Besnard. He replaced the block of wood in the floor, covered it over again with the rug, and rose to his feet.

"Listen!" he said, in a low voice, and with a gravity which impressed them all. "There is something in this house which I do not understand. I have told you so. I tell you something more now. I am afraid—I am afraid." And the word startled his hearers like a thunderclap, though it was breathed no louder than a whisper. "Yes, my friends," he repeated, nodding his head, "terribly afraid." And upon the others fell a discomfort, an awe, as though something sinister and dangerous were present in the room and close to them. So vivid was the feeling, instinctively they drew nearer together. "Now, I warn you solemnly. There must be no whisper that these jewels have been discovered; no newspaper must publish a hint of it; no one must suspect that here in this room we have found them. Is that understood?"

"Certainly," said the Commissaire.

"Yes," said Mr. Ricardo.

"To be sure, monsieur," said Perrichet.

As for Harry Wethermill, he made no reply. His burning eyes were fixed upon Hanaud's face, and that was all. Hanaud, for his part, asked for no reply from him. Indeed, he kept his eyes even from Harry Wethermill's face.

He went down again into the little, gay salon lit with flowers and August sunlight, and stood beside the settee gazing at it with troubled eyes. And, as he gazed, he closed his eyes and shivered. He shivered like a man who has taken a sudden chill. Nothing in all this morning's investigations, not even the rigid body beneath the sheet, or the strange discovery of the jewels, had so impressed Ricardo. For there he had been confronted with facts, definite and complete; here was a suggestion of unknown horrors, a hint, not a fact, compelling the imagination to dark conjecture. Hanaud shivered. That he had no idea why Hanaud shivered made the action still more significant, still more alarming. And it was not Ricardo alone who was moved by it. A voice of despair rang through the room. The voice was Harry Wethermill's, and his face was ashy white.

"Monsieur!" he cried, "I do not know what makes you shudder; but I am remembering a few words you used this morning."

Hanaud spun round upon his heel. His face was drawn and grey and his eyes blazed.

"I also am remembering those words," he said. Thus the two men stood confronting one another, eye to eye, with awe and fear in both their faces.

Ricardo was wondering to what words they both referred, when the sound of wheels broke in upon the silence. The effect upon Hanaud was magical. He thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Hélène Vauquier's cab," he said, lightly. He drew out his cigarette-case and lighted a cigarette. "Let us see that poor woman safely off. It is a closed cab, I hope."

It was a closed landau. It drove past the open door of the salon to the front door of the house. In Hanaud's wake they all went out into the hall. The nurse came down carrying Hélène Vauquier's bag. She placed it in the cab and waited.

"Perhaps Hélène Vauquier has fainted," she said, anxiously. "She does not come"; and she moved towards the stairs.

Hanaud took a singularly swift step forward and stopped her.

"Why should you think that?" he asked, with a queer smile upon his face, and as he spoke a door closed gently upstairs. "See," he continued, "you are wrong. She is coming."

Ricardo was puzzled. It had seemed to him that the door which had closed so gently was nearer than Hélène Vauquier's door. It seemed to him that the door was upon the first, not the second landing. But Hanaud had noticed nothing strange in that. He greeted Hélène Vauquier with a smile as she came down the stairs.

"You are better, mademoiselle," he said, politely. "One can see that. There is more colour in your cheeks. A day or two, and you will be yourself again."

He held the door open while she got into the cab. The nurse took her seat beside her; Durette mounted on the box. The cab turned and went down the drive.

"Good-bye, mademoiselle," cried Hanaud, and he watched until the high shrubs hid it. Then he behaved in an extraordinary way,

He turned and sprang like lightning up the stairs. His agility amazed Ricardo. The others followed upon his heels. He flung himself at Celia's door and opened it. He burst into the room, stood for a second, then ran to the window. He hid behind the curtain, looking out. With his hand he waved to his companions to keep back. The sound of wheels creaking and rasping rose to their ears. The cab had just come out into the road. Durette upon the box turned and looked towards the house. Just for a moment Hanaud leaned from the window, as Besnard, the Commissaire, had done, and, like Besnard again, he waved his hand. Then he came back into the room and saw, standing in front of him, with his mouth open and his eyes starting out of his head, Perrichet — the intelligent Perrichet.

"HE HID BEHIND THE CURTAIN, LOOKING OUT."

"Monsieur," cried Perrichet, "something has been taken from this room."

Hanaud looked round the room and shook his head. "No," he said.

"But yes, monsieur," Perrichet insisted. "Oh, but yes. See! Upon this dressing-table there was a small pot of cold cream. It stood here, where my finger is, when we were in this room an hour ago. Now it is gone."

Hanaud burst into a laugh.

"My friend Perrichet," he said, ironically, "I will tell you the newspaper did not do you justice. You are more than intelligent. The truth, my excellent friend, lies at the bottom of a well; but you would find it at the bottom of a pot of cold cream. Now let us go. For in this house, gentlemen, we have nothing more to do."

He passed out of the room. Perrichet stood aside, his face crimson, his attitude one of shame. He had been rebuked by the great M. Hanaud, and justly rebuked. He knew it now. He had wished to display his intelligence—yes, at all costs he must show how intelligent he was. And he had shown himself a fool. He should have kept silence about that pot of cream.

(To be continued).

"My Reminiscences."

XV.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

HOW time does fly! I had scarcely remarked its flight until the other day, when, in accepting the invitation of the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to recount my reminiscences, I sat down to recall some of the events which have marked my career. It really does not seem so very long ago when I set out from my home in Königsberg, on the Prussian frontier, on a holiday tour through Italy with my father. I was scarcely ten, but I still vividly remember wandering by my father's side, my hand in his, through the world-famous art galleries of Rome and Florence, lost in admiration of the magnificent sculptors of the heroes of old—warriors and athletes—whose names and records have rung down to us through the ages.

It was perhaps the more because I was myself so delicate of health and frail of physique that the sculptured beauty of the many statues, bespeaking power and energy in every limb, appealed so strongly to my juvenile imagination and aroused my youthful appreciation of the bodily strength and natural grace of these heroes of a long-lost civilization.

They had lived, these magnificent men upon whose carven figures and torsos I gazed with wonder and envy, and as I realized this the question burst from my lips: "How is it that these men were so strong, father? How is it that men to-day are so different from them in strength and stature?"

EUGEN SANDOW, AGED EIGHT.
From a Photograph.

His reply I could not possibly forget though I lived to be a thousand, for it was the nature of it that practically decided my whole career—although, of course, I did not know it then. Looking back, however, in later years I recognized that my experience that day, and his answers to my questions, marked out the path of my future. Briefly, my father pointed out that the secret of the wonderful development of those ancients lay in the fact that they were men of action, fighting men—men who fought with their limbs and not with guns and cannon.

"The heroes of old, my little Eugen," he said, "never lolled at ease in a carriage or a railway train. Either they walked or rode on horse-back. Thus they were ever active, ever exercising their bodies. But nowadays," he went on, "the brain is cultivated and the body neglected," and he continued his explanation in words to the effect that civilization was the triumph of the brain, one result of it being world-wide degeneration of health and strength. In olden days people looked after their bodies far more carefully because, in the majority of cases, it was upon their bodies that they were forced to rely if they would live. But now, more often than not, life means nothing more or less than a race for wealth—people prefer riches to health and happiness.

I found his words wonderfully true; and they are even truer to-day than when he uttered them. In the struggle to pile up money no thought is given to the wear and tear of the body and brain, and the irony of the situation makes itself manifest when those who, having acquired sufficient fortune, would cease their labours and enjoy their gains find that they have been exhausting themselves of their health and their strength.

This brings me to a point that I would particularly like to emphasize. There prevails a rather general impression that, in order to become strong, one must be born strong. I can put forward no greater proof of the error of this idea than my own case. As a child I was pale, frail, delicate, even

weakly. I inherited no abundance of health or extraordinary physique, for my parents were not exceptional in these respects, nor, so far as I know, were any of my ancestors. That I have acquired health and strength is due entirely to the fact that I have exercised regularly and systematically, not spasmodically and erratically, from the moment I first determined to emulate those heroes of old, when I set my eyes upon their sculptured forms in Italy's galleries of art.

I state these facts because, in the first place, it is most harmful that so detrimental a delusion—that one must be born strong to be strong—should have continuance; and in the second place, to contradict statements which have been made again and again, that not only was I phenomenally strong as a child, but that I came of a muscular stock.

Well, the upshot of my father's explanation was to fire me with the desire to become as graceful and as strong as the originals of the statues which I had gazed upon; so when I returned to school after my holiday tour I loaded my boxes with all the books on athletics and athletic exercises I could persuade my generous parent to purchase. But although I persevered as the books directed, and frequented the gymnasium on well-nigh every possible opportunity, not much came of my desire for a few years; indeed, it was not until I was sixteen or seventeen that my studies took me seriously into anatomy, and I realized that I held in my possession the key to the secret I had been endeavouring to solve. Anatomy taught me that there were so many muscles in the body; from experience I knew that man had no use, or at least found none, for the majority of his muscles, and common sense told me that every one of them was created for a purpose. I set myself to find out the action of each muscle, and, having found it, produced a system of exercise for giving each and every muscle a movement, and then arranged forms of exercises which would develop each and every set of them, fixing the mind upon them whilst exercising, and by which, when some were brought into play, others were released and left at rest.

EUGEN SANDOW AT EIGHTEEN.
From a Photograph.

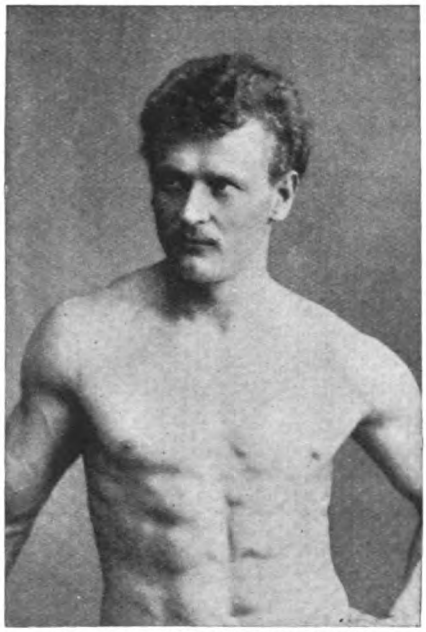
And this is the foundation of my system as it prevails to-day, by which the weak person is not only made strong, but those suffering from certain illnesses are also restored to perfect health. I may say, by the way, that I adopted no form of diet in my search for health and strength. I ate and drank in the ordinary way, and I would add that neither was I then nor am I now, except in very rare cases, a believer in special diet. That which my fancy has dictated I have always eaten and drunk, at the same time, however, taking the most scrupulous care to avoid anything in the nature of excess. Than moderation there is no better guide to good living.

By the time I had gained my eighteenth year and finished my schooling at Königsberg I had exercised myself into a condition of perfect health and strength, and when I again turned my face south to gather further knowledge and experience by travelling I was a far different being from the lad of ten who had wandered abroad with his father a few years earlier.

Whilst sojourning for a time in Holland I was persuaded by a fellow-student to accompany him on a visit to Paris. It is unnecessary to state that I did not require a great deal of persuasion, for like all youths I was eager to feast my eyes on the French capital; but on this occasion, although I feasted my eyes, that was the extent of the feast, or nearly so. Unfortunately for me, my companion proved a rather erratic person, for a couple of days after our arrival in La Ville Lumière he disappeared, leaving me stranded, and for the time being absolutely "dans la pourrir," as the French say. To be without money in a strange land was bad enough, but to make matters worse my knowledge of the language was such that I might just as well have been dumb. For the first day I did not worry much, although my position was an awkward one. "He'll turn up," I thought, referring to my missing friend, so I wandered round and saw

Paris at my leisure, comforting myself in my hunger with reflections on the feed I would have when he returned. I waited and hoped—not caring to write home, as that would of necessity have required an explanation of my business in Paris when I was supposed by my people to be in Holland—but when the second day and the third passed, the inner man began most forcibly to protest against the protracted neglect. Food had to be obtained somehow; that became a moral certainty. The question was, how? Whilst I pondered over the problem it flashed across my mind that I had some stock-in-trade, and there was at least one market I might carry it to—the artists' studios. I had my physique, and artists wanted models. That determined me.

From a waiter whose acquaintance I had made I secured the names and addresses of the leading sculptors, learnt from him by heart the French for "Do you want a model?" and with hopes high started on a round of visits. Gradually my optimism vanished before repeated refusals of my proffered services, and I began to believe that either artists were as badly off as I was, or that models were a drug in the market.



EUGEN SANDOW AT TWENTY-ONE.
From a Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

Still, I would never say die whilst there remained a sculptor unvisited, and in course of time I knocked at the door of the atelier of a well-known sculptor, Krauk by name. He answered in person. "Do you want a model?" I inquired, in my best French. His "Non" was mighty and meant to be conclusive. Spurred on by desperation, I rattled out some explanation, but he shook his head, and in his hurry to return to his work almost thrust me from the door.

In sadness, and with weary steps, I descended the stairs, and the lower I got the greater became my anger and indignation at the treatment I had received. At the bottom, in the *cour*, I stood undecided but bitter. Upstairs I had seen through the doorway of the studio that Krauk was working on a statue, endeavouring to model in clay a Greek god; and there was I, with the very perfect bodily development he was trying to reproduce in clay, starving on his doorstep.

It was more than flesh and blood and an empty stomach could stand. The courtyard was deserted, the staircase silent and none too light. That decided me. I stripped off my upper garments and wasted no time in mounting to Krauk's studio. I thundered at the door. It flew open, and I prepared to follow in, but—it stopped on a chain! Krauk was evidently determined that callers should not worry him. He came to the door, yelling, apparently in anger. As I could not get my body in I thrust in my arm. It stopped Krauk; for a moment he was struck dumb.

The next instant he had removed the chain and pulled me into the studio, where I stood with his gaze fixed upon me in profound admiration of my muscular development, which held him speechless. Then, his eyes agleam with excitement, he launched himself upon me, and, as is the way of foreigners, embraced me in his wild enthusiasm, kissing me on both cheeks, while I thanked Heaven that my persistency had met with its reward. My anxiety at the moment was, however, to be fed, not admired, and finding that he was a good linguist—although, when I had on my first application endeavoured to persuade him to see me stripped, he had feigned ignorance of my language—I told him that I was hungry—ravenous—that food had not passed my lips for three days. My heart gave a bound of joy when he replied.

"Terrible, my poor fellow—terrible!" he exclaimed. "You must have food at once, and then," he added, "you must come and sit to me."

A few minutes later I was enjoying the much-longed-for meal in a neighbouring café—a meal I shall never forget, for steak followed steak, and still another, with the best part of a chicken and a bottle of

champagne, which Krauk ordered to celebrate what he called his "find." And then I lived again.

In due course I found myself in Italy, and although, despite the professional appreciation of my patron, Herr Krauk, I scarcely realized the state of physical symmetry to which I had attained, it was brought to my mind quite unexpectedly one day whilst bathing at a little seaside resort near Venice. I had quitted the water and was making my way up the beach when I noticed that I had become the particular attraction for a gentleman sauntering by. As I apologized in passing him he stopped to compliment me upon what he was pleased to term my "perfect physique and beauty of form." That casual critic proved to be none other than Aubrey Hunt, the famous artist, with whom I afterwards became on terms of close friendship, and to whom I had the pleasure of posing in the character of a Roman gladiator; and my eyes never rest upon that picture (reproduced on the next page) but it recalls the many happy days we spent together.

It is quite possible, by the way, that my first visit to England might have been delayed for a considerable time but for the fact that one day Mr. Aubrey Hunt happened to remark to me that a certain man, who called himself Samson, was appearing at the Aquarium, in London, described as "the most powerful man on earth," and was challenging the world, at the same time offering one hundred pounds to the person who could perform the feats of his pupil, Cyclops, and one thousand pounds to anyone who could beat his own.

Mr. Hunt told me of this challenge one morning. The afternoon found me on my way to England, a country of which I had heard much, and often longed to visit, during the previous three years spent studying and touring through Holland, France, Italy, and Southern Europe generally. I came then because I saw before me an excellent opportunity of a holiday with expenses paid, for I had small doubt that I could win the money Samson was offering. I felt more fit, stronger, and healthier than ever at this period, for I had continued in the three years to acquire strength and stamina by persistent exercise on the system I had laid down, and by wrestling with some of the best-known amateurs of the time.

Arrived in London, I put myself into the hands of Mr. Attila, a friend whom I had met in Brussels, persuading him to act as my guide and interpreter; and if my optimism was great, Mr. Attila was no pessimist so far as his belief in my power to defeat Samson and his pupil was concerned.

The eventful day—or, rather, evening—of my life came at last, the Saturday when, with Mr. Albert Fleming as my agent, Mr. Attila and myself strolled into the now demolished Royal Aquarium to beard "the most powerful man on earth." Quietly we sat in the stalls until Samson appeared and threw out his challenge. Mr. Fleming rose and accepted it, naturally inquiring if the money was ready. A note for one hundred pounds was put up as a guarantee of good faith, backed by the statement that the one thousand pounds would also be forthcoming if necessary.

Amidst a breathless silence I rose from my seat and stepped upon the platform, where I stood the cynosure of all eyes, and the subject of a hum of conversation. I was in evening dress to the ordinary eye, and consequently jacket and shirt-front hid from the audience any indication of my physique; and I can well imagine the company's surprise at seeing this presumptuous youth, nothing out of the ordinary to look upon, picking up the gauntlet which the redoubtable Samson had thrown down. But the moment I stripped my dress-coat and shirt-front, which came away in one piece, and stood revealed in a sleeveless, businesslike jersey, a change came over the spectators. Samson ceased to laugh, and I noticed that every countenance in the sea of faces before me was set as serious as my own.

Samson repeatedly inquired *sotto voce*, so that the spectators should not hear: "Who is this man? Where does he come from? Who is he?" There was, however, neither time nor need to reply to these inquiries.

We proceeded to business. One by one I followed Cyclops through his feats, executing each of them without showing the least sign of effort or distress, and was awarded the contest and the hundred pounds.

But, as my friend explained, it was not the hundred pounds for which I had come to London, but the one thousand pounds offered by Samson to anyone who defeated him. The audacity of the proposal to continue then and there staggered him, but the public cheered it to the echo, and were greatly disappointed at the decision to postpone our meeting, as Samson was so taken aback that he declared himself unprepared to continue until the following Saturday evening.

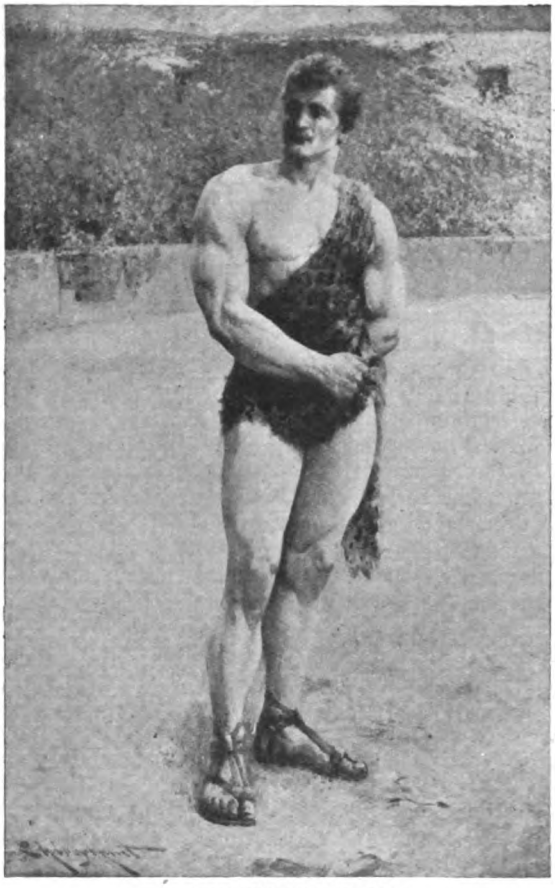
Saturday, the second of November, 1889, proved a memorable date in my career.

Recalling it now I find it difficult to believe that twenty years have slipped by since then, and although, as years count, I must be older, I certainly cannot say that I feel so by a day, which proves the truth of the old saying, "that a man is only as old as he feels."

The Royal Aquarium was so packed that I found it utterly impossible to secure entrance by any of the ordinary doors, and, as a matter of fact, I was forced to burst open a side door ere I could gain admission, and thereby only saved the appointment by a bare thirty seconds. A narrow escape, indeed!

The Marquess of Queensberry and Lord de Clifford were appointed judges, and they examined closely all the objects which were to be used in the contest.

We commenced and—we finished. But ere we finished the positions had been reversed, and with a vengeance, for, after faithfully and nonchalantly emulating all Samson's feats—to his disgust and chagrin it need scarcely be said—I took the lead and set him feats to accomplish, offering him the one thousand pounds which I had won if he succeeded in doing so. Samson, however, would have none of it, and, sad to relate, I did not get the one thousand pounds. Payment was promised on the morrow, but it never came; Samson and his money had vanished. It must, however, be recorded that the Aquarium proprietors handed me a sum of several hundred pounds as some solatium.



AS A ROMAN GLADIATOR.
From the Painting by Aubrey Hunt.

I had now arrived at a period of my life which was fraught with the greatest possibilities as to the future. Previously I had fully determined what my future was to be. All my studies had been directed to the one aim and object of showing the world the wonderful possibilities of physical exercise in the matter of perfecting health and strength. My natural inclination pulled me in that direction; and I never had the slightest intention of demonstrating my strength upon the public platform. But immediately success crowned my appearance at the Aquarium I was tempted by a handsome offer to change my mind. Not without thought did I eventually accept it; and the weighty factor in deciding me was the opportunity which I should be afforded of bringing home to the public the immense possibilities of physical exercise. Looking back now I often regret that I was ever moved from my original purpose, for I have found, and still find, it a matter of the greatest difficulty to disabuse the public mind of the erroneous idea that the acquirement of strength and health is in any way associated with lifting enormous weights and practising hard and fatiguing exercises. Nothing is farther from the truth. You cannot secure health and strength in this way. They must be acquired slowly but surely, by gentle, systematic exercise, which leaves no sense of fatigue behind it and incurs no possibility of strain.

Still, I decided as I have said, and spent three months at the Alhambra, followed by three months in the provinces, entering during that time into engagements for some years to come, for, although the business of showman-

ship was not to my taste, it seemed to me to provide the best possible means by which I could reach the public ear and eye, and demonstrate the undoubted benefits of systematic physical training.

I was spending a holiday in Germany after my first engagement in England, and taking my usual morning canter, when I came, like one of the Babes in the Wood of ancient fiction, upon a fearsome-looking giant of modern reality. My horse was first to see him and shied. When I realized "Goliath" I was not astonished at the animal's fright. I dismounted to quiet its apprehension, and a man whom I subsequently named Goliath towered before me over my horse's neck, so that I felt veritably like little David. Let me endeavour to rebuild the man as I saw him, Colossus in all but height, for he was only some six feet two inches! His head was as huge and grotesque as any pantomime mask, with a nose the size of an ordinary fist. As for his fist, it would have made more than three of mine, and when a five-shilling piece was placed beneath the ball of his finger, believe me it was impossible to see it.

His boots were so large that not only could I get both my feet into one of them, but I could entirely turn round inside, and his limbs and body were immense. Imagine Falstaff trebled in bulk. But he was by no means a fat man; in fact, he was muscular and bony, with a chest measurement of about eighty inches, while he weighed four hundred pounds.

Goliath's profession was that of quarryman, and Nature had undoubtedly cast him for it. The moment my eyes grew accustomed to this extraordinary man a thought occurred to me that to give him a part in a performance would, from a popular point of view, prove eminently attractive. He could not, however, perform the feats which I performed with ease, and herein I saw his utility to myself in demonstrating the powers of physical culture by showing Goliath untrained and myself trained.

I inquired what wages he was earning. "Five marks a day," said he, and I afterwards ascertained that he received nearly double the pay of an ordinary labourer becaused he performed the work of six men. Then I sprang the surprise of his life upon him, telling him that if he cared to accept an engagement with me I would pay him twenty marks a day—one hundred and forty marks a week, work or play. He wouldn't believe it, seemed indeed to doubt that there was so much money in the world, and it took a good deal to convince him otherwise and that I was serious in my offer. However, eventually he accepted it, but with a caution fostered by incredulity he insisted that I should deposit the money for him in the bank ere he left his work and his country.

Well do I remember our arrival at Charing Cross Station. The huge proportions of Goliath, whose real name was Karl Westphal, attracted the most pronounced attention, as may be imagined. I chartered an innocent four-wheeler. Goliath wondered how he was to pack himself inside, while the cabman looked uneasy; but he got one huge foot in, drew in his body, and rested against the farther side of the vehicle in a leaning position. Then he essayed to drag in his other leg, but his weight proved too much for the cab flooring. The foot already in went through it, and there was the giant half in and half out. It was in vain that I endeavoured to induce other cabmen to try their fortune, and in the end was compelled to take Goliath home in a pantechnicon van!

A man of such proportions is by way of being something of a white elephant. He is a rare creature to get hold of, and when you have him it is a puzzle to know what to do with him. I dared not let Goliath stroll abroad, and accordingly he had to remain indoors. For seven or eight weeks I tried to train him, but play suited him better than work, particularly as he was paid just the same.

At the time I was engaged at a well-known place of entertainment in the Metropolis, and a scene was arranged in which Goliath had to surprise me, lumbering after me and trying to hold me in his grip. We wrestled together, and it was his business to make himself the victor. Then, in order to finish me, he took a cannon weighing four hundred pounds, and, placing it on his broad shoulders, prepared to fire. In a moment or so I returned with the clubs. It was now the turn of the giant to show alarm, and gradually to retire, with the cannon still on his back, into a frame of refuge. I at once climbed to the top, and getting into a position above my antagonist I lifted him, refuge, and cannon with one finger, a few inches off the ground. During this part of the performance we fired the cannon, and the whole display was brought to a conclusion by placing my arm through a leather belt which girt his waist, and carrying him off above my head.

What became of Goliath after he left me I know not. The last I heard of him was

that he accomplished the feat of carrying off his own landlady, and that the two had started some sort of show together.

In the year of the Chicago Exhibition, accompanied by an old friend, the famous pianist, Martinus Sieveking, whom I knew years before in Belgium and Holland, I left for America. Sieveking, I must tell you, was a brilliant pianist, but as a man he was exceedingly weak and delicate. Indeed, his powers of endurance were of the slenderest, and he even found it difficult to remain at the piano long at a time. "If I only had your strength," he used to say, regretfully, "I think I might become almost the greatest player in the world." Having a particular regard for Sieveking, by reason of our association in my student days, and feeling that I should not only be doing him personally a real benefit, but likewise the music-loving world at large, I suggested that he should accompany me as my guest to America, guaranteeing that in nine months or a year, under my personal supervision and training, he would grow so strong that his best friend would scarcely be able to recognize him. To this proposal Sieveking agreed, and he travelled with me all through America. Weak as he was at the start, within twelve months he became one of the strongest and healthiest of my pupils and the most redoubtable amateur I had ever met, whilst he was able to continue as he wished his professional career as a pianist.

Perhaps the greatest, certainly the most thrilling, of all my experiences was my fight with a lion in San Francisco. I was appearing in that Western city at the time of the mid-winter fair which followed the Chicago Exhibition. In connection with this fair, Colonel Bone was exhibiting a great menagerie. One day he advertised a fight to the death between a lion and a bear. A tremendous tent, capable of accommodating twenty thousand spectators, was erected for the occasion and several thousand people had bought tickets, when an order was issued by the police that the performance would be forbidden. So the proposed spectacle had to be abandoned.

Then, of a sudden, the thought occurred to me that I should take the bear's place and measure my strength against the king of wild beasts; and, as there is no law to prevent cruelty to men, there was no objection to my proposal, though Colonel Bone, as well as my own friends, insisted that if a fight was to take place it must be a struggle between brute strength and human strength. In fine, to prevent him from tearing me to pieces with his claws, mittens would have to be placed on the lion's feet and a muzzle over his head. This lion, I must tell you, was a particularly fierce animal, and only a week before he had enjoyed a dish that was not on the menu—his keeper.

Well, the engagement was accordingly made and "A Lion Fight with Sandow" widely advertised. The announcement, I am told, sent a thrill through the cities for hundreds of miles around, and, in order to be fully equipped for a performance which would be bound to attract thousands and thousands of people, I decided to rehearse my fight with the lion beforehand. I had it in my mind that the effect of mittening and muzzling the beast might be to put him off the fight by frightening him, and, realizing how foolish I should appear facing a lion that would not fight, I was desirous of making certain that this should not be the case.

Accordingly the lion was mittened and muzzled, but only with the aid of six strong men, and I entered the cage unarmed and stripped to the waist. What happened was in direct opposition to my expectations; bagging his paws and encasing his head in a wire cage only served to enrage the brute, and no sooner had I stepped inside than he crouched preparatory to springing upon me. His eyes ablaze with fury, he hurled himself through the air, but missed, for I had slipped aside, and before he had time to recover I caught him round the throat with my left arm and round the middle with my right, and, though his weight was five hundred and thirty pounds, I lifted him as high as my shoulder, gave him a huge hug to instil into his mind that he must respect me, and tossed him to the floor. Roaring with rage, the beast rushed fiercely towards me, raising his huge paw to strike a heavy blow at my head. As his paw cut through space I felt the air fairly whistle, and realized not only my lucky escape, but the lion's weak point and my strong one. If he only struck me once I knew it would be my *coup de grâce*, and I took particular care that he never should.

As I ducked my head to miss the blow I succeeded in getting a good grip round the lion's body, with my chest touching his and his feet over my shoulders, and hugged him with all my strength. The more he scratched and tore the harder I hugged him, and though his feet were protected by mittens his claws tore through my tights and parts of my skin. But I had him

as in a vice; his mighty efforts to get away proved of no avail.

Before leaving the cage, however, I was determined to try just one other feat. Moving away from the lion, I stood with my back towards him, thus openly inviting him to jump on me. He at once did so, and sprang right on my back. Throwing up my arms I gripped his head, then caught him firmly by the neck and in one motion shot him clean over my head, assisted by the animal's own impetus, and launched him before me like a sack of sawdust, the action causing him to turn a complete somersault. While he lay where he fell, dazed, Colonel Bone excitedly fired a couple of revolvers into the cage in case the beast should desire to show further fight, and unlocked the door and let me out, my legs and neck bleeding, and with scratches all over my body. But for these trifles I cared nothing. I felt that I had conquered that lion, and that I should have little difficulty in mastering it on the next occasion in public.

MR. AND MRS. SANDOW WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS.
From a Photograph by Warwick Brookes.

When the hour came for the actual contest the huge tent was packed to overflowing. First came the operation of getting the lion mittened and muzzled. For this purpose a stout three-inch pole had been driven deeply into the ground in an annexe of the big tent. After considerable difficulty the lion was lassoed round the neck and legs by six men, the ropes being passed through an iron loop at the top of the pole. This having been done, they commenced to haul the lion up the pole.

But this was not to his Highness's liking, and, giving one terrific leap, he snapped the solid iron pole like a match, and was on the point of bounding into the tent, where forty thousand people were packed like sardines. At all costs such a contingency had to be prevented, and, recognizing the crisis, I knew I must act, and quickly, if the catastrophe was to be avoided.

Everybody but myself and Colonel Bone fled, despite their boasts of a moment earlier. Quick as thought I snatched up the broken pole and struck the lion across the nose with sufficient force to cow him, without inflicting any injury, and at the same time I shouted to the attendants to bring up the smaller cage, into which I pushed the brute.

Then came the scene in the arena. The lion appeared first, and as I entered the whole place resounded with roars of wild cheers. The moment I came into the ring, however, the lion cowered down. By intuition he seemed to realize that the previous combat had been a fair one and that I was his master. His whole attitude, indeed, was as one who would say, "There was no fluke about that other match." Try as I would I could not get that beast to fight—the very thing I had been afraid would happen. At heart, you know, most beasts are cowards, and

having met his match at the rehearsal, the lion had no appetite for another struggle. "The crowd will be terribly disappointed," I thought to myself, as I tried to goad the beast to make a battle. At last he made a bound towards me, but I quickly dodged, swung round and picked him up, and then tossed him down. Scarcely two minutes did that fight last. The lion, recognizing that I was stronger than he, would fight no more, and when I lifted him up and walked round the arena with him on my shoulders, he remained as firm as a rock and as quiet as an old sheep. That lion was clearly conquered.

There are many more incidents which I feel would perhaps interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but, unfortunately, space presses. I must hurry forward with my story at all speed. Let me, therefore, shortly refer to my tour of Australia and New Zealand, which, later on, I took in pursuance of my desire to visit every corner of the civilized world in order to make my ideals in physical culture known; for, although the salary I received for my public displays has always been a very large one, I regarded public showmanship as only a stepping-stone to the day when, through my instrumentality, people all the world over would thoroughly realize that systematic physical culture is a necessity to real health and strength.

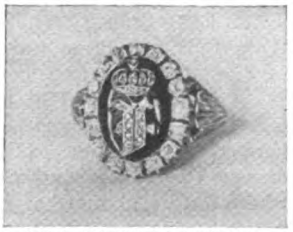
Accordingly, Mrs. Sandow and I, accompanied by our friend Miss Edwardes, paid a visit to Australia and New Zealand. I am proud to say that everywhere we went I had ample reason to be gratified by the warmth of my welcome. From Perth, where I had the opportunity of furthering my views on physical culture by lectures and demonstrations, we proceeded to Kalgoorlie. From Kalgoorlie we returned to Fremantle, and from there we set sail for Adelaide, where we passed a fortnight. During that period I found time to give some preliminary instruction in physical culture to the police force of the city and the members of the fire brigade, in addition to superintending the exercise of a squad of non-commissioned officers, in the presence of Acting-Commandant Colonel Stuart, and witnessing a display on the lines of my system by the lads of Our Boys' Institute.

At Ballarat an amusing happening occurs to my mind. I was seated in a tram-car, and had entered into conversation with an old gentleman sitting beside me, when I began to cough, through a lozenge which I had in my mouth "going the wrong way." My kindly neighbour was most solicitous for my welfare, and in commenting on my cough urged me in the most earnest manner to practise Sandow exercises, "as they are," he said, "excellent things for toning up the system."

Of my visit to India later on I could write much, for to me it was full of interest, and on all sides I was received with the greatest enthusiasm. In not a few cases I am proud to say I was able to effect several cures of invalids whose recovery doctors had given up as hopeless, and one prominent Indian who had been in terribly bad health for years presented me with a cheque for ten thousand pounds for bringing about his recovery.

By the way, I must tell you about a certain amusing incident which occurred during my visit to India. In company with a well-known personage, at whose house I was a guest at the time, we started to motor to a town some forty miles away. We had not gone far before I noticed that at regular intervals on the route various carriages and pairs were stationed. At first I could not make out whether they were there by accident or by design, but later on I heard that for fear the motor might, perhaps, break down my host had ordered a carriage and pair to be waiting at every mile on the route. Each carriage and pair, I would mention, followed the car until it arrived at the place where the next carriage and pair was waiting. Such detailed solicitude is surely convincing evidence enough of the innate courtesy of His Majesty's loyal subjects in India.

And now I must lay down my pen. I fear that already, perhaps, my story has gone to greater length than may retain your interest. Before bidding you *au revoir*, however, I should like to say that, if any of the incidents I have told about my life may seem to have been related in boastful spirit, this in reality is not so. Of my health and strength I need scarcely say I feel not a little proud; but, as a matter of fact, that feeling of pride is altogether subservient to a feeling of gratitude that Nature should have endowed me with spirit to carry out my determination to prove to the world that these qualities are not mere accidents, but are within the reach of all who will follow out a regular *régime* of physical exercises.



RING PRESENTED TO MR. SANDOW BY THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Winner of our £50 Prize for the Best Medical Story.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

By J. BART ROUS.

[We recently inserted the following advertisement in the Medical papers: "£50 for the Best Medical Story is offered by the Proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The story may be either fact or fiction, but not exceeding 6,000 words in length. It must be written by a qualified medical man and must be sufficiently interesting and well-written to justify its publication on its own merits." In response to this offer a very large number of stories reached this office, the best of which was adjudged to be that written by Dr. J. Bart Rous, to whom a cheque for £50 has accordingly been forwarded, and whose excellent story we now have the pleasure of putting before our readers.]

PERHAPS in all London no two men awoke with such unequal zest for the day as Cecil and Tom Lyndover, whose respective mental outlooks upon that fresh morning of the ripening spring were as wide apart as were their natures and their pursuits. Tom, the light-hearted, excitable young cub, whose only claim to distinction was his spirited captaincy of the football team of Queen Anne's Hospital Medical School, would, indeed, at hardly any time have been credited with his close relationship to Lyndover the poet, whose five years of productive work had presented such an enigma to literary London. Although the medical student shared his brother's chambers in the old square that took its name from his hospital, and though he was proud of the assurance that Cecil was a rising man, he felt at least a little of the unimaginative person's secret contempt for the poetic ideal. Indeed, so little did he know of his brother's work that he had been caused some embarrassment when an acquaintance once had asked him to account for the extraordinary transition of the poet's genius from the beauty and abandonment of "The Joyous Pagan," that first volume of lyrics which had gained him the title of "Catullus" from the young irresponsibles who acclaimed such daring verse, to the stately measures of "The Knightly Vision," his recent poem, the strange austerity of which had so disgusted his former followers, although men who could judge seriously of poetic reality knew that Lyndover's true heart had spoken in that threnody upon Bertram Darcy, his dead friend.

But on this of all mornings Tom's thoughts were far remote from Cecil's achievements, for had he not slept the sleep of success and awoken with the delightful thrill of realization that after more than one rebuff he had last night satisfied the examiners who guard so jealously the diploma of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons? In a word, was he not "qualified"? Small wonder, then, that Mr. Thomas Lyndover, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., burst into song through the shaving-suds, and had to minister professionally to his wounded chin as a speedy consequence.

But of Cecil in the adjoining bedroom it can hardly be said that he had slept, unless that state be called sleep in which a turbulent flood of words surges remorselessly through the aching brain, with an insistence unknown in daytime wakefulness. The words that had tormented Cecil were the echoes of his own passion, the vain pleadings which he had poured forth to a woman's heart at the very hour of Tom's victory in the Examination Hall, the hour to which the poet's hopes and fears had been trending since Dorothy had left London to nurse that long case in Wales from which she had been released but yesterday. How he hated the necessity under which she worked, and how he had begged to be allowed to take care of her, and in return to have her always near him—his inspiration and his living song! But sweetly and gravely she had checked him without chiding, and had asked him to try and remain simply the friend he had shown himself since the terrible telegram had come from India a year ago to announce the death, while on cholera duty, of Captain Bertram Darcy, her plighted lover and Cecil's dearest comrade.

And now that full daylight had come

weary as he was of his restless bed, he still lay thinking of what had passed in the ten years since he and Bertram had come up from Cambridge to conquer the world and had settled in those old chambers, when Tom was still a schoolboy. Tom, who had burst into his room in the small hours after keeping high revel with his friends, and had shouted his good news into Cecil's sympathetic ears. How vividly his victory had recalled that day on which Bertram had taken *his* degree, to their infinite delight, and the dinner-party they had given later to celebrate his chum's election to a house-surgeoncy at Queen Anne's! Was it not on that evening that Cecil had first met Stanley Gaddesden, the brilliant student whose promise had been speedily fulfilled by his appointment to the staff of his hospital and by the mark he had already made in his profession? And then had come that later day, when, in defiance of all hospital rules—Dame Nature having made her own stronger than any Board of Governors—Bertram and Gaddesden had brought round to the chambers the two staff-nurses and fellow-workers who had promised to marry the ardent young surgeons; the day on which Dorothy Maxwell had first come into Cecil's life, and he had looked on her only as Bertram's beloved, and, therefore, a lady to be welcomed worthily. And a stronger recollection still was that of the last meeting in the chambers for Bertram's farewell, the night before he had sailed to carve out his fortune in the Indian Medical Service, so that he could return in a few years for Dorothy and enter into that happiness which Gaddesden and Evelyn had just found. On that night Bertram had committed Dorothy to the care of Gaddesden and his wife, who had been her closest friend at Queen Anne's, and to Cecil himself, begging them to watch tenderly in his absence over the parentless girl whose doctor father's death had left her with no provision for her livelihood except her willing hands and splendid spirit.

Then, within a year, Cecil had found himself so loving Dorothy that all unwittingly she altered the whole current of his life, not only giving his work the impulse of nobility which it had always lacked, but releasing his whole soul from a growing bondage of sense into which he had drifted, to the infinite shame of his finer nature.

And, as he thought of the bitter-sweet years that had followed, one memory arose from them supreme—the recollection of his long illness in that very bedroom, the weary struggle with typhoid fever through which Dorothy had come to help him, throwing up the sister's post to which she had been advanced at Queen Anne's to take the chief share in nursing him, because he was her absent lover's honoured friend. Would she had never come to witness that shameful night when, in her presence and hers alone, his courage had ebbed from him and, haunted by the reproach of the art which he had once debased, he had shown her that he was a man unfit for the imminent summons of death. What cheering words she had spoken; what sweet encouragement she had given him! But after that cowardice could he ever hope to succeed Bertram in her heart — Bertram, her strong, clean-lived lover, who had died unquestioning at the call of his service, with no last sight of the woman he had looked to marry within the year? No; Cecil felt his chance was small enough. But for one thing he could thank God—that by word or deed he had never betrayed his trust, for, when he had found himself loving Dorothy past all restraint, after she had nursed him back to health, he had kept away from the Gaddesdens, who had fulfilled their promise to Bertram by taking her to live with them in the intervals of her work as a private nurse upon which she had embarked.

Cecil, indeed, had not seen her between the day on which he left London after his illness to pass his convalescence in his Devonshire home until a year later, when the news had come of Bertram's death. Then he had gone to her, not to tell his love, but to comfort her, and she had found real support in his charming gift of sympathy, whilst later he earned her deep gratefulness for the poem which he published to her lover's memory. So intimate did they become during those months in which the Gaddesdens had insisted on keeping her from work that Cecil for the first time had begun to hope, for he felt that Dorothy must know of his undeclared passion. But he had kept it to himself, and when she went away to Wales they had parted simply as friends. Only yesterday she had returned to Wimpole Street and he had gone to welcome her. At last he dared hope that the live dog might prove better than the dead lion, but his hopes, it seemed, had been built too high. This queen amongst women still chose to remain faithful to her dead lord, to eat the bread of dependence and drink the water of bitterness — for so the slights and annoyances of her calling appeared to his jealous eyes —

"HE HAD SHOWN HER THAT HE WAS A MAN UNFIT FOR THE IMMINENT SUMMONS OF DEATH."

rather than accept the position which his fair inheritance and distinguished talent allowed him to put at her feet. And when she would not take him for her own sake he had pleaded his pent-up devotion during the years of trial, and had told her of what her influence meant to his life and work. On that plea he thought she had wavered, but, though he had pressed it with all the fire of his nature, she had recovered her position and bidden him go with the gentle "good night" that had so mocked his sleepless hours.

And, thinking of how it had all ended, Cecil remembered that he had left the house without seeing Gaddesden about that little trouble which had been worrying him so much lately, and on which he had made up his mind to ask his friend's professional advice. Indeed, that sore, hard place on the side of his tongue had not been content with worrying him; it had begun to whisper very ugly possibilities to him, since Tom had told him of a poor fellow who had just died in Queen Anne's after an operation for cancer of the tongue, to which he had refused to submit until he was in a desperate condition.

So it was a troubled and even haggard face that greeted Tom at breakfast, although Cecil was not too wrapped in his own sorrows to withhold his hearty plaudits for that young hero's achievement, and to listen at least politely to his circumstantial version of his varied encounters of the previous evening—a story so complicated with technical details that Cecil gathered little from it, except that one of the examiners was a beast, but that two of them were "rippers," a majority which had doubtless accounted for the issue.

Cecil ate little, and as soon as Tom had stopped chattering the boy snatched up his hat to rush over to the hospital, but was unexpectedly pulled up by his brother, who said, "Stop a minute, Tom. Would you like a job?"

"Any money in it? Who's the patient?" he promptly replied.

"Not much, I'm afraid. You see, it's myself."

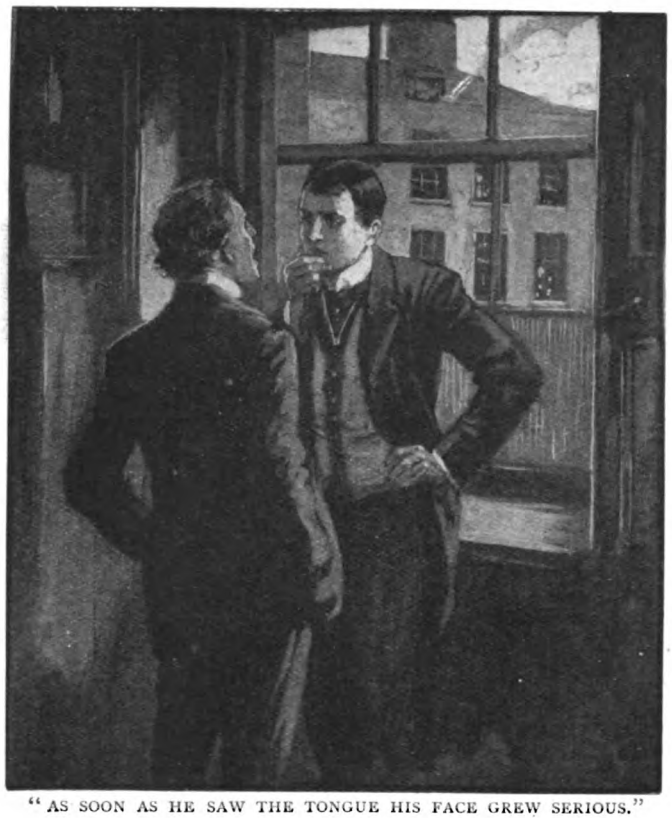
"What, you? Yes, you *are* looking seedy. What's the trouble?"

"That's what I want to know. It's a sore place I've had on my tongue for some time——"

"Been smoking too much, most likely. Let's have a look at it."

Tom took his brother over to the window. He started to make the examination with a jest, but as soon as he saw the tongue his face grew serious, and within a minute he was carefully pressing his finger-tips beneath Cecil's chin, as though feeling for some deeper-seated mischief.

"How long have you had that bad tooth?" he said at length.



"AS SOON AS HE SAW THE TONGUE HIS FACE GREW SERIOUS."

"Oh, for months," replied Cecil. "It worried me a good bit at first, but it left off aching and I forgot about it."

"H'm—pity! It's been worrying your tongue a good bit, and you ought to have it out."

"What—the tongue?" gasped Cecil.

"No, you old fool—the tooth!" replied Tom, rudely.

"If that's all the trouble, of course I will. But *is* it all?"

"I think so; but I'm not going to take any chances. Look here, Cec—I'm just going over to Queen Anne's, and it's Gaddesden's morning there. I'll ask him to look in on his way home. You can take what he says for gospel. But don't go worrying; I'm sure it's all right, really." And the impetuous boy flung himself out of the room, nearly knocking down the housekeeper, who was coming in with the tray for the breakfast things.

In the hour that passed before Gaddesden came Cecil, the outcast of fortune, lived through a year of torment. Tom's reluctance to acquit him forthwith of all suspicion of a serious trouble strengthened the fear he had been trying resolutely to banish since he had first heard about poor John Mason, the unfortunate "tongue case" at Queen Anne's, and which only his interview with Dorothy had driven out of his mind. Whilst the housekeeper was tidying the room she picked up from the floor a large book which Tom in his exuberance had ungratefully flung down the night before as a token of his release from the shackles of study. Cecil idly took it up and saw that it was Sir William Galloway's work on surgery. Hesitating a minute, he turned to the section dealing with diseases of the tongue, and read therein that which it was not good for him to know.

When Tom returned with Gaddesden, the big, brisk surgeon, who had come ready to chaff Cecil out of his fancies, they found him sitting, staring out of the window, the evident victim of gloomy thoughts. He jumped up, turning a resolutely smiling face to his visitor, who, after a speedy greeting, came straight to the business in hand with a few words of friendly reproach that Cecil had not consulted him earlier. His investigation seemed to his patient to be much the same as his brother had made, except that the practised fingers gave him less pain, and no shade came over the cheery face. After asking Cecil his age and a few other simple questions, he said, confidently, "A simple ulcer, I'll be bound. Tom was quite right. You've been starving your dentist in favour of your tobacconist, and you must reverse your favours. But I'd like to keep an eye on you. I'll look in next week," and out came the surgeon's notebook.

"Stop!" said Cecil. "You may think me a hysterical fool, but I want a straight answer to a straight question. Are you perfectly certain that this isn't cancer?"

Gaddesden looked hard at him and answered quietly:—

"No; but I'm practically certain. You *must* try to put that idea out of your head."

"I simply can't. It's in possession, and nothing can drive it out but your absolute

assurance. If I have to go on like this, I won't be responsible for myself."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"To make sure at once, as I know you can."

"But how?"

"Tom's told me how you diagnose cancer by the microscope."

"You mean you want me to cut a little shaving off the tongue and have a look at it?"

"Yes, if that will settle it one way or the other."

"Probably it would, but I should like something more definite to go on before——"

"You'll torture me if you refuse. Come, you can't deny that there is a remote chance of this being cancer. If it is, the sooner we know the better. If it isn't, I'm begging you to disprove it. That's fair, surely?"

Again Gaddesden considered his reply.

"Perhaps you're right, Cecil. If that tongue had been an ordinary man's I shouldn't touch it until I'd tried it with a simple lotion for a few weeks, for I'm morally certain it would all clear up. But with your temperament it's different. I'll do what you want. Tom, do you mind getting my bag? It's in the car. I think there's cocaine and everything in it."

As the young man ran off, pleased to be of service, Gaddesden put his hand on Cecil's shoulder, saying, "Dorothy told us how it was with you. We're *so* sorry, old chap. But you mustn't go punishing her by keeping away. Your friendship means a lot to her, and it may mean still more yet. You just come round to dinner to-night—you'll be all right by then—and I'll ask Churchill to send the report to Wimpole Street so you can know before you leave."

"Who's Churchill?"

"Our pathologist at Queen Anne's. I shall take the specimen to him to examine. Of course, it'll have to be prepared first—cut in thin sections and stained. But Churchill will actually examine the slide."

"He's a trustworthy man, of course?"

"Certainly, or he wouldn't be where he is."

"And Galloway?"

"Sir Thomas? An absolutely sound man. But what's he got to do with it?"

"Only," said Cecil, "that I've seen his book, and he says no man with lingual cancer can hope to live two years unless he has his tongue removed, and even then the chances are against him."

"Which is just why we're going to prove that you haven't got it," replied the surgeon; "Now tell me about Dorothy."

But Tom had come back with the bag. . . .

At Cecil's own request Gaddesden had told his wife and Dorothy of the question which the evening was to decide, but by tacit consent it had not been mentioned between the fellow-diners. Splendidly as the poet had been behaving, as the clock on the pillared mantelpiece chimed out the successive quarters after nine he found himself straining to catch any sound in the street below that might herald the messenger of his fate. After the little operation, which had caused him no inconvenience but a transient soreness, Gaddesden had returned to the chambers to tell him that the report had been promised by ten o'clock in the evening. Churchill had been away from the laboratory, but one of his assistants had promised to put the specimen in hand, so that his chief might examine it when he arrived after dinner, as was his custom when he had been called away during regular working hours. So Gaddesden had left a note for the pathologist, explaining that the case was urgent, and asking that the report might be sent to his house by hand.

An ugly skeleton of doubt and dread had sat invisible by the guest at that little square dinner-party — invisible, for Dorothy had never known him more responsive to the alluring playfulness she loved to assume with her pretty clothes when she was released from uniform in her "unprofessional" breathing times. Her bright nonsense during dinner had sprung from no lightness of heart, for she sympathized deeply with Cecil's hidden anxiety, and she wanted only to help him wear his smiling mask, as the poor fellow recognized most gratefully. But after they had gone upstairs he was no longer his brilliant self, and the laughter flickered and died. They were all beginning to feel something of Cecil's strain, when, after a minute's silence, there sounded the distant vibration of an electric bell.

Cecil walked to the window and pulled aside the blind, but was prevented by the outside balcony from looking down upon the doorstep. He had risen really to hide a conscious pallor, though his voice was steady as he said, "I suppose that will be Churchill's note?" He heard Gaddesden answer, "Very likely, old fellow," and then he saw Dorothy standing at his side. She touched his arm and said, half appealing, half encouraging, "Oh, Cecil, it can't be what you fear—it simply can't." There was a caress not only in the action but in the word, for she had never before directly called him by his Christian name. He moved his lips to

answer, but a flood of feeling, curbed resolutely since the morning, compelled his silence, and he was positively relieved by the entrance of the butler carrying an envelope upon a tray. As he delivered it to Gaddesden, Cecil noticed it was unstamped.

They were all standing now, and the surgeon, with unconcealed haste, tore open the fateful letter. He pulled it from its cover, and there fell from it a little oblong slip of glass on which was something looking like a smear of paint. He picked it up, and Cecil watched him as he read carefully two pages of small writing.

It was Dorothy who broke the silence. "Tell us, Stanley," she said.

"I must go to the consulting-room first," he answered. "I want to have a look at this under the microscope. Come, too, Cecil."

The thirty stairs and twenty paces that lay between those two rooms seemed as long a journey as the poet had ever made, for as he covered them there came upon his spirit, as once before, the presage of the bitterness of death. He found Gaddesden adjusting the mirror of his microscope to catch the light of a small shaded lamp.

"Wait a minute, Stanley," he said. "What's the verdict? Guilty?"

Gaddesden looked at him squarely.

"I'd give five years of my life not to have to say it, but Churchill has upset my diagnosis."

"You mean it is—cancer?"

"So he says."

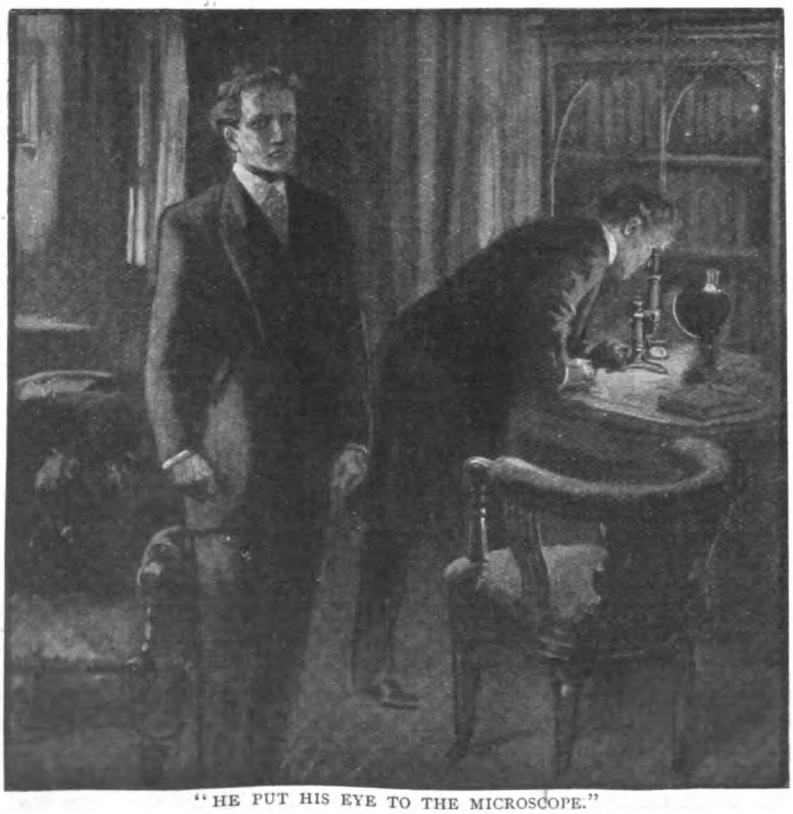
"But *you*, man. What do *you* think?"

"Lyndover, this morning I spoke to you hopefully. I honestly believed it to be what I said—a simple ulcer. I wouldn't have tried to set you in a fool's paradise. But now—well, I've never known Churchill give a stronger opinion, and he's sent me the slide to back it."

He put his eye to the microscope and focused it, then turned on a different object-lens and focused more carefully, shifting the slide about upon its stage for perhaps a minute. Then he looked up and said simply: "You poor old fellow!"

"Then you can't reverse the judgment? And the sentence is—in Galloway's book?"

"Let me have another look at that tongue," said Gaddesden, instead of answering, and Cecil submitted himself once more to his careful examination. He shook his head as though sorely puzzled.



"HE PUT HIS EYE TO THE MICROSCOPE."

"I'm afraid we must believe the microscope," he said.

"Then there's no hope?"

"On the contrary. Whatever the mischief is, it's quite localized; and if we decide on a thorough operation you'll have every chance of getting quite rid of it."

"If I have my tongue removed, you mean?"

"I'm afraid that's it."

"Is there any chance of the operation killing me?"

"Practically none. At this early

stage the risk is little more than that of the anæsthetic. But we won't talk about it to-night. You go quietly home and I'll give you something to make you sleep."

"Not till I've asked you something. I'm fairly face to face with things now, and before they get hold of me I want a promise from you."

"Any mortal thing, old chap——"

"Oh, it's no ordinary trifle. It's about Dorothy. Remember, Bertram went—just a year ago. Now it's my turn to think about going. As far as we can see, you're going to stop. Swear to me that you'll go on looking after Dorothy in the splendid way you have done—until some other man takes the duty from you. Swear it, Gaddesden. It's a solemn hour, an hour of judgment——"

"Hush! You're overstrung; and no wonder. But, of course, you may always trust me to do the best by Sister. Why, Evelyn would look after that. And you must let me do the best by you."

Engaged on such vital issues, they had not seen the door open and Dorothy enter the dark end of the room. Hearing her own name, she came forward quickly, saying, "Evelyn would like to speak to you, Stanley. I'll stay and keep your patient company." And the good man was not sorry for an honourable retreat from an encounter which was beginning to strain the limits of his composure, for, used as he was to confront human sorrow, the daily tragedy of his calling had never before come home to him so near.

When the door closed behind him, Dorothy gently led Cecil to a large saddle-bag chair by the fire and, making him sit in it, settled herself upon its broad leather arm, whilst her lover wondered greatly at the change the day had wrought in her demeanour.

"Now tell me," she said. "Stanley has given you bad news?"

"Yes, Dorothy."

"Oh, Cecil, I wish it were me! But is he absolutely certain about it?"

"Yes, since that brass bogy's spoken." And Cecil pointed to the microscope. "He looks sleek enough, doesn't he, with his shining body and crystal eye. But he's a cruel bogy. Do you know what he's told me? That I've got to have my tongue cut out or else——"

"Oh, don't, Cecil, don't!" Dorothy was almost crying.

"I'm sorry, dear. I'm a selfish beast to try to upset you too. And I owe you another apology. Last night I made you an offer. I didn't know then what we do now, but the shadow of it had crossed my mind, only I persistently refused to let it take shape. But I ought to have faced it out before I spoke to you."

"I've come to help you face it out."

"I know you have, and I sha'n't forget it, but now all I can do is to take back the offer of a maimed life—that could never have been fit for your service."

"But you don't understand, Cecil. I won't give it you back. I've come to accept it."

"What do you mean? Don't play with me!"

"I'm not playing, dear. I've come to say I will marry you."

"What! With this? You will marry me *now?*"

She came to his eager arms unresisting, smiling as his hand touched her face to press back the soft sweep of hair from her forehead whilst he searched her gracious eyes to read their secret.

"Why not?" she said. "Didn't you tell me that when I was tired of fighting the world alone I might come and rest here?"

"My darling!" he murmured, "my darling! But you mustn't. I can't let you."

"Yes, you can, and I'll tell you why. Haven't you often grumbled at the way people treat their unfortunate nurses? Well, I happen to know there's a patient Stanley may want me to take for him. I've made up my mind that if I nurse him at all it's going to be as his wife. Then perhaps he'll treat me with becoming dignity!"

"But do you realize what it means? Think of it. I sha'n't be able to speak, shall I, when it's done?"

"Better than you think, very likely. Well, enough for me to understand you, anyway."

"But that's not all. If it were only this mutilation I might let you do it. But it's more. It means probably that I've only got a very few years to live. The thing's almost bound to grow again. It's no good denying it. I've seen the book about it."

"Then you didn't understand it, and you're not going to send me away. A pretty end to all your vows! Besides, think of the poetry. We shall be able to write, oh, books and books and books!"

"Ah, my darling! You do really know then how you help me?"

"I think I know what love means."

"It means life, and so does my work. To make only one compelling song that they *must* listen to, wouldn't it be glorious?

Who would mind going after that? But, Dorothy—you don't really mean that you would be ready to marry me before——"

"I do mean it. I've planned it all out. Stanley will give you a few weeks' grace. And when you're better you shall take me right away, and we'll spend the summer wherever you like."

"Oh, Dorothy! I know such a cottage on the Moor! But what does it all mean? I can't let you marry me just because of this trouble."

"No, dear; it isn't that. You've shown me my own mind — that's all. I can't explain it quite."

"Then it wasn't only the memory of Bertram that prevented you?"

"I thought it was, but now I know it wasn't. Perhaps I'm fanciful, but I firmly believe I'm doing what Bertram wants me to."

"Because I was his friend?"

"Because I want you."

"You're tempting me beyond my strength, Dorothy. Halloa! What's that?"

They both jumped up as a masterful knock sounded on the front door, followed by a sustained peal upon the bell which brought the butler's footsteps hurrying past the consulting-room.

"A late call for Stanley," said Dorothy; and as she spoke the door opened, and an excited bearded man was shown into the room, the servant switching on the central light.

"I beg your pardon, miss; I didn't know there was anyone here," he said.

"All right, Wilson," answered Dorothy. "If you want Mr. Gaddesden he's in the drawing-room."

"No, he's not; he's here," said Stanley, entering at the same moment. "I heard Churchill shouting for me in the hall. Well, where are you going to take me?"

"No, it's not a case, but it's just as urgent," said the visitor.

"Wait a minute. Do you know Sister Maxwell? I think she left Queen Anne's before you came—didn't you, Sister? And this is my friend Lyndover — Dr. Churchill."

But Churchill was in no temper for formalities.

"Miss Maxwell and Mr. Lyndover will excuse us, I'm sure. I won't keep you long, and it's something really important."

"Hold hard," said Gaddesden. "Is it anything to do with that report you sent half an hour ago?"

"That's just what it is about."

"Then we can all stop and listen, because it concerns Lyndover, and we all know about it. unfortunately."

Cecil thought Churchill had suddenly lost his wits. He turned round and stared at him for some seconds and then gasped out:—

"What! Are *you* the patient?"

"I am the patient, and I have to thank you for——"

"Thank me! Kick me, you mean! I apologize a thousand times and I congratulate

"WHAT! ARE YOU THE PATIENT?"

you as thoroughly. You must have been enduring——"

"But, my good sir," cried Cecil, "what *do* you mean?"

"What!" roared Gaddesden. "Have you made a mistake?"

"That's what I have done. I'm abjectly sorry, but the slides got mixed. I don't believe such a thing ever happened before, and I'll take good care it doesn't again——"

"Thank God! Cecil! How splendid! And I *was* right, after all," and the surgeon nearly wrung off his friend's hand. Then, turning to the contrite pathologist, he said, more calmly, "I'm sorry for this mistake, Churchill. It should never have happened."

"I can't excuse it, though I can explain it. I have two assistants, you know, Blyth and Sumner. They work in the laboratory under my room. When you brought the specimen this morning and found I was out you gave it to Blyth to prepare. When I came in this evening both my men had left and I found your note on my bench with the usual pile of slides to examine. Amongst them was one marked 'Tongue. J. M.—Gaddesden.' It was the only tongue case in the batch, and I naturally concluded it was the one the note referred to. You see, Gaddesden, you didn't mention any initials, and it never occurred to me that 'J. M.' might be another patient."

"Churchill, it's I that want kicking. Go on."

"Well, I sent the report off to you, and was looking through the rest of the batch when, to my astonishment, in walked Blyth. 'I've come back to finish that slide for Mr. Gaddesden,' he said. 'What slide?' said I. 'I sent off one report half an hour ago.' 'But he only left one specimen,' he answered —'a tongue case. Here's the section, and it looks to me quite innocent.' Then it turned out that the specimen on which I'd reported was taken from a man named John Mason, an operation case of yours which Sumner had dealt with in the ordinary routine and put on my bench. Blyth hadn't seen it at all."

"I know, of course," said Gaddesden. "And the proper specimen?"

"Undoubtedly a simple ulcer. There's not a trace of malignancy. Of course, I've rushed straight round with it, as I hoped to be able to retrieve the mistake before the patient heard of it, but it seems I was too late."

Cecil hardly heard any more. He was conscious of another burst of congratulation and excuses as he sank down in the big chair with his head in his hands, utterly exhausted with the strain of it all. He heard Churchill talk Gaddesden out of the room. Then, as one in a dream, he felt Dorothy's arms close gently round him. "Then I'm not to lose you?" he whispered.

"Lose me! Now? Why?"

"Why, I've no claim now, even on your pity."

"But I've told you that it's not pity. I want you."

"Tell me why, Dorothy."

"Well, then, listen, and I'll try. Years ago—in the typhoid time—you know what you told me that night."

"Can I forget it? I was afraid to die. Don't punish me."

"Oh, Cecil, I tried so hard to forget, because I shouldn't have known it if I hadn't nursed you. But through all our friendship that little shadow has been there. I fought with it—I fought hard, for you've been sweetness itself to me always; but when you asked me yesterday to marry you, it came between us. I thought it was Bertram forbidding me."

"Then it was really the shadow of the past?"

"Yes. But to-day you've scattered it for ever."

"Then can you let this extraordinary chance——"

"Hush! We call these things chance, but they're more. They're chances — God's chances, and you've taken yours like the man you are."

"The man you've made me!"

"You've faced death as Bertram did, and his was quick and merciful, whilst this—oh! you've faced it because you love me, and that's more than all the poetry. I'm proud of you — I'm proud of you — Cecil, my husband!"

Then the poet rejoiced that even as his body had been tested by the surgeon's microscope, so his soul had been searched out under God's dark lens of Death, and in the embrace of their betrothal he forgot his five years of waiting and his twelve hours of agony, for he knew that in such a love as he had won, and in such a love alone, he could find the fulfilment of his utmost genius.

The King's Speech.

Its Romance and Humour.

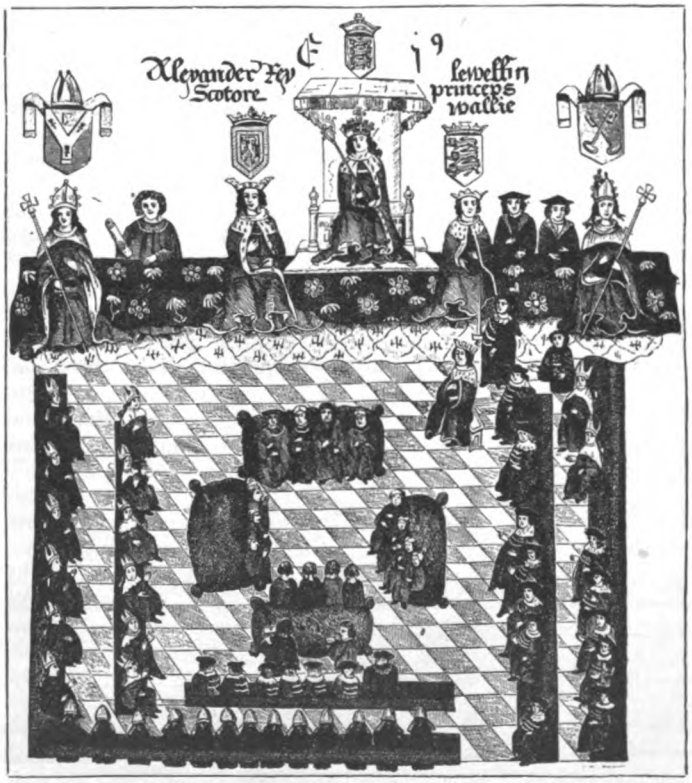
By EDMUND PARKER.

Hearken, the King is about to speak !
Oyez ! Oyez ! 'Tis the speech of the King !

ABOUT this time each year the King's Speech commands universal attention.

The King's Speech is couched, of course, in the King's English ; but it is not on account of its eloquence or felicity of phrase that it evokes the deepest interest of His Majesty's lieges. It is rather because the King's Speech is a kind of recurring oracle upon which the clever brains of our constitutional rulers have been at work—a kind of programme and prophecy of the Government's attitude.

What an institution it is ; and yet how few realize its evolution and history, its romance, aye, and even its humour ! Some day an historian will write the history of the King's Speech. Meanwhile, let us glance at its far-away interesting beginnings and some of the incidents connected with it as a British institution to the present day.



EDWARD I. DELIVERS THE FIRST KING'S SPEECH — "THE TEARS DID STREAM DOWN HIS FACE."

Edward I. was the first monarch who may be said to have delivered a King's Speech. After endeavouring to do without money for his campaigns in Scotland and Flanders, save by unconstitutional extortion, he appeared before a new Parliament in 1297. "The tears did stream down his face as he declared unto them : 'My Lords, Knights, and Commoners, — The realm do stand in sore need of means to conclude this war. I have been in the wrong in attempting to wrest your substance from you unwillingly. I, your King, confess it. Will you, for the honour of this our England, give it me willingly ?'" And (barring the tears) this is the sum and substance of many other Royal speeches, so far as they relate to Supply.

In the reign of Edward III. the need of continual grants during the war brought about the annual assembly of Parliament. Usually the Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. But Henry IV. resumed the practice, his first Speech being: "Sirs, I thank God and you, spiritual and temporal and all estates of the land; and do affirm to wit, it is not my will that any man think that by way of conquest I would disinherit any of his heritage, franchises, or other rights that he ought to have, nor put him out of the good that he has, and has had, by the good laws and customs of this realm." But even Henry IV. came not to be taken seriously, and the fact that he read the usual Speech from the throne led to the satire, which we see enshrined in the accompanying illumination, that the Speech itself was compiled by the Court jester: "For as the Royal words swell out bravely, and mean little, none should take them gravely or otherwise than as considering the source from whence they do come."

A SATIRE ON HENRY IV.'S KING'S SPEECH, SUGGESTING THAT IT WAS COMPOSED BY THE COURT JESTER.

In Henry VIII.'s day there were many murmurs that His Majesty did not condescend to address them oftener in person, but rather through the Lord Chancellor, Cromwell. "Tell them," quoth the monarch, "that I hearken patiently to the Lord Chancellor read the Royal Speech and at the close of it say Amen, which is all I expect any of them to do." Of "Bluff King Hal," as Theodore Hook once said, he could not publicly boast that "my foreign and domestic *relations* continue *friendly*." Nor was his daughter Elizabeth much more inclined to address the House by her own mouth. "Why," said she to Sir Nicholas Bacon, "should I shout at a parcel of men like a town-crier?" So the Lord Chancellor read the Speech. "After throwing himself on the courtesy of the House, he was directed by Her Majesty to explain the causes for which they were assembled." Even in that reign we begin to hear complaints, now so common, of the omissions from the Speech. In 1571 the succession, the excommunication, the Queen's marriage — the subjects which really occupied men's minds—were passed over in silence, which, as we shall see later from the lips of Lord Randolph Churchill, was a kind of perfection to be aimed at by Ministers.

There were some short, angry Speeches from the Throne in King James I.'s day. One of the shortest King's Speeches on record once came from the Royal lips. "Gentlemen, you are here and I am here. I want subsidies to carry on the kingdom, and you want me to have subsidies or else you are traitors. I am here to govern according to the common weal, not according to the will of the Commons. Fare you well."

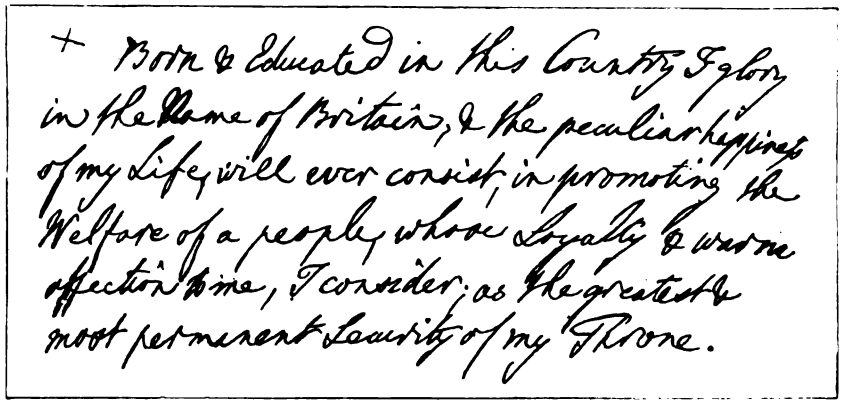
After the time of James II. the vote of Supply became an annual one and the system of the Cabinet, as we know it, became fixed. A broadside of the time (believed to be the work of Defoe) thus travesties "Dutch William's" Speech from the Throne:—

"Mein Lords und Shentlemens, — It is goot for us to assemblage togeder in order dat de plessings of Gott should rest in your hearts and de hands of mein Bentinck and mein Schomberg should rest in your pockets."

All testimony goes to show that King William spoke with a strong Dutch accent, but it may be doubted if the foregoing were not libellously exaggerated.

We may pass over the story of the King's Speech when it was chiefly composed by Walpole and Pelham. The first two Georges knew so little English and the Crown kept so much in the background that the Speech, from always being delivered by the Lord Chancellor, lost its hold on the imaginations of the people. But all this was changed when George III. ascended the throne. "Farmer" George was an Englishman and he could speak the King's English faultlessly. He resolved that the time had come when he should have a hand in the composition of the Speech he was to deliver. Parliament duly met in November, 1760. Forty-eight hours before Newcastle and the Lord Chancellor, having sat up for two nights composing the King's Speech, placed it in the Royal hands. George, in his turn, sat up all one night editing that Speech. After punctiliously crossing its "t's" and dotting its "i's" he

inserted a famous passage, of which the following is a facsimile. He duly delivered it, on which occasion a King's Speech, it was said, "was delivered for the first time with a purely English pronunciation, while the grace and dignity of the King's bearing were universally praised." Never, too, did a Speech from the Throne become so famous. The Cabinet was shocked and angry. "Some notice," wrote Newcastle to Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor, "must be taken of these Royal words, both in the Motion and the Address. I suppose you will think 'Briton' remarkable." And in those violent anti-Scottish days "Briton" *was* remarkable. Others besides Wilkes loathed the word—Wilkes who set up the famous "anti-Briton" newspaper. And everybody up to our own day



A FACSIMILE OF THE FAMOUS "BRITAIN" PASSAGE WHICH GEORGE III. INSERTED INTO HIS SPEECH.

believed that the King had actually written the word "Briton," when, as will be observed, what he actually penned was "Britain," then quite a different word altogether. For a time it was a question whether the King would be allowed to meddle with the King's Speech, or swallow it whole as the Ministers directed. "This method of proceeding," wrote the Prime Minister to another member of the Cabinet, "cannot last; though we must now, I suppose, submit." Nevertheless, the King's first Speech evoked much absurd adulation in Parliament.

"We are penetrated," said the Lords, "with the condescending and endearing manner in which your Majesty has expressed your satisfaction in having received your birth and education amongst us. What a lustre doth it cast upon the name of Briton when you, Sir, are pleased to esteem it amongst your glories!"

Nor were the Commons a whit behind-hand, also making grateful allusion to the word "Briton," which the King never wrote, and adding, "And we offer to your Majesty the full tribute of our hearts for the warm expressions of your truly Royal and tender affection towards your people."

The prolixity of both the Speech and the Address attracted so much attention that the King said to Lord Bute the following Session, "We must shorten it, my lord." "But," said Bute, "I have prepared the Speech already for your approval." George asked to see it, read it carefully, and drew his pen through three-quarters of the four folio sheets. "There, Bute," said he, "I think that is enough for this time. We will deliver the rest of it in a fortnight." True enough, sixteen days later Parliament was prorogued and the remainder of the King's Speech delivered. When someone wondered at His Majesty hardly glancing at the paper he held in his hand, George remarked, "I have had it in my pocket a month." In November George had another Speech to make to his first Parliament, in which he referred to his "marriage with a Princess eminently distinguished by every virtue and amiable endowment."

But George had made up his mind that thereafter he would write the Speech himself, with the advice, of course, of his Ministers. When he had to speak of the "bloody and expensive war" in which he was engaged, Chatham indignantly demanded the words "but just and necessary" to be inserted, and they were inserted. But when Chatham was replaced by Bute, and a further allusion to Chatham's war had to be made, "just and necessary" was this time omitted, and the Great Commoner was furious. "Bloody and

expensive, was it?" he cried. "It will be that for my Lord Bute by the time he has finished with the people of England."

A Session or two later the King in his Speech announced the conclusion of peace in terms which still further angered Pitt and his friends. Then came the famous No. 45 of the *North Briton*. In it Wilkes pronounced the King's Speech to be "the most abandoned instance of Ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed upon mankind." He wondered that the King could ever be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations. Somebody asked Wilkes, when a warrant for his arrest was out, how he dared write such stuff. "Oh," was the reply, "I wanted to see how far the liberty of the Press would carry me."

One of the best stories in connection with the Speech, and perhaps the least dignified, is told of George IV. when Prince Regent. That Prince, as we know, took his responsibilities lightly, and on one occasion is said to have bet Sheridan a hundred guineas that, either owing to the magnetism of his personality or the flutter in which the occupants of the Lords' Chamber was in, so little attention was really paid to the verbal character of the Speech he was delivering that he could make any interpolation he liked, undetected. The bet was taken, and the Prince Regent agreed to introduce the words, "Baa, baa, black sheep," in the middle of the Speech. "If anybody smiles or looks startled, I lose my bet." This daring and ridiculous exploit actually came off, and at the close of a weighty allusion, composed by Lord Liverpool, to Wellesley's difficulties in Spain, the Regent cleared his throat, said, "Baa, baa, black sheep" hurriedly, and went on, without apparently exciting any remark. Sheridan related the Royal audacity to Canning. "It is perfectly amazing to me," he said, "that no notice was taken. Didn't you hear him distinctly say, 'Baa, baa, black sheep'?" "I did," rejoined Canning; "but as His Royal Highness looked you full in the face at the time I took it as a personal allusion, and my delicacy forbade me to think more about it."

"There was a time," said George IV., "when I never would have lost an opportunity of delivering a speech in Parliament to Parliament, but now I am too husky, and the glamour of the thing is gone for me." He told Croker that he used to envy Fox and Sheridan their oratorical triumphs. "I believe I, too, was cut out by Nature for an orator; my voice carried; and, although I should have held the paper in my hand, I should never have looked at it or let it be seen that I was delivering by rote." So he allowed Parliament to be opened and prorogued by commission for many Sessions. There is a story of Barnes, editor of the *Times*, getting possession of a copy of the King's Speech, and, having read it, sending off a messenger post-haste to Lord Melbourne. "My lord, everything but one is there, *including the omissions* of political import. But I warn your lordship that that omission (not of political import) should be repaired without delay; otherwise, I warn you, I shall insert it myself in to-morrow's *Times* and the Ministry must take the consequence."

On the bottom of the proof the editor had added, "And may the blessing of Almighty God rest upon your labours." The Minister took the hint and the addition was made.

When Brougham wrote the greater part of King William's Speech it was very stilted and rhetorical and utterly out of keeping with the bluff presence and gruff accents of the monarch. "It is comical," wrote Greville in his Diary for 1834, "to compare the language of the very silly old gentleman who wears the crown, in his convivial moments and in the openness of his heart, with that which his Ministers cram into his mouth, each sentence being uttered with equal energy and apparent sincerity."

A year later all England rang with laughter over a parody of the King's Speech which appeared in the *Times*, in revenge, it is said, for that newspaper's not having been supplied with a preliminary draft by the Ministers. In this clever skit the inanity of the Speech was well hit off, although the exploit nearly exposed the newspaper to a prosecution:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

It is with a deep sense of the exertion and labour which you have bestowed in the prosecution of your pleasures that I at length close this protracted Session and release you from attendance. I am fully sensible of the application you have given to the business of Crockford's, and of the ardent support you have afforded to the whist-table at the Travellers', as well as to the more important parties at Graham's. I rely with entire confidence on your judgment and zeal in maintaining the cookery of our excellent kitchens according to the established principles of Ude.

I continue to receive most favourable accounts of the whitebait dinners at Greenwich and Blackwall, and it is with great satisfaction that I have observed the two great parties in my Parliament encouraging those entertainments so peculiarly national, and showing agreement in a matter of taste so important to the fisheries.

I continue to receive from all my neighbours

assurances that they are my most obedient humble servants at command, and it is with sincere pleasure that I find myself held by many in high consideration.

As the autumn advances there is reason to apprehend that the days will shorten and the leaves will fall, but I am not without confident hopes that the return of spring will bless us with length of days and restore vegetation.

The Thames continues to run through London, and the Monument stands on Fish Street Hill. The prospects of the Regent's Park are improved, and my people will be partially admitted to the privilege of taking the air without swallowing the dust of the road; but to guard the sudden privilege of walking on the grass from licentiousness will be the anxious object of my Government.

The insanity of the dogs during the summer solstice has long been a subject to me of the profoundest grief and concern, and I trust that the Committee which has devoted itself to the prevention of drunkenness will discover a method of removing the prejudice or delusion of my faithful dogs and reconcile them to water.

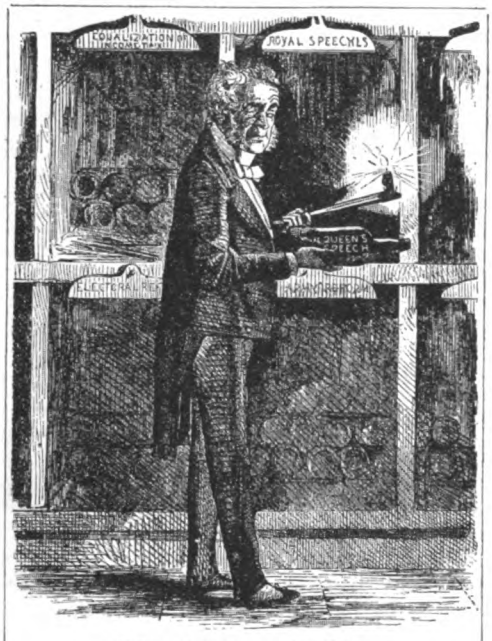
I have seen with a just indignation the racing of omnibuses, with which hundreds of my faithful subjects are pulverized, so that not even their names are left behind them. Persons living and well one instant are run down, ground to powder, and flying in dust the next moment. These horrors are not unknown nor undeplored by me, and your attention will naturally be directed, early in the next Session, to the adoption of some plan by which all my subjects will be enabled to ride in their own carriages.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,—

I thank you for your supplies. More money and less need of it is the anxious wish of my heart, and be assured that whatever you grant is well laid out, and that the profusest expenditure of which circumstances will permit is the wisest economy. The same course of frugality which has been proposed in my speeches and those of my predecessors for the last fifty years will be steadily pursued, but while it is pursued it is not in the nature of things that it should be possessed and my people must consequently be satisfied with the pleasure of the chase.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It gives me great satisfaction to believe that in returning to your several counties you will find all at home well, and I rely with confidence on your setting a pretty example.



TENNIEL'S CARTOON ON THE QUEEN'S SPEECH, 1857.
(Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch.")

There are few stories in history more charming than that of the accession of the young Queen Victoria, and especially of her taking the draft of her first Queen's Speech with her to the privacy of her chamber and there reading it aloud gravely to her favourite spaniel, of her going to Melbourne about certain passages and retiring again to make herself mistress of it, saying to her mother, "I hope, mamma, they will be very still and they will all hear me." On July 17th she went in State to dissolve Parliament.

"As she entered the House," we are told, "all the peers and peeresses present rose at the flourish of trumpets and remained standing. When she had ascended the throne Lord Melbourne, who stood close to her right hand, whispered to her that it was customary to desire the peers and peeresses to be seated. Whereupon Her Majesty, in rather a low voice, and bowing condescendingly, said, 'My lords, be seated.'"

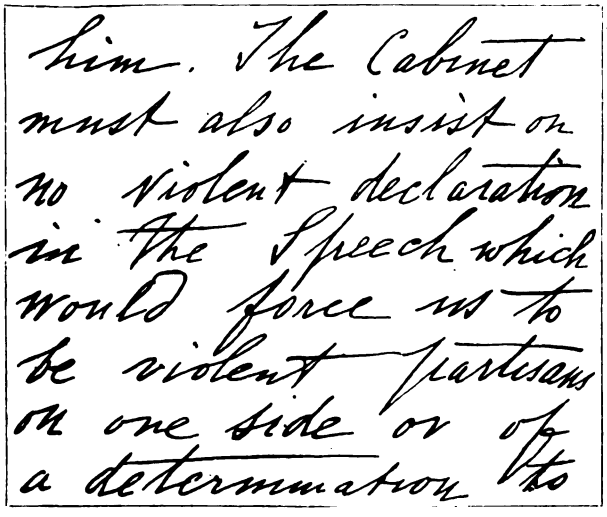
The Queen read the Speech deliberately, and with a sweet voice which was heard all over the House, while a natural grace and modest self-possession characterized her demeanour. Fanny Kemble, who was present on this historic occasion, thus wrote concerning its central figure: "The Queen was not handsome, but very pretty, and the singularity of her great position lent a sentimental and poetical charm to her youthful face and figure. The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear, soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance; while the want of height only added to the effect of extreme youth of the round but slender person and gracefully moulded hands and arms. The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrous assembly, whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of Royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was

melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

Many anecdotes cluster about the Speech from the Throne in Victoria's long reign. It was in her third Session that a gentleman named Williamson accosted a member who had just left the Chamber. "Has the Queen spoken?" "Yes; Her Majesty is now disrobing." "Did she mention the Pope?" "No; not a word about the Pope." "Good God!" cried the stranger; "then I am undone!" and he fell back, his head striking heavily on the pavement. He died soon after, but the mystery was never cleared up of why he expected a reference to the Pope in the Queen's Speech. He was probably insane.

Once the Queen received a bound volume of orations from a provincial politician, dedicated "to Her Majesty, whose exquisite delivery and felicity of bearing on the occasion of the Speech from the Throne entitled Her Majesty to be ranked amongst the world's orators." The Queen laughed, and told Sir Arthur Helps: "I am always amused when they tell me I'm an orator. And yet sometimes I am tempted to think I could say something far better than what my Ministers put down for me to say."

Yet the Queen took a considerable part in the composition, or at least the editing, of the Speech. In 1865 we find her writing: "It strikes Her Majesty as strange that Lord Russell should declare himself to have been no party to the draft agreed on at the Cabinet on Saturday, and still more so that, claiming a right in consequence to suggest a new draft, he should not only send one, adopting the very language to which the Cabinet had positively objected both on Saturday and Monday, but that he should ask to have Her Majesty's consent communicated by telegraph."


him. The Cabinet must also insist on no violent declaration in the Speech which would force us to be violent partisans on one side or of a determination to

A PASSAGE FROM A LETTER BY QUEEN VICTORIA CONCERNING HER SPEECH OF 1865.

Lord Russell called this "the slowest Speech" on record, as they had spent weeks over it in Downing Street, and still could not agree. Then came a letter from Queen Victoria herself to Granville:—

"The Queen asks the Cabinet to be firm and support her. Lord Russell is very fair, but Lord Palmerston alarms him and overrules him. The Cabinet must also insist on no violent declaration in the Speech which would force us to be violent partisans on one side, or of a determination to maintain the Treaty at all hazards." This was a reference to Napoleon III.'s apparent designs on Italy.

Lord Randolph Churchill, meeting a political opponent, remarked, pleasantly:—

"Well, how do you think the Speech went?"

"Nothing in it."

"Nothing in it? Why, my dear sir, that's its triumph. Do you know that we spent fifteen solid hours eliminating anything of any value or significance? We were afraid up to the last moment that something had crept in. Thank goodness, you reassure me."

Lord Randolph was probably rather sore on this point. In 1885 he had almost come to loggerheads with his staid old fellow-members of the Salisbury Cabinet, when the outlines of the Queen's Speech were considered. He was most anxious to assign a foremost place to the reform of Parliamentary procedure. He harangued them; the Cabinet was tired and disposed to be irritable. "Randy" left them in high dudgeon, and although he blustered the Speech was spoken without any reference to his pet project.

At the time these lines appear the King's Speech will have been prepared for the new Parliament—what will it be like this year?

THE HAND SCENE IN "ARSÈNE LUPIN."
From a Photograph by Strony, New York.

THE HAND OF THE ACTOR.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

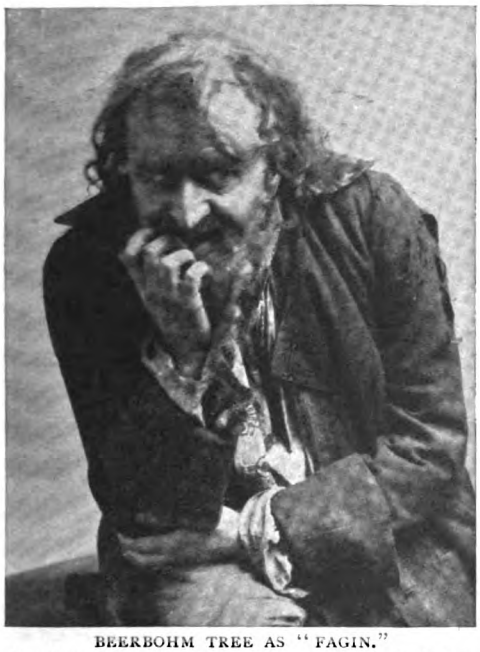
IT is written in the Book of St. Kavin, "The eye for science, the mouth for religion, and the hand for art." As the eye is the index of perception, and the mouth the symbol of desire, so the hand reveals the personality. In no other way is the supremacy of man so clearly shown as in the possession of hands. To the student of personality the hand is one of the most interesting and instructive features. The hand is sensitive in its response to emotion and expressive and typical of character. Not only does the hand betray its calling and occupation, it also bears unmistakably the impress of the personality behind it. The hand of the actor may sometimes be half his fortune.

Too many actors, like artists, neglect this expressive member of the human organism. They give it very little attention and a subordinate place in their pictures, to the detriment of their artistic work. Actors and portrait painters should pay more attention to hands, for the difference is as great between the hands of two persons as between their faces. Ask M. Bertillon.

The character of an individual, which can be read so plainly from his face, is revealed almost as clearly in the hand. While the function of expression centres supremely in the face, yet in a multitude of ways its message is supplemented by the action of the hands. By representing the hands disposed in conformity with the attitude of the figures the Old Masters were able to express every different kind of sentiment in their compositions.

"There has never been conceived or made by man any instrument, machine, or contrivance capable of such a diversity of usefulness as the human hand," says David Belasco, the great psychologist of the drama and master of stage effects. "Nothing has ever existed with such infinite adaptability to various needs, or capable of being trained to such degrees of dexterity and versatility."

Mr. Belasco told of visits he had paid to hospitals and clinics, watching painful operations that he might catch the reflective feeling of agony and pain as expressed in the hand; of visits to insane asylums, where he studied the hand of the unharnessed minds, which, he said, was "like a spirited horse in the hands of a frightened and inexperienced driver." He told of studying the hands of prisoners being tried for murder, noting how the hands gripped the arms of the witness-chair. Then

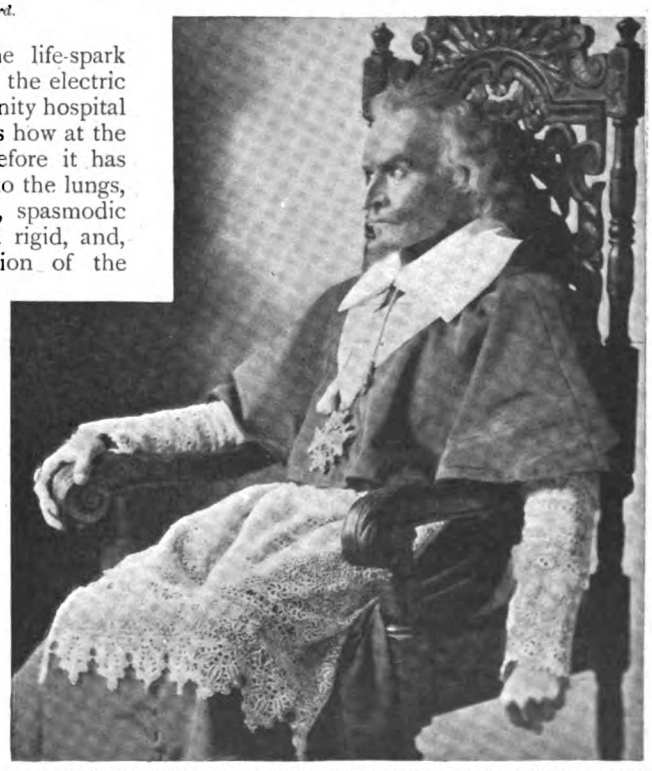


BEERBOHM TREE AS "FAGIN."
Note how the hands carry out the expression of calculating cunning.
From a Photograph by F. W. Burford.

he witnessed the passing of the life-spark from the hands of a murderer in the electric chair. Lastly, he visited a maternity hospital and observed with the physicians how at the moment a child is born, and before it has given the first cry or taken air into the lungs, the fingers extend with a quick, spasmodic jerk, stand perfectly straight and rigid, and, following this involuntary motion of the hands, the lungs take in air, and a cry escapes from the lips. "Life has begun. Shortly after, the child feels hunger, and the hand goes at once to the mouth. The brain is acting, and directing her servant, the hand, which seeks to carry food to the mouth, the proper place to receive it. Thus from the first moment of life the hand takes its place as the servant of the brain.

"The hand! What a wonderful part of the human mechanism it is, and what a power of expression lies within it!" continued Mr. Belasco. "In happiness or sorrow, the hand finds its own expression of it. In greeting or caress, in scorn or menace, in appeal, fear, surprise, love, loathing, pride, shame, remorse, resignation, contentment—in almost any emotion or feeling of the human mind, the hand is a most important factor in expression.

"The hand whose owner has little or nothing to conceal opens itself freely to the gaze, but the hand of one whose deeds and thoughts will not bear inspection wishes to hide itself, or to close the fingers over the palm, studiously concealing it from sight. The mind feels the necessity for hiding its workings, and the fingers, obeying the suggestion, close over the palm. Such hands belong to a deceitful, hypocritical, untruthful person. The self-contained, cautious, trustworthy man, one in whom you can confide, holds his hands at the side with the fingers partially closed, and while the hand shows life, and does not hang limp and loggy, nevertheless it is not wide open. Hands carried at the side, the fingers nearly open and the hand dangling in a limp and lifeless manner, give the impression that the hand is that of indecision; the mind is lacking in definiteness of purpose, and the owner of the hands, being mentally lazy, will not take the



J. E. DODSON, THE EMINENT ENGLISH ACTOR NOW APPEARING IN AMERICA AS "RICHELIEU."
The left hand expresses determination, the right hand uneasiness.
From a Photograph by Falk, New York.

trouble to think for himself. Then there is the open-handed person, of whom it is said: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.' These undecided hands, in coming towards you, tell you that you may easily impress their owner. Now take the hands hanging at the sides, but with the fists firmly closed. This does not necessarily indicate the bruiser or the bully, for it may indicate one who is labouring under great determination. The very act of clenching the fist indicates plainly that the mind is made up — the determination fixed. It portrays very strong resolution.

GEORGE ARLISS AS "THE DEVIL."
Note how the hand indicates the epitome of Devilry.
From a Photograph by Byron, New York.

"There is the person who seems to find no place for his hands to rest. He carries them first up, then down, then in the pocket, then fingering the watch-chain. This person is uncertain in purpose. Emotions are passing rapidly through him, and these emotions are not under the control either of mind or will. Again, we meet with the person who holds the hands in front of the body, or slightly at the side, waving them about as though trying to keep from touching anything. If an object should be brought close to these hands they would instinctively shrink away from it and avoid contact. It is as if the ends of the fingers contained eyes which were roaming from one place to the other. This person is suspicious, is 'sizing up' everything about him, making mental notes of the appearance of the settings of the room, being on the look-out for trap-doors and concealed things. This action of the mind, showing watchfulness, alertness, and investigation, is reflected in the hands, which roam around, evidently searching for information.

PLEADING.

"The person who crosses the room with the fingers toying with a handkerchief, a button on the clothes, the watch-chain, or some other trinket is plainly nervous and momentarily under excitement. The bullying person has his fists tightly clenched and his elbows bent, with his arms carried in 'bow-legged' fashion. This is typical of a bruiser and fighter. The person who rubs the hands together, as if washing them, is hypocritical, adroit, and untruthful. This person is slippery, like Uriah Heap. Then we have the man with the investigating air, with hands clasped behind his back. He is extremely cautious, looking over the ground before he 'shows his hand.'

"I always try to impress upon the members of my companies the importance of studying the characteristics of hands and of using their hands as well as their voices in acting," continued Mr. Belasco. "In studying hands, learn to distinguish a hand that is full of life, is springy and elastic in its outward look, telling you, even before you have touched it, of the vital energy stored in its owner." In closing his remarks concerning the hand, which he holds as one of the principal assets of the good actor and actress, Mr. Belasco said:—

PERPLEXITY.

"Every pair of hands has eyes which seem to look at you, asking pity, maybe, for their

owners, and they have mouths, and beseech you to hear their story."

LAUGHTER.

In fine acting the body is as instinct with movement in those passive phases when the actor is listening as in the active moments of speaking. The ordinary actor or actress is not a good listener. Instead of appearing to take in every word of the speaker, and to be affected by it, he or she is simply waiting for his or her turn to speak.

"The actor is not a walking semaphore," says that admirable character-actor, J. E. Dodson, whom Ellen Terry calls "The British Coquelin." "His body should be an instrument capable of infinite expression, and the purpose of his action should be to interpret, not only the shades of his own moods and thoughts, but also the melody and rhythm of the poetry of the whole piece."

EXPLANATION.

When he played the part of Richelieu Mr. Dodson put those words into practice. His hands were ever at work, portraying the cunning and craftiness of the old Cardinal. The tension of his hands showed the tremendous strength of the character, reflecting the powerful mind behind them. See the nervous tension of the right hand as he half holds himself down and half raises himself up in his seat, and the determination expressed in the left hand—that directed by the heart.

George Arliss, who is, perhaps, the best character-actor on the English-speaking stage to-day, an English actor of the English school, uses his hands more effectively than any actor since Irving. Mr. Arliss's hands only speak when spoken to, and then with wonderful effectiveness. Never did hands act as did Arliss's wonderfully expressive ones in the play of "The Devil." In many instances the lines of the Devil, played by Mr. Arliss, were spoken by his hands, his lips remaining sealed. They hold one spellbound. Every thought that is flashing through the mind of Arliss, as the Devil, is anticipated and expressed to the audience by his hands.

ROBERT B. MANTELL AS "LOUIS XI."
The unbalanced mind of the Lunatic.
From a Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus.

Speaking of the hand of the actor, Mr. Arliss said recently:—

"There is no end to the possibilities of the expression of emotion with the hand. Whether in motion or limp, the hand tells its story. It is difficult, indeed, to express any great emotion without the assistance of the hands. If the brain or the heart is active so are the hands. The flexibility of the hand shows the degree of flexibility of the mind and nature, and the readiness with which the mind has power to unfold itself, and 'see around the corner' of things.

EMBARRASSMENT.

"The hand and the eye work together. The moment the eye catches sight of anything the hand is ready to reach out for it—this is especially noticeable in the case of pickpockets and shoplifters!

"The person who cannot look you in the eye usually fingers with his mouth. The mouth is the most tell-tale feature of the human anatomy, and the person who is weak and distrustful cannot keep his hands away from it. You see, the hands, the agents of the brain, 'put their fingers into it.' I played such a part with Mrs. Fiske in 'Leah Kleschna' a few years ago. Raoul Berton was one of those fellows who couldn't look you in the eye and was always fingering with his mouth. Usually it is done with the aid of a cigarette.

"Self-consciousness attacks the hands so savagely sometimes that they actually appear to grow larger in their misery, to swell and

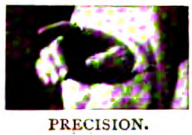
MIRTH.

turn red and perspire. As a matter of fact, this growing larger is quite possible. When the mind concentrates itself on one part of the body it brings the blood to that part, and naturally the veins begin to swell and the hands seem to enlarge. The restless hands are usually the helpless ones—useless little hands that are incapable of doing or making. People who use their hands a great deal, whether mechanically or intellectually, by manufacturing, writing, or playing, are quite unconscious of them and are more than willing to let them fall loosely, in relaxation, as if glad when not working to be at rest.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE AS "JOAN OF ARC."
Hands expressive of supplication.
From a Photograph.

"A good rule to remember is never to put the hands to the face, unless absolutely necessary — unless the type of character demands it. As a hint to the women of the profession, it is not only a betrayal of self-consciousness, but it induces wrinkles."

The hands come more into play in classic *rôles* than in other parts. Especially do the hands lend their power to the actor's spoken word in the plays of Shakespeare. Robert B. Mantell, the leading exponent of Shakespeare and the classic drama in America — in fact, the only actor since Booth to restrict himself almost entirely to the plays of Shakespeare, who, with Edwin Booth's own prompt books, and having served an apprenticeship under that, I might say, greatest of actors, has carried on the artistic work of Booth—certainly makes his hands do their part in acting. Those who have witnessed Mr. Mantell's majestic performance of Richelieu will recall how wonderfully he uses his hands. The power, the majesty, the keenness, the cunning, expressed in Mr. Mantell's eyes and mouth in the *rôles* of Richelieu are not only reflected in full in his hands, but the thought and the feeling expressed by them precedes the spoken word and the facial expression. His hands and his eyes and his mind and his heart all work together for the accomplishment of a complete and finished character portrayal. Look at his hands in the portrait reproduced of his impersonation of Louis XI. Could anything be more expressive of an unbalanced mind?



PRECISION.

Miss Julia Marlowe, the foremost actress of romantic *rôles* in America, and leader in the interpretation of Shakesperean heroines, who has always been hailed as the actress who acts with her eyes, backs up the contention that the hand and the eye act together. She uses her hands more effectively even than she does her eyes. Who will forget those appealing hands in "Joan of Arc"? As she knelt before the cross with up-stretched hands and raised eyes, for a moment not speaking a word, Miss Marlowe's hands sent a thrill through the audience that vibrated across the heartstrings more than any utterance could have done. Speaking of this scene, Miss Marlowe said that she felt a "tingling in her fingers" that almost made her speechless!

European actors use their hands more

effectively, on the whole, than do American actors. Novelli first of all, then Duse, Bernhardt, Mme. Le Blanc Maeterlinck, and Nazimova. Then come the English, headed by the late Sir Henry Irving. We have seen how carefully J. E. Dodson and George Arliss, both Englishmen, make use of their hands; and now we come to perhaps the most gracious actor living—Forbes-Robertson. This splendid and powerful artiste owes much to his wonderfully expressive hands and to the manner in which he uses them. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet soliloquized throughout the piece with his hands! The hand of his Shylock was the hand of the money-lender.

What more pleasing example showing the hand of the actor in action than Mr. Forbes-Robertson's exquisite playing of the Passer-by in "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back"? The simplicity and the nobleness of the Passer-by was strongly reflected in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's hands throughout the play.

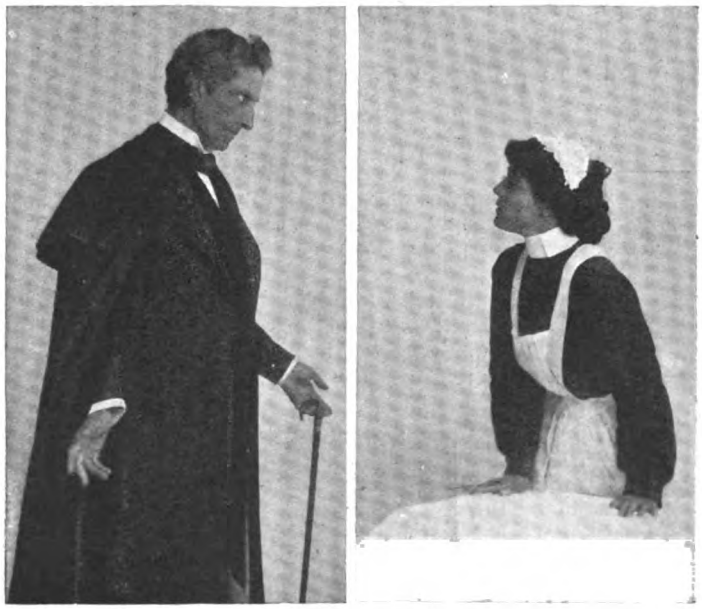
Sir Charles Wyndham, in "The Mollusc," gave a splendid bit of hand acting when, in expressing agitation, though not speaking a word with his mouth, he kept moving the fingers of his right hand in and out of the palm, rubbing the finger tips against his thumb.

The illustration of "Bellamy the Magnificent" on the next page is wonderfully suggestive. Lord Bellamy, although well advanced in years, has lost none of the gallantry of his youth, and his suave sang-froid and almost insinuating charm of manner exercise the greatest fascination over members of the opposite sex—when Lord Bellamy so wishes it. Note the almost purring caress suggested by Sir Charles Wyndham's right hand as, accused by Miss Pamela Gray of paying compliments and indulging in meaningless flattery, he replies, "One never flatters genius."

There have been few more illuminating examples of the speaking expression—the life, almost—with which the hands can be imbued than is provided by the study of Mr. H. B. Irving's hands in the part of Mathias in "The Bells." Even the most inexperienced theatre-goer cannot fail to recognize the feeling of dread the actor's hands so clearly portray when the sound of the sleigh-bells of a stranger whom he murdered in the past reaches his ears.

DEVOTION.

"It is far from easy to discuss the importance the hands play in any part," says Mr. H. B. Irving, "for, truth to tell, the hands, after all, merely follow out the dictates of the brain. By this I mean to say that, obviously, every movement of the hands is governed by the brain, and on this account a great deal must depend on the individual reading of a part. For instance, there can be little doubt that half-a-dozen actors, if left to themselves to study any particular part, will read that part in half-a-dozen different ways. Let me explain exactly



FORBES-ROBERTSON AS "THE PASSER-BY" IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD-FLOOR BACK."
Hands that speak for themselves.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

SURPRISE.

CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT."
An insinuating charm of manner.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

what I mean. We will take, for the sake of example, this sentence: 'So-and-so merely behaves just as a warm-hearted man would behave on suddenly receiving the news of a dear friend's death.'

"So far so good. The words, regarded superficially, need no explanation. In cold, hard print they speak for themselves, and indeed clearly portray, to anyone with the least imagination, the picture the elementary details of which are unmistakably outlined. Yes, this must be obvious when merely reading the words. But to the actor an entirely different picture is conveyed by these words. He asks himself the question, 'What warm-hearted man?' Fifty different men would behave in a hundred different ways on such an occasion—would express their emotions with different looks and gestures. The actor has to select. It is his duty to express the type which he considers will strike the audience as the most natural. His expressions must be those which, while they belong to the recognized symbols of our common nature, have also the peculiar individual impress of the character represented. To all who will reflect for a moment it must be clear that men and women use their hands in a greater and lesser degree according to the force with which any particular emotion tears at their hearts. That is the actor's difficulty so far as his hands are concerned, for it is very largely by the use of his hands that actually — although they probably do not know it themselves — the most lasting impression of the truth of a reading of any particular character is impressed upon an audience's mind. And

H. B. IRVING AS "MATHIAS" IN "THE BELLS."
Note the fear expressed in both hands, that fear which in a moment of surprise the fingers so clearly show—by their nervous, almost clinging, tension.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

probably, as the highest art lies in the concealing of that art, the actor who most clearly realizes the real innermost meaning of the words of the author which he is expressing will use his hands to the best advantage. The hands of the actor can be used in what is really nothing more or less than a downright contradiction to the reading of his brain. But that is bad art. The hands should follow the dictates of the brain; in fact, if the brain clearly grasps the idiosyncrasies of any particular character it may almost be taken as a hard-and-fast rule that the hands will behave themselves in a manner entirely true to life. On the other hand, if the brain is groping for the author's meaning, the hands, too, will grope for that expression which the author has intended to be represented."

Few modern actresses possess more restraint in the use of their hands than Miss Irene Vanbrugh. In one scene in "The Thief," for example, the student of the drama with an eye for detail may perhaps have noticed that, when accused of theft by her husband, Miss Vanbrugh, while listening to the censure meted out to her by her horror-stricken husband, whose illusions anent the uprightness of her character are so suddenly dissipated, for over two minutes actually makes not the slightest movement with her hands, the nervous, emotional clenching of which so clearly conveys the feeling of utter dread and horror with which she is overcome at her secret being discovered. Gestures, the slightest movement, would have spoilt the picture. Therein lies the real art of the true actress, which an audience should realize, although actually but few do realize, is conveyed to them, not by what is being done, but by what is being so artistically left undone.

"The hands of the actress. How do they express what they express? It is a question to which, if one loves one's art, such as it is—nay, if one lives in one's art, it is almost impossible to find an adequate answer," says Miss Vanbrugh; "for if we once understand that naturalness in acting means truthful representation of the character indicated by the author, and not the foisting of commonplace manner on the stage, there must be an instant recognition of the artiste's skill. The hands can only behave as they should behave if the artiste is giving a really life-like representation of the character she is endeavouring to represent. A great deal, however, depends on the clearness with which the author impresses the real 'life and soul' of the character he has drawn upon the artiste's mind. That is where the great author's consummate skill excels. Sir Arthur Pinero, for example, gives to each artiste a living character to work upon, a thing possessing not only mere breath, but a thing which also has a soul that unburdens its characteristics so clearly, so vividly, that such unimportant adjuncts as the limbs of the body in which it is concealed must obey its command. Civil war is out of date; and it is for that reason that the hands of such a character truly understood cannot fail to behave themselves as they would if the situations to which they are giving birth were occurring in real life—and not on the stage. The hands of the actor or actress, it seems to me, depend for their 'behaviour' every whit as much on the skill of the author as on that of the artiste."

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."
The hands that express an appeal.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

In discussing the title of this article with a well-known critic from the point of view of every branch of the stage, on referring to musical comedy, the critic remarked, somewhat cynically, "Ah, yes; when we get to musical comedy we are generally provided with numerous sets of hands which express nothing." The use of the word "generally" may be said, perhaps, to justify this assertion, for, truth to tell, the musical-comedy stage today is not overburdened with artistes who are so thoroughly masters and mistresses of their art that they can rely on their hands to assist

them to any great extent in expressing the true meaning of the words they utter.

Happily, however, for those who are enthusiastic about this particular form of entertainment, there are exceptions, one of whom is assuredly Miss Gertie Millar, who may, by the way, not improbably be seen in comedy in the far-from-remote future. "I think, to a very great extent, experience, and experience alone, can teach an artiste in musical comedy the true power of giving birth to expression with the hands," says Miss Millar. "The great stumbling-block—and more's the pity!—on the musical-comedy stage lies in the fact that very frequently the same stereotyped set of actions are taught to artistes from week to week, month to month, and year to year. The result is that the actor or actress with real initiative, the artiste who possesses the ability to faithfully create any particular character, finds that he or she is not allowed to give full play to the imagination. Sometimes, of course, with artistes of limited ability this is an advantage, for wild gesticulations have the same effect on an audience as has the proverbial red rag on the bull. But on the whole it is, perhaps, to be regretted that greater freedom is not permitted to musical-comedy artistes in the creation of their studies. Those who have reached within measurable distance of the top of their profession, of course, practically create their own characters—in other words, make use of their hands in the particular way their brain dictates. But lesser-known artistes are frequently hampered by too many restrictions and stereotyped gestures."

MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND ROBERT EVETT IN "THE WALTZ DREAM."
His hands express affection. Her hands, affection in the left and restraint in the right. Note the determination expressed in the fingers of Miss Millar's right hand.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

The hands of the actor, from the point of view of the dramatist, provide a particularly interesting study; for it is the dramatist, after all, who really, to all intents and purposes, strives to give to the hand of the artiste the expressions which should follow in the train of the situations he is creating.

"I have long been strongly of the opinion," says Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who has written so many successful dramas—and in drama the hand of the actor plays a particularly important part—"that actors and actresses, as a class, would be far more convincing and natural with their hands on the stage if they were to make a point of learning fencing. The inexperienced actor, in particular, often fails to follow the ruling of his brain so far as his hand is concerned. He uses the same mannerisms in play after play in a mechanical fashion, which is not only annoying but extremely unconvincing.

"So far as the hands are concerned, from the point of view of giving expression, the generality of English actors and actresses are behind those who have studied in Continental schools of acting. The hands of the really artistic actor should be as important to him in the expression of his art, in the expression of the emotions he would portray, as are the hands of a clock to those who wish to know the time."

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

BY

W·W·JACOBS

MR. GEORGE WOTTON, gently pushing the swing doors of the public bar of the King's Head an inch apart, applied an eye to the aperture, in the hope of discovering a moneyed friend. His gaze fell on the only man in the bar, a greybeard of sixty, whose weather-beaten face and rough clothing spoke of the sea. With a faint sigh he widened the opening and passed through.

"Mornin', Ben," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Have a drop with me," said the other, heartily. "Got any money about you?"

Mr. Wotton shook his head and his face fell, clearing somewhat as the other handed him his mug. "Drink it all up, George," he said.

His friend complied. A more tactful man might have taken longer over the job, but Mr. Benjamin Davis, who appeared to be labouring under some strong excitement, took no notice.

"I've had a shock, George," he said, regarding the other steadily. "I've heard news of my old woman."

"Didn't know you 'ad one," said Mr. Wotton, calmly. "Wot's she done?"

"She left me," said Mr. Davis, solemnly—"she left me thirty-five years ago. I went off to sea one fine morning, and that was the last I ever see of 'er."

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"Why, did she bolt?" inquired Mr. Wotton, with mild interest.

"No," said his friend, "but I did. We'd been married three years—three long years—and I had 'ad enough of it. Awful temper she had. The last words I ever heard 'er say was: 'Take that!'"

Mr. Wotton took up the mug and, after satisfying himself as to the absence of contents, put it down again and yawned.

"I shouldn't worry about it if I was you," he remarked. "She's hardly likely to find you now. And if she does she won't get much."

Mr. Davis gave vent to a contemptuous laugh. "Get much!" he repeated. "It's her what's got it. I met a old shipmate of mine this morning what I 'adn't seen for ten years, and he told me he run acrost 'er only a month ago. After she left me——"

"But you said you left her!" exclaimed his listening friend.

"Same thing," said Mr. Davis, impatiently. "After she left me to work myself to death at sea, running here and there at the orders of a pack o' lazy scuts aft, she went into service and stayed in one place for fifteen years. Then 'er missis died and left her all 'er money. For twenty years, while I've been working myself to skin and bone, she's been living in comfort and idleness."

"'Ard lines," said Mr. Wotton, shaking his head. "It don't bear thinking of."

"Why didn't she advertise for me?" said Mr. Davis, raising his voice. "That's what I want to know. Advertisements is cheap enough; why didn't she advertise? I should 'ave come at once if she'd said anything about money."

Mr. Wotton shook his head again. "P'r'aps she didn't want you," he said, slowly.

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the other. "It was 'er dooty. She'd got money, and I ought to have 'ad my 'arf of it. Nothing can make up for that wasted twenty years—nothing."

"P'r'aps she'll take you back," said Mr. Wotton.

"Take me back?" repeated Mr. Davis. "O' course she'll take me back. She'll have to. There's a law in the land, ain't there? What I'm thinking of is: Can I get back my share what I ought to have 'ad for the last twenty years?"

"Get 'er to take you back first," counselled his friend. "Thirty-five years is a long time, and p'r'aps she has lost 'er love for you. Was you good-looking in those days?"

"Yes," snapped Mr. Davis; "I ain't altered much. 'Sides, what about her?"

"That ain't the question," said the other. "She's got a home and money. It don't matter about *'er* looks; and, wot's more, she ain't bound to keep you. If you take my advice, you won't dream of letting her know you run away from her. Say you was cast away at sea, and when you came back years afterwards you couldn't find her."

Mr. Davis pondered for some time in sulky silence.

"P'r'aps it would be as well," he said at last; "but I sha'n't stand no nonsense, mind."

"If you like I'll come with you," said Mr. Wotton. "I ain't got nothing to do. I could tell 'er I was cast away with you if you liked. Anything to help a pal."

Mr. Davis took two inches of soiled clay pipe from his pocket and puffed thoughtfully.

"You can come," he said at last. "If you'd only got a copper or two we could ride; it's down Clapham way."

Mr. Wotton smiled feebly, and after going carefully through his pockets shook his head and followed his friend outside.

"I wonder whether she'll be pleased?" he remarked, as they walked slowly along. "She might be—women are funny creatures—so faithful. I knew one whose husband used to knock 'er about dreadful, and after he died she was so true to his memory she wouldn't marry again."

Mr. Davis grunted, and, with a longing eye at the omnibuses passing over London Bridge, asked a policeman the distance to Clapham.

"Never mind," said Mr. Wotton, as his friend uttered an exclamation. "You'll have money in your pocket soon."

Mr. Davis's face brightened. "And a watch and chain too," he said.

"And smoke your cigar of a Sunday," said Mr. Wotton, "and have a easy-chair and a glass for a friend."

Mr. Davis almost smiled, and then, suddenly remembering his wasted twenty years, shook his head grimly over the friendship that attached itself to easy-chairs and glasses of ale, and said that there was plenty of it about. More friendship than glasses of ale and easy-chairs, perhaps.

At Clapham they inquired the way of a small boy, and, after following the road indicated, retraced their steps, cheered by a faint but bloodthirsty hope of meeting him again.

A friendly baker put them on the right track at last, both gentlemen eyeing the road

with a mixture of concern and delight. It was a road of trim semi-detached villas, each with a well-kept front garden and neatly-curtained windows. At the gate of a house with the word "Blairgowrie" inscribed in huge gilt letters on the fanlight Mr. Davis paused for a moment uneasily, and then walking up the path, followed by Mr. Wotton, knocked at the door.

He retired a step in disorder before the apparition of a maid in cap and apron. A sharp "Not to-day!" sounded in his ears and the door closed again. He faced his friend gasping.

"I should give her the sack first thing," said Mr. Wotton.

Mr. Davis knocked again, and again. The maid reappeared, and after surveying them through the glass opened the door a little way and parleyed.

"I want to see your missis," said Mr. Davis, fiercely.

"What for?" demanded the girl.

"You tell 'er," said Mr. Davis, inserting his foot just in time, "you tell 'er that there's two gentlemen here what have brought 'er news of her husband, and look sharp about it."

"They was cast away with 'im," said Mr. Wotton.

"On a desert island," said Mr. Davis. He pushed his way in, followed by his friend, and a head that had been leaning over the banisters was suddenly withdrawn. For a moment he stood irresolute in the tiny passage, and then, with a husband's boldness, he entered the front room and threw himself into an easy-chair. Mr. Wotton, after a scared glance round the well-furnished room, seated himself on the extreme edge of

"YOU TELL 'ER THAT THERE'S TWO GENTLEMEN HERE WHAT HAVE BROUGHT 'ER NEWS OF HER HUSBAND."

the most uncomfortable chair he could find and coughed nervously.

"Better not be too sudden with her," he whispered. "You don't want her to faint, or anything of that sort. Don't let 'er know who you are at first; let her find it out for herself."

Mr. Davis, who was also suffering from the stiff grandeur of his surroundings, nodded.

"P'r'aps you'd better start, in case she recognizes my voice," he said, slowly. "Pitch it in strong about me and 'ow I was always wondering what had 'appened to her."

"You're in luck, that's wot you are," said his friend, enviously. "I've only seen furniture like this in shop windows before. *H'sh!* Here she comes."

He started, and both men tried to look at their ease as a stiff rustling sounded from the stairs. Then the door opened and a tall, stoutly-built old lady with white hair swept into the room and stood regarding them.

Mr. Davis, unprepared for the changes wrought by thirty-five years, stared at her aghast. The black silk dress, the gold watch-chain, and huge cameo brooch did not help to reassure him.

"Good — good afternoon, ma'am," said Mr. Wotton, in a thin voice.

The old lady returned the greeting, and, crossing to a chair and seating herself in a very upright fashion, regarded him calmly.

"We—we called to see you about a dear old pal—friend, I mean," continued Mr. Wotton; "one o' the best. The best."

"Yes?" said the old lady.

"He's been missing," said Mr. Wotton, watching closely for any symptoms of fainting, "for thir-ty-five years. Thir-ty-five years ago—very much against his wish—he left 'is young and handsome wife to go for a sea v'y'ge, and was shipwrecked and cast away on a desert island."

"Yes?" said the old lady again.

"I was cast away with 'im," said Mr. Wotton. "Both of us was cast away with him."

He indicated Mr. Davis with his hand, and the old lady, after a glance at that gentleman, turned to Mr. Wotton again.

"We was on that island for longer than I like to think of," continued Mr. Wotton, who had a wholesome dread of dates. "But we was rescued at last, and ever since then he has been hunting high and low for his wife."

"It's very interesting," murmured the old lady; "but what has it got to do with me?"

Mr. Wotton gasped, and cast a helpless glance at his friend.

"You ain't heard his name yet," he said, impressively. "Wot would you say if I said it was—Ben Davis?"

"I should say it wasn't true," said the old lady, promptly.

"Not—true?" said Mr. Wotton, catching his breath painfully. "Wish I may die——"

"About the desert island," continued the old lady, calmly. "The story that I heard was that he went off like a cur and left his young wife to do the best she could for herself. I suppose he's heard since that she has come in for a bit of money."

"Money!" repeated Mr. Wotton, in a voice that he fondly hoped expressed artless surprise. "Money!"

"Money," said the old lady; "and I suppose he sent you two gentlemen round to see how the land lay."

She was looking full at Mr. Davis as she spoke, and both men began to take a somewhat sombre view of the situation.

"You didn't know him, else you wouldn't talk like that," said Mr. Wotton. "I don't suppose you'd know 'im if you was to see him now."

"I don't suppose I should," said the other.

"P'r'aps you'd reckernise his voice?" said Mr. Davis, breaking silence at last.

Mr. Wotton held his breath, but the old lady merely shook her head thoughtfully. "It was a disagreeable voice when his wife used to hear it," she said at last. "Always fault-finding, when it wasn't swearing."

Mr. Wotton glanced at his friend, and, raising his eyebrows slightly, gave up his task.

"Might ha' been faults on both sides," said Mr. Davis, gruffly. "You weren't all that you should ha' been, you know."

"*Me?*" said his hostess, raising her voice.

"You," said Mr. Davis, rising. "Don't you know me, Mary? Why, I knew you the moment you come into the room."

He moved towards her awkwardly, but she rose in her turn and drew back.

"If you touch me I'll scream," she said, firmly. "How dare you? Why, I've never seen you before in my life."

"It's Ben Davis, ma'am; it's 'im, right enough," said Mr. Wotton, meekly.

"Hold your tongue," said the old lady.

"Look at me!" commanded Mr. Davis, sternly. "Look me straight in the eye."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the other, sharply. "Look you in the eye, indeed! I don't want to look in your eye. What would people think?"

"Let 'em think wot they like," said Mr.

"DON'T YOU KNOW ME, MARY?"

Davis, recklessly. "This is a nice home-coming after being away thirty-five years."

"Most of it on a desert island," put in Mr. Wotton, pathetically.

"And now I've come back," resumed Mr. Davis; "come back to stop."

He hung his cap on a vase on the mantelpiece that reeled under the shock, and, dropping into his chair again, crossed his legs and eyed her sternly. Her gaze was riveted on his dilapidated boot. She looked up and spoke mildly.

"You're not my husband," she said. "You've made a mistake—I think you had better go."

"Ho!" said Mr. Davis, with a hard laugh. "In-deed! And 'ow do you know I'm not?"

"For the best of reasons," was the reply. "Besides, how can you prove that you are? Thirty-five years is a long time."

"'Specially on a desert island," said Mr. Wotton, rapidly. "You'd be surprised 'ow slow the time passes. I was there with 'im, and I can lay my hand on my 'eart and assure you that that is your husband."

"Nonsense!" said the old lady, vigorously. "Rubbish!"

"I can prove it," said Mr. Davis, fixing her with a glittering eye. "Do you remember the serpent I 'ad tattooed on my leg for a garter?"

"If you don't go at once," said the old lady, hastily, "I'll send for the police."

"You used to admire it," said Mr. Davis, reproachfully. "I remember once——"

"If you say another word," said the other, in a fierce voice, "I'll send straight off for the police. You and your serpents! I'll tell my husband of you, that's what I'll do."

"Your WHAT?" roared Mr. Davis, springing to his feet.

"My husband. He won't stand any of your nonsense, I can tell you. You'd better go before he comes in."

"O-oh," said Mr. Davis, taking a long breath. "Oh, so you been and got married again, 'ave you? That's your love for your husband as was cast away while trying to earn a living for you. That's why you don't want me, is it? We'll see. I'll wait for him."

"You don't know what you're talking

about," said the other, with great dignity. "I've only been married once."

Mr. Davis passed the back of his hand across his eyes in a dazed fashion and stared at her.

"Is—is somebody passing himself off as me?" he demanded. "'Cos if he is I'll 'ave you both up for bigamy."

"Certainly not."

"But—but——"

Mr. Davis turned and looked blankly at his friend. Mr. Wotton met his gaze with dilated eyes.

"You say you recognize me as your wife?" said the old lady.

"Certainly," said Mr. Davis, hotly.

"It's very curious," said the other—"very. But are you sure? Look again."

Mr. Davis thrust his face close to hers and stared hard. She bore his scrutiny without flinching.

"I'm positive certain," said Mr. Davis, taking a breath.

"That's very curious," said the old lady; "but, then, I suppose we are a bit alike. You see, Mrs. Davis being away, I'm looking after her house for a bit. My name happens to be Smith."

Mr. Davis uttered a sharp exclamation, and, falling back a step, stared at her open-mouthed.

"We all make mistakes," urged Mr. Wotton, after a long silence, "and Ben's sight ain't wot it used to be. He strained it looking out for a sail when we was on that desert——"

"When—when'll she be back?" inquired Mr. Davis, finding his voice at last.

The old lady affected to look puzzled. "But I thought you were certain that I was your wife?" she said, smoothly.

"My mistake," said Mr. Davis, ruefully. "Thirty-five years is a long time and people change a bit; I have myself. For one thing, I must say I didn't expect to find 'er so stout."

"*Stout!*" repeated the other, quickly.

"Not that I mean you're too stout," said Mr. Davis, hurriedly—"for people that like stoutness, that is. My wife used to 'ave a very good figger."

Mr. Wotton nodded. "He used to rave about it on that des——"

"When will she be back?" inquired Mr. Davis, interrupting him.

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "I can't say," she replied, moving towards the door. "When she's off holidaying I never know when she'll return. Shall I tell her you called?"

"Tell her I——*certainly*," said Mr. Davis, with great vehemence. "I'll come in a week's time and see if she's back."

"She might be away for months," said the old lady, moving slowly to the passage and opening the street door. "Good—afternoon."

She closed the door behind them and stood watching them through the glass as they passed disconsolately into the street. Then she went back into the parlour and, standing before the mantelpiece, looked long and earnestly into the mirror.

Mr. Davis returned a week later—alone, and, pausing at the gate, glanced in dismay at a bill in the window announcing that the house was to be sold. He walked up the path still looking at it, and being admitted by the trim servant was shown into the parlour, and stood in a dispirited fashion before Mrs. Smith.

"Not back yet?" he inquired, gruffly.

The old lady shook her head.

"What—what—is that bill for?" demanded Mr. Davis, jerking his thumb towards it.

"She is thinking of selling the house," said Mrs. Smith. "I let her know you had been, and that is the result. She won't come back. You won't see her again."

"Where is she?" inquired Mr. Davis, frowning.

Mrs. Smith shook her head again. "And it would be no use my telling you," she said. "What she has got is her own and the law won't let you touch a penny of it without her consent. You must have treated her badly; why did you leave her?"

"Why?" repeated Mr. Davis. "Why? Why, because she hit me over the 'ead with a broom-handle."

Mrs. Smith tossed her head.

"Fancy you remembering that for thirty-five years!" she said.

"Fancy forgetting it!" retorted Mr. Davis.

"I suppose she had a hot temper," said the old lady.

"'Ot temper?" said the other. "Yes." He leaned forward, and holding his chilled hands over the fire stood for some time deep in thought.

"I don't know what it is," he said at last, "but there's a something about you that reminds me of her. It ain't your voice, 'cos she had a very nice voice—when she wasn't in a temper—and it ain't your face, because——"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Smith, sharply.

"Because it don't remind me of her."

"And yet the other day you said you recognized me at once," said the old lady.

"'IF I TAKE YOU BACK AGAIN,' REPEATED HIS WIFE, 'ARE YOU GOING TO BEHAVE YOURSELF?'"

"I thought I did," said Mr. Davis. "One thing is, I was expecting to see her, I s'pose."

There was a long silence.

"Well, I won't keep you," said Mrs. Smith at last, "and it's no good for you to keep coming here to see her. She will never come here again. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you don't look over and above respectable. Your coat is torn, your trousers are patched in a dozen places, and your boots are half off your feet—I don't know what the servant must think."

"I—I only came to look for my wife," said Mr. Davis, in a startled voice. "I won't come again."

"That's right," said the old lady. "That'll please her, I know. And if she should happen to ask what sort of a living you are making, what shall I tell her?"

"Tell her what you said about my clothes, ma'am," said Mr. Davis, with his hand on the door-knob. "She'll understand then. She's known wot it is to be poor herself. She'd got a bad temper, but she'd have cut her tongue out afore she'd 'ave thrown a poor devil's rags in his face. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Ben," said the old woman, in a changed voice.

Mr. Davis, half-way through the door, started as though he had been shot, and, facing about, stood eyeing her in dumb bewilderment.

"It isn't the same voice and it isn't the same face," said the old woman; "but if I'd only got a broom-handle handy——"

Mr. Davis made an odd noise in his throat.

"If you hadn't been so down on your luck," said his wife, blinking her eyes rapidly, "I'd have let you go. If you hadn't looked so miserable I could have stood it. If I take you back, are you going to behave yourself?"

Mr. Davis stood gaping at her.

"If I take you back again," repeated his wife, speaking very slowly, "are you going to behave yourself?"

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, finding his voice at last. "Yes, if you are."

Photographic Silhouettes.

The Dark Side of Celebrities.

By J. MARTIN HEWER.

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

BY placing your subject between the camera and the light nothing is easier than to take photographs in silhouette, and I have lately seen some very interesting examples of photographed silhouettes taken by amateurs. Of course, the interest in these may be described as chiefly domestic and relying upon our acquaintance with the individual thus shadowed forth in outline.

Silhouette photography is not new; it has been practised in all probability since impressions on sensitized paper were first introduced in the "'fifties." I have also seen some remarkable daguerreotypes and ambrotypes in which the figures are taken, probably by mischance, in complete shadow. The chief drawback to pictures which by accident, or the lack of adroitness on the part of the photographer, are made to appear in silhouette is that the subjects do not stand out in perfect profile.

There remains, however, another plan, not less ingenious, and vastly more entertaining in its results. It consists in collecting profile snapshots, or making them for the purpose, and converting them into silhouettes by the very simple device of blackening with India ink and cutting away the background with a

THE CZAR AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.M. THE KING.

M. FALLIÈRES.

KING MANUEL.

pair of scissors. A large album may, if the collector be industrious, be filled in this way with very fantastic and humorous specimens of celebrities in silhouette, ranging from the King down to a popular singer in a London music-hall. The quantity of material at the disposal of the collector is enormous, because a wide range exists for his scissors in the numerous pictures of crowded racecourse enclosures, Royal garden-parties, and military functions at which numerous persons of celebrity are customarily, if not invariably, present. These portraits are often extremely minute, in which case some pains must be exercised. It is necessary first to enlarge the portrait and ascertain its boundaries carefully before besmirching its whole character.

This systematic and deliberate contemplation of the dark side of famous individualities has its reward in infinite humour. Traits which are almost imperceptible in the *tout ensemble* become now clearly defined. That is one question asked about silhouettes. Why is it that a mass of sable shadow should often be a more convincing likeness than a sum of detail and facial expression? The silhouette of the Queen of Spain is merely the nigrified photograph of Her Majesty addressing her tee at golf. To demonstrate that it is possible to secure a silhouette that will not baffle recognition because it is not in profile, take that of Lord Charles Beresford delivering a platform speech, or (on the next page) that of the Duke of Connaught, who is accompanying his relative, the Czar of Russia. Miss Terry's silhouette is as easily recognizable as her photograph, while few who have ever seen Mr. Rufus Isaacs would be in doubt as to his likeness here. One would venture to say that the silhouette of His Majesty the King in a top hat differs a little from his photograph, but if the reader will carefully blacken a profile photograph of the King he will see just what result will be obtained. There have been portraits, for instance, of Mr. Balfour which may be said to have escaped recognition; but who could ever fail to recognize this? Probably the secret is that these black masses give the broad essentials, the solid truth of resemblance, so that we are not left to pick our way to recognition amongst the doubtful details. Take the shadow of Mr. Kipling or of his fellow-novelist, Mr. Rider Haggard; they are from snapshots—the one at Lord's, the other at his home in Norfolk. The next shows us Mr. Lloyd George, who probably casts the greatest shadow now cast in public life, but whose physical shadow is so much less than that of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Next comes Mr. Asquith, apparently enjoying a chat with Mr. Chaplin. Further on we encounter the dark side of the Countess of Warwick, before whom Sir W. S. Gilbert is making obeisance.

MR. BALFOUR.

Silhouette photography need take no cognizance of such things as chairs or other furniture, and some curious attitudes are frequently presented.

It is not necessary to comment on all the other pictures in this collection of silhouetteograms. Some possess a stronger individuality than others, and the originals might be readily recognized.

The photographic snapshot of Mr. Asquith from which our silhouette was made was taken at a review at Aldershot, and although the costume is unfamiliar, yet it is readily recognizable and is a very characteristic pose.

In explanation of the silhouette of Sir George Lewis it should be said that the eminent solicitor is in the act of simultaneously hailing a cab at Charing Cross and bestowing

a farewell injunction upon a friend on the pavement.

In conclusion, one may aver that here is a brand-new pastime for the winter evenings. It is not given to us all to achieve silhouettes unaided with a pair of scissors, as do the deft artists who make a speciality of this work; but anyone may treat a profile photograph to a coat of India ink and, after carefully cutting away the background, mount the result in an album to exhibit to his friends as a novelty in portraiture coming from his hand, and derive much entertainment from their guesses at the identity of his subjects. Why not try it?

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

MR. ASQUITH.

MR. CHAPLIN.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

SIR W. S. GILBERT.

The DEVIL'S LUCK

by

W·B·Maxwell

WHEN George Inbolt was seen walking out with Lizzie Veal, rustic critics considered the couple philosophically.

"I count she be a bit too good for he."

"Kips 'erself so nice, dwun't she? Prurty, too; an' a good-livin' young 'ooman—simly."

"O' course, if Jarge wurn't sich a rammucky feller, he'd oughter done better in the warld than ever he have. Wunnerful high education!"

George Inbolt was carter up at the Heath Farm, and Lizzie was house-parlourmaid at Mrs. Parrott's, on the Belford Road. Belford Heath is the table-land between the stretching forest and the well-tilled fields. As you drive over the moor you come to a fringe of beech woods on your left, and behind the trees the farm lies low and snug; then on your right stands the homestead where capable, hard-working Lizzie made the beds and laid the cloth; and then onward down the hill, for a mile and a half, you have on either hand cottages, schools, doctor's house, agent's house, until you turn into the village street, and see, in a burst of comfortable, peaceful beauty, the stone bridge, the glittering river, the abbey walls and the Abbey House, the old Stag Inn, and the crumbling, ivy-clad gate-house. Some tourists say that Belford is the prettiest village in South Hampshire.

On the first visit of Lizzie to the farm, she wore her servant's apron and a cotton sun-bonnet; and, as she stepped mincingly through the muddy yard, George came slouching out of the wainhouse and shyly asked her what she wanted. She explained that she had been sent by her mistress to buy some eggs; and the big, shy young man conducted her to the dairy, and introduced her to the guv'nor's wife.

Next time he saw her it was in the roadway, and she drew aside to make room for his lumbering horses.

"Good mornin', miss," said George, the colour rising in his bronzed face. "You took something more from us the other day besides those eggs."

"Did I, then? What was that?"

"About half my heart. . . . And the other half's beatin' fast to follow it. . . ."

With a sheepish grin and a beetroot blush, the carter drove on; while the girl stood showing her white teeth and staring after him.

He dreamed of her that night; and next day, Sunday, he saw her in her best clothes after church service. Her hat was full of roses; her dress was of regal purple; there was white rabbit-fur round her neck; her neat little shoes had square buckles: she looked finer of feather than any local birds—as grand as one of the ladies from the Abbey House.

"In a hurry, miss? Will you wa'alk so far as the heath with me?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Lizzie.

At their next meeting she was in her working clothes again—a cotton print with rolled-up sleeves. He liked her better thus. The fine feathers had confused and bewildered him. Now he could see the girl herself—the live thing that had sent its haunting ghost to quicken his pulses while he lay asleep after the long day's work.

"HE SHYLY ASKED HER WHAT SHE WANTED."

Her skin was whiter and softer than the weather-toned cheeks of the farmer's girls—that was because she worked mostly indoors, of course; but her lips were red and healthy, and she was full-bosomed, broad-hipped, firm-fleshed all over, as an honest, hearty wench should be. Her dark hair gave a red glow where the sunlight touched it; her eyes were bluish-grey, with little dark specks in the colour of them—like to the dottings on a blackbird's egg. These appearances he noticed, as he would in glancing over the points of a new horse brought to his plough; but they were all nothing—less than nothing—in the swift building of his strong secret thought of her.

"See here, miss." He had been waiting for her outside the dairy. "See how I've tied the flowers fer you"—and he offered her a little nosegay, with a long string hanging from it. "I've knotted the loose end in behind here"—and he slapped his broad chest. "Take the flowers home with you, and so surely you'll be drawing the rest of my heart."

Lizzie laughed, took the flowers home, and did not worry about the damaging tension of any invisible string. She encouraged the handsome, powerful young man, and soon consented to walk out with him; but she told him—said it quite straight—that their walkings would never lead them through the church-door to the nuptial ceremony until he had "put by and bettered himself sufficient to kip a wife in security."

He was a rare worker when he chose. Well, he had something to work for now, someone to save for—the good angel who should close the door of tap-rooms, and check his arm from lifting the drink-demon's magic vase. He was strong and hefty enough with men—"would tek you up short if you so much as looked at un when he might be beery or angered"; yet he was naturally timid with the other sex, and had, perhaps unconsciously, missed many easy successes. But this made his love so much the deeper when it came. The love was like a river as it runs slowly to the sea, where drowning men are sucked into unfathomable depths.

Lizzie took him in hand tightly, and for her sake he stifled the drink-cravings. She put before him very clearly the lines on which he should advance to fortune: he must turn his book knowledge to account, scrape together a small capital, buy a cottage, and establish himself—"same as Mr. Thomson has done."

"Thomson's old mother left him two hundred pounds. That's what started him."

"And you haven't no one to leave you money? You're an orphan, like me—aren't you, George? Never mind; you must start yourself."

She told him that she herself had saved a matter of twenty pounds, in spite of the fact that she spent a tidy bit on hats and gowns and gave assistance to her only relative, an aunt at Portsmouth.

"An' you must lift yourself into good employment, George. Such a man as you—able to write like any clerk, and figure out sums and bills—shouldn't be lost in the quag at eighteen shillings a week; not at your age."

She made him narrate his whole career, and she dealt severely with him for forfeiting his place as woodman on the local lord's estate.

"Answer me frank, George. Why did his lordship turn you off?"

"Oh, I got a drop of drink in me and had a barney with one of the keepers."

"Yes; and what brought on the trouble? Some foolishness, I'll war'nt. George, I've heard say you'd bin knocking over the cock-pheasants with that snogging-stick of yours. I hate the sight of it. Don't you bring that out when you come with me again."

George looked at his tough ash bludgeon sheepishly and ruefully. It was the sort of heavy-headed stump that the forest lads cut for themselves when they discard the lead-weighted squoils with which they have been wont to bring down squirrels in their holiday huntings. Certainly it was very different from the swagger cane that would have been appropriate for a saunter in the company of a well-dressed young lady.

"Don't you see, George? Carrying a thing like that puts you all one with any poaching, skulking lout from other side of heath—and it *reminds* people of your old foolishness when you've long since turned a new leaf."

After condemnation of his walking-stick came reproof for slovenliness of attire.

"Untidy boy—yes, and so you are. Stoop your great head and let me show you how to tie a neckercher. There's *orphan* written all over you, George—no one to patch or mend for you. But you met clean your leggin's yourself. An' you must somehows buy another suit for Sundays."

"I'll break into my money-box if I do."

"I think you must do it," said Lizzie, reflectively. "If you don't sim to respect yourself, no one will believe in you. An' yer *worth* dandyin' up—if 'twere on'y to make *me* proud o' you."

She slid her hand through his arm and pressed it against her side.

"You don't mind how I ta'alk, do you? You know well for why. On'y for this: I'm growing fonder and fonder o' you."

"Are you, Liz? But your love's not like mine. With me, it's all that I am—good or bad—right through and through."

A year passed; and he had purchased a Sunday suit and saved thirty-two shillings.

"Don't speak foolish, George—it's just madness to ask me. We can't marry on our good looks, can us?"

A second year passed, and he had seven shillings put by. There had been a relapse—while Lizzie was away on a visit to her Portsmouth aunt. A regrettable drinking bout occurred after the annual pony fair: the Stag Inn emptied the money-box.

"See, George," said the girl, sadly, as they strolled side by side down the Belford Road, "if you wun't save and can't *make*, you and I are walking to the land o' clouds—nowhere else."

"No, I'll never give you up. 'Twould kill me to lose hope of you. I'll do—I'll do all right yet."

"George, ma dear, I can't wait for ever. Stands to reason, 'tisn't fair to me. My aunt, she says so flat."

"Trust me, Liz—give me a few years——"

"But I'm givin' you my best time—all that us gels bring with them to market," and her lips shook and her eyes filled with tears. "You mayn't see it, but I'm ageing quick. No one won't want me in a little while more."

She wiped her eyes, blew her nose, and then smiled very sadly, as they strolled on towards the stone bridge.

At the end of the third year she said that they must part. It was a hot, bright day in June; and she came to him across the fields at noontide, spoke a few words about the warm weather, asked if he was going to the fair or pony sale that afternoon; and then she told him she could keep company with him no longer. The miller's foreman, a red-pated widower of fifty, wanted her. He had put by—ample; his family were growing up; he would give her a secure home; he was well preserved. If she took him, who could blame her?

George, in a white fury, implored her to wait—to give him one more year, half a year.

"Six months—you must wait six months, and I'll gain money to bring you—ample—more than his."

"I daren't put him off," she said, piteously.

"He must have a wife. He'll take another, if not me. . . . George, dear, good-bye."

It was the universe tumbling into chaos, a sudden grey blend of earth and sky, a darkness in the midst of light, the end of all things for him.

Presently he was in Belford village, leaning his arms on the parapet of the bridge, gazing down at the tranquilly flowing stream. All about him there was noise and confusion. The bridge shook beneath heavy traffic; farmers, dealers, tardy droves of ponies blocked the street; women and children in wagons and carts laughed shrilly. Behind the Stag Inn a concourse of people filled the meadows; tents and stalls, music and roundabout, swings, cock-shies, invited the frivolous and light-hearted.

It seemed to him this afternoon that all the world had gold—as much as they wanted—except himself. Wherever he turned he saw the flash of minted gold as it passed from hand to hand. All his neighbours were buying freely, standing treat, changing gold to silver and melting it in the sunlight. A wretched scarecrow of a man bought a pony for nine pounds. A middle-aged stranger, a thin, haggard man on rickety legs, hurried to and fro, drinking whisky from a flask and taking gold each time that he stopped to talk to anybody. George followed and watched this stranger, idly wondering at the extent of his capital. Two horse-coping gipsies, over from Fordingbridge way, seemed to be his lieutenants. These swarthy, boozing rascals brought him their gold docilely after every sale they effected. But the cocoa-nut men and the stall-holders also gave him their gold. George vaguely surmised that he was a sort of illicit banker, financier, or money-lender to all these itinerant traders.

He watched the man again, in the noisy bar of the hotel, when the pony-selling was over. The Fordingbridge dealers were squaring their accounts with him at a little table in a corner of the room. The man was full of drink now, and he could scarce find stowage for more money. He clumsily pouched it, then dragged it out again, fumbled with a leather pocket-book and a canvas bag, and then began to count his treasure to see if he had been cheated.

"THE DEALERS WERE SQUARING THEIR ACCOUNTS WITH HIM AT A LITTLE TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM."

There were paper notes as well as coin—there must have been quite a hundred pounds on the table at one time. Then he pouched it all once more, but so clumsily that a sovereign fell from the table. Someone picked it up and gave it to the man. It turned George sick to watch.

He left the bar-room and walked away up the road, past all the pleasant cottage gardens, the home of Lizzie, the farm, and thence up the hill, through the beech woods, to the open heath. And all the way, plodding along the dusty road, he thought of his trouble.

He sat on the cropped grass between the road and the heather, and thought of his love. All around him was wide, sunlit space. The brown heath stretched for miles; and beyond was a green sea, rolling waves of close woods to the faint blue distance of the hills. Across the brown and into the green went the white road, rising to a narrow crest where it crossed the railway, then showing a ribbon-like bend of white, then was gone.

A huge, tearing, dust-rousing motor-car swept by, and at once its roar was like the humming of a gnat; it became a black spot on a white ribbon, the dust settled again—it was gone.

George Inbolt cursed the flying wheels and the rich men they bore. How much would a thing like that cost? Hundreds of pounds squandered, to buy oneself a death-dealing, murderous rattle-trap! The cursed cars, flitting by night over the forest roads, now and then killed a wild pony, and left its carcass to tell the tale. Some poor man's colt straying on the road, and the life squibbed out of it!

He plucked at the grass by the roadside, and as he lay thus for a long time it was as if the devil talked to him.

A man was coming along the road. George sprang to his feet and his heart beat thickly. It was old Mr. Rudge, the district collector of taxes and rates, going home with his pocket full of gold.

"Good evenin', George. How are you?"

"I—I am all right, Mr. Rudge."

"Very warm it's been all day." And Mr. Rudge passed on along the crown of the road, kicking up the white dust with his nailed boots.

George lay down again on the well-browsed grass, and his hands shook, his forehead grew wet with perspiration. It was about such a man as this that the devil had been talking to him.

He thought now how terrible a thing is love—burning and suffocating one, opening secret doors inside one, and letting loose one's passions, all sorts of passions, rage and hate as well as desire: demons bursting out of confinement to have a hell-dance in the quiet house of life. He thought of how thwarted love may drive a man into swift crime. He could understand it now. And he thought of real crimes done in the neighbourhood—a thatch fired, an old man knifed and hacked.

How easy it would have been to kill him and take his money! Just beat in his skull—a few blows with his stick would do it—and he would lie dead, passively yielding his gold. Here to his thought the very man had come—the man laden with gold—offering himself.

The road was empty now. The wide space, the deep silence, had swallowed the passing figure.

One might have done it, and fled; but one would have been pursued and caught. It was known that the rate-collector carried money. His gold was like marked coin; it would be traced. "Murdered for his money! Let us trace the money and we shall put our hands upon the murderer."

One could have dragged the body from the road and hidden it. And he thought of dead bodies found in the forest—unknown, gnawed by foxes, washed by rain—after months, after years. But this man was an important personage—official. They would search for him, hunt for him with bloodhounds. They would not rest until they had discovered the remains of him. There would have been a trail of blood from the road to the hiding-place. Besides, the money! If one used his gold it would betray one. As well hang oneself and save the law all trouble. Mad thoughts!

He looked across the heather to the land beyond the sea. The Isle of Wight, dim just now, showed brightly, astoundingly clear, though so far off, lit with strong sunshine beneath the sombre mass of clouds—a sign of approaching rain.

Suddenly his thoughts were like the distant view—clearer, brighter, flashing beneath dark clouds. Or it was as if the devil ceased whispering to him, and *began to think for him.*

Such a deed could be done safely only if many chances favoured one. Working backward from the dangers, one could see the things that would make up safety.

The man who carried the gold should be a stranger, not a neighbour; and it should not be known how much money he held.

They would have known to a penny in the case of the rate-collector. And, after one had killed him, one should not take *all* his money—only some of it. Then one should put the body in some position where it would seem that the man had met his death by accident. At the bottom of a cliff? On the railway? Or even on this road at night, and pretend that he had been knocked down and killed by a passing motor-car.

They would find money in his pockets—that would be the answer to any doubt as to murder. He could have been murdered only to get his money, and there *is* his money. No one would suspect—if all was natural.

And his thoughts grew clearer and stronger. If the body was to be placed below a cliff, it would not do to beat in his head from behind. The injuries should be at the front. If you wished to pretend that a car had killed him, you should strike at the back.

If no one saw the deed, no one would suspect — in such circumstances. These would be the lucky chances—and enough money on the man to leave plenty. Take enough, and, above all, never show that you had obtained money. That is how murderers betray themselves. One must never show money until one had accounted for its possession. . . . These would be the lucky chances. But so many, combining together, would mean the devil's luck—nothing less.

He looked towards Belford and listened. There came a sound of wheels, then voices. Three men, sitting abreast in a dog-cart, were making the pony gallop up the hill from the beech wood. They were the two Fordingbridge gipsies and the stranger of the fair—all three of them drunk. They pulled up, fifty yards away, and wrangled noisily, while the sweating pony chafed and backed and reared.

"Stan' still, ye slut, or I'll cut the liver out o' yer."

They had put down the man with difficulty, and he lurched about the road.

"There. Over there. Ye can't miss it. Goo' night."

The whip fell with a cruel blow. The pony leaped into its collar and galloped away; the gig went swaying along the road, raising dust, scattering loose stones. Soon it was a black speck on the white thread.

"What's up, guv'nor?"

George had joined the solitary figure.

The man said he wanted to walk across the heath and through the fir enclosures, to catch his train at the junction.

"How far's it across? Selfish swabs, they might 'a' driven me round." The pallid, feeble man was steadying himself on his rickety legs, while he grumbled surlily. "Not out of their way! How far across?"

"Matter of two miles," said George; "but eight miles by the road. Look here," and he pointed to a faintly-marked track, where old cart-rucks and naked sand intersected the heather. "Follow that. See those broken fuzz bushes? They're just above the gravel pits. Leave the pits on your right. Cross the line by the iron bridge—you'll see it when you get to it. And then follow the line."

"All right."

The man left the road and went slowly along the track, shambling and grumbling. He had reached the ragged gorse when, unexpectedly, he heard a voice close behind him, and he stopped and turned round.

According to traditional custom there was heavy drinking in Belford village on the night of the pony fair, and conspicuous among topers at the Stag Inn sat George Inbolt. He drank avidly and recklessly of expensive spirits, not your common beer; but at closing time he could not pay his bill. The landlord chid him, and then George blackguarded his host in rare rammucky fashion.

"I tell you I haven't got the tin to settle. You had all mine this afternoon. 'Put it on the slate, you weasel. You can't get blood out of a stone," and he stood up, fists clenched, eyes glaring.

"Very good. Say no more," muttered the landlord.

"Yes, but I will say more," shouted George, fiercely. "I'd pay if I had the money, don't I tell you? Garr! I'm sick of you all. You're all the same. I'm goin' into town, and be hanged to you. I'm goin' into Sethampton, to make my fortune."

And next morning he went.

He wrote from Southampton to Lizzie, saying: "You must wait for me six months. I have found work. I will make money."

Then, after a few days, he wrote again: "This is the place for me. I was a fool not to come here before. I have dropped into good employment already, and there is gold to pick up in the streets just for the stooping. It is the sailors that bring all the money, and by buying things cheap and selling them dear to sailors men grow rich in a week. That is what I am beginning to do. Now, Liz, if you have a heart in your bosom you will wait six months for your true and loving husband."

Lizzie suffered doubt and irresolution, was

torn this way, that way, by prudence and love. But her love prevailed. She decided to wait, and she told the miller that he could not have her for half a year, if then.

Life for Lizzie Veal and the rest of Belford moved slowly and sluggishly through the mists of autumn and the cold rains of winter. No excitement. Talk in the village about a missing man—lost at the fair; and a short bit in the *Hants Advertiser*, read out aloud at the Stag Inn — an Isle of Wight man mysteriously disappeared! Then a police bill was stuck up here and there, with a description of the person; and later a gipsy horse-dealer, in the company of a constable, asked a lot of questions at the Stag stables. But the village took no interest. It was all the tale of a stranger—"a foreigner," about whom nobody cared two straws. Everybody, however, was interested, intensely interested, when George Inbolt came back.

"He has a-done proper at Setharmpt'n. He 'as paid Mr. Sa'anders arl he left on slate—come 'ome with a fort'n."

"Mind you, he do sim to have the ole gen'leman's luck about un. Him be a-buyin' out old Mrs. Rice—fur to marry Miss Veal up at Parrott's, and they two to live there theirselves."

In fact, Mr. Inbolt was prospering swiftly. He was "Mister" now, no longer George. It was "Good evenin', Mr. Inbolt"—not "'Ow be un, Jarge?" as in the old days. He wore pepper-and-salt clothes week-days, and a black coat and bowler hat Sundays; and his well-dressed wife was the busiest, proudest woman in Belford.

He was lucky with the purchase of Road View Cottage and its acre of garden ground. He put down eighty pounds in cash, and a Southampton bank provided the balance; but almost immediately "his lordship" of the Abbey found he could not brook a new freeholder right in the middle of him. So he gave George three hundred pounds for his bargain, and, further, granted him a forty years' lease at a ridiculously low rent—and, still further, praised his civility and obligingness.

Thence onward George's luck was unbroken, his progress rapid and sure. With luck, and a shrewd, industrious wife to help him, such a minor village potentate soon swells large. Lodgers taken, bees kept, pigs kept, dozens of wild ponies kept, supervising jobs in the woods and fields, book-work at night. . . . . Soon my lord added a wing to the cottage, making his obliging tenant a deputy bailiff.

A brass plate at his porch announced that Mr. Inbolt was agent for fire and life insurance; he gathered rents; he became member of District Council; when Mr. Rudge retired, he was appointed collector of rates and taxes.

Now he was buying and selling picturesque cottages, as far off as Lyndhurst, Minstead, Burley; and the luck never failed. Directly he acquired a remote woodland patch, some artist would drop from the sky or rise through the earth and insist upon having it, at any figure. All that he touched turned to gold.

And as to Lizzie: she possessed a grander home than she could well have imagined, and her children's voices made a sweeter music than she had ever heard in dreams. A peaceful, well-filled life. . . . Very rarely did anything of an exciting character happen at Belford, or bring it prominently into public attention. The river flooded the land in a wet season; the church was nearly burnt at Christmas-time; and once—when Lizzie was still a young wife—there came a considerable stir, with inquest at the Stag Inn, and long bits in the *Hants Advertiser*.

Somebody's dog, "brevettin' about" for conies on the heath, "nosed out a carpse in they old gravel-pits." The corpse was unrecognizable. It had been washed by rain, gnawed by vermin, pecked by crows, but, nevertheless, the identity of the dead man was promptly established. It was that missing Isle of Wight foreigner. There were decipherable papers, the return half of a railway ticket, and a pocket-book stuffed full of money—two bank-notes and fifteen pounds in gold. A gipsy who gave evidence said there ought to have been more money found on the man—but gipsies are always liars. The death was caused by an accident, of course. Who could doubt it? This unhappy stranger —as the gipsy confessed—left the fair in a state of semi-intoxication. Then he went blundering over the heath, fell headlong into this chasm, and broke his skull. The skull *was* broken, across the frontal lobes; and the science of the doctor enabled him to show the jury precisely how the fracture had occurred.

The long years passed, and Lizzie, as a comfortable and stoutish matron, was happy —very happy—until Fear came to dwell in her home.

When did it come? She could not recall its coming; but it was here now, indescribable, unconquerable, deadly. Vague, nameless fear—of what? She did not at first know. Perhaps the trouble began with a

sadness on summer evenings, a depression of spirits when the fire was burning brightly, a foolish nervousness that shook her in the gay sunlight and then quickly subsided. It was a faint, tremulous dread that made her snatch her boy to her breast and weep when he returned late from school. Then, by imperceptible stages, a dreadful oppression settled on her—perpetual fear.

Gradually and very slowly she understood that the fear came out of *him*—her husband, filling the house, and making it a house of horror. But how, and why? Why should his kind eyes, when he sat in thoughtful silence, frighten her merely because for a minute or so they did not seem to see her? She watched him closely. She loved him as much as ever. Then why should she fear him?

He was the same as he had always been, loving and true and strong. No—the fear spread out in cold waves, making her heart beat fast, slacken, and almost stop. Outwardly he might be unchanged; but something was going wrong with him—he was like a tree with a blight that poisons the air, and that will pass to other trees. Looking backward through the years, she thought now that from the day of their marriage some subtle change had been working in him. She had been too happy and busy to notice it, but the change had been there always, insidiously progressing—like mildew in the food, like dry rot in the floor, like a taint in the blood.

At last, suddenly, the fear crystallized and took form as this: He is going mad. *That* is the change in him. Some day the horrible change will be consummated; the lover, husband, father will be gone from them, and in his place will stand a stranger and a deadly foe. She had the true peasant's horror of insanity, and she could scarcely breathe as she thought of it. Some day this will happen: he will break out in raving madness, fall upon her and the children, and slaughter them.

She suffered silent torture for a year, before she went to the doctor. It seemed like disloyalty and treachery to her loved one to go thus behind his back and speak of the peril, but the fear of it was more than she could bear.

The doctor reassured her, laughed at her weakness. His science enabled him to pooh-pooh all such morbid fancies.

"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Inbolt! One of the sanest persons I ever knew! I wonder what put it into your head?"

"Such a many things have frightened me, sir—his *queerness*. And I do believe he himself fears some mysterious illness taking a hold of him."

"Has he said so—explicitly?"

"Two months ago, sir—a Sunday evenin'—he come to fetch me from the church, an' he asked me if I'd bin prayin' for him. I said yes, I'd bin prayin' for all of us; and he said, 'Pray for me most of all.' Why should he say such a thing as that?"

The doctor smiled.

"My dear Mrs Inbolt, we are none of us saints, and no doubt the best of us need our wives' prayers now and again."

"My husband," said Lizzie, proudly, "has led a good life, doctor. Yes, I'll say it, God bless him. Doctor, there's no woman ever knew my husband's love except me—before or since we wed."

"Well, anyhow, you mustn't——"

"One minute, doctor. I'll be easier if you let me tell you all the queer things." And Lizzie Inbolt described what had appeared to her as symptoms of sinister import.

"Queer, eh?" said the doctor. "I don't see anything *queer* in what you've told me so far. No, my good friend, symptoms of anything really wrong would be quite a different kettle of fish to all that."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"I'm sure of it. For instance, a belief without basis of solid fact, any marked delusion, or temporary hallucination——"

But the doctor had to explain the meaning of these fine scientific terms before Mrs. Inbolt could allow him to go on.

"Sir, I wouldn't care to say true that it mayn't have been so with him—more than once. Ideas without what you said—'base of real facts.'"

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes. Twice latterly he's spoken queerly of some person that was mixed up in his private affairs years ago, as if he felt like he was in this person's power. Upon my truth, doctor, I do now believe that's a hal—hal—what you mentioned, sir."

"Hallucination. How did your husband describe the power of this business friend?"

"Well, like as if he was under his control, not independent, as he really is; as though it might be the manager of a bank, or some Government inspector."

The doctor looked at her keenly.

"Mrs. Inbolt, what is uttered in this surgery will, of course, never be heard outside it. Now, you don't think your husband is getting mixed in his accounts—his public charge?"

"Oh, no, sir." Mrs. Inbolt flushed. "My husband might be trusted with all the gold in the Royal Mint. Besides, it stands to reason

—we've bin so lucky, sir. He has put by ample."

"Just so. He's all right, as I say. But, look here, you'd better watch him carefully. And question him. If he says anything that strikes you as unintelligible—well, just question him until he explains exactly what he *does* mean."

She watched him carefully, and the horror deepened. Without logical root or foundation, the fear grew higher and stronger. The nerve-shaking dread was an emanation from him; whether he spoke queerly or wisely made no difference; he was the prey of some mysterious disease, which might baffle the skill of physicians, but which infallibly was spreading a poisonous atmosphere about its victim.

One afternoon in June, when the air was hot and heavy, he sat at his tea gloomily silent; and after the meal was over he did not go out to his work. She asked him if he felt ill, and he said no, but confessed that he was troubled. She asked him many questions. What had upset him? Had he received bad news? She pressed him with questions.

"Well, if you must know, I've had a message—from a man I've got to see."

"What sort of man?" And she continued to question him. "Someone you want to avoid? Someone who, you fancy, has got you in his power?"

"Yes, I'm in his power—so much as this: I must go when he ca'alls me."

"Where are you to go?"

"Not far. Don't you worry. It's nothing—may prove nothing. If I see him it'll be between now and to-morrow morning."

To her mind his answers, his whole manner, were very queer. She believed that the business appointment was an imagination, not a fact; she did not believe in the existence of the man. It all formed part of what the doctor had described—hallucination. She was almost frightened out of her wits; yet she managed to conceal her agitation, and went on questioning him.

"Is it your Lyndhurst speculation? Have you bin *over*-speculatin'?"

"Liz," he said, stretching his hand across the tea-table, "don't round on me. I have loved you truly. All I've ever done—has been done for your sake."

She burst into tears, took his hand and pressed it, raised it to her lips and kissed it.

"George, ma dear, I—I'll never round on

"'LIZ,' HE SAID, STRETCHING HIS HAND ACROSS THE TEA-TABLE, 'DON'T ROUND ON ME.'"

you. I was on'y thinkin' for your good. See —this is my thought. You may be broodin' like on some foolishness you did as a lad, and thinkin' if it came to light, now you stand so high, it'd bring disgrace. But, ma dear, that's nonsense—fancy. Suppose any men you rammucked about with in those days came forward now to tell tales of how you used to knock down pheasants o' dark nights—why, no one 'ud think the worse of you *now*. It's just fancy for you to fear otherwise. It's all to your credit to have risen from poverty and humbleness—yes, and wildness. Take my word, there's no man alive can bring you real trouble. It's *fancy*-trouble—naught else."

He seemed to be cheered by this sensible talk. Next day he seemed quite cheerful, more like his old self.

"That was all right, Liz," he said. "Don't you think of that again. It's past."

But fear woke her in the middle of the night; and when she felt for him with trembling hands he was not there. He had gone from the bed.

She lit a candle and looked round. His clothes were gone; the door was ajar. Then a horrible thought possessed her. Panic-stricken, she leapt out of bed, rushed to the room where her two youngest children slept. All silent; she looked at them, and at the two elder boys, sleeping peacefully. Her children were safe—not butchered by a sleep-walking maniac.

A cold wind was rising from the hall; the front door stood wide open; he had left the house. She huddled on her clothes, came down, and went out into the roadway. In the moonlight one could see the whiteness of the palings and the colour of the flowers along the trim border.

Suddenly the silence was faintly stirred. Listening intently, she heard a distant patter. Footsteps on the road from the heath—a man running nearer and nearer—a heavy, staggering footfall rapidly approaching! The strangeness and horror of the thing froze her blood. She drew back into the garden, clinging to the pales.

The runner was her husband—utterly exhausted, dead-beat. She was shaking in every limb, but she helped him into the house, and he sank upon a chair—face white, sweating, eyeballs rolling.

"I have seen him. I must go when he ca'alls. He ca'alled me—and I've seen him."

She got him to bed and questioned him, and he repeated the same words. And soon he slept, while she lay by his side sobbing.

He stayed in bed for two days after this, and, although he implored her not to fetch the doctor, she disobeyed him.

"See, George. It stands to reason I couldn't let you be groaning with pain, and no good advice. Here's the kind doctor come to see you."

"Well, Mr. Inbolt," and the doctor laughed genially. "What sort of game is this that you've been playing—at your time of life?"

George laughed and stroked his short grey moustache.

"A bit foolish, doctor, I admit. But it was like this. I felt the fidgets in bed—couldn't sleep no way, but twist and turn, broad awake. So I thought I'd have a run up to the heath and back. I was a famous runner once, sir, and I know they used to say, 'Run a mile, and you'll sleep.' And I did sleep, too; but it's given me the aches pretty hot."

"Yes, muscular rheumatism. You lie warm there, and don't you try such pranks again."

"No, sir. Once bit, twice shy."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Inbolt," said the doctor, when he came downstairs, "you are not to be anxious. His physique is magnificent. Just keep him warm; he'll be fit for work to-morrow. And never indulge again in those morbid fears of yours. I am able to pronounce definitely—he is no more going mad than you or I."

At dusk of a September evening she stood at the garden gate and waited for her young schoolboy. Perhaps the little lad would loiter in the village and come home with his father, hand in hand. That sometimes happened. The dusk was deepening, and she peered down the white road.

Turning her head presently, she saw lights advancing from the other direction. A motor-car was coming very slowly down the slope from the beech wood and the heath, and, as it moved, voices of men moved with it.

Men were walking by the car. She could hear the voices plainly now. A farm labourer was hurrying forward, calling to her.

"Missus! Ther' 'as a-bin an accident. The gen'lemen's car hev knocked down Mr. Inbolt."

And other voices followed.

"Doctor's here. We met the doctor. . . . Yes, the kitchen. Get a mattress!!! The kitchen table—bring down a mattress."

The voices were all round her. She was in the midst of strangers and friends; machinery throbbed in her ears; the light of the lamps

"THEY WERE CARRYING HIM INTO THE HOUSE."

dazzled her eyes. . . . They were carrying him into the house. She heard vaguely, saw vaguely. This is the doctor; these are two travelling gentlemen; the youth in the leather coat is the driver of the car. She was frantically pushing through the group—to see her husband.

He is torn, broken, bleeding. And, in the first agonized pangs of her grief, she is dimly conscious of the cruel inner voice that speaks to her. The inner voice says:—

"The horror is lifting from your life. You and your children will be safe henceforth."

"No one can say it was our fault." That was the voice of one of the gentlemen, talking to the doctor.

"We came up that long piece before we struck him, not more than ten miles an hour—not ten miles an hour as we came over the top." That was the voice of the driver. "I believe he did it on purpose."

"But his back was to you when you ran him down. How could it have been on purpose?" That was the voice of the doctor as he stooped over the mutilated form.

The voices continued.

"He was running nearly as fast as we were going ourselves."

"But he never heard you coming."

"He *saw* us."

"He wasn't on the road at all as we came up the hill. He was a hundred yards from the road, walking with another man." And the voices continued.

"The other man will corroborate my statement."

"I didn't see any other man with him, sir. He was standing alone when I saw him."

"*You* saw the other man, Jack?"

"No. I only saw this poor fellow."

"Well, I'll swear I'm right. The two men were together. The other man went on across the moor and *this* man ran into the road."

The doctor asked the gentlemen and their chauffeur to go out of the room, and all the voices ceased.

"Will he die of it, doctor?"

"He is dying now."

"George—ma dear!"

"Put your ear to his mouth. He is endeavouring to speak to you."

And the wife caught the muffled words, borne in the last faint breaths that he drew on earth:—

"Pray for me. Make the prayer that all I did was for your sake. . . . Quick! Tell God. . . . For your sake. . . ."

Where Are the Wasps in Winter?

By JOHN J. WARD.

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc., etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

EARLY in last September wasps were so abundant that they became a veritable plague. In the house they appeared to be everywhere. In the kitchen area, when cooking was in progress, they became positively dangerous. Everything sweet or tasty that was placed upon the table was immediately surrounded and attacked; even a cloth that savoured of gravy or fruit juice, if laid down for a few moments, became a source of danger and the hand that next touched it risked a painful sting. Some few particularly enterprising individuals that escaped the eye of the cook have, indeed, quite recently reappeared amongst certain choice preserves, and although all danger from their stings was past, yet they seemed just as potent to cause a scare as if they were alive.

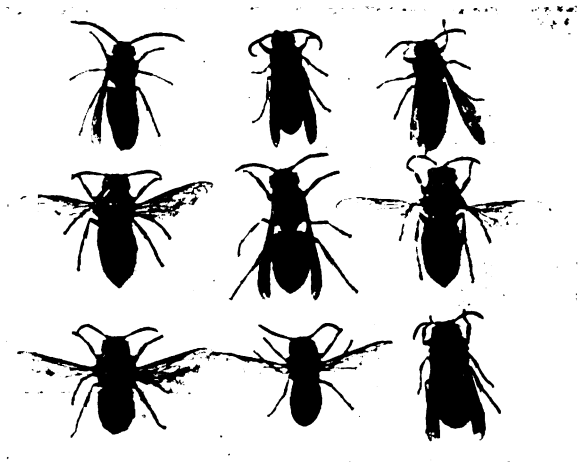


Fig. 1.—Three species of wasps—In the top row are the males; in the middle row the queens, or females; and lowermost the workers, or neuters.

Later on, at the end of the month, only an occasional wasp caused annoyance, even in the kitchen. In early October a few still found their way into the house, but these behaved very differently from the early September ones. They seemed to have no hostile intentions regarding the cook, or even her commodities; their object in life appeared confined to a careful scrutiny of the window-frames, the openings where the sash-ropes worked being especially attractive to them. Also the folds in the curtains round the windows offered a further attraction for these October wasps; so pleased were they with these quarters that they would often stay there for days together—until, indeed, there came a cry of "Another wasp!" after which their career was brief.

At the end of October wasps had become almost forgotten, when (doubtless in a moment of inspiration) the cook, obsessed by the wasp topic, suddenly propounded this question: "Where have all the wasps gone?" For a time there was silence. Then the suggestion came that the cold had killed them all. Everyone seemed satisfied with this answer until the cook (who only on very rare occasions thinks with a scientific mind) further remarked: "If that is so, where do the first wasps of summer come from?" That question presented a stumbling-block, and the discussion consequently became confused and was left in a very hazy and unsatisfactory state.

Around the two questions propounded by the cook there hangs a tale—a story wonderful and marvellous, though its interest centres on facts and not on fiction.

The October wasp that hides in the curtain in a warm room is one of the marvels of creation. It is a queen wasp. Queen in name only, for there is probably no animal on the earth that works harder, or is able to perform so many and such varied kinds of labour, and withal carry on her work with such devoted energy.

In the early stages of the wasp city there are only two kinds of individuals. There is first the queen, which is the only perfect female of the community. Then appear the numerous workers, or neuters, which are really imperfect or undeveloped females. At a much later stage other queens appear, and, finally, males, or drones. In Fig. 1 the three classes of individuals are shown. The males may be distinguished by their slim bodies and

Fig. 2.—The "nest" of a tree-wasp in a holly and hawthorn hedge.

their longer antennæ, or feelers; the queens by their large size; and the workers are the smaller active wasps seen everywhere during the summer and autumn months. It is rare that the original queen is seen after the worker-wasps appear; her duties then confine her within the walls of the city of which she was the foundress.

How comes it, though, that the late wasp must always be a queen? Why may it not be a worker, or even a drone? Well, the so-called "nest" of the wasps — which is really a wasp city with several thousand inhabitants—is only a very frail structure; indeed, it is built of paper. In the process of manufacture the pulp from which the wasp-paper is made has to be moistened and kneaded, and, as the numerous workers employed are continually adding their contributions, the combs hang heavy. Consequently, their growth is necessarily limited, since the safety of the structure has also to be considered. Hence it follows that the more the wasp city thrives, the greater the vitality of the swarm, and the larger its combs become, so the end and destruction of the fabric are hastened.

Just as the community has reached the zenith of its glory and is most flourishing some strange things happen within the city, and afterwards everything seems to go wrong, and the end speedily comes. The diligent and persistent workers seem all at once to realize that more work on their part is useless, and then to lose heart and purpose in life. Some of them simply cling to the cells on which they have laboured so long, and there starve. Others (probably the younger ones) wander away from their home to return no more. Guided by their keen sense of smell, many of these discover the nearest warm kitchen where savoury foods are being prepared, and there they become freebooters and give themselves over to orgy; for now they have no longer need to carry food to the nursery for the developing grubs. They appear to be ravenously hungry and attack almost every kind of sweet or meat food that appears, although their habit of pouncing upon flies and carrying them off is no longer indulged in.

Their orgy, however it may revive their spirits, does them but little good, even though they may escape from the kitchen—for their hour has come. As night approaches cold, or perhaps frost, overtakes them; for their home is no longer a home for them. So they rest beneath a leaf, or in some similar situation, and there become chilled and numbed. Next day the warm sun may revive them for an hour or two, but later on it comes cold again, and so they may linger

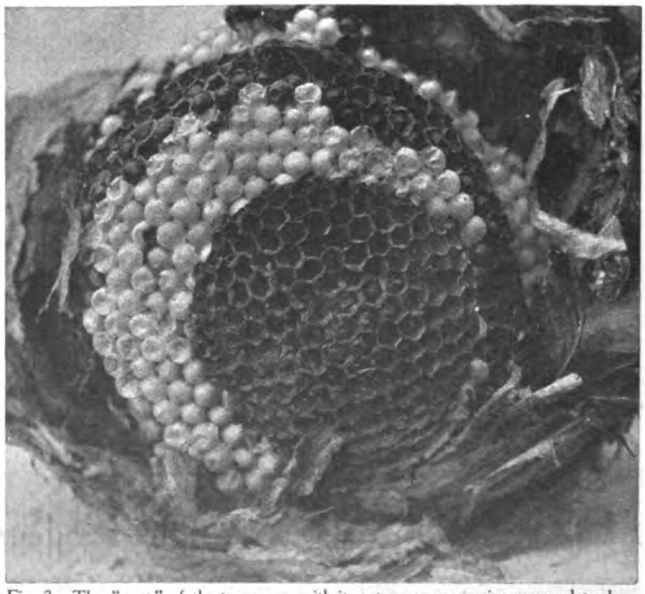


Fig. 3.—The "nest" of the tree-wasp, with its outer paper covering removed to show the combs of cells.

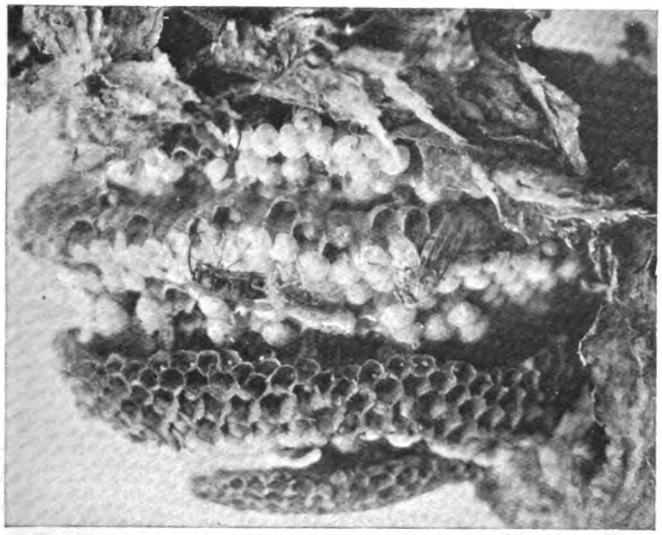


Fig. 4.—A side view of the combs—Eggs can be seen in some of the lower cells.

on for a day or two, ill-tempered and always ready to sting at the slightest provocation, until at last an extra chill spells their doom. Such is the normal end of the worker, or neuter wasp, after its several weeks of laborious life.

The lordly and lazy male wasps fare much the same, although they succumb to cold and wet much more readily than the hardy little workers. Probably, too, the exhausted queen meets the same end. I have, however, previously stated that young queens are produced late in the year. This event occurs when the fabric of the city has reached such proportions as impose a limit to any further expansions, having regard to the safety of so fragile a building in a precarious and uncertain climate. It may be climatic warnings that first awaken the workers to the fact that the edifice on which they have laboured is becoming unstable.

How the young queens come into being is difficult to understand. All through the early part of the season the eggs deposited in the cells by the queen produce the grubs of common workers, but almost as soon as chilly nights make themselves felt some special large cells begin to appear (some of these may be seen in the centre of Fig. 4, and also in the lower part of Fig 9), and from these develop the queens of future colonies. Whether the queen deposits a different kind of egg, or whether the difference is brought about by special feeding of the grubs by the workers, is a debatable question.

Almost contemporary with the advent of these queens other special cells begin to produce males. When, in this way, the sexes have appeared, those strange happenings to which I have referred take place.

Suddenly all the machinery of the city stops, as it were. The builders of the cells give up work; the busy workers that return laden with material to build new cells, or with food for the developing grubs, seem to become stupefied and inactive. Even those wasps that remain active seem to lose all their orderly movement and to be continually in the way of each other; in fact, confusion has taken the place of orderliness throughout the whole city.

Amongst the combs, around which the stupefied worker-wasps are continually congregating, numerous slim-bodied wasps suddenly become extremely busy. These are conspicuous on account of their long antennæ, or feelers, which are continually quivering in a very excited manner. These are the prospective bridegrooms for the young queens. From careful observation I am inclined to think that their mates are selected within the nest, and that then they leave their home together never to return. However, the honeymoon appears to be spent in the immediate neighbourhood of the nest. In the case of a tree-wasp I observed no

Fig. 5.—A small "nest" seen from beneath and showing two entrances.

fewer than six young queens accompanied by their male suitors within the space of a yard on the ground beneath the nest. Some of these I returned to the nest, but they immediately left it again; strange to say, also, they seemed to possess the power of finding each other again when separated.

When the queens and males have left the nest some of the more active workers appear to become strangely possessed; they seem, indeed, to have gone mad. Instead of tending and feeding the young grubs with that jealous care so characteristic of them, they now commence to undo their work in an extraordinary manner. The developing larvæ are set upon, dragged from their cells, and carried outside the nest, where they are left to perish on the ground.

Fig. 6.—The queen of the common wasp biting off bits of wood to manufacture wood-pulp for the building of her home.

The significance of this proceeding presents a problem to which no satisfactory answer has, to my knowledge, as yet been advanced. On the face of it, it appears that the workers realize that they will not be able to rear their charges, and so, rather than let them slowly starve within the nest, they mercifully remove them outside, where they will quickly die. However, a little study of the actions and habits of wasps scarcely encourages one to credit them with so much forethought; indeed, one soon discovers that their movements are most automatic, but on this point lack of space will not permit me to enlarge.

To explain the matter one has to ask: What benefit does the wasp community derive from this strange behaviour? It may be said that an instinctive impulse to clear the nest of decaying matter guides them to remove the starving grubs, but then comes the question: Why should they clear a nest which they are then deserting?

There is only one way, I think, in which the economy of the wasp race can benefit by this action, and therein lies a probable explanation of the extraordinary conduct of the workers during their last hours within the nest.

No matter how late in the season it is when the wasp community disperses, there are always signs that the wasps were till then still extending the structure of the nest. Little combs of empty cells are always ready slightly in advance of those which contain eggs. Also, when the end comes, some of the cells always contain larvæ and pupæ. The city seems to have suddenly come to a dead stop in the midst of its development.

It follows that the tiny larvæ that hatch from the eggs will soon perish. The fat and half-developed larvæ (Fig. 8) would, however, decay in the cells. If this happened, the undeveloped pupæ in the closed cells (which would be most probably queen or male individuals, and therefore important to the community) would, as they matured in the deserted nest, emerge amidst most unhealthy surroundings. The workers, therefore, as a last labour for their race, instinctively remove the grubs, which can never mature in the nest, for the benefit of the developing pupæ of the males and queens, which may mature. Furthermore, if the grubs were left to decay, the result would be to attract such enemies into the nest as would probably be injurious to the pupæ that remained. That, I think, is the true explanation of the apparently wonderful forethought on the part of the worker-wasps.

When the work of removing the grubs from the cells is finished the worker-wasps then forsake their home, or a few may idle about its vicinity until cold or wet overtakes them. A few late queens or males may afterwards develop in the nest, but they quickly leave it; and then, while the structure holds together, it becomes a prey to all sorts of animals—snails, slugs, earwigs, flies, beetles, woodlice, etc.

By that time the mating of the queens has taken place, and, like the workers, the male wasps have also perished. Out of all the inhabitants of the wrecked city none now remain except the young queens. These are the only individuals destined to live over the winter. Not all of them, by any means, will survive to become the mothers of a vast generation in the future; nevertheless, a few will maintain the race.

In the ordinary way the fortunate queen will shelter in some crevice in a stone wall, under the bark of a tree, or, not infrequently, in the fittings of a window-frame, to which I have previously referred. If left undisturbed,

the folds of a curtain in a not too warm room provide a favourite spot; but, as I have already hinted, that selection is positively dangerous for the wasp community. In some such situations then, clinging firmly by her legs, and often holding by her strong jaws, the queen sleeps away the winter months.

Some bright day at the end of April the dormant queen awakes and crawls sleepily out into the sunlight. Her first thought is her toilet. Her wings, body, antennæ, and face are briskly brushed by means of her bristly legs; and then, having removed all dust and dirt from her limbs, she takes to her wings. She has not travelled far, perhaps, before she alights and carefully investigates an old tree-stump; but she is soon off again. Then the corner of the roof of a thatched cottage occupies her attention for a few minutes, and afterwards a hawthorn and holly hedge. In the latter place she becomes busily occupied for the rest of that day and for many days that follow. In short, this queen has discovered a suitable site on which to commence operations for the building of a new wasp city.

Fig. 7.—In the lowermost cells eggs may be seen; in the central ones are the grubs, or larvæ, waiting to be fed; the sealed-up cells contain the developing pupæ, which are almost ready to become worker-wasps.

Afterwards you can almost always find her round that particular part of the hedge. It is her custom, however, to make little flying journeys between the hedge and a dry wooden shutter of a barn in the field close by. From this shutter, by means of her strong jaws, she will tear off fibres of the wood and then carry them back to her building site amongst the holly leaves (Fig. 6). After masticating the fibres into a pulp she will then plaster it to a branch, and so she continues until a short suspended pillar is formed. More pulp is then applied to this footstalk (or rather headstalk, for the wasp, unlike man, commences to build the uppermost storey of her house first), in the form of a little cap, and under this four small cells, with their mouths opening downwards, are placed, these also being formed of the same material.

Such is the beginning of the nest, and immediately the four cells are formed eggs are deposited in them. Outside these cells others are soon added, and, by the addition of new layers of paper, the cap-like covering is extended to cover these, and to fall below, their edges being joined at the base, so that the comb is completely hidden from view, a single round opening being left as entrance to the nest (Fig. 5).

The eggs that were first deposited then begin to hatch out their grubs, and these have to be fed on chopped insects and vegetable food. So the wasp mother's labours increase, but still she perseveres and keeps pace with the work. As the larvæ grow, she has to increase the height of the walls of their cells to accommodate them. At last, however, those larvæ that hatched first become full-fed and proceed to spin a silken cap over the opening of their cells. Ten days later, or thereabouts, from these cells emerge the first worker-wasps.

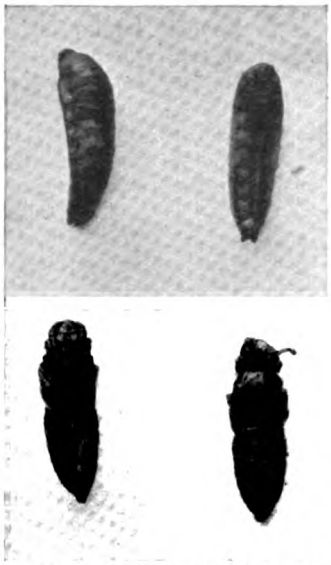


Fig. 8.—At the top are two of the grubs removed from the cells — Below are two pupæ removed from the closed cells.

After the latter event the wasp city grows apace. These worker-wasps are soon ready and willing assistants of their mother, and are just as capable as she in paper-making and in the building of cells. Later on, the

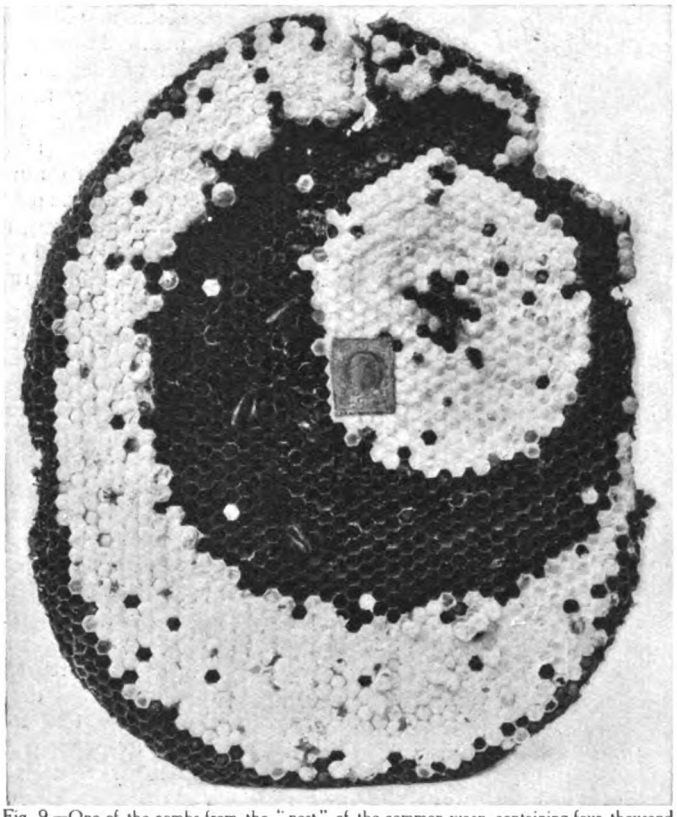


Fig. 9.—One of the combs from the "nest" of the common wasp, containing four thousand cells—Its size may be appreciated by observing the postage-stamp in the centre, which has been reduced proportionately in photographing.

time of the queen mother is entirely occupied in depositing eggs in the cells made by the workers. The latter not only extend the cells and walls of the city, but also collect food for the young, tending and feeding them with motherly instinct. Sometimes, too, in the case of the loss of the queen, they will also deposit eggs; but these only produce male brood, and consequently without the queen the swarm eventually fails and the nest is deserted.

In due course the workers suspend a second comb, or terrace, by short pillars from the first one, and finally many others, each being attached to the one immediately above it; and so the nest increases in size until it becomes externally like that shown in Fig. 2, and internally as seen in Figs. 3 and 4. It will be observed that the larvæ in the cells are suspended upside-down and that the worker-wasps tend them in that position. Everything in waspland is topsy-turvy, from the very moment when the queen commences to build her home until its dissolution after the advent of the males and the young queens.

Such is the method adopted in building by the several species of British tree-wasps and ground-wasps. The common wasp, so familiar in summer time, in its nest beneath the ground, often extends its combs to much larger dimensions than the tree-wasps. In Fig. 9 a comb is shown containing over four thousand cells, and this comb was the largest of ten. In this nest there would be, at the lowest estimate, twenty thousand cells, and it should be remembered that the worker cells are sometimes used two or three times over for the rearing of larvæ. With these facts in mind one may readily understand why fruit-growers advocate the killing of the queen wasps that may be seen at any time from October to May, for each one that lives may become the parent of a vast community by the autumn.

To distinguish between the six different kinds of British social wasps requires an expert; the nests of the several species, however, differ somewhat in their external covering. Three species are illustrated in Fig. 1, the central one of which is the common ground-wasp, and the rows on the right and left are two of the commonest species of tree-wasps.

In concluding this brief outline of wasp life I may add that, from what has been written here, it will be obvious that the discovery of a wasp in winter is nothing unusual, because such a wasp will be an hibernating queen. Also, though one's sympathy may lean towards the wasps in the hour when the wonderful fabric of the queen and her labourers becomes doomed to be wrecked, yet we may ask: What if it were not so? What if the workers lived through the winter and commenced their work early in spring, together with their guiding queen mother? What, indeed! By autumn there would be a plague upon the land, and wasps would be reigning supreme.

"ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN."
By Otto Meyer, a Wood-Carver of Bromberg, earning about twenty-two shillings a week.

THE SOUL OF THE WORKMAN.

By G. VALENTINE WILLIAMS.

[A wonderful exhibition of pictures by men who work hard for their daily bread has been brought together in Berlin by a Political Economist, Dr. Levenstein, whose method of getting at the inner consciousness of the working man has convinced him that there is an artistic spark in almost everyone which only needs to be awakened. It is obvious that this conclusion does not apply to German working men only. We are persuaded that there are quite as many in this country who are capable of producing art-work of at least equal quality. We hope, therefore, that any bona-fide working man among our readers who has ever devoted his leisure to drawings of the kind published in these pages will send us specimens of his work, as we should like to produce an article of this kind not "made in Germany."]

ONE would hardly imagine that the conditions of life of the modern working man, even in a country where social legislation is so advanced as in Germany, would be calculated to bring out that leaning towards the artistic which is within every man and woman in one form or another.

This scepticism is disarmed, however, in the case of an exhibition of pictures which has attracted considerable attention in the German capital. It is nothing less than a collection of paintings and etchings by absolutely untrained German working men, got together from the four quarters of the Empire, and hung in gay disorder, the very good by the side of the very bad, the inspired cheek by jowl with the tasteless and banal.

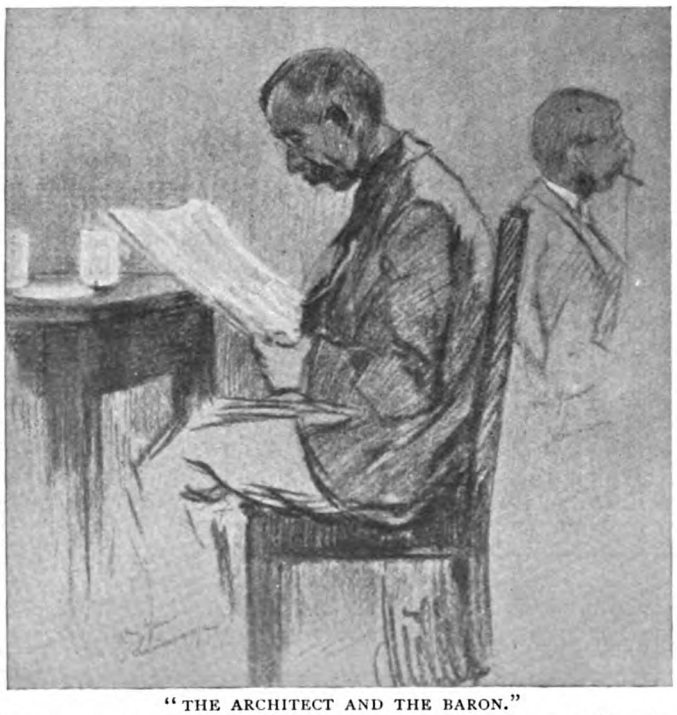
The collection, which is the first of its kind, has been formed by Dr. Adolf Levenstein, a psychologist who has made a special study of the mentality of the German working man. The six hundred and fifty-five pictures the exhibition comprises are housed in the upper rooms of a beer restaurant in the busy Potsdamer Strasse in the heart of Berlin. The exhibitors include canal workmen, shoemakers, carpenters, weavers, mechanics, compositors, saddlers, masons, lithographers, locksmiths, upholsterers, painters, miners, bricklayers, gardeners, cigar workers, tailors, and a score or more of trades with their infinite subdivisions.

There is no catalogue of the exhibition, but by the side of every exhibit or group of exhibits is a printed slip giving the workman-artist's name and details of his conditions of life. It is wonderful how a few bare facts about the personality of the artist illuminate the work of one of these proletariat painters. Here is the slip of the author of some charming coloured illustrations, in picture-poster style, for children's fairy-books :—

Name	Heinrich Schultz.
Age	Thirty-one.
Married ?	Unmarried.
Trade	Printer.
Education...	National Schools.
Average weekly wage ...	M. 40 (about 33s.).

The work of this humble printer is full of energy, and, as an exception, reveals an eye susceptible to the beauties of Nature, the blue sky and the green fields, little of which he must see, earning his forty marks a week in the noisy composing-room. Nearly all the talent seems to lie in the printing and lithographing trades, although a chain-maker, a baker's apprentice, a chair-carver, and a carpenter all display signs of unmistakable talent. The chain-maker, with a weekly wage of twenty-one marks, contributes some exquisitely finished etchings of some of the cities of the Rhine, his natal region. The chair-carver is represented by some charming water-colour sketches of scenery on the shores of Lake Michigan, one of which is reproduced at the head of this article. This man, whose name is Otto Meyer, was discontented with his life in Chicago, and returned to Berlin and twenty-five marks a week after five years of the United States. One lithographer, whose travels must have taken him to England, has sent in a series of most artistically-finished pen-and-ink drawings of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey and a delightful water-colour study of a typical London costermonger selling cabbages off a hand-barrow. Here may be seen the card of Frederick Peilmann, bookbinder—in German, a generic term, including the pasteboard and box-making trades—whose clever work in pen and ink and in sepia, illustrations to German fairy tales, stands in such glaring contrast with the grim legend of poverty: "Wages five marks a week, with free board and lodging."

The gems of the whole collection are, however, unquestionably the work of Emil Müller, a twenty-year-old stone-carver of Dresden, who is earning twenty-five marks a week. His are some marvellously suggestive sketches in pastels of nooks and corners of the pearl of the Elbe, his native city, a flying buttress of the church, a projecting gable of the palace, simply drawn, but full of all the dignity of age, the stately repose of ancient buildings. It seems hardly credible that a youth, brought up in the national schools and toiling in the masons' shops from morning till night, should have been able to cull from his everyday surroundings these insignificant features and lend them such notably artistic expression. His talent is real. It is clearly manifested in some delightfully humorous drawings of foremen and fellow-workmen, "The Architect and the Baron," two mates thus nicknamed in a cheap restaurant, rough sketches of faces seen in the streets, policemen, postmen, sailors. He has a rare command of line.



"THE ARCHITECT AND THE BARON."
Drawn from life by Emil Müller, aged twenty, Stone-Carver, of Dresden. Weekly wages about twenty-two shillings.

But a visit to this workmen's art exhibition is worth while if only for the sake of the insight it affords into the psychology of the German workman.

The majority of the pictures are of the grey, depressed impressionist school. There are some exhibits by men employed in the great steel and electricity works, showing accidents; a little group of horror-stricken workmen about a huge, swiftly-revolving machine, waiting in thrilled silence for the Behemoth to render up the victim it has sucked into its jaws. There are three mournful sketches in chalks, which, one feels, reproduce all the terror instilled into the heart of a sensitive man by the vast problem of life, the unanswered question why some

may idle whilst others must work. These deeply-impressive pictures are by a carpenter who, in a sketch of his carpenter's workshop, shows himself plunged in thought, while his fellow-workmen sleep away the lunch hour.

"GREY LIVES"—LUNCH HOUR IN A CARPENTER'S SHOP.
By Karl Rother, Carpenter's Assistant. Weekly wages about twenty-four shillings. The Author is seen in the foreground, "meditating on life."

On the imaginative side one of the most remarkable and interesting exhibits in the entire collection is a big frame containing sepia sketches made during his years of retirement after he had got past his work by an old coal-miner who had spent forty years of his life under ground. These pictures are naïve and unpretentious, but they show the workings of the miners' imaginations; the faces and fantastic forms which the shining masses of coal, the trickling streams of water, the grimy supports, assume in the distorted visions of the toilers in the bowels of the earth. There are studies, too, of industrial towns—a forest of chimneys against a sky reddened with the reflection of a myriad furnaces; impressions of a rain-swept street of hovels such as many a weary workman must traverse on his way home from the factory, or else a scene at the gates of the works when the men are assembling in the grey light of dawn or dispersing in the dimness of evening. Not the least interesting contributions are those which show the workings of religion or of very primitive artistic inspiration; badly-drawn allegorical groups, included in the exhibition perhaps only for the sake of the artistically-lofty thought they convey. In these allegorical groups can be traced the struggle between natural talent and the influence of debasing surroundings, by which is meant the influence of hideous barrack tenement houses and gimcrack modern furniture. Whether it has any significance it is impossible to say, but as a curious circumstance it may be mentioned that there are not more than half-a-dozen nudes in the whole collection. How does religion reveal itself in the worker? Look at this rather garish oil painting—"Death and Life," its author calls it. He is a baker, and painted this picture night after night as he tended the bread ovens in a cellar bakery in Berlin. It represents all the fruits of its creator's bitter night reflections, the thought that he was sacrificing health and a mind striving after higher things in nightly labour that the rest of the world might eat.

Standing there in the midst of these revelations of the workman's soul, Dr. Levenstein spoke of how he came to conceive the idea of an exhibition of workmen's art, the first of its kind ever to have been held.

"All my life," he said, "I have lived with the working people, and I have tried to learn their way of thinking, their outlook on life. I have gone among them as a lodger, lived with one family in the most miserable quarters, shared their meals, their pleasures and sorrows, heard their conversations, observed their interests in their surroundings. That was how I discovered the germ of art in the working man, and I tended it. I have a method of pursuing this investigation of mine which I have reason to believe is absolutely unique.

"Here is a list of questions which I

"DEATH AND LIFE."
By a Berlin Baker's Apprentice, earning about twenty-two shillings a week.

have sent out in thousands to working men throughout the Empire. I believe it comprises everything which would give one the information necessary to understand the mind of the worker. I ask him for details of his youthful bringing up, his surroundings, his first experiences as a worker, his relations to the other sex. I ask him whether he takes pleasure in his work; whether it suits him; what would be his favourite occupation if he were in a position to choose. I ask him whether he likes reading; what he reads; whether he has any hobby. His views on religion—does it afford him consolation? His attitude on the drink question—does he find alcohol necessary for his work? Of course, the replies are absolutely confidential. I receive a great many answers, for my comrades trust me and know that my psychological research is undertaken in their behalf, for their advantage.

"In the course of my investigations I was struck by the number of German workmen who had a natural bent for the fine arts, and this gave me the idea for my exhibition. I have the widest connections in working circles through my question-sheets, and I had no difficulty in forming the nucleus of this exhibition.

"Now look there!" and he pointed towards his office, through the open door of which was to be seen an immense pile of pictures, roughly wrapped in paper, some without wrappings at all, executed on every imaginable substance from canvas down to cardboard. "Those are some of the fifteen hundred pictures sent in by workmen after I opened this present collection, and there is a large collection of sculpture and plastic work awaiting classification for exhibition purposes at the Trade Unions House.

"Do I think the idea might be applied elsewhere? I must confess that, with regard to the artistic endowments of English and American working men, I feel hardly qualified to speak; but I think the main difficulty would lie in the development of the artistic temperament of the working classes through the absence of this system of mine to which I have devoted my life. My own wish would be to take this exhibition of pictures as it stands, with cheap, rough frames or with none at all, to London, and then to New York and other great American cities, to show the Anglo-Saxon race what can be done by the working classes."

DR. ADOLF LEVENSTEIN, FOUNDER OF THE EXHIBITION OF WORKING MEN'S ART.
From a Photograph.

The Ang

By P. G. Wodehouse

ANY man under thirty years of age who tells you he is not afraid of an English butler lies. He may not show his fear. Outwardly he may be brave—aggressive even, perhaps to the extent of calling the great man "Here!" or "Hi!" But in his heart, when he meets that cold, blue, introspective eye, he quakes.

The effect that Keggs, the butler at the Keiths, had on Martin Rossiter was to make him feel as if he had been caught laughing in a cathedral. He fought against the feeling. He asked himself who Keggs was, anyway; and replied defiantly that Keggs was a Menial—and an overfed Menial. But all the while he knew that logic was useless.

When the Keiths had invited him to their country home he had been delighted. They were among his oldest friends. He liked Mr. Keith. He liked Mrs. Keith. He loved Elsa Keith, and had done so from boyhood.

But things had gone wrong. As he leaned out of his bedroom window at the end of the first week, preparatory to dressing for dinner, he was more than half inclined to make some excuse and get right out of the place next day. The bland dignity of Keggs had taken all the heart out of him.

Nor was it Keggs alone who had driven his thoughts towards flight. Keggs was merely a passive evil, like toothache or a rainy day. What had begun actively to make the place impossible was a perfectly pestilential young man of the name of Barstowe.

The house-party at the Keiths had originally been, from Martin's view-point, almost ideal. The rest of the men were of the speechless, moustache-tugging breed. They had come to shoot, and they shot. When they were not shooting they congregated in the billiard-room and devoted their powerful intellects exclusively to snooker-pool, leaving Martin free to talk undisturbed to Elsa. He had been doing this for five days with great contentment when Aubrey Barstowe arrived. Mrs. Keith had developed of late leanings towards culture. In her town house a charge of small-shot, fired in any direction on a Thursday afternoon, could not have failed to bring down a poet, a novelist, or a painter. Aubrey Barstowe, author of "The Soul's Eclipse" and other poems, was a constant member of the crowd. A youth of insinuating manners, he had appealed to Mrs. Keith from the start; and unfortunately the virus had extended to Elsa. Many a pleasant, sunshiny Thursday afternoon had been poisoned for Martin by the sight of Aubrey and Elsa together on a distant settee, matching temperaments.

The rest is too painful. It was a rout. The poet did not shoot, so that when Martin returned of an evening his rival was about five hours of soul-to-soul talk up and only two to play. And those two, the after-dinner hours, which had once been the hours for which Martin had lived, were pure torture.

So engrossed was he with his thoughts that the first intimation he had that he was not alone in the room was a genteel cough. Behind him, holding a small can, was Keggs.

"Your 'ot water, sir," said the butler, austerely but not unkindly.

Keggs was a man—one must use that word, though it seems grossly inadequate—of medium height, pigeon-toed at the base, bulgy half-way up, and bald at the apex. His manner was restrained and dignified, his voice soft and grave.

But it was his eye that quelled Martin. That cold, blue, dukes-have-treated-me-as-an-elder-brother eye.

He fixed it upon him now, as he added, placing the can on the floor, "It is Frederick's duty, but to-night I hundertook it."

Martin had no answer. He was dazed. Keggs had spoken with the proud humility of an emperor compelled by misfortune to shine shoes.

"Might I have a word with you, sir?"

"Ye-e-ss, yes," stammered Martin. "Won't you take a—I mean, yes, certainly."

"It is perhaps a liberty," began Keggs. He paused, and raked Martin with the eye that had rested on dining dukes.

"Not at all," said Martin, hurriedly.

"I should like," went on Keggs, bowing, "to speak to you on a somewhat intimate subject—Miss Elsa."

Martin's eyes and mouth opened slowly.

"You are going the wrong way to work, if you will allow me to say so, sir."

Martin's jaw dropped another inch.

"Wha-a——"

"Women, sir," proceeded Keggs, "young ladies—are peculiar. I have had, if I may say so, certain hopportunities of observing their ways. Miss Elsa reminds me in some respects of Lady Angelica Fendall, whom I had the honour of knowing when I was butler to her father, Lord Stockleigh. Her ladyship was hinclined to be romantic. She was fond of poetry, like Miss Elsa. She would sit by the hour, sir, listening to young Mr. Knox reading Tennyson, which was no part of his duties, he being employed by his lordship to teach Lord Bertie Latin and Greek and what not. You may have noticed, sir, that young ladies is often took by Tennyson, hespecially in the summer time. Mr. Barstowe was reading Tennyson to Miss Elsa in the 'all when I passed through just now. 'The Princess,' if I am not mistaken."

"I don't know what the thing was," groaned Martin. "She seemed to be enjoying it."

"Lady Angelica was greatly addicted to

"YOU ARE GOING THE WRONG WAY TO WORK, IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO SAY SO, SIR."

'The Princess.' Young Mr. Knox was reading portions of that poem to her when his lordship come upon them. Most rashly his lordship made a public hexposé and packed Mr. Knox off next day. It was not my place to volunteer hadvice, but I could have told him what would happen. Two days later her ladyship slips away to London early in the morning, and they're married at a registry-office. That is why I say that you are going the wrong way to work with Miss Elsa, sir. With certain types of 'igh-spirited young lady hopposition is useless. Now, when Mr. Barstowe was reading to Miss Elsa on the hoccasion to which I 'ave alluded, you was sitting by, trying to engage her attention. It's not the way, sir. You should leave them alone together. Let her see so much of him, and nobody helse but him, that she will grow tired of him. Fondness for poetry, sir, is very much like the whisky 'abit. You can't cure a man what has got that by hopposition. Now, if you will permit me to offer a word of advice, sir, I say, let Miss Elsa 'ave all the poetry she wants."

Martin was conscious of but one coherent feeling at the conclusion of this address, and that was one of amazed gratitude. A lesser man who had entered his room and begun to discuss his private affairs would have had reason to retire with some speed; but that Keggs should descend from his pedestal and interest himself in such lowly matters was a different thing altogether.

"I'm very much obliged——" he was stammering, when the butler raised a deprecatory hand.

"My interest in the matter," he said, smoothly, "is not entirely haltruistic. For some years back, in fact since Miss Elsa came out, we have had a matrimonial sweepstake in the servants' hall at each house-party. The names of the gentlemen in the party are placed in a hat and drawn in due course. Should Miss Elsa become engaged to any member of the party, the pool goes to the drawer of his name. Should no engagement occur, the money remains in my charge until the following year, when it is hadded to the new pool. Hitherto I have 'ad the misfortune to draw nothing but married gentlemen, but on this occasion I have secured you, sir. And I may tell you, sir," he added, with stately courtesy, "that, in the hopinion of the servants' hall, your chances are 'ighly fancied — very 'ighly. The pool has now reached considerable proportions, and, 'aving had certain losses on the Turf very recent, I am hextremely anxious to win it. So I thought, if I might take the liberty, sir, I would place my knowledge of the sex at your disposal. You will find it sound in every respect. That is all. Thank you, sir."

Martin's feelings had undergone a complete revulsion. In the last few minutes the butler had shed his wings and grown horns, cloven feet, and a forked tail. His rage deprived him of words. He could only gurgle.

"Don't thank me, sir," said the butler, indulgently. "I ask no thanks. We are working together for a common hobject, and any little 'elp I can provide is given freely."

"You old scoundrel!" shouted Martin, his wrath prevailing even against that blue eye. "You have the insolence to come to me and——"

He stopped. The thought of these hounds, these demons, coolly gossiping and speculating below stairs about Elsa, making her the subject of little sporting flutters to relieve the monotony of country life, choked him.

"I shall tell Mr. Keith," he said.

The butler shook his bald head gravely.

"I shouldn't, sir. It is a 'ighly fantastic story, and I don't think he would believe it."

"Then I'll—— Oh, get out!"

Keggs bowed deferentially.

"If you wish it, sir," he said, "I will withdraw. If I may make the suggestion, sir, I think you should commence to dress. Dinner will be served in a few minutes. Thank you, sir."

He passed softly out of the room.

It was more as a demonstration of defiance against Keggs than because he really hoped that anything would come of it that Martin approached Elsa next morning after breakfast. Elsa was strolling on the terrace in front of the house with the bard, but Martin broke in on the conference with the dogged determination of a steam-drill.

"Coming out with the guns to-day, Elsa?" he said.

She raised her eyes. There was an absent look in them.

"The guns?" she said. "Oh, no; I hate watching men shoot."

"You used to like it."

"I used to like dolls," she said, impatiently.

Mr. Barstowe gave tongue. He was a slim, tall, sickeningly beautiful young man, with large, dark eyes, full of expression.

"We develop," he said. "The years go by, and we develop. Our souls expand—timidly at first, like little, half-fledged birds stealing out from the——"

"I don't know that I'm so set on shooting to-day, myself," said Martin. "Will you come round the links?"

"I am going out in the motor with Mr. Barstowe," said Elsa.

"The motor!" cried Mr. Barstowe. "Ah, Rossiter, that is the very poetry of motion. I never ride in a motor-car without those words of Shakespeare's ringing in my mind: 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.'"

"I shouldn't give way to that sort of thing if I were you," said Martin. "The police are pretty down on road-hogging in these parts."

"Mr. Barstowe was speaking figuratively," said Elsa, with disdain.

"Was he?" grunted Martin, whose sorrows were tending to make him every day more like a sulky schoolboy. "I'm afraid I haven't a poetic soul."

"I'm afraid you haven't," said Elsa.

There was a brief silence. A bird made itself heard in a neighbouring tree.

"'The moan of doves in immemorial elms,'" quoted Mr. Barstowe, softly.

"Only it happens to be a crow in a beech," said Martin, as the bird flew out.

Elsa's chin tilted itself in scorn. Martin turned on his heel and walked away.

"It's the wrong way, sir; it's the wrong way," said a voice. "I was hobserving you from a window, sir. It's Lady Angelica over again. Hopposition is useless, believe me, sir."

"COMING OUT WITH THE GUNS TO-DAY, ELSA?"

Martin faced round, flushed and wrathful. The butler went on, unmoved: "Miss Elsa is going for a ride in the car to-day, sir."

"I know that."

"Uncommonly tricky things, these motor-cars. I was saying so to Roberts, the chauffeur, just as soon as I 'eard Miss Elsa was going out with Mr. Barstowe. I said, 'Roberts, these cars is tricky; break down when you're twenty miles from hanywhere as soon as look at you. Roberts,' I said, slipping him a sovereign, ''ow awful it would be

if the car should break down twenty miles from hanywhere to-day!'"

Martin stared.

"You bribed Roberts to——"

"Sir! I gave Roberts the sovereign because I am sorry for him. He is a poor man, and has a wife and family to support."

"Very well," said Martin, sternly; "I shall go and warn Miss Keith."

"Warn her, sir!"

"I shall tell her that you have bribed Roberts to make the car break down so that——"

Keggs shook his head.

"I fear she would hardly credit the statement, sir. She might even think that you was trying to keep her from going for your own pussonal ends."

"I believe you're the devil," said Martin.

"I 'ope you will come to look on me sir," said Keggs, unctuously, "as your good hangel."

Martin shot abominably that day, and, coming home in the evening gloomy and savage, went straight to his room, and did not reappear till dinner-time. Elsa had been taken in by one of the moustache-tuggers. Martin found himself seated on her other side. It was so pleasant to be near her, and to feel that the bard was away at the other end of the table, that for the moment his spirits revived.

"Well, how did you like the ride?" he asked, with a smile. "Did you put that girdle round the world?"

She looked at him—once. The next moment he had an uninterrupted view of her shoulder, and heard the sound of her voice as she prattled gaily to the man on her other side.

His heart gave a sudden bound. He understood now. The demon butler had had his wicked way. Good heavens! She had thought he was taunting her! He must explain at once. He——

"Hock or sherry, sir?"

He looked up into Keggs's expressionless eyes. The butler was wearing his on-duty mask. There was no sign of triumph in his face.

"Oh, sherry. I mean hock. No, sherry. Neither."

This was awful. He must put this right.

"Elsa," he said.

She was engrossed in her conversation with her neighbour.

From down the table in a sudden lull in the talk came the voice of Mr. Barstowe. He seemed to be in the middle of a narrative.

"Fortunately," he was saying, "I had with me a volume of Shelley, and one of my own little efforts. I had read Miss Keith the whole of the latter and much of the former before the chauffeur announced that it was once more possible——"

"Elsa," said the wretched man, "I had no idea—you don't think——"

She turned to him.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, very sweetly.

"I swear I didn't know—I mean, I'd forgotten—I mean——"

She wrinkled her forehead.

"I'm really afraid I don't understand."

"I mean, about the car breaking down."

"The car? Oh, yes. Yes, it broke down. We were delayed quite a little while. Mr. Barstowe read me some of his poems. It was perfectly lovely. I was quite sorry when Roberts told us we could go on again. But do you really mean to tell me, Mr. Lambert, that you——"

And once more the world became all shoulder.

When the men trailed into the presence of the ladies for that brief séance on which etiquette insisted before permitting the stampede to the billiard-room Elsa was not to be seen.

"Elsa?" said Mrs. Keith in answer to Martin's question. "She has gone to bed. The poor child has a headache. I am afraid she had a tiring day."

There was an early start for the guns next morning, and as Elsa did not appear at breakfast Martin had to leave without seeing her. His shooting was even worse than it had been on the previous day.

It was not till late in the evening that the party returned to the house. Martin, on the way to his room, met Mrs. Keith on the stairs. She appeared somewhat agitated.

"Oh, Martin," she said, "I'm so glad you're back. Have you seen anything of Elsa?"

"Elsa?"

"Wasn't she with the guns?"

"With the guns?" said Martin, puzzled. "No."

"I have seen nothing of her all day. I'm getting worried. I can't think what can have happened to her. Are you sure she wasn't with the guns?"

"Absolutely certain. Didn't she come in to lunch?"

"No. Tom," she said, as Mr. Keith came up, "I'm so worried about Elsa. I haven't seen her all day. I thought she must be out with the guns."

Mr. Keith was a man who had built up a large fortune mainly by consistently refusing to allow anything to agitate him. He carried this policy into private life.

"Wasn't she in at lunch?" he asked, placidly.

"I tell you I haven't seen her all day. She breakfasted in her room——"

"Late?"

"Yes. She was tired, poor girl."

"If she breakfasted late," said Mr. Keith, "she wouldn't need any lunch. She's gone for a stroll somewhere."

"Would you put back dinner, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Keith, anxiously.

"I am not good at riddles," said Mr. Keith, comfortably, "but I can answer that one. I would not put back dinner. I would not put back dinner for the King."

Elsa did not come back for dinner. Nor was hers the only vacant place. Mr. Barstowe had also vanished. Even Mr. Keith's calm was momentarily ruffled by this discovery. The poet was not a favourite of his—it was only reluctantly that he had consented to his being invited at all; and the presumption being that when two members of a house-party disappear simultaneously they are likely to be spending the time in each other's society, he was annoyed. Elsa was not the girl to make a fool of herself, of course, but—— He was unwontedly silent at dinner.

Mrs. Keith's anxiety displayed itself differently. She was frankly worried, and mentioned it. By the time the fish had been reached conversation at the table had fixed itself definitely on the one topic.

"It isn't the car this time, at any rate," said Mr. Keith. "It hasn't been out to-day."

"I can't understand it," said Mrs. Keith for the twentieth time. And that was the farthest point reached in the investigation of the mystery.

By the time dinner was over a spirit of unrest was abroad. The company sat about in uneasy groups. Snooker-pool was, if not forgotten, at any rate shelved. Somebody suggested search-parties, and one or two of the moustache-tuggers wandered rather aimlessly out into the darkness.

Martin was standing in the porch with Mr. Keith when Keggs approached. As his eyes lit on him, Martin was conscious of a sudden solidifying of the vague suspicion which had been forming in his mind. And yet that suspicion seemed so wild. How could Keggs, with the worst intentions, have had anything to do with this? He could not forcibly have abducted the missing pair and kept them under lock and key. He could not have stunned them and left them in a ditch. Nevertheless, looking at him standing there in his attitude of deferential dignity, with the light from the open door shining on his bald head, Martin felt perfectly certain that he had in some mysterious fashion engineered the whole thing.

"Might I have a word, sir, if you are at leisure?"

"Well, Keggs?"

"Miss Elsa, sir."

"Yes?"

Keggs's voice took on a sympathetic softness.

"It was not my place, sir, to make any remark while in the dining-room, but I could not 'elp but hoverhear the conversation. I gathered from remarks that was passed that you was somewhat hat a loss to account for Miss Elsa's non-appearance, sir."

Mr. Keith laughed shortly.

"You gathered that, eh?"

Keggs bowed.

"I think, sir, that possibly I may be hable to throw light on the matter."

"What!" cried Mr. Keith. "Great Scot, man! then why didn't you say so at the time? Where is she?"

"It was not my place, sir, to henter into the conversation of the dinner-table," said the butler, with a touch of reproof. "If I might speak now, sir?"

Mr. Keith clutched at his forehead.

"Heavens above! Do you want a signed permit to tell me where my daughter is? Get on, man, get on!"

"I think it 'ighly possible, sir, that Miss Elsa and Mr. Barstowe may be on the hisland in the lake, sir."

About half a mile from the house was a picturesque strip of water, some fifteen hundred yards in width and a little less in length, in the centre of which stood a small and densely wooded island. It was a favourite haunt of visitors at the house when there was nothing else to engage their attention, but during the past week, with shooting to fill up the days, it had been neglected.

"On the island?" said Mr. Keith. "What put that idea into your head?"

"I 'appened to be rowing on the lake this morning, sir. I frequently row of a morning, sir, when there are no duties to detain me in the 'ouse. I find the hexercise hadmirable for the 'ealth. I walk briskly to the boat-'ouse, and——"

"Yes, yes. I don't want a schedule of

your daily exercises. Cut out the athletic reminiscences and come to the point."

"As I was rowing on the lake this morning, sir, I 'appened to see a boat 'itched up to a tree on the hisland. I think that possibly Miss Elsa and Mr. Barstowe might 'ave taken a row out there. Mr. Barstowe would wish to see the hisland, sir, bein' romantic."

"But you say you saw the boat there this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it doesn't take all day to explore a small island. What's kept them all this while?"

"It is possible, sir, that the rope might not have 'eld. Mr. Barstowe, if I might say so, sir, is one of those himpetuous literary pussons, and possibly he homitted to see that the knot was hadequately tied. Or"—his eye, grave and inscrutable, rested for a moment on Martin's—"some party might 'ave come along and huntied it a-puppus."

"POSSIBLY I MAY BE HABLE TO THROW LIGHT ON THE MATTER."

"Untied it on purpose?" said Mr. Keith. "What on earth for?"

Keggs shook his head deprecatingly, as one who, realizing his limitations, declines to attempt to probe the hidden sources of human actions.

"I thought it right, sir, to let you know," he said.

"Right? I should say so. If Elsa has been kept starving all day on that island by that long-haired—— Here, come along, Martin."

He dashed off excitedly into the night. Martin remained for a moment gazing fixedly at the butler.

"I 'ope, sir," said Keggs, cordially, "that my hinformation will prove of genuine hassistance."

"Do you know what I should like to do to you?" said Martin, slowly.

"I think I 'ear Mr. Keith calling you, sir."

"I should like to take you by the scruff of your neck and——"

"There, sir! Didn't you 'ear 'im then? Quite distinct it was."

Martin gave up the struggle with a sense of blank futility. What could you do with a man like this? It was like quarrelling with Westminster Abbey.

"I should 'urry, sir," suggested Keggs,

respectfully. "I think Mr. Keith must have met with some haccident."

His surmise proved correct. When Martin came up he found his host seated on the ground in evident pain.

"Twisted my ankle in a hole," he explained, briefly. "Give me an arm back to the house, there's a good fellow, and then run on down to the lake and see if what Keggs said is true."

Martin did as requested—so far, that is to say, as the first half of the commission was concerned. As regarded the second, he took it upon himself to make certain changes. Having seen Mr. Keith to his room, he put the fitting-out of the relief ship into the hands of a group of his fellow-guests whom he discovered in the porch. Elsa's feeling towards her rescuer might be one of unmixed gratitude; but it might, on the other hand, be one of resentment. He did not wish her to connect him in her mind with the episode in any way whatsoever. Martin had once released a dog from a trap, and the dog had bitten him. He had been on an errand of mercy, but the dog had connected him with his sufferings and acted accordingly. It occurred to Martin that Elsa's frame of mind would be uncommonly like that dog's.

The rescue-party set off. Martin lit a cigarette, and waited in the porch.

It seemed a very long time before anything happened, but at last, as he was lighting his fifth cigarette, there came from the darkness the sound of voices. They drew nearer. Someone shouted:—

"It's all right. We've found them."

Martin threw away his cigarette and went indoors.

Elsa Keith sat up as her mother came into the room. Two nights and a day had passed since she had taken to her bed.

"How are you feeling to-day, dear?"

"Has he gone, mother?"

"Who?"

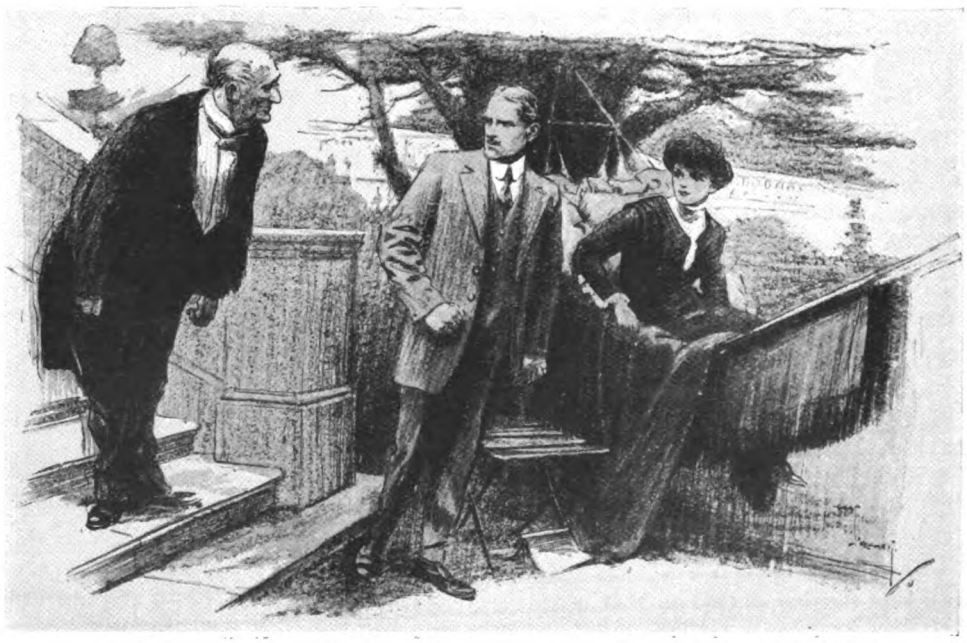
"Mr. Barstowe."

"Yes, dear. He left this morning. He said he had business with his publisher in London."

"Then I can get up," said Elsa, thankfully.

"I think you're a little hard on poor Mr. Barstowe, Elsa. It was just an accident, you know. It was not his fault that the boat slipped away."

"It was, it was, it *was!*" cried Elsa, thumping the pillow malignantly. "I believe he did it on purpose, so that he could read me his horrid poetry without my having a chance to escape. I believe that's the only way he can get people to listen to it."



"'I'LL COME AT ONCE,' SAID ELSA, STEPPING FROM THE HAMMOCK."

"But you used to like it, darling. You said he had such a musical voice."

"Musical voice!" The pillow became a shapeless heap. "Mother, it was like a nightmare! If I had seen him again I should have had hysterics. It was *awful!* If he had been even the least bit upset himself I think I could have borne up. But he *enjoyed* it! He *revelled* in it! He said it was like Omar Khayyám in the Wilderness and Shelley's 'Epipsychidion,' whatever that is; and he prattled on and on and read and read and read till my head began to split. Mother"—her voice sank to a whisper—"I hit him!"

"Elsa!"

"I did!" she went on, defiantly. "I hit him as hard as I could, and he—he"—she broke off into a little gurgle of laughter—"he tripped over a bush and fell right down; and I wasn't a bit ashamed. I didn't think it unladylike or anything. I was just as proud as I could be. And it stopped him talking."

"But, Elsa, *dear!* Why?"

"The sun had just gone down; and it was a lovely sunset, and the sky looked like a great, beautiful slice of underdone beef; and I said so to him, and he said, sniffily, that he was afraid he didn't see the resemblance And I asked him if he wasn't starving. And he said no, because as a rule all that he needed was a little ripe fruit. And that was when I hit him."

"Elsa!"

"Oh, I know it was awfully wrong, but I just had to. And now I'll get up. It looks lovely out."

Martin had not gone out with the guns that day. Mrs. Keith had assured him that there was nothing wrong with Elsa, that she was only tired, but he was anxious, and had remained at home, where bulletins could reach him. As he was returning from a stroll in the grounds he heard his name called, and saw Elsa lying in the hammock under the trees near the terrace.

"Why, Martin, why aren't you out with the guns?" she said.

"I wanted to be on the spot so that I could hear how you were."

"How nice of you! Why don't you sit down?"

"May I?"

Elsa fluttered the pages of her magazine.

"You know, you're a very restful person, Martin. You're so big and outdoory. How would you like to read to me for awhile? I feel so lazy."

Martin took the magazine.

"What shall I read? Here's a poem by——"

Elsa shuddered.

"Oh, please, no," she cried. "I couldn't bear it. I'll tell you what I should love—the advertisements. There's one about sardines. I started it, and it seemed splendid. It's at the back somewhere."

"Is this it — Langley and Fielding's sardines?"

"That's it?"

Martin began to read.

"'Langley and Fielding's sardines. When you want the daintiest, most delicious sardines, go to your grocer and say, "Langley and Fielding's, please!" You will then be sure of having the finest Norwegian smoked sardines, packed in the purest olive oil.'"

Elsa was sitting with her eyes closed and a soft smile of pleasure curving her mouth.

"Go on," she said, dreamily.

"'Nothing nicer,'" resumed Martin, with an added touch of eloquence as the theme began to develop, "'for breakfast, lunch, or supper. Probably your grocer stocks them. Ask him. If he does not, write to us. Price fivepence per tin. The best sardines and the best oil!'"

"Isn't it *lovely?*" she murmured.

Her hand, as it swung, touched his. He held it. She opened her eyes.

"Don't stop reading," she said. "I never heard anything so soothing."

"Elsa!"

He bent towards her. She smiled at him. Her eyes were dancing.

"Elsa, I——"

"Mr. Keith," said a quiet voice, "desired me to say——"

Martin started away. He glared up furiously. Gazing down upon them stood Keggs. The butler's face was shining with a gentle benevolence.

"Mr. Keith desired me to say that he would be glad if Miss Elsa would come and sit with him for a while."

"I'll come at once," said Elsa, stepping from the hammock.

The butler bowed respectfully and turned away. They stood watching him as he moved across the terrace.

"What a saintly old man Keggs looks," said Elsa. "Don't you think so? He looks as if he had never even thought of doing anything he shouldn't. I wonder if he ever has?"

"I wonder!" said Martin.

"He looks like a stout angel—what were you saying, Martin, when he came up?"

The Best Hunting Story.

A SYMPOSIUM OF HUNTING MEN.

HEREWITH we present a budget of hunting jests and anecdotes, some of which have been received from masters of foxhounds and leading hunting men, to whom we recently addressed the question, "What is your favourite hunting story?"

Such a collection as that in the present article is unique, and deserves to be utilized by the future historian of our contemporary minds and manners and pastimes, and, it may be added, taste in humour. The chief hunting men in the kingdom, including many of the nobility, may be represented as foregathered around the festive board and each delivering himself of the wittiest *jeu d'esprit* he can remember. The whole collection is pervaded by the very spirit and essence of the splendid sport so dear to the heart of the celebrated Mr. Jorrocks.

"ON one occasion, when I was a boy," writes the MASTER OF THE GRAFTON FOXHOUNDS, "I was out with the Herefordshire pack. Old Bob Ward, who was hunting that day, had a very low opinion of Cockney sportsmen, and on this occasion it was strongly confirmed. He turned and reproved one of them for riding over turnips.

"'Turnips?' cried the individual, in an aggrieved tone. 'How should I know they were turnips, unless there was a boiled leg o' mutton in the middle of 'em?'

"I have heard," continues this popular M.F.H., "a great many stories concerning the wonderful scent of hounds, but one instance beats anything in my recollection.

HARDLY KIND.—Irascible Sportsman (to man in brook): "Confound you, sir! What the deuce do you mean by bobbing up like that and making my horse refuse?"

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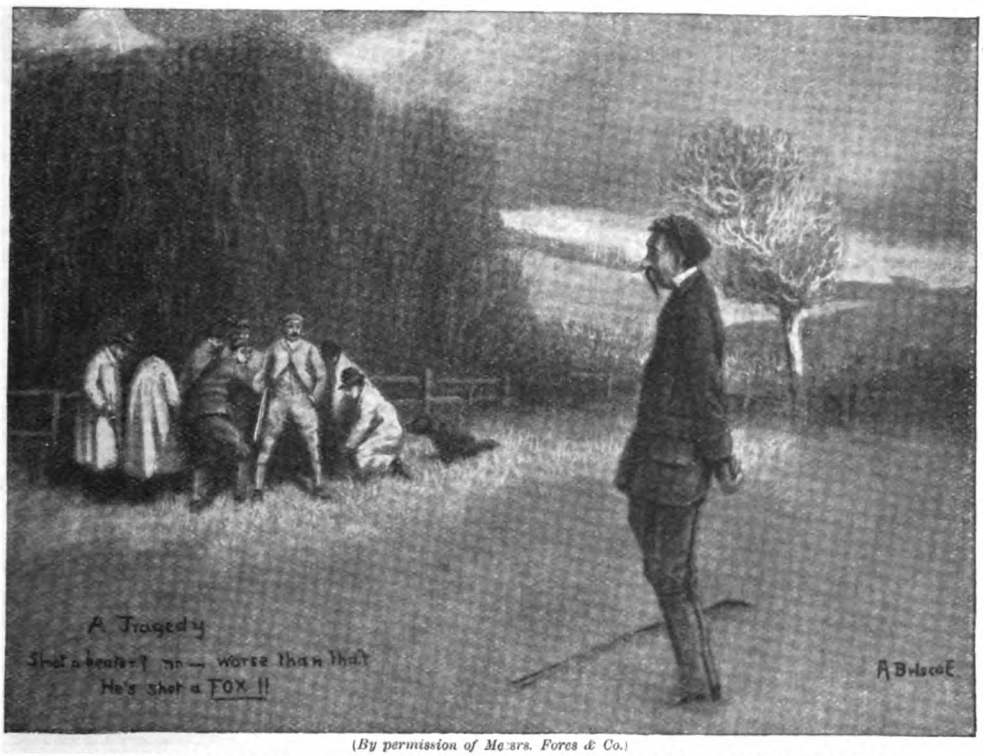
MR. JALLAND'S DROLLEST HUNTING PICTURE.



(*By permission of Messrs. Fores & Co.*)

SELECTED BY MR. A. BRISCOE AS HIS BEST HUNTING PICTURE.

One morning the hunt completely lost sight of the fox. I saw a man running across a field of turnips, apparently furnished with the information concerning Reynard we sought, so I shouted out to him :—

"'Have you seen the fox?'

"'Eh?' called the man, stopping short.

"'Have you seen the fox?'

"'Fox? Oh, yezzer, I seen 'e.'

"'Good!' I cried, ready to start off on the instant full gallop. 'Where did he go?'

"'Up turmuts, zur.'

"As I put spurs to my horse, I asked :—

"'How long ago?'

"'Last Zunday be a week, zur.

"Could any hounds have been paid a higher compliment?"

CONCERNING "The Second Horse," which forms a theme for Mr. Tom Browne's most humorous hunting picture, COLONEL S. PONSONBY writes :—

"The best story of the kind I remember was about an Irish boy who had been taken from a racing stable, and who knew nothing about his new duties. At a critical moment in the chase he suddenly spurred on his animal, passing his master, who was waiting for him to come up.

"'Hi, you fool!' called out the master, 'what are you doing with that second horse?'

"'Divil a second at all, at all!' roared the boy. 'I give yer a start, and, begorra, when I rides I rides to win!' Which shows the danger of confusing two different equine games."

THE MASTER OF THE WILTSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS :—

"We have all heard of the hunting man who cares nothing for the fox, but only for the fences. I once knew a rider of this kind who, when anyone would speak of a certain pack of hounds, would exclaim, 'Hang the hounds! How are the fences?' They couldn't be too high for him, so upon one occasion his enemies determined to give him full satisfaction. They put up a special fence to baulk him, which the rest of the hunt, who were in the joke, avoided, thinking, of course, this time he would have to go round. By and by word came to say that Colonel D—— was hanging in mid-air in a certain field. Several hurried back and found his horse lying dead, caught helplessly

on the top of the high fence. They took him down, and the doctor discovered three ribs broken. When he was able to talk he said, 'I took that fence. I suppose I've got a piece or two of it in my chest, haven't I, doctor? I know, of course, I didn't clear it; but if anything happens to me, doctor, you'll explain that they found me hanging on the *far side!*'"

D. S. HARTWELL, M.F.H., Essex:—

"A hunting man of City extraction, with pretensions to high art, once employed a Royal Academician to paint his favourite hunter. Thereafter he gave his friends no peace. Every time he saw one of them he would begin, 'Oh, did I tell you I've had my horse painted?' At last, the rumour ran that a famous Duke was coming over to take part in the hunt, and old Jorrocks was keen on showing off his art knowledge before his Grace. The first chance he had when they rode together he, therefore, promptly opened fire.

"'By the way, your Grace, I've 'ad my 'orse painted.'

"The Duke stuck his glass in his eye and stared at the animal supporting Jorrocks.

"'No? Not really? Didn't notice it. Thought the colour odd, but capital idea to keep out the rain.'"

MR. T. G. BOLITHO:—

"There was once an amateur hunting man, who had never followed the hounds before, who got miserably lost and into all sorts of difficulties. The pack and the last hunter got clean away from him, and bruised and torn he ambled along inquiring of every stray passer-by if they had seen the pack. Fortunately, he was not entirely without consolation in the shape of a small flask he carried in his pocket. When at last he met two gentlemen on horseback he stopped them and, almost maudlin in his despair, murmured:—

"'Excuse me, gentlemen, but you do not happen—to have—a couple—of hounds about you, do you?'"

ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE EXMOOR HUNT—NO KILL.—Fair Huntress: "What a pity the hounds let that splendid stag get away, Colonel, wasn't it?"
Colonel: "Pity! Ha, if they'd only taken my advice we should have been up with him now, instead of being miles away on the wrong track!"

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CHOSEN BY MR. F. G. LEWIN AS HIS BEST HUNTING PICTURE.

COLONEL WRAY, Oxfordshire:—

"The best story I ever heard was that of a discharged whipper-in who maliciously seized the old M.F.H.'s favourite cat, dressed him up in a fox's skin, and let the desperate animal loose in a field just in front of the hounds. The M.F.H. and the others caught sight of the scudding fox, and at once sent up a yell. All thought they were in at the death, but for some strange reason the hounds refused to kill. In vain the huntsman called to the hounds, who were off again—the pseudo fox stood at bay and finally, to the consternation of the party, shot up a neighbouring tree. The squire rubbed his eyes.

"'Where the dickens is that fox gone?'

"'Up a tree, sir.'

"'Up a tree! Why, you fools, we've struck a giant squirrel. It's a squirrel, I tell you, and we've been done.'

"'No, sir,' said a huntsman; 'it's a fox right enough. I can see his tail.'

"'Tail be hanged!' cried the squire, putting his ear close to the tree; 'it's his other end's troubling me. I've just heard that fox mew, and I'm going home!'

"And although they wanted to cut the tree down, the old M.F.H. had had enough and turned his horse homeward, and the discharged whipper-in had a most ample revenge."

MR. P. F. MONTAGU, of Melton Mowbray:—

"Foxes were very rare in our county one season, when a report reached a member of the hunt that a plump vixen and her brood had taken up its quarters in a half-ruined abbey at a place I will call Blaxley. It was resolved that the gentleman should set out with a party to lay hands on the cubs for the forthcoming season. When they reached the abbey, which had for some time been without a tenant, they were met by a cross-looking woman in the yard, who asked them what they wanted. Thinking she was the caretaker, they explained their errand.

"'If you are fox-hunters,' said she, 'you will please leave these premises as quickly as you came into them. I have taken these premises on a long lease, and, as I am totally opposed to so cruel a sport, I warn you that I will not have a foot of my land ridden over.'

The leader of the deputation tried to reason with her, and was about to explain respecting the vixen and her cubs, when a light burst in upon him and, realizing that he and his companions had been the victims of a practical joke, they stole quietly homewards on another quest."

MAJOR D. R. RICHARDSON, of the Quorn Hunt:—

"It is related of a certain City personage who had taken enthusiastically to country sport, and especially to fox hunting, that, noticing a striking-looking individual at the meet, he asked his mentor who he was.

"'Oh,' was the response, 'he's a V.C. Would you like me to introduce you?'

"'No fear!' said the City gent. 'No veterinary surgeons for me until I regularly 'as to 'ave 'em.'"

"OUR master," writes the MASTER OF THE WEST KENT HUNT, "had a great fondness for giving high-sounding names to the occupants of his kennels. Every dog in one of his packs was called after the heroes of the First Empire: Napoleon Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Marshal Davoust, Marshal Ney, Marshal Soult, and so forth. Another was Julius Cæsar; another, Charlemagne. After one day's hunt he was recounting their exploits to a stranger who was stopping at the Hall.

"'Napoleon Bonaparte,' said he, 'worked

THE NEW ACT.—First Second Horseman: "I wish I was out of this!"
Second S. H. (Irish): "Bedad, ye won't be long! And it's a pound a week for life if ye're kilt!"

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MR. G. D. ARMOUR'S FUNNIEST HUNTING PICTURE.

with a will, while Mark Antony and the Duke of Wellington were as keen as mustard. As to Marshal Bernadotte'—and he was proceeding to relate their individual exploits when his guest interrupted by asking :—

"'But which killed the fox?'

"The M.F.H. changed colour.

"'Oh, as to that,' he answered, somewhat confusedly, 'that was done by a wretched cur named Towser, who had got into the pack by mistake.'"

T. F. HARRISON, M.F.H., Hertfordshire :—

"A hunting man of the old school—one who lived for hunting—once became so depleted in funds that to maintain his pack at all he had first to sell his timber, then mortgage his land and house, and finally began actually to part with his furniture. One day he decided that his wife's grand piano was superfluous.

"'But, John, dear,' said his wife, tearfully, 'there'll be no music.'

"'No music!' cried the zealous fox-hunter. 'Why, confound it, Maria, if you'll gi' your consent, I'll chain up the pack in the drawing-room, and ye'll hear the finest music ye ever heard in all your life!'"

"DURING a very fast and straight gallop in Leicestershire," writes an EX-MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY HUNT, "a rider was observed walking his horse leisurely down a field towards a stiff fence, holding a shoe in his hand.

"'What's the matter?' hailed a passing friend. 'Why don't you screw him at it?'

"A sorrowful shake of the head, with the demonstration of the shoe, was the only answer.

"'Why, my good fellow,' observed a too curious third party, 'your horse has got *four shoes on!*'"

"A GOOD story," writes the M.F.H., SOUTH DEVON, "is told of the celebrated huntsman Simpelty, of Dartmoor fame.

"Scene: A fox run to ground in a bank. Simpelty struggling at 'the earth.'

"Simpelty: 'Who's that pricking me with a fuzz bush?'

"Farmer: 'There's nobody pricking you with a fuzz bush, Mr. Simpelty.'

"Simpelty (feeling behind him with his hand): 'Dashed if I haven't been sitting on my spurs!'"

THE MASTER OF THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE FOXHOUNDS sends the following :—

"The story goes of an old admiral who had taken to fox-hunting, amongst whose eccentricities it was to indulge perpetually in nautical language in the field. You could hear him bellowing out, 'Larboard, there!' or 'Starboard, you fool!' 'Hard-a-port and we'll run him down!' with all sorts of such jargon. There was one eminent follower who did not relish all this, and one day, when the admiral had come a cropper and fell behind the fox duly met his death before he could recover the lost ground. Seeing the gentlemen dismounted and not quite grasping the situation, the belated party roared :—

"'Which way did he go—larboard or starboard?'

"'I don't know,' was the frigid answer.

"'Don't know—don't *know!* Haven't you got eyes in your head—eh, what? Come, larboard or starboard?'

"'Don't know, you salt-water maniac, and don't care. All I do know is,' he called, as he pulled the brush out of his pocket and the rest of the hunt came up, 'that he's lost his rudder!'"

A FOLLOWER OF THE QUORN sends us the annexed :—

"The visitor's eye was struck by the four heads, the products of the taxidermist's art, beautifully mounted, over the mantelpiece. His host noticed his glance of admiration.

"'Rather pretty, eh?'

"'Beautiful! I hear you are a most enthusiastic sportsman.'

"'Oh, I have a weakness for fox-hunting. Splendid sport! Those "masks" there are souvenirs of the four most exciting runs of my life. Every one of 'em has a history. Like to hear about 'em?' He passed a box of choice Havanas and the guest disposed himself to listen.

"'I'll begin with the far one,' said his host, with a far-away look in his eye. 'That brings me to a famous run with the Pytchley in the autumn of '94—or was it '95?' And he proceeded to relate a most exciting adventure, and then another and another, winding up with the story of the fox whose carcass he had dragged from the hounds of the Worcestershire Hunt in order to present to his sweetheart, who alone was with him at the kill. His sweetheart died, bequeathing him the trophy, and so he had remained single. It was a long story, and when his host had finished the visitor arose and examined the beautiful heads anew.

"'Wonderful, wonderful!' he murmured. 'I never knew anything so interesting.'

"'Really?' said the other, complacently.

"When his guest was ready to go, he followed him out in the hall and helped him on with his coat.

"'The more I think of those fox-heads of yours the more I am inclined to regard their history as the most remarkable thing I have ever heard in my life. Do you know why?'

"'No. Why?'

"'Because — well, because they *happen to be wolves'!*'"

MR. DUN-WATERS, M.F.H., Whaddon :—

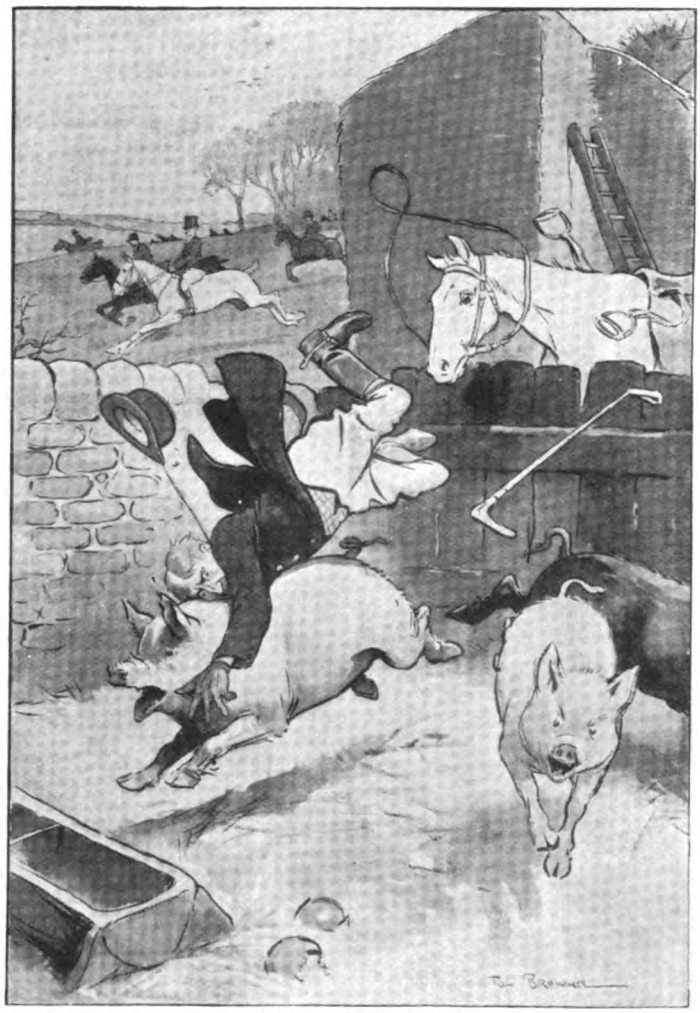
"It has long been the custom to refer to indifferent performers in the hunting-field as 'tailors,' precisely for what reason I never could discover. Only once have I encountered a real member of the sartorial fraternity behind the hounds, and he was a match for many of the others. The M.F.H. once accosted him furiously :—

"'Don't you see,' he cried, 'you're riding over sown grass?'

"'Eh?' called the offender, keeping along a furrow.

"'I say—sown grass—sown gra-a-a-ss, you wretched tailor!'

"'Hand-sewn or machine-stitched?' was the rejoinder. 'As long as I ride up the seams, don't you worry yourself, capt'in!'"



A CHANGE OF MOUNTS.

SELECTED BY MR. TOM BROWNE AS HIS BEST HUNTING PICTURE.

COLONEL GARRATT, M.F.H. :—

"At a hunt breakfast someone was relating the exploits of a couple of hard riders in the presence of a fair American.

"'Why, those two men had the hounds all to themselves.'

"'What utter selfishness!' she burst forth, indignantly and innocently; 'and I suppose the others had to put up with the poor little fox!'"

M.F.H., SHROPSHIRE :—

"The shooting tenant was suspected to be a good deal more addicted to his gun than his saddle, so that, when there was a second blank draw on the estate, there was a bitter feeling of disappointment.

"'I'm sure I can't understand,' he murmured, 'where the deuce my foxes can be.'

"'Dunno, sir,' spoke up a huntsman, 'unless your pheasants 'ave ate 'em up!'"

PERRIN'S PROMOTION

by

AUSTIN PHILIPS.

In the early, graceless days of the Post Office Savings Bank, that institution was not the perfect piece of mechanism that it has since become. To put it mildly, it was run on easy, wasteful, and, for the staff, too comfortable lines. The Postmaster-General of the minute got wind of the truth. He found a strong man and sent him to put things straight. The strong man fulfilled his task.

There were rows, there were meetings, there were battles, open and pitched. But the strong man always won. And when, one day, a band of stalwarts (amongst whom was Perrin) refused, point blank, to work overtime, they were suspended, promptly and *sans phrase*.

The stalwarts, one and all, were reinstated. It was thought judicious to overlook their offence. But there are, in the Civil Service, such things as black-books; and suspension on a man's record looks bad. Perrin, who had just taken a wife, felt that he was shelved. By way of protest, he put in an application for a postmastership. To his surprise, he was given Belboro—for the strong man knew what he was about. And at Belboro—though, thanks to its growing reputation as a spa, the salary had increased—Perrin took official root. His family also increased, out of all proportion to his emoluments. If it had not been for the devotion of his wife, who stuck to him like a good woman and a true, he must have gone under long ago.

Before starting for the office Perrin had run upstairs to say good-bye to his wife. She was in bed that morning, for, in spite of her splendid constitution, she was utterly fagged out, and Perrin was desperately anxious about her health.

THE morning, to Perrin, had been just like other mornings. He had set out for the office at the same time, by the same way, with the same unending absence of hope. And, with it all, there was the newer, the more poignant self-reproach—the sense of shame and failure at the sight of his brilliantly-clever son.

The horror of his inability to send the boy to a University, to help him to a career, was the obsession of the father's domestic life. Only at the office, hemmed in with red-tape and all-absorbing routine, could Perrin forget. At home, sitting opposite to the handsome, intellectual, proud-faced boy, who was the apple of his eye, he remembered always. He felt like a murderer, like a man who must kill the thing he loves. Neither work nor self-denial could avail. Promotion was hopeless; his resources were long since run dry. In less than a month the boy would have to take up a clerkship in the local branch of Boyd's Bank. There, without influence, without inclination, would be, for Francis Perrin, the end.

Perrin himself was a deadhead: one of the host of official "passed-overs" with which the Civil Service abounds. Not that he was a fool or a sluggard. Far from it. But he had once been a rebel, and he was paying the penalty now.

"PERRIN STOOPED DOWN AND KISSED HER."

As he came into the room Mrs. Perrin lifted her head from the pillow. She was a little woman with blue eyes, curiously bright beneath dark brows, and a nose that was almost Celtic in its curve. She had been really pretty when Perrin married her, and even now her prettiness was faded rather than gone. In an evening frock she looked a young woman still.

Perrin stooped down and kissed her, clasping her to him, holding her close. Her hand took his a moment and pressed it, but she said nothing.

Perrin sat down at his desk at the office. The weekly Official Circular faced him, and at the side were a number of foolscap envelopes, long, yellow, and fat. Perrin took up the Official Circular and read. The list of promotions and vacancies was on the front page. Hopelessly — though, for all his disappointments, he had never ceased to apply—he began to read. The first announcement made him put down the paper with a pang. His brother—his young brother—had got another step. He had been made a district surveyor, and would have a district with four counties and fifty postmasters like Perrin under his charge.

Perrin leaned back in his chair. Angry and bitter thoughts chased across his brain. The near relationship of the successful man stabbed him to the heart, quickening his sense of failure, driving him to a new and jealous grief.

Then, suddenly, he became himself again. His early training, the sporting instinct which, through all his troubles, had never wholly died, leaped up once more in this the bitterest moment of his life. He forced himself to smile, he compelled himself to be just. "Hang it all," his dry lips whispered; "hang it all, the fellow deserves it. He has stuck to his job. *He* never went off the rails!"

Perrin caught up his pen. It was a letter of congratulation that he was going to write.

"My dear George," he began. "Just a line to send you my hearty congratulations on your well-deserved promotion. I——"

He stopped for a moment, pondering the phrase. But, somehow or other, it eluded him. Mechanically he caught up the Circular and glanced at it once more. His eyes strayed down the fortunate list, which, till then, he had not troubled wholly to look through. What he saw made him jump from his chair.

"Mr. A. J. Perrin, Postmaster of Belboro, to be Postmaster of Murcester."

At first he did not believe. He thought that his eyes had tricked him, that it was some disorder of his reeling brain. He stood up; he spelled out the words; he repeated them over and over again. The sound of his voice assured him. He was not mad. It was true. Promotion had come at last; and a good promotion, too. "Frank—Frank can go to the University"; that was his first thought.

He remembered writing the application; he had asked for Camford on the same day. Camford—where his boy could live at home and yet get a degree—had been beyond his wildest dreams. But Murcester was good enough. With a pinch, with his wife's help, he could educate them all. First Frank; then the younger ones as well. It was victory—victory at last, after twenty years of terrible defeat.

He snatched a new sheet; his pen flew furiously across its blue page. He was on fire to get the news to his wife.

"My dear, my dear, it's come at last. They've forgotten, they've forgiven, or they've overlooked. I've got Murcester, and Frank won't be a bank-clerk after all. We shall have to be careful—desperately careful. But it's another hundred pounds, and the pension will be bigger, too. Besides, who knows now whether I may not go higher still?"

He folded the paper up, covered it, wrote the address. But before he fastened the envelope he pulled out the paper again and added a postscript. "My dear, my very dear, I am half out of my mind with joy." For the long and hopeless struggle had made Perrin, once a strong but always a highly-strung man, as hysterical as any woman in the hour of unlooked-for success.

Then he rang the bell. A clerk came in. "Send me a boy, if you please," said Perrin. The clerk disappeared.

In a minute there was a knock at the door. "Come in!" shouted Perrin. The voice, if he had only known it, was younger by twenty years. The boy came across to his side. Perrin gave him the letter.

"I want you to cycle up to my house and to leave this note. You can ride as fast as you like. Here"—twenty minutes back he would as soon have thought of ordering champagne for dinner as of giving a penny away—"here's a shilling for you, my boy. I dare say you can manage to spend it."

The boy grinned, brought his hand to the salute, and went out. Perrin turned to the heap of unopened official envelopes on his desk. He picked out one marked "Personal," and tore it open. It was from the district surveyor, informing him of his promotion and asking how soon he wanted to go. Perrin threw it lightly aside and went on opening the other covers. He felt that he could dally with entering into his new kingdom; that, once his, it did not matter to a day or so how soon he sat its throne. Besides, when it came to a matter of moving, he must first consult his wife.

For the next two hours he worked like a Trojan—good, quick, clean, crisp work, such as a man can only do when he feels at the very tip-top of his form. He was working still, when there came a tap at the other door of his room—the one that opened into the public office.

"Halloa!" he called, cheerily. "Who's there?"

The door opened. It was his wife. Perrin rose to his feet. Mrs. Perrin stared. "Why, I hardly knew you," she cried. "You look so young."

Perrin came round the corner of his desk and kissed her—with a victor's kiss. Then he led her over to the fireplace, crooked his arm in hers, and stood there, patting her hand.

"Isn't it glorious?" he said, presently.

His wife nodded. There were happy tears in her eyes.

"And Frank," went on Perrin. "Isn't it magnificent for Frank? Of course, Camford would have been better still, but we must be thankful to have got anything at all. And he'll have his chance, after all—a real chance. He'll do better than his father. He's got twice as many brains."

Mrs. Perrin was crying now. But she looked up at him curiously through her tears. In the vaguest, faintest, remotest way she was jealous of her clever son. She wanted to be first—always first in her husband's heart.

"I am sure you think too much of Frank,"

she whispered. "Of course, I'm thankful for his sake, and I know that he will make the most of his chances and do credit to us both. But it's for *you* that I'm really glad. You don't know how I've prayed and prayed for this to happen—and believed that it *would* happen in spite of all your disappointments. It means new life to you. I can see it already. You are even holding yourself differently. You've got back at least three inches of your height."

Perrin laughed his joy.

"That's because the weight's gone from my shoulders, dearest," he answered. And he stooped to kiss her once more.

But even as his arms went round her he started back. Someone had knocked at the door. His wife slipped across to a chair. Perrin himself stepped swiftly away. He drew himself up to his new height and stood, striding the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire. Then only did he call "Come in!" His chief clerk entered slowly, holding a telegram in his hand. He looked first at Perrin, then at Perrin's wife. He coughed nervously, his fingers plucking at the orange envelope.

"Well, Martin," asked Perrin, gaily, "what is it?"

"I—I——" stammered the chief clerk. "I saw the announcement in the Circular, and I was just coming to congratulate you. But I'm afraid I've brought you some bad news."

"Eh—what? Bad news, Martin? What do you mean?"

Once more his second-in-command glanced nervously at Mrs. Perrin. She took his meaning; she saw that something was wrong; and, jumping up, she came quickly across to her husband's side.

"What is it, Mr. Martin?" she cried.

Fear—real fear—was in her gesture and voice.

"It's—it's in the message," he blurted out. "It's from the surveyor. I'm afraid it's very bad news."

Perrin reached forward and snatched at the envelope. The chief clerk turned and fled. He wanted no part in the drama to come.

"My God!" cried Perrin. "Oh, my God!" He gave at the knees as a pole-axed bullock gives, and his hand clutched the mantelpiece for support.

His wife came round beside him, caught the flimsy paper that Perrin's hand still held, and, pressed against her husband, read the awful words:—

"Your appointment to Murcester cancelled for departmental reasons.—Hughes-Garnett, Surveyor, G.P.O."

For a moment they faced each other speechless—those two who had faced poverty and disappointment those terrible twenty years. The man was grey and writhen; hope was gone from his heart; the last spark of determination was fast flickering out. He was almost on the verge of collapse. It was the woman who was alive. Her eyes flashed, her face lighted; she was checked, she was baffled, but she still defied despair; and, looking at her husband, she saw that, once over the brink, he would never again climb back. His strength had ebbed under misfortune; he would be finished if he once gave in. He must have strength to fight; he must be given courage at all costs. It was from her that the stimulus must come; it was she who must give him the vitality that she could so ill afford to lose. Knowing this—knowing, too, all that it must cost her—she put her whole soul into the task.

"It's monstrous—monstrous!" she cried. "It's an outrage—an unspeakable, cruel crime. You must appeal. You must fight it. You mustn't, you simply mustn't give in. It's your life; it's mine; it's Frank's life. Sit down and write red-hot. No; *I'll* write. You shall dictate. Give me paper and a pen. You must put your whole case. You must ask to see the Postmaster-General himself. I know—everybody says so—that he's kind and humane. He will never allow such an injustice to be done."

Her words—convincing, passionate, and all-removing as a mountain brook in spate—drove Perrin into hope, ousting his great despair. But for a moment he hesitated still, his man's sense of discipline fighting a woman's pluck. His wife saw him waver—saw, too, that more than ever the swift occasion must be seized. "Paper," she insisted. "Give me paper and a pen." Perrin, before her onslaught, drifted and succumbed. In another minute he was pacing the floor. The words, coming from deep down in his heart, rolled out quick, sincere, and sure. For a full hour they worked red-hot. And Perrin knew that he could never plead so well again.

When he had finished, Mrs. Perrin leaned back in her husband's chair. She had gathered the sheets together, had numbered them, bundled them up. "Put them away," she said. "Put them away. Sleep on it and revise them in cold blood. To-morrow will be time enough. You must do your utmost to forget to-day."

"HIS WIFE CAME ROUND BESIDE HIM AND CAUGHT THE FLIMSY PAPER THAT PERRIN'S HAND STILL HELD."

She sat quiet for a little, still leaning back, but now with closed eyes. Her will was keeping her going; only her will. Presently she got up and came into the middle of the room. She saw that the excitement had stimulated her husband, that it had actually done him good, that strenuous work had fired and braced him up. The great thing was to keep him at concert pitch. He must be saved from thinking too much.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, anxiously. "You mustn't stay here. Can't you get out and do some other work? Isn't there a sub-office to visit? What about Penleven? The sea and the drive will do you good."

Perrin considered a minute. There was stimulus in the very suggestion of the sea. He felt that his wife was right, as always; that his one chance of holding out lay in keeping on the move.

"Yes. I can go there," he answered. "I am due to check the accounts. As you say, the drive will do me good. It will take me all the afternoon and more. And I can go straight home afterwards, without coming back here."

Mrs. Perrin clapped glad hands.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed; "the very thing! How soon can you start?"

Her husband glanced at the desk.

"There's nothing urgent," he reflected. "I can go at once. I can get a meal on the way. All I need do is to tell Martin that I sha'n't be coming back."

He walked over to a cupboard, opened it, took out some foolscap forms, and stuffed them into a pocket of his coat. "Half a minute," he said, and he hurried into the sorting-office as he spoke. In two minutes he was back. He caught up his hat and gloves, then stopped suddenly, as if something had weakened within him.

"I say, it *was* good. It *was* all right. It'll fetch 'em, dear. You're sure of that?" The beginning of doubt was in his face and voice.

The danger-signals were not lost upon his wife. She looked him full in the eyes and answered him. "Of course it was good. Of course it will fetch them. And I haven't the slightest doubt that in the end you'll get something even better than Murcester itself."

At her words the shadow went from Perrin's face. Mrs. Perrin was determined that it should not come back. To that end she whisked open the private door. "We can call at the Feathers for a carriage," she said, "and you can drive me up." Then, like a triumphing general, she led the way into the street. She saw that she had put hope and heart and life into her husband, that he had begun to believe that things would, in spite of all, come right. She no longer felt jaded and ill. Excitement, for the time at least, is the best physician in the world. It was only later that she would have to foot the bill.

When Perrin got home that night he was tired, but braced. He had driven twenty miles in a boisterous wind, half of them along a road that skirted the sea. The accounts had been in a mess; he had had to go through them twice, for the sub-office was at a grocer's shop and the private money was mixed with the rest. His face, that the breeze had chafed, stung pleasantly. He yawned often; he had the appetite of a horse. A hot meal waited him, and wine—a flask of Chianti—was on the table. He gasped at the extravagance, but made no protest. He even smiled at the recollection which the flask evoked.

"It's a long time since we had a dinner in Soho, dearest," he said; and his voice was only half serious.

Mrs. Perrin faced him gaily. She had put on an evening frock and looked pretty and flushed. Like most women, she paid for dressing. The knowledge that she looked well helped to keep her up.

"The omission must be remedied at the first opportunity," she answered, merrily. And then she added, with a quiet, unanswerable confidence that convinced: "When you get your promotion you shall have wine for dinner every night. It will be your own particular share of the spoils."

Perrin looked at her, opened his mouth to speak, then realized that there was nothing to contradict. He looked idly round the shabbily-furnished room.

"Where are the children?" he asked, suddenly, for the table was only laid for two.

Mrs. Perrin avoided his glance. "They are upstairs," she said, carelessly. "They were sleepy, and have all gone to bed. Frank is staying at the Merrions' for the night. They have so often asked him that this time I let him go." With the genius of a general who would hearten his troops, she had cleared the camp of all that could remind her husband of defeat.

Perrin ate and drank heartily while Mrs. Perrin talked. She spoke much, to begin with, of the future—of how they would contrive and manage when the certain promotion came. Then, careful not to surfeit him, she drifted off into other things. She chaffed him about the Penleven office and the pennies and the sugar and the postal orders, all so inextricably mixed. She chaffed him about the good looks of the grocer's daughter, for whom, she said, he had a weakness, beyond doubt. She imitated the pomposity of the grocer himself—imitated it cleverly and well, for sometimes she had driven out with her husband when he went there in the summer afternoons. Perrin caught her gaiety, remembered a good story that the driver had told him, and repeated it over his wine. He tried to make her drink a fair share of the bottle and to insist upon her eating a decent meal. She pretended to do both, and Perrin was completely taken in. Her devotion and cleverness transformed the

meal into a positive festival. And the trouble that still lingered at the back of his mind changed, even against his better judgment, into an easy certainty that all would come right in the end. In his present physical well-being it was impossible to be otherwise than content. Besides, there was that tremendous, heart-issuing appeal. That, if nothing else, must win the day.

After dinner his wife played for him on the worn-out piano while he sang. It was all so new and so jolly, not having the children about. To keep up his spirits Perrin shouted boisterous musical-play ditties in his loud baritone voice. But presently he began to yawn again. The breeze and the dinner had done good work.

Mrs. Perrin snatched her chance.

"You're tired," she said. "And no wonder. You'd better go to bed. Then I'll come and read to you. It will be a change from your reading to *me*."

"By Jove!" yawned Perrin, "that's a good scheme." He strolled off towards the door; then he paused. "What book do you think of bringing?"

"What book would you like, dear?" asked his wife. "Something of Henry James?" For before their exile they had moved in literary circles, and their tastes in reading had remained sound.

Perrin laughed. "Oh, Lord, no!" he answered. "I want something breezier than that; something so old as to be quite new, something where somebody does something vigorous." He thought a second. "By Jove! it's a rum thing," he completed, "uncommonly rum; but I think I'd like 'The Three Musketeers'—the part where D'Artagnan is going to fight the other beggars and the Cardinal's Guards come and interfere."

The door shut upon him. Mrs. Perrin went straight to the sofa and fell on her knees and prayed. Presently she got up and lay down with closed eyes. But in ten minutes she rose and went upstairs. Her husband was in bed. She pulled up a chair. "Now for Monsieur d'Artagnan," she said, gaily.

She began to read the old, ever-new tale that the wizard made to charm the hearts of youth and middle age. The words brought back her girlhood; she spoke them with zest; the task, for all her weakness, was a delight. Presently, glancing over the book's top, she saw her husband's hand stretch out, palm uppermost, imploring hers. She set it there, warm and clasping; then, with a little break in her voice, read on. When she looked up again she saw that he was asleep. But she read for a little longer, to make sure. Then, very gently, she freed her hand, and, tiptoeing to the gas-jet, put it out. She undressed in the darkness and crept to bed. Perrin was drawing deep and easy breath. For the first time for months he did not mutter in his sleep or murmur the name of his boy, Frank.

When he awoke his wife was not there. He looked at his watch. It was after eight. Perrin, the jaded of yesterday, sprang lightly to the floor. In five minutes he was singing in his bath—a thing he had not done for years. He remembered his troubles perfectly. But hope had come back, and happiness at the prospect of a fight. Misfortune sometimes takes a man that way. It is better to face a crisis than to rust, and a live trouble is better than a numb and deadening despair.

Running downstairs he found his wife alone at the breakfast-table. The children had already been got off to school. "You're a wizard," he said. "A positive wizard. I slept like a top all night." Mrs. Perrin only smiled. It was she who had lain awake.

She walked down the path with her husband and stood talking to him at the little iron gate. She had brushed his coat; she had settled his tie. Perrin looked quite smart. His wife laughed and chaffed him, and he positively flirted back. At last, very reluctantly, he turned to go. Then only did Mrs. Perrin allude to the thing that had to be faced. "All will come right," she said, gaily. "I know it will." Perrin laughed back.

"You can make me believe anything," he retorted. But he spoke sheer truth.

"Don't forget to revise that appeal," called Mrs. Perrin as he swung down the street. "And, above all, bring it up for me to see." Perrin nodded and waved his stick.

She watched him out of sight. But she leaned against the gate-post for support. Then, very slowly, she returned along the tiled path to the house and crawled upstairs. It was all that she could do to get back into bed. There she lay helpless and shivering. She tried to pray, but the words would not come. She had no strength; her vitality was utterly gone. She had given it all to her husband, and now, while hope was high in him, her heart was full of the blackest despair. She had no longer any faith. "It's all been useless," she repeated, dully, "useless, useless, useless. Nothing's any good. We shall be here at Belboro till we die."

Perrin's mail was a heavy one that morning, and it was noon before he could begin

to look at the appeal. When he did so he was thunderstruck. It ran magnificently, it carried weight, it convinced. "By Jove!" he cried, in his astonishment, "I never thought that I could write such stuff as that!" It was certainly good, but not quite so good as he believed. The vitality that, without knowing it, he had taken from the woman who loved him made him overestimate his work. He was dotting his i's and crossing his t's when there came a disturbing knock at the private door of his room.

"Oh, bother it," said Perrin. "Just when I didn't want to be disturbed." He got up, rather crossly. "Come in; oh, come in!" he called.

"Good morning, Mr. Perrin. How are you? Pretty well?"

It was Hughes-Garnett, the district surveyor! Perrin took the proffered hand and pulled up a chair. Then he dropped back into his own, and sat facing his visitor. Hughes-Garnett was a finely-built man, with a grey Vandyke beard and blue, kindly eyes. His voice was pleasant and his manner full of charm. Perrin felt soothed and irritated, both. He wanted to fight—and liked his opponent too much.

Hughes-Garnett spoke first.

"You got my telegram?" he began. "Of course, you understood?"

Perrin's eyes flashed. "Yes," he answered "I understood. But I think the Department might have overlooked a suspension that took place twenty years ago. God knows"—he spoke very bitterly—"God knows I've worked hard enough to atone for it."

Hughes-Garnett stared. His kindliness went hand in hand with a keen sense of his official position, and this was not how he had expected to be received.

"I've no doubt you're right, Mr. Perrin," he said, stiffly; "but, to tell you the truth, I haven't the least idea what you're talking about."

Perrin stared back. His body trembled and his voice rose. The passionate disappointment of twenty years thrilled through him as he spoke.

"They give me a promotion," he said. "They give it me after I've been eating out my heart and getting old with hope deferred. And then—and then they change their minds and tell you to tell me, *by telegram*, that I'm not to have it after all. It's monstrous! It's cruel! It's brutal beyond words!"

The district surveyor stared harder than ever. He was no longer angry — only mystified. He saw that the man was sincere —that he was cut to the very heart. But he knew how lonely, forgotten, disappointed men at the end of the official string worry and think always of the worst.

"I really don't understand," he began again. "I may tell you at once that you're fretting without reason. But you speak of a suspension. Do you mind explaining exactly what you mean?"

"Why, the Savings Bank revolt — the refusal to do overtime—the punishment by suspension—the record against me, twenty years ago. It's that, of course, which has kept me back—which has ruined my chances now. Why should a man suffer like this for what was just the foolishness of a boy?"

The other leaned forward a little and his fingers tapped the desk. His chin went up; his eyebrows arched, as if he tried to recall something long since put out of mind. Then his eyes brightened, and instinctively he threw up his hand.

"Ah! I remember now. The old trouble at the Savings Bank, when Andrew was sent to put it straight. So you were one of the rebels? But, bless you! that's all forgotten and forgiven—it's ancient history, long since wiped out. You don't mean to say that you've been worrying about that?"

Perrin nodded. "Indeed I do. What other meaning could your telegram possibly have had?"

Then, and then only, did the district surveyor understand. He saw what Perrin's anxious face showed; he divined something of his struggle. He looked genuinely distressed.

"You poor, poor chap!" he exclaimed. "You *must* have had a bad time. Though I couldn't make the telegram any more explicit, because I didn't myself know what they were going to do. But I thought you would jump at the explanation, as I did."

Perrin shook his head. "I could only see one explanation," he insisted. "It could only be that."

"But," cried the other, eagerly, "didn't you see your brother's promotion? Didn't you connect the two?"

Then, as Perrin made no answer, but only regarded him with dumb amazement, he went on: "Man alive, you know the rule. Murcester is in the central district, which is vacant, and your brother's going there as chief. It's the first rule of the service that a man mayn't work under the immediate control of a blood relation. They only found out you were brothers when the appointments were gazetted. That—and that only —is why the telegram was sent."

"AS HE SPOKE HE ROSE AND PUT OUT HIS HAND."

Perrin began to tremble like a leaf. But it was with hope. "Then they are going to give me something else?" he stammered.

"My dear fellow, of course they are. That's why I'm here to-day. I thought I would give myself the pleasure of telling you in person how glad I am."

A new and wonderful thought had birth in Perrin's heart. "And the office?" he almost shouted. "The office is——?"

"Camford," answered the district surveyor. "And, between ourselves, I don't think you could have a nicer place."

As he spoke, he rose and put out his hand. Perrin, leaping to his feet, gripped it and held it hard. The room was a blur about him, and at first the sense of his great happiness flashed past him far too swift to grasp. Presently he laughed, rather foolishly, because he was afraid that he was going to cry. Then he forced his first conscious thought into words.

"Would you excuse me for a couple of minutes?" he asked, lamely. "I think—I rather think I should like to send a letter to my wife."

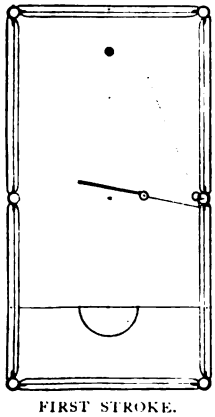
SOME DIFFICULT BILLIARD STROKES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

by

JOHN ROBERTS

DIFFICULT strokes at billiards may be divided roughly into two separate and distinct categories, comprising respectively strokes which are difficult owing to the incidence of the fortunes of the game, and "set" strokes of the trick variety, which are made difficult on purpose to display the prowess of the cue-man to advantage. It is not my intention to deal with trick strokes in the present article, but rather to elucidate for the reader some awkward billiard problems which crop up in actual play, and often prove a stumbling-block to the average performer.

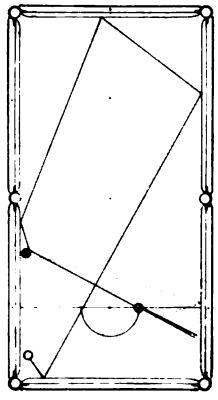
Our first diagram illustrates a position of this kind. The red is on the billiard spot, the object-white is on the brink of the centre of the right middle pocket, with the cue-ball lying directly behind, as shown in the diagram. Apparently there is nothing better on than a four stroke followed by a miss in baulk, and if a man was a long way ahead of his opponent and only wanted a few points for game this would be the correct policy to adopt. But if the game was in a normal state, when no reasonable opportunity of making a break should be allowed to pass, then the player should aim carefully at that portion of the jaw of the right middle pocket which can be hit by just missing the object-ball. Put on plenty of left side and strike the cue-ball fairly low, and a losing hazard off the white can be made by any player up to twenty-break form. But the cue-ball must be struck clean and true, not "poked at" in a style which slurs cue delivery and spoils many a stroke which the over-anxious amateur imagines he is taking extra pains with. But be very careful just to miss the white by the narrowest possible margin, as the least graze is absolutely fatal. A fair amount of pace may be used; it is quite easy to spoil the stroke by attempting to play it too slowly; and, provided my directions are carried out, it will be found that the object-ball will travel in the direction indicated by the dotted line in the diagram and a good game will be left.



FIRST STROKE.

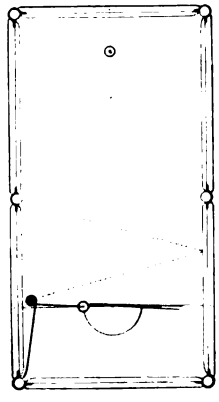
The second diagram presents a grouping of the balls which is often the result of bad losing hazard play, and is better known than liked by many players. Nearly tight against the side cushion, equi-distant between the middle pocket and the baulk-line, the red lies in what may be termed a "billiard Gibraltar," so far as tackling it with the idea of scoring a hazard is concerned. The object-white is 2in. from the left side cushion and

10in. from the baulk cushion, the cue-ball is in hand. Of course, a cannon is the obvious stroke to play, but there is nothing easy about it, and even a first-class exponent might be forgiven for failing to do more than go very near indeed to success when faced by this leave. By far the best manner in which to attack this unfavourable position is by placing the cue-ball on the right-hand spot of the "D," and play for an all-round cannon off four cushions on to the red ball. Plenty of pace is required; give the cue a fine, free swing, and let drive with almost the last ounce of power you can put into the stroke. Hit the red fine, but not too fine, on the right side, and impart a fair amount of top and much right side to the cue-ball. Then the cue-ball will speed round the table like a ray of light, taking the course shown by the continuous line in the diagram, and the player will have the satisfaction of scoring a really difficult stroke. Played to perfection this cannon leaves the balls well, as the red is "doubled" back across the table approximately in the direction shown by the dotted line, and the balls are "gathered" nicely together in quite a useful position for a break. Of course, an element of chance is inseparable from a stroke of this type even when it is attempted by the best exponents, especially so far as the after position is concerned. But this is the salt of the game; it is the one thing which prevents billiards from becoming as exact and dull as the ticking of a clock.



SECOND STROKE.

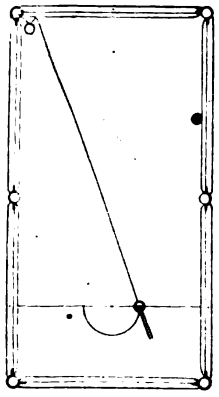
Quite another type of difficult stroke is presented by our third problem. Here we are confronted by a stroke which demands considerable cue-power to manipulate successfully, and it is one which the average amateur must usually be content to score with certainty when it is his "day out," and he is in the happy mood when he feels that to him all things in billiards are possible for the time being. But the stroke is so obviously the game, and so remunerative when exploited at all well, that the average performer really ought to add it to the collection of strokes he has more than a nodding acquaintance with. It will be seen that the white is on the billiard spot, the red just clear of the baulk-line and almost touching the left side cushion; the cue-ball is on the left-hand spot of the "D."



THIRD STROKE.

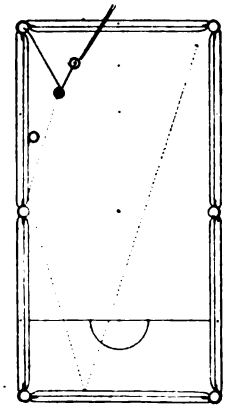
A losing hazard off the red ball into the left baulk pocket is the one and only stroke to play here, and, as the spectator at big matches is doubtless well aware, the score is a practical certainty when handled by the leading exponents of billiards. To play the stroke, as much right-hand side as you know anything about should be imparted to the cue-ball, which should also be struck well below its centre to give it the backward twist or "screw" which will make it throw a wide angle after contact with the red. About a half-ball contact is required—certainly not less than a half-ball—and it is not necessary to employ an extraordinary amount of force. The right strength to bring the red across the table towards the left middle pocket will do very well, and care should be taken to play the stroke with freedom. Let the cue do its work properly, and be careful to strike that portion of the cue-ball which enables you to impart the maximum amount of side. This is the real secret of the stroke—you must hit the cue-ball with the point of the cue as far on the outer edge of its greatest available circumference as you can without miscueing. Take advantage of the enormous leverage offered by the width of the ball, and get the cue as far over as you can consistent with hitting the ball below its horizontal centre to give "screw" simultaneously with "side." Then you will see that the right side, if you have enough of it, will literally pull the ball into the pocket, even if it strikes the side cushion during its journey.

Our fourth stroke is a beautiful example of what can be done by making the cue-ball strike a cushion before impact with the object-ball. The possibilities of this phase of billiards are almost a sealed book to many amateurs, and even in the highest flights of the game the public has yet to see anything approaching all that can be done in this direction. The red ball



FOURTH STROKE.

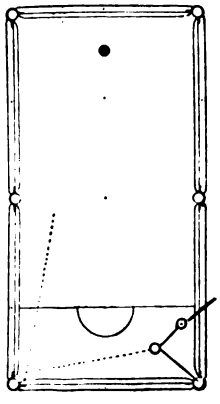
is 36in. from the top cushion and touching the right side cushion, and the object-ball is 2½in. from the left side cushion and 4½in. from the top cushion. The cue-ball is in hand, and to play this stroke we will place it on the right-hand spot of the "D." Take careful aim at a spot on the top cushion a little wide of the white ball, and put all the left "side" on the cue-ball you can call to your assistance. Then the cue-ball will rebound off the top cushion, the strong side will compel it to hit the white at the right angle to make a losing hazard into the left top pocket, and the object-ball will come down the table more or less as shown by the dotted line in our diagram. This is an exceedingly difficult stroke to illustrate pictorially, as the exact position of the object-ball and the right spot to hit on the cushion cannot be shown so clearly as I should like them to appear on a diagram. But if the measurements are followed out carefully, measuring from the face of the cushion to the centre of the ball, and the playing directions given careful attention, then the stroke can be mastered with a little practice, and will well repay the time and study spent on it.



FIFTH STROKE.

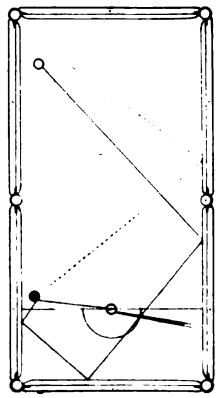
A man could hardly desire to leave the balls more difficult for his worst enemy than by leaving them in the position illustrated in our fifth diagram. It will be seen that all three balls are dead in line with each other; the object-white is dead tight against the left side cushion, the red is a foot from the side cushion and 18in. from the top cushion, with the cue-ball directly behind it and 10in. from the top cushion. It is difficult indeed even to play for safety here, and to essay a scoring stroke successfully needs undeniable cue-power and a nice knowledge of the possibilities of the game. The best stroke to play with the idea of scoring is a screw losing hazard off the red ball into the left top pocket, and I may say at once that the stroke is "difficult" indeed. But it can be made by putting plenty of "screw" on the cue-ball, accompanied by as much right side as can be utilized in combination with the requisite backward twist. Aim to hit the red so nearly full that it clears the white ball, as shown very well in the diagram, and almost every player will find that he will be compelled to put enough power into the stroke to bring the red right round the table, as illustrated by the dotted line in the diagram. It is a counsel of perfection to write about playing the stroke slowly enough to leave a losing hazard into the right middle pocket, and the class of player for whom this article is intended will do well indeed if he brings off the hazard and leaves the red well up the table in the vicinity of the right top pocket. A great point to remember in playing this stroke is that the cue must be grasped firmly the instant it strikes the cue-ball, and a gentle reminder to chalk the cue will not be out of place when the reader attempts to screw the cue-ball back into the recesses of the left top pocket.

Problem six presents what may be called a doubly difficult stroke. It is difficult to score because the hazard is not exactly the easiest ever seen, and it is even more difficult because the stroke has to be played most correctly to maintain the desired positional sequence of the balls. It calls into play one of the prettiest phases of English billiards, demanding, as it does, the utilization of the jaw of a pocket to save the first object-ball. The red is on the billiard spot, the object-white is 19½in. from the right side cushion and 17½in. from the baulk cushion, while the cue-ball is 22½in. from the baulk cushion and 5½in. from the right side cushion. The game is to play a screw loser off the white ball into the right baulk pocket, and the object-ball must be struck in such a way that it impinges on the farther jaw of the left baulk pocket,



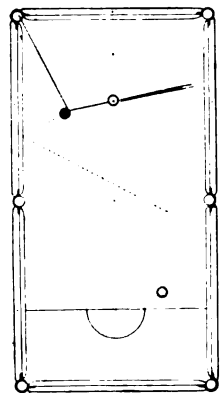
SIXTH STROKE.

rebounds on to the other jaw, and travels out of baulk up the table towards the vicinity of the left middle pocket. This stroke looks more formidable than it really is, as the screw hazard, played with a good deal of left side, is not so hard to achieve as the stroke described in our last paragraph. And by aiming at the pocket jaw the right point to hit on the object-ball is determined automatically, and the stroke can be made repeatedly by a fairly good amateur cueist. But the principle of the stroke is the thing to bear in mind, as the great majority of players never think for an instant that the jaw of a pocket can be deliberately employed to rescue the white from a bad position. Many variations of this stroke are to be met with, and the amateur who desires to make headway in the higher branches of the game will profit more than a little if he studies the different effects to be obtained by making a ball hit the jaws of a pocket.



SEVENTH STROKE.

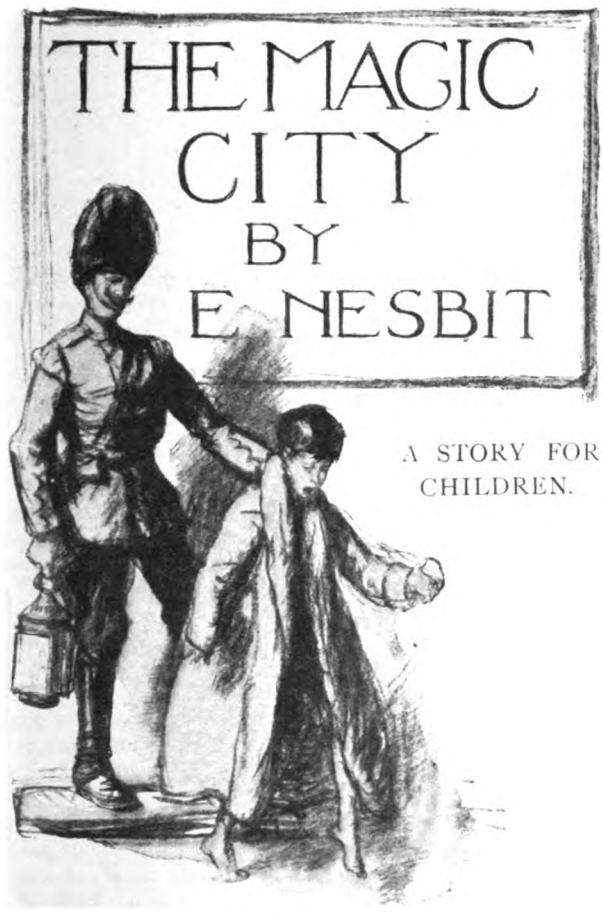
A useful knowledge of the angles of the table is to be gained by a careful study of the seventh problem. It will be seen that our red is 2in. from the left side cushion and about 6in. clear of the baulk-line. The object-white is away up the table just below the billiard spot and quite close to the left side cushion, about the width of a ball away from it. The cue-ball is on the centre spot of the "D," and while something desperate in the way of a direct screw cannon might be attempted, and even brought off, by an utterly reckless player—a sort of billiard anarchist, in fact—yet it will be found that the all-round cannon as shown in the diagram is both easier and more profitable. A little left side should be employed, and quite a lot of pace must be given a chance to show what it can do. Played smartly the correct angle can be made without putting on a great deal of side, and the pace will also obviate the necessity for anything approaching a thick contact between the cue-ball and the object-red. Aim to hit the red ball in such a way that it will "double" across the table well clear of the middle pocket and come to rest near the second object-ball as shown in the diagram. And it is as well to strike the cue-ball slightly above its horizontal centre to give it plenty of life and help it on its long journey round the table *viâ* three cushions. This is a stroke of the "gathering" type; it brings the balls together when they are left widely scattered, and should be practised assiduously, especially by those who are prone to cramp their game by making a hopeless, half-hearted attempt to score when the balls run difficult.



EIGHTH STROKE.

Our last problem is perhaps the easiest of the series, and I have set it up with the idea of warning amateurs against what is certainly the greatest cause of the common fault of "overdoing it" when "screw" shots have to be dealt with and the cue-ball and object-ball are not too far apart. The stroke before us shows my meaning quite clearly. The white is out of the way near the baulk-line, the cue ball is on the pyramid spot, and the red is rather more than an inch higher up the table and 18in. from the left side cushion. The stroke is just a simple "screw" losing hazard into the left top pocket played with left side. Do not hit the balls as if you owed them a personal grudge; a well-judged, medium-paced stroke decidedly on the slow side is all we want; but do be careful to make nothing more than a half-ball contact with the object-red. This is where the average player so often comes to grief; he forgets that "screw" enables a comparatively fine contact to be made with an object-ball, provided the cue-ball does not have to travel too far, and he will persist in playing these strokes as if they were tremendously difficult "forcing hazards," with best part of the length of the table between the balls. Consequently he "does too much to it" every time, and the cause of his failure is the ever fatal over-thick contact between the cue-ball and object-ball when they are fairly close together.

Practising these strokes will assuredly increase the average player's confidence in his cuemanship and encourage him to face a really bad leave with the good heart which so often accounts for the difference between a successful stroke and a wretchedly-played shot. It should be noted that all the strokes are played with ivory balls.



CHAPTER II.

THE TRESPASSERS.

PHILIP HALDANE stood in the shadow of the dark arch and looked out. He saw before him a great square surrounded by tall, irregular buildings. In the middle was a fountain, whose waters, silver in the moonlight, rose and fell with gentle sounds.

His eyes, growing accustomed to the dimness, showed him that he was under a heavy domed roof, supported on large, square pillars. To the right and left stood dark doors, shut fast.

"I will explore these doors by daylight," he said.

And then suddenly he felt very sleepy.

He leaned against the wall, and presently it seemed that sitting down would be less trouble, and then that lying down would be more truly comfortable. A bell from very, very far away sounded the hour. Twelve. Philip counted up to nine, but he missed the tenth bell-beat, and the eleventh and the twelfth as well, because he was fast asleep. When he awoke he was not in his soft bed at home, but on the hard floor of a big strange house. A tall man in a red coat was shaking him.

"What's the matter?" said Philip, sleepily.

"That's the question," said the man in red. "Come along to the guard-room and give an account of yourself, you young shaver."

He took Philip's arm gently but firmly between a very hard finger and thumb.

The soldier led him through one of those doors which he had thought of exploring by daylight. It seemed to Philip that the room was full of soldiers.

Their captain, with a good deal of gold about him, and a very smart black moustache, got up from a bench.

"Look what I've caught, sir!" said the man who owned the hand on Philip's shoulder.

"Humph!" said the captain. "So it's really happened at last."

"What has?" said Philip.

"Why, you have," said the captain. "Don't be frightened, little man."

"I'm not frightened," said Philip, and added, politely, "I should be so much obliged if you'd tell me what you mean."

A jolly roar of laughter went up from the red-coats.

"It isn't manners to laugh at strangers," said Philip.

"Mind your own manners," said the captain, sharply. "In this country little boys speak when they're spoken to. Stranger, eh? Well, we knew that, you know!"

Philip, though he felt snubbed, yet felt grand too. Here he was in the middle of an adventure—with grown-up soldiers. He

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threw out his chest and tried to look manly.

The captain sat down in a chair at the end of a long table, drew a black book to him—a black book covered with dust—and began to rub a rusty pen-nib on his sword, which was not rusty.

"Come now!" he said, opening the book, "tell me how you came here. And mind you speak the truth."

"I *always* speak the truth," said Philip, proudly.

All the soldiers rose and saluted him with looks of deep surprise and respect.

"Well, nearly always," said Philip, hot to the ears, and the soldiers clattered stiffly down again on to the benches, laughing once more.

"How did you come here?" said the captain.

"Up the great bridge staircase," said Philip.

"Where do you want to get to?" asked the captain.

"The address," said Philip, "is the Grange, Ravelsham, Sussex."

"Don't know it," said the captain, briefly. "And, anyhow, you can't go back there now. Didn't you read the notice at the top of the ladder? 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' You've got to be prosecuted before you can go back anywhere."

"Do you have many trespassers?" Philip asked.

"Many trespassers indeed!" The captain almost snorted his answer. "That's just it. There's never been one before. You're the first. For years and years and years there's been a guard here, because when the town was first built the astrologers foretold that some day there would be a trespasser who would do untold mischief."

"I wonder," said Philip, "why you don't cut off the end of your ladder—the top end, I mean; then nobody could come up."

"That would never do," said the captain, "because, you see, there's another prophecy. The great deliverer is to come that way."

"Couldn't I," suggested Philip, shyly, "couldn't I be the deliverer instead of the trespasser? I'd much rather, you know."

"I dare say you would," said the captain, "but people can't be deliverers just because they'd much rather, you know."

"And isn't anyone to come up the ladder bridge except just those two?"

"We don't know; that's just it. You know what prophecies are."

"I'm afraid I don't, exactly."

"So vague and mixed up, I mean. The one I'm telling you about goes over something like this:—

Who comes up the ladder stair?
Beware! Beware!
Steely eyes—and copper hair,
Strife and grief and pain to bear,
All comes up the ladder stair.

The other prophecy goes:—

From down and down and very far down
The King shall come to take his own.
He shall deliver the magic town
And all that he made shall be his own.
Beware, take care, beware, prepare,
The King shall come by the ladder stair."

"How jolly!" said Philip. "I love poetry. Do you know any more?"

"There are heaps of prophecies, of course," said the captain. "There's rather a nice one:—

Every night when the bright stars blink
The guard shall turn out and have a drink
As the clock strikes two—
And every night when no stars are seen
The guards shall drink in their own canteen
When the clock strikes two.

To-night there aren't any stars, so we have the drinks served here. It's less trouble than going across the square to the canteen, and the principle's the same. Principle's the great thing with a prophecy, my boy."

"Yes," said Philip. And then the far-away bell beat again. One—two. And outside was a light patter of feet.

A soldier rose, saluted his officer, and threw open the door. There was a moment's pause—Philip expected someone to come in with a tray and glasses, as they did at his great-uncle's when gentlemen were suddenly thirsty at times that were not meal-times. But instead, after a moment's pause, a dozen greyhounds stepped daintily in on their padded, cat-like feet; and round the neck of each dog was slung a roundish thing that looked like one of the little barrels which St. Bernard dogs wear round their necks in the pictures. And when these were loosened and laid on the table, Philip was charmed to see that the roundish things were not barrels but cocoanuts.

The soldiers reached down some pewter pots from a high shelf, pierced the cocoanuts with their bayonets, and poured out the cocoanut-milk. They all had drinks, so the prophecy came true; what is more, they gave Philip a drink as well. It was delicious, and there was as much of it as he wanted.

Then the hollow cocoanuts were tied on to the dogs' necks again and out they went, slim and beautiful, two by two, wagging their slender tails in the most amiable and orderly way.

"A DOZEN GREYHOUNDS STEPPED DAINTILY IN ON THEIR PADDED, CAT-LIKE FEET."

And then there came a little tap at the door of the guard-room, and a very little voice said:—

"Oh, do please let me come in!"

"Well, come in, whoever you are," said the captain. And the person who came in was Lucy—Lucy, whom Philip thought he had got rid of: Lucy, who stood for the new, hateful life to which Helen had left him; Lucy, in her serge skirt and jersey, with her little, sleek, fair pigtails, and that anxious "I-wish-we-could-be-friends" smile of hers.

Philip was furious. It was too bad.

"And who is this?" the captain was saying kindly.

"It's me—it's Lucy," she said. "I came up with *him*."

She pointed to Philip. "No manners," he thought, in bitterness.

"No, you didn't," he said, shortly.

"I did; I was close behind you when you were climbing the ladder bridge. And I've been waiting about ever since, when you were asleep and all. I *knew* he'd be cross when he saw I'd come," she explained to the soldiers.

"I'm *not* cross," said Philip, very crossly indeed, but the captain signed to him to be silent. Then Lucy was questioned and her answers written in the book, and when that was done the captain said:—

"So this little girl is a friend of yours?"

"No, she isn't," said Philip, violently; "she's not my friend, and she never will be. I've seen her—that's all, and I don't want to see her again."

"You *are* unkind," said Lucy. And then there was a grave silence, most unpleasant to Philip. The soldiers, he perceived, now looked coldly at him. He frowned and said nothing. Lucy had snuggled up against the captain's knee, and he was stroking her hair.

"Poor little woman," he said. "You must go to sleep now, so as to be rested before you go to the Hall of Justice in the morning."

When they woke it was bright daylight and a soldier was saying, "Wake up, trespassers! Breakfast!"

"How jolly," thought Philip, "to be having military breakfast!" Then he remembered Lucy, and hated her being there, and felt once more that she had spoiled everything.

Now it was time to start for the Hall of Justice. Once, just after they started, Lucy said, "Aren't you frightened, Philip?" And he would not answer, though he longed to say, "Of course not. It's only girls who are afraid."

When they got to the Hall of Justice she

caught hold of his hand and said, "Oh! Doesn't it remind you of anything?"

Philip pulled his hand away and said "No!" And the "No" was quite untrue, for the building did remind him of something, though he couldn't have told you what.

The prisoners and their guard passed through a great arch between magnificent silver pillars and along a vast corridor lined with soldiers, who all saluted.

The judge sat on a high bronze throne with colossal bronze dragons on each side of it, and wide, shallow steps of ivory, black and white.

Two attendants spread a round mat on the top of the steps in front of the judge—a yellow mat it was, and very thick—and he stood up and saluted the prisoners ("Because of your misfortunes," the captain whispered).

The judge wore a bright yellow robe, with a green girdle, and he had no wig, but a very odd-shaped hat, which he kept on all the time.

The trial did not last long, and the captain said very little, and the judge still less, while the prisoners were not allowed to speak at all. The judge looked up something in a book, and consulted in a low voice with the Crown lawyer, a sour-faced person in black. Then he put on his spectacles and said:—

"Prisoners at the bar, you are found guilty of trespass. The punishment is death—if the judge does not like the prisoners. If he does not dislike them it is imprisonment for life, or until the judge has had time to think it over. Remove the prisoners."

"Oh, don't!" cried Philip, almost weeping.

"I thought you weren't afraid!" whispered Lucy.

"Silence in court," said the judge.

Then Philip and Lucy were removed.

They were marched by streets quite different from those they had come by, and at last, in the corner of a square, they came to a large house that was quite black.

"Here we are," said the captain, kindly. "Good-bye—better luck next time."

The jailer, a gentleman in black velvet, with a ruff and a pointed beard, came out and welcomed them cordially.

"How do you do, my dears?" he said. "I hope you'll be comfortable here. First-class misdemeanants, I suppose?" he asked.

"Of course," said the captain.

"Top floor, if you please," said the jailer, politely, and stood back to let the children pass. "Turn to the left and up the stairs."

The stairs were dark, and went on and on and round and round and up and up. At the very top was a big room, simply furnished with a table, chairs, and a rocking-horse—who wants more furniture than that?

"You've got the best view in the whole city," said the jailer, "and you'll be company for me. What? They gave me the post of jailer because it's nice, light, gentlemanly work, and leaves the time for my writing. I'm a literary man, you know. But I've sometimes found it a trifle lonely. You're the first prisoners I've ever had, you see. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and order some dinner for you. You won't be contented with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, I feel certain."

The moment the door had closed on the jailer's black back Philip turned on Lucy.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said, bitterly; "this is all *your* doing. They'd have let me off if you hadn't been here. What on earth did you want to come here for? Why did you come running after me like that? You know I don't like you!"

"You're the hatefullest, disagreeablest, horridest boy in all the world," said Lucy, firmly. "There!"

Philip had not expected this. He met it as well as he could.

"I'm not a little sneak of a white mouse squeezing in where I'm not wanted, anyhow," he said.

And then they stood looking at each other, breathing quickly, both of them.

"I'd rather be a white mouse than a cruel bully," said Lucy at last.

"I'm not a bully," said Philip.

Then there was another silence. Lucy sniffed. Philip looked round the bare room, and suddenly it came to him that he and Lucy were companions in misfortune, no matter whose fault it was that they were imprisoned. So he said:—

"Look here, I don't like you, and I sha'n't pretend I do. But I'll call it Pax for the present if you like. We've got to escape from this place somehow, and I'll help you if you like, and you may help me if you can."

"Thank you," said Lucy, and in a tone which might have meant anything.

"So we'll call it Pax and see if we can escape by the window. There might be ivy, or a faithful page with a rope-ladder. Have you a page at the Grange?"

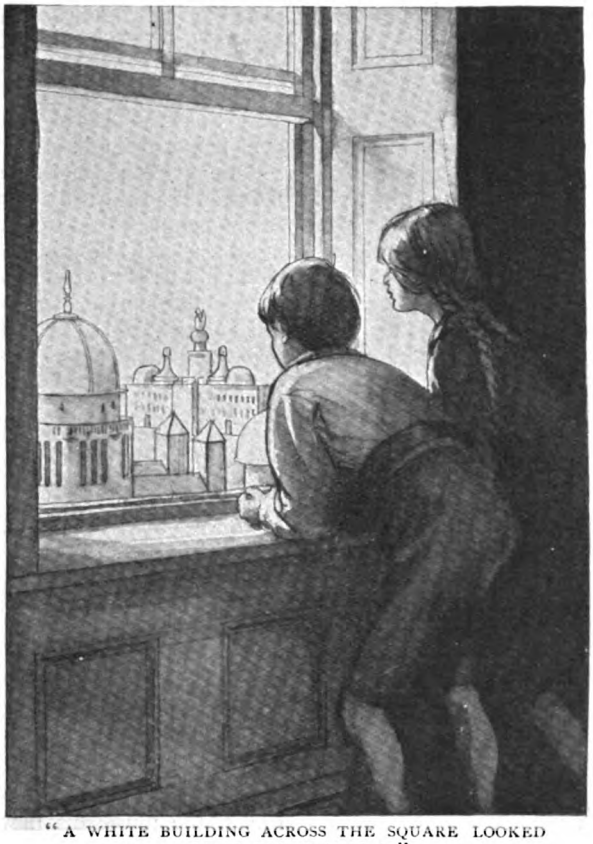
"There's two stable-boys," said Lucy, "but I don't think they're faithful. And, I say, I think all this is much more magic than you think."

"Of course, I know it's magic," said he, impatiently, "but it's quite real too."

"Oh, it's real enough," said she.

They leaned out of the window. Alas! there was no ivy. Their window was very high up, and the wall outside when they touched it with their hands felt as smooth as glass.

"*That's* no go," said he, and the two leaned still farther out of the window looking down on the town. There were strong towers and fine minarets and palaces, palm trees and fountains and gardens. A white building across the square looked strangely familiar. Could it be like St. Paul's, which Philip had been taken to see when he was very little, and which he had never been able to remember? No, he could not remember it even now. The two prisoners looked out in a long silence. Far below lay the city, its trees softly waving in the breeze, flowers shining in a bright, many-coloured patchwork. The canals that intersected the big squares gleamed in the sunlight, and crossing and recrossing the squares and streets were the people of the town coming and going about their business.



"A WHITE BUILDING ACROSS THE SQUARE LOOKED STRANGELY FAMILIAR."

"Look here!" said Lucy, suddenly, "do you mean to say you don't know?"

"Know what?" he asked, impatiently.

"Where we are. What it is. Don't you?"

"No. No more do you."

"Haven't you seen it all before?"

"No. Of course I haven't. No more have you."

"All right. I have seen it before, though," said Lucy, "and so have you. But I sha'n't tell you what it is unless you'll be nice to me." Her tone was a little sad, but quite firm.

"I am nice to you. I told you it was Pax," said Philip. "Tell me what you think it is."

"I don't mean that sort of grandish, standoffish Pax, but real Pax. Oh, don't be so horrid, Philip! I'm dying to tell you, but I won't if you go on being like you are."

"*I'm* all right," said Philip; "out with it."

"No. You've got to say, 'It's Pax, and I will stand by you till we get out of this, and I'll always act like a noble friend to you, and I'll try my best to like you.' Of course, if you can't like me, you can't, but you ought to try. Say it after me, won't you?"

Her tone was so kind and persuading that he found himself saying after her:—

"I, Philip, agree to try and like you, Lucy, and to stand by you till we're out of this, and always to act the part of a noble friend to you. And it's real Pax. Shake hands."

"Now, then," said he, when they had shaken hands, and Lucy uttered these words:—

"Don't you see? It's your own city that we're in—your own city that you built on the tables in the drawing-room? It's all got big by magic, so that we could get in. Look!" She pointed out of the windows. "See! That great golden dome, that's one of the brass finger-bowls, and that white building my old model of St. Paul's. And there's Buckingham Palace over there, with the carved squirrel on

the top, and the chessmen, and the building here is the black Japanese cabinet."

Philip looked and he saw that what she said was true. It *was* his city.

"But I didn't build insides to my buildings," said he; "and when did *you* see what I built, anyway?"

"The insides are part of the magic, I suppose," Lucy said. "And I saw the cities you'd built when auntie brought me home last night after you'd been sent to bed. And I did love them. And, oh, Philip, I'm so glad it's Pax, because I do think you're so *frightfully* clever. Auntie thought so too, building those beautiful things. And I knew nurse was going to pull it all down. I begged her not to, but she was addymant, and so I got up and dressed and came down to have another look by moonlight. And one or two of the bricks and chessmen had fallen down. I expect nurse knocked them down, so I built them up again as well as I could, and I was loving it all like anything. Then the door opened and I hid under the table and you came in."

"Then you were there. Did you notice how the magic began?"

"No; but it all changed to grass, and then I saw you a long way off, going up a ladder, and so I went after you. But I didn't let you see me. I knew you'd be so cross. And then I looked in at the guard-room door, and I did so want some of the cocoa-nut-milk."

"When did you find out it was *my* city?"

"I thought the soldiers looked like my lead ones somehow; but I wasn't sure till I saw the judge. Why, he's just old Noah, out of the Ark."

"So he is," cried Philip. "How wonderful! How perfectly wonderful! I wish we weren't prisoners. Wouldn't it be jolly to go all over it—into all the buildings, to see what the insides of them have turned into? And all the other people—I didn't put *them* in."

"That's more magic, I expect. But . . . Oh, we shall find it all out in time."

She clapped her hands. And on the instant the door opened and the jailer appeared.

"A visitor for you," he said, and stood aside to let someone else come in—someone tall and thin, with a black hooded cloak and a black half-mask such as people wear at carnival-time.

When the jailer had shut the door and gone away, the tall figure took off its mask and let fall its cloak, showing to the surprised but recognizing eyes of the children the well-known shape of Mr. Noah, the judge.

"How do you do?" he said. "This is a little unofficial visit. I hope I haven't come at an inconvenient time."

"Were very glad," said Lucy, "because you can tell us——"

"I won't answer questions," said Mr. Noah, sitting down stiffly on his yellow mat. "But I will tell you something. We don't know who you are. But I myself think that you may be the deliverers."

"Both of us?" said Philip, jealously.

"One or both. You see, the prophecy says that the destroyer's hair is red; and your hair is not red. But before I could get the populace to feel sure of that, my own hair would be grey with thought and argument. Some people are so wooden-headed. And I am not used to thinking. I don't often have to do it. It distresses me."

The children said they were sorry.

Philip added: "Do tell us a little about your city. It isn't a question. We want to know if it's magic. That isn't a question, either."

"I was about to tell you," said Mr. Noah, "and I will not answer questions. Of course it is magic. Everything in the world is magic until you understand it. And as to the city, I will just tell you a little of our history. Many thousand years ago all the cities of our country were built by a great and powerful giant, who brought the materials from far and wide. The place was peopled partly by persons of his choice, and partly by a sort of self-acting magic rather difficult to explain. As soon as the cities were built and the inhabitants placed here the life of the city began, and it was, to those who lived in it, as though it had always been. The artisans toiled, the musicians played, and the poets sang. The astrologers, finding themselves in a tall tower evidently designed for such a purpose, began to observe the stars and to prophesy."

"I know that part," said Philip.

"Very well," said the judge. "Then you know quite enough. Now I want to ask a little favour of you both. Would you mind escaping?"

"If we only could!" Lucy sighed.

"The strain on my nerves is too much," said Mr. Noah, feelingly. "Escape, my dear children, to please me, a very old man in indifferent health and poor spirits."

"But how?"

"Oh, you just walk out. You, my boy, can disguise yourself in your dressing-gown,

which I see has been placed on yonder chair. And I will leave my cloak for you, little girl."

They both said "Thank you!" and Lucy added, "But *how?*"

"Through the door," said the judge. "There is a rule about putting prisoners on their honour not to escape, but there have not been any prisoners for so long that I don't suppose they put you on honour. No? You can just walk out of the door. There are many charitable persons in the city who will help to conceal you. The front-door key turns easily, and I myself will oil it as I go out. Good-bye! Thank you so much for falling in with my little idea. Accept an old man's blessing. Only don't tell the jailer; he would never forgive me."

He got off his mat, rolled it up, and went.

"Well?" said Lucy.

"Well?" said Philip.

"I suppose we go?" he said. But Lucy said:—

"What about the jailer? Won't he catch it if we bolt?"

Philip felt this might be true. It was annoying, and as bad as being put on one's honour.

"Bother!" was what he said.

And then the jailer came in. He looked pale and worried.

"I am so awfully sorry," he began. "I thought I should enjoy having you here, but my nerves are all anyhow. The very sound of your voices. I can't write a line. My brain reels. I wonder whether you'd be good enough to do a little thing for me? Would you mind escaping?"

"But won't you get into trouble?"

"Nothing could be worse than this," said the jailer, with feeling; "I had no idea that children's voices were so penetrating. Go—go—I implore you to escape. Only don't tell the judge. I am sure he would never forgive me."

After that, what prisoners would not immediately have escaped?

The two children only waited till the sound of the jailer's keys had died away on the stairs, to open their door, run down the many steps, and slip out of the prison gate. They walked a little way in silence. There were plenty of people about, but no one seemed to notice them.

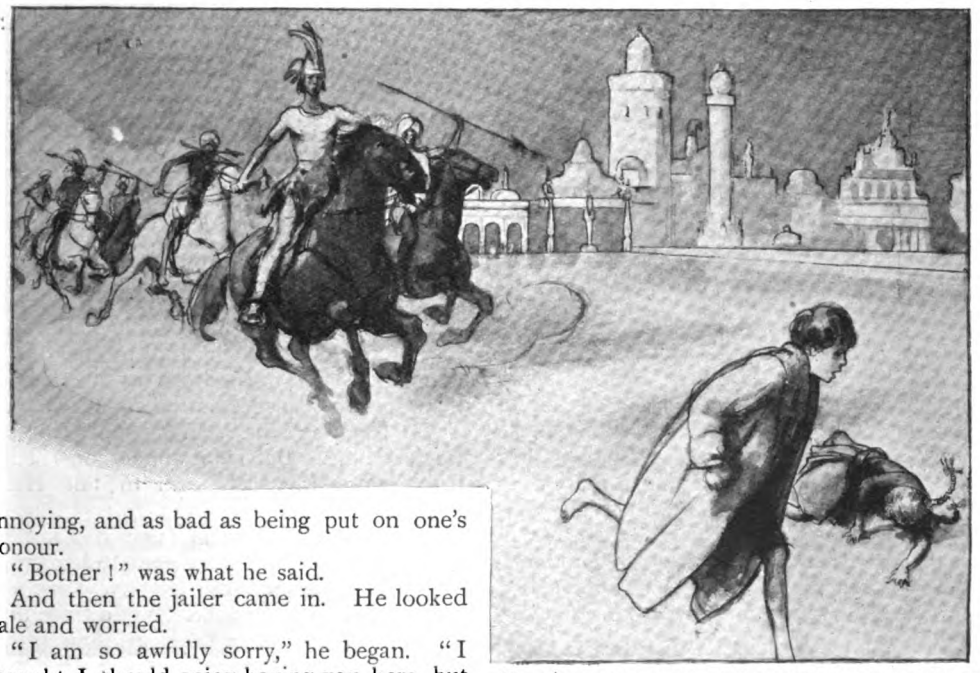
"Which way shall we go?" Lucy asked. "I wish we'd asked him where the Charitables live."

"I think——" Philip began, but Lucy was not destined to know what he thought.

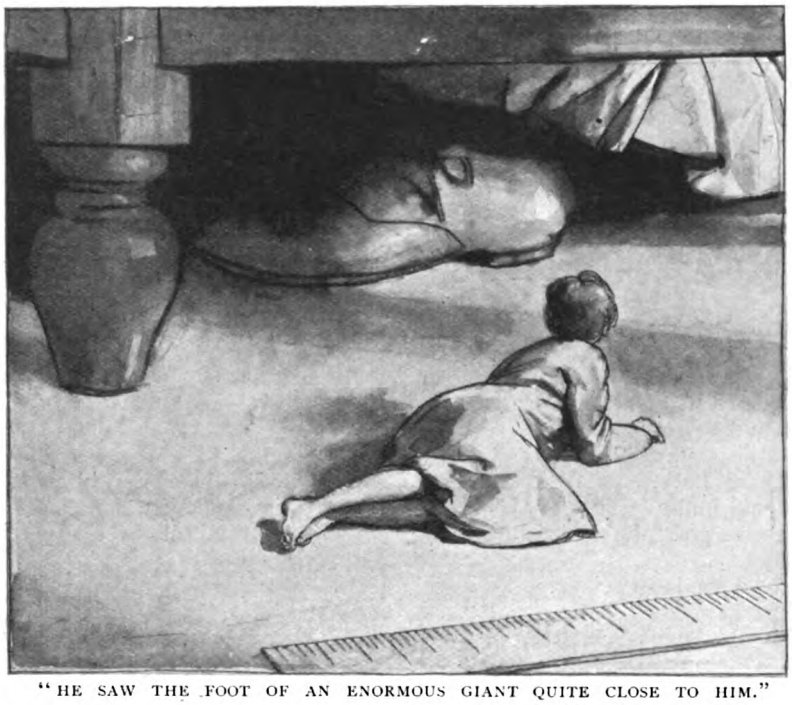
There was a sudden shout, a clattering of horses' hoofs, and all the faces in the square turned their way.

"They've seen us," cried Philip. "Run, run, run!"

He himself ran, and he ran towards the gate-house that stood at the top of the ladder stairs by which they had come up, and behind him came the shouting and clatter of hot pursuit. The captain stood in the gateway alone, and just as Philip reached the gate the



"BEHIND HIM CAME THE SHOUTING AND CLATTER OF HOT PURSUIT."



"HE SAW THE FOOT OF AN ENORMOUS GIANT QUITE CLOSE TO HIM."

captain turned into the guard-room and pretended not to see anything. Philip had never run so far or so fast. His breath came in deep sobs, but he reached the ladder and began quickly to go down. It was easier than going up.

He was nearly at the bottom when the whole ladder bridge leapt wildly into the air, and he fell from it and rolled in the thick grass of that illimitable prairie. All about him the air was filled with great sounds, like the noise of the earthquakes that disturb beautiful big palaces and factories which are big but not beautiful. It was deafening, it was endless, it was unbearable.

Yet he had to bear that, and more. For now he felt a curious swelling sensation in his hands, then in his head, then all over. It was extremely painful. He rolled over in his agony, and saw the foot of an enormous giant quite close to him. The foot had a large, flat, ugly shoe, and seemed to come out of grey, low-hanging, swaying curtains. There was a gigantic column, too, black against the grey. The ladder bridge cast down lay on the ground not far from him.

Pain and fear overcame Philip, and he ceased to hear or feel or know anything.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself under the table in the drawing-room. The swelling feeling was over, and he did not seem to be more than his proper size.

He could see the flat feet of the nurse and the lower part of her grey skirt, and a rattling and rumbling on the table above told him that she was doing as she had said she would, and destroying his city. He saw also a black column, which was the leg of the table. Every now and then the nurse walked away to put back into its proper place something he had used in the building, and once she stood on a chair and he heard the tinkling of the lustre-drops as she hooked them into their places on the chandelier.

"If I lie very still," said he, "perhaps she won't see me. But I do wonder how I got here. And what a dream to tell Helen about!"

He lay very still. The nurse did not see him. And when she had gone to her breakfast Philip crawled out.

Yes; the city was gone. Not a trace of it. The very tables were back in their proper places.

Philip went back to *his* proper place, which, of course, was bed.

"What a splendid dream!" he said, as he cuddled down between the sheets, "and now it's all over!"

Of course, he was quite wrong.

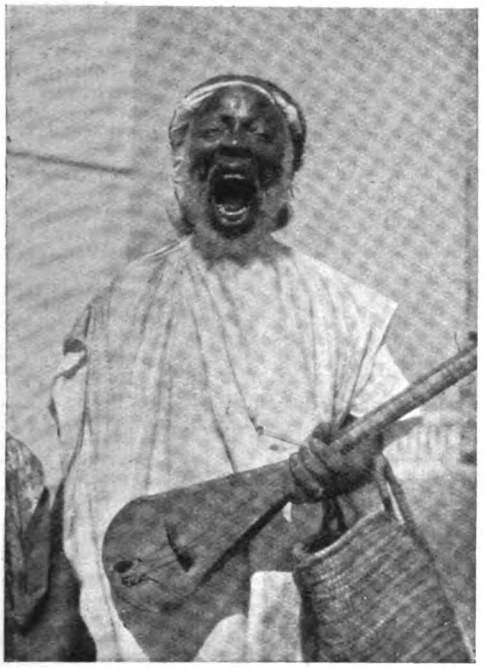
(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

EARNING A LIVING BY LAUGHING.

THIS Moor was presented to me in Tangier some months ago as having the biggest mouth and the biggest laugh in the world. I have snapped him



giving a sample of his roar. He is always willing to be photographed, and, needless to say, reaps quite a harvest when a party of tourists come his way, and particularly from those who wish for unique snap-shots.—Miss Sutcliffe, Gad's Hill, Halifax.

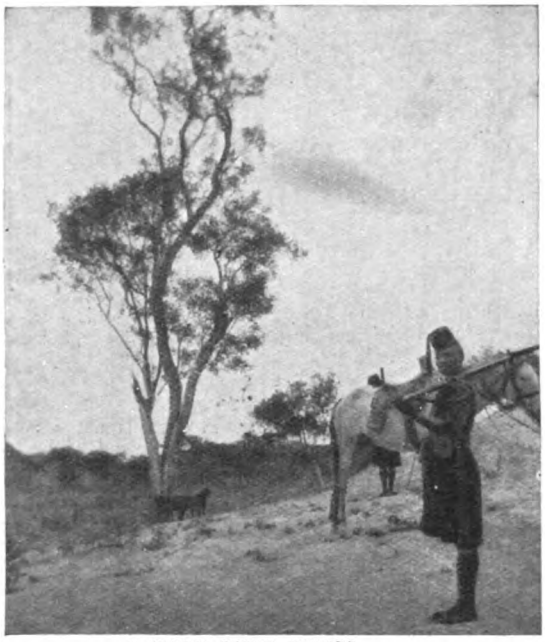
SMOKING THROUGH A BULLET-HOLE.

DURING the South African War a Boer soldier named Frank Brown was shot in the frontal sinus with a rifle bullet. Strangely enough it did not kill him, and after the war he secured employment on one of the Transatlantic steamers. When fully a year had passed he complained of trouble in his head, and after a thorough examination the surgeon of the ship decided that the bullet, which had never been removed, must be extracted. This was done. The second and most extraordinary of the two pictures shows the same man with a lighted cigarette placed in the hole from which the bullet was extracted, and drawing the smoke through his nose.—Mr. Edward Sudlow, 12, Hove Street, Hove, Sussex.

NOT SO TERRIBLE AS IT LOOKS.

THIS fearsome-looking specimen is not a new species of vampire, but is only a fake made from various oddments by Mr. J. Mears, a local

taxidermist. The body is made from the skin of the leg of a sheep; the claws originally belonged to a starling; the wings are the feet of a moor-hen covered with parchment; the head was carved from the bung of an old barrel; whilst the ears are of sheet tin coated with papier mâché. Touches of red paint, varnish, etc., over the body and head have given the object a most grotesque appearance.—Mr. D. Seaker, 13, Malfort Road, Denmark Pk., Camberwell.

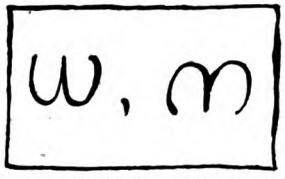


A TREE THAT WEEPS.

HERE is a photograph of a "raining tree," which is called by the natives "Mukololo." During the driest months of the Rhodesian year—August, September, and October—it exudes moisture in large drops from its topmost leaves, and gives the traveller who happens to be standing in the immediate vicinity the impression that a shower of rain is falling. When the natives see one of these trees dripping they say, "The Mukololo is weeping for rain." At the time this snapshot was taken it was a blazing hot day, but the tree was weeping copiously. —Mr. E. Knowles Jordan, Assistant Native Commissioner, Magoy Tank, North-Western Rhodesia.

NOT SO EASY AS IT SEEMS.

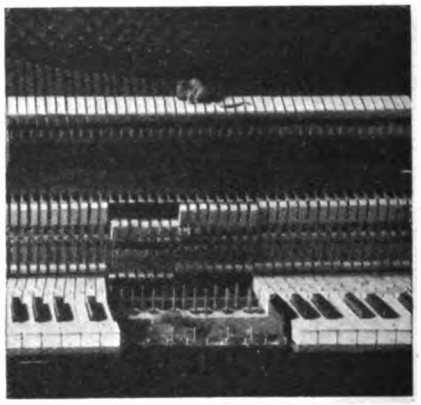
THERE are few people who are confident of their mental power; fewer who are conscious of their will



power; and still fewer who can bring into play their will power whenever occasion demands it. Here is an exercise for some of those who count too much upon their capacity to concentrate their will power on a particular thing. Let them try to write the two foregoing figures on the floor, one with the index finger of the right hand and the other with that of the left. They must try to perform both the operations at the same time. The result will probably surprise them considerably.—Mr. C. S. Sweta, Durggagoshtom, Chittur-Palghat, Madras Presidency, India.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

THE accompanying photograph shows a mouse and its nest, which were discovered underneath the keys of our cottage



piano. The nest was made from the green baize on which the strikers rest, and the mouse had a larder below containing several pieces of dog-biscuit, two unstruck wax vestas, and a chicken bone! *The piano was in daily use.* — Mr. Alex. D. Herries, Spottes, Dalbeattie, N.B.

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

FOLLOWING the seizure of some Chinese liquor, the notice herewith was sent round to all the hotels here. I think your readers will agree with me that it is well worthy of preservation in your pages.—Mr. W. Symonds, King Edward Hotel, Hong-Kong.

NEWS.

GENTLEMEN,

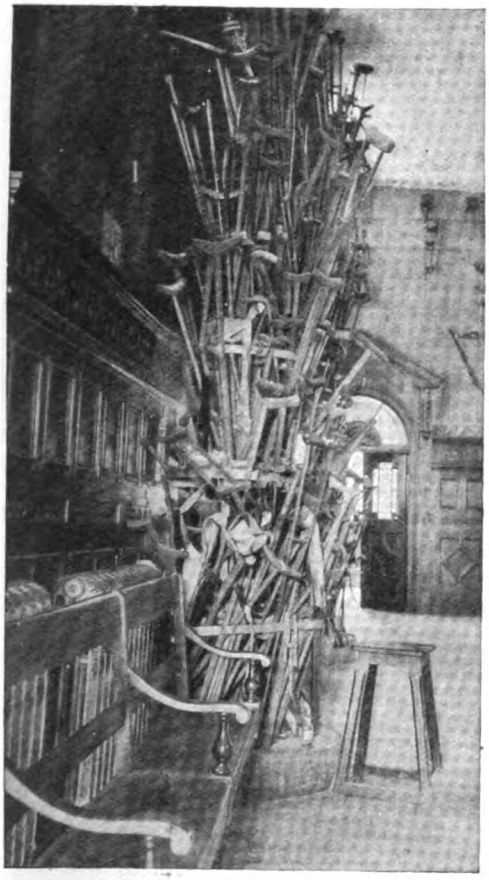
PLEASE SEE.

The cruel seizure of Chinese liquor under the silly instruction of the Head of the Liquor Department, who has entirely no Knowledge of Arranging, Doing, Recommending or Writing anything whatever except Shooting Games.

He misunderstood what he had been advised how to do legally but only know to give wrong disorderly instruction to seize liquor which he always drank in Office and is thereby depreciated by Public against his uselessness.

Is there any Wise European Cadet who can be appointed in lieu of him?

Yours truly
E. E. JARTON,
Sootland

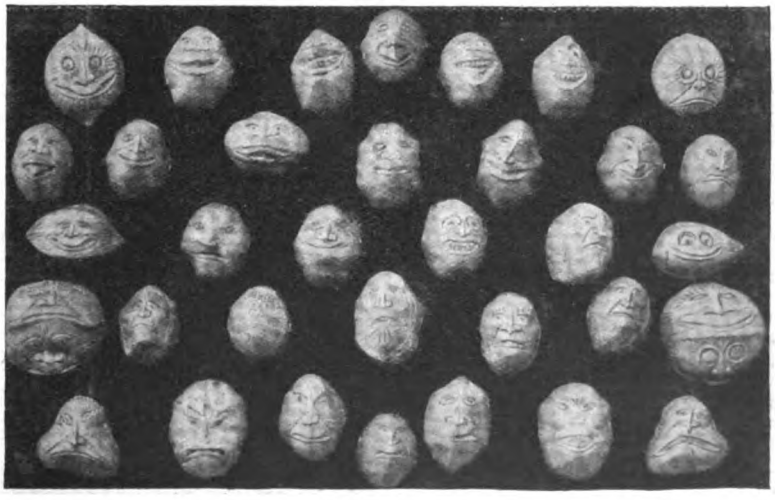


TRIBUTES TO A SAINT.

IN the church at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec, Canada, may be seen a large collection of crutches and surgical instruments. They have all been left there by pilgrims, who claim to have been cured by the intercession of Ste. Anne.—J. R., St. George's, Bermuda.

HICKORY NUT PORTRAITS.

THE curious faces seen in the accompanying photograph are all carved on hickory nuts, and I hope that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, who occupy the centre of the picture, will be easily recognized. Carving hickory nuts is not so easy as some people might think, but I feel that the results well repay the time and trouble expended. — Mr. George P. Riggs, St. Mary's, West Virginia, U.S.A.



CAN YOU DO IT?

THIS is an addition sum :—

B E A C F J
I B I D H G

H J B H C G H

What is required is that figures be substituted for the letters, and prove the sum correct. Solutions next month.—Mr. Horace Woodley, 86, Aldborough Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

A WHITE JACKDAW.

THIS jackdaw, which is perfectly pure white with the exception of black on the beak, was one of a brood of *black* jackdaws hatched in the tower on the town wall of Rastenberg, in Thuringia. The parent birds were shot by boys, and the white nestling was rescued by a peasant woman, from whom Mr. Tanqueray bought him. The jackdaw is very tame, amusing, and affectionate. — Mrs. Tanqueray, English Chaplaincy, Gartenstrasse 27, Weimar, Germany.

TWO PORTRAITS IN ONE.

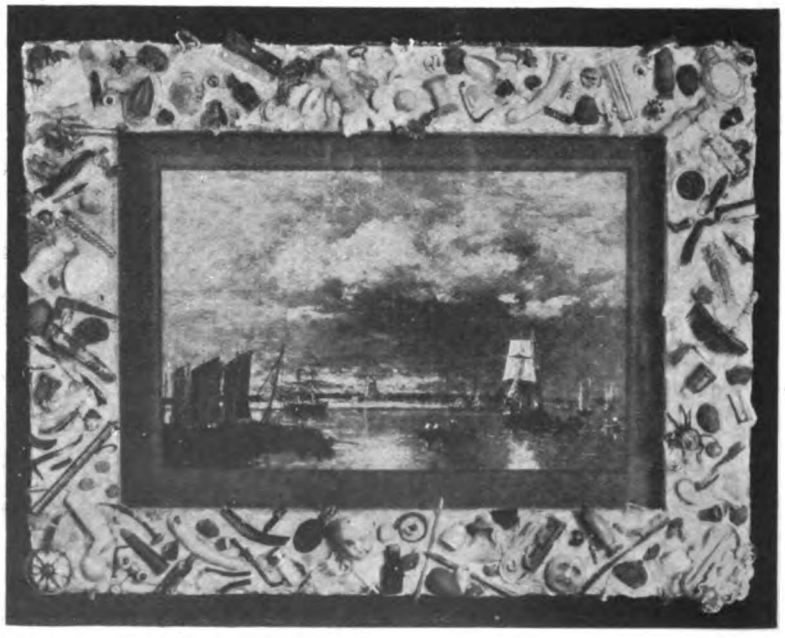
AT first glance many would think that the accompanying picture was a very characteristic portrait of a cat. Yet if you hold it upside down quite another portrait comes to light. It will be seen that the points of the collar form the cat's ears, while the man's eyebrows serve very well as feet.—Mr. W. Franklin, Fire Station, Poplar.

FROM DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

THIS is a photograph of a silver watch, gold chain, seal, and key embedded in a human elbow joint. They were found on the Great Burbo Bank, off Liverpool, on the 22nd of last March. Competent authorities estimate the watch and chain to be at least a hundred and twenty years old, and consider that they must have remained for seventy years where they were found.—Mr. Robert Lloyd, Royal Rock Vaults, Bedford Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

A CURIOUS PICTURE-FRAME.

KNOWING that novelties of all kinds always appeal to readers of your "Curiosities" pages, I am sending you a reproduction of a picture, the frame of which is, I think, something quite out of the common. This frame is an invention of my own, and, as will be seen, consists of a great variety of miscellaneous objects, which are fixed to the wood by means of cement.—Mr. H. L. F. Vanger, Kebon-Sajore 28, Batavia, **Java.**



A FREAK IN ROMAN NUMERALS.

ON a recently-erected dwelling in the suburbs of Manchester an enterprising builder, with more regard, perhaps, to ornamentation than accuracy, has

set out in wood and plaster, as shown, a quite original rendering in Roman numerals of the date of the past year—1909. The correct version, of course, should be MCMIX.—Mr. Felix Crook, 3, Clarendon Avenue, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

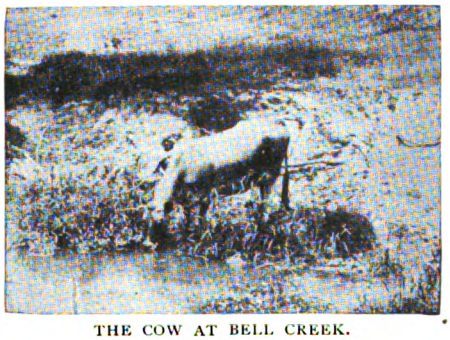
OVERSEAS EMPIRE SUPPLEMENT.

MY "FAIRY COW."

By DAVID L. BAILLIE.

I SHALL always carry deeply engraven on my memory the night of the 6th of February, 1886. For on that night, far away from civilization, on the then deserted Assiniboia prairie I lost a dear comrade and found—a cow!

My comrade had succumbed to the exposure and hardships to which we had been subjected for seven months. The railway was just built, but we had been obliged to tramp on foot from Regina to the section which we had resolved to work. Winter had overtaken us too soon; it found us almost at the end of our resources. My comrade, James Edwards, who hailed from Birmingham, had a strange fancy just before he died. He thought there was an Indian *cache* down at Bell Creek. After telling me the exact spot where it was, he made me promise I would go at once and look for it. The *cache* was sure to contain hidden pemmican or other provisions.



THE COW AT BELL CREEK.

Words can scarcely express my emotions when my comrade finally breathed his last. I ought to explain that my nearest neighbour was fourteen miles away. The solitude was immense—overpowering. I lit the lantern, and about nine o'clock walked out in the snow a mile and a half to Bell Creek. Of course, I hadn't the slightest expectation of finding a *cache*. The idea seemed extravagant, but I felt I owed it to my friend to keep the promise I had made him.

As I drew near the creek a muffled sound struck my ear, seeming to come from the depths of a snowdrift on the far side of the creek. I crossed on the ice; the mysterious sound was repeated, and I then clearly distinguished a bovine "moo"—very faint and gurgling; but having made two trips on a cattle-boat with sick cattle I was not likely to be mistaken. I went straight to the spot, found a deep hole in one of the drifts, crawled in, and there—lying amongst fragments of boulder and brushwood gnawed down to the roots—was a brown-and-white Ayrshire cow.

Now, there are many explanations concerning that cow—reasonable explanations. One is that it had strayed from Middleton's ranch, twenty-one miles away. But against that theory is the fact that Middleton some days later ordered a round-up and not one of the herd was missing. Besides, all Middleton's cattle bore his brand, and this had none at all. I have my own private opinion concerning that cow, and reason cannot shake it. Years afterwards, at the hotel in Calgary, I listened to a man tell a whole bar-room full of people the story of Baillie's "fairy cow," so I suppose the notion I entertained in the back part of my mind became pretty generally known.

Although the cow was then too weak to stand, I soon collected some fodder and pulled her round. In three days I had her installed in a brushwood shack up against my provisional farm-house built of mud and logs. Meanwhile, I had placed the body of my dead friend in a rude pine box, and stowed it away in a drift against the time when I could bury it in the spring. The cow and I chummed up during the next two months, at the end of which time a half-breed told me that on a certain day they were making up a cattle-train at Chaplin, so I resolved to drive her down to the railway and ship my cow with the rest to Regina in exchange for seed-corn, vegetables, and provisions. It was my last hope.

At that time I had not an idea that my

THE FARM IN THE FIFTH YEAR.

cow was with calf. I made this discovery after I had reached the railway and was hanging about waiting for the cattle to come along. All day long I waited. About half-past five, while I was lounging in a shack left by the construction gang of the railway, with my cow tethered outside, I heard a trampling noise, and half-a-dozen ranchers, with sixty or eighty head of cattle in tow, hove in sight. They told me they were going to ship their cattle to Winnipeg, and that there was plenty of time to get the cattle into the empty trucks, as the train would not be along till nine that night. We sat there, smoking and drinking and chatting, I telling them of my rough luck and my prospects and not thinking at all about the train, when suddenly we all heard a fearful stampede outside. We ran out and found the locomotive pulled up in the middle of the herd, the driver and conductor swearing, and three of the animals lying helplessly on the ground with broken limbs. As Fate would have it, one of them was my cow. Here was a pretty situation. I was for a moment in despair when a rancher, whose name was Rogers, began to laugh.

"You're in luck," he said. "Cheer up! You don't know the C. P. R. That butchered cow of yours is good for forty dollars compensation. Enter a claim at once."

"But," said I, "that means a long delay, and, perhaps, a disputed claim. No, luck's against me."

"Nonsense, man," he rejoined. "I'll get compensation for my smashed steers, and if you like I'll take over yours. There are plenty of witnesses, and, besides, the engineer admits running into the herd when he had orders to slow up and watch out for them here. So sure am I of the business that I'll give you an order on the Hudson Bay Company stores at Regina for twenty dollars on account, with pleasure. I know the conductor, and if you'll say what you want I'll see you get 'em by the next West-bound train."

In a few minutes the cattle were loaded into the trucks, but for some reason or other the carcass of my cow was left behind. This disconcerted me, as I thought it might possibly interfere with my claim. Still, there was several hundredweight of beef. I examined it at close quarters with the aid of my lantern, and to my surprise discovered that, so far from being dead or dying, my cow was very much alive. It was, in fact, only stunned by the cow-catcher, and after a time got upon its legs, none the worse, so far as I could see, for its adventure. I hung about for twelve hours, munching my slender store of biscuit and pemmican. Rogers kept his promise. The West-bound slowed up and pitched off two crates of biscuits, corned beef, and a sack of potatoes—in all twenty dollars' worth of provisions.

Thus enabled to tide over the critical spring period, I got back to my section with my cow again. A half-breed had promised to come and help me with his horse in ploughing and sowing time. We worked like Trojans, and had just sown ten acres with all

the seed I had, when three things happened: the first was that my cow calved, the second was that it produced twin calves, and the third was that Rogers himself rode over from his ranch to say that, in view of the circumstances, the railway had allowed sixty dollars compensation. Would I have it in cash or outfit?

I was a good deal taken aback, and, not answering at once, he said:—

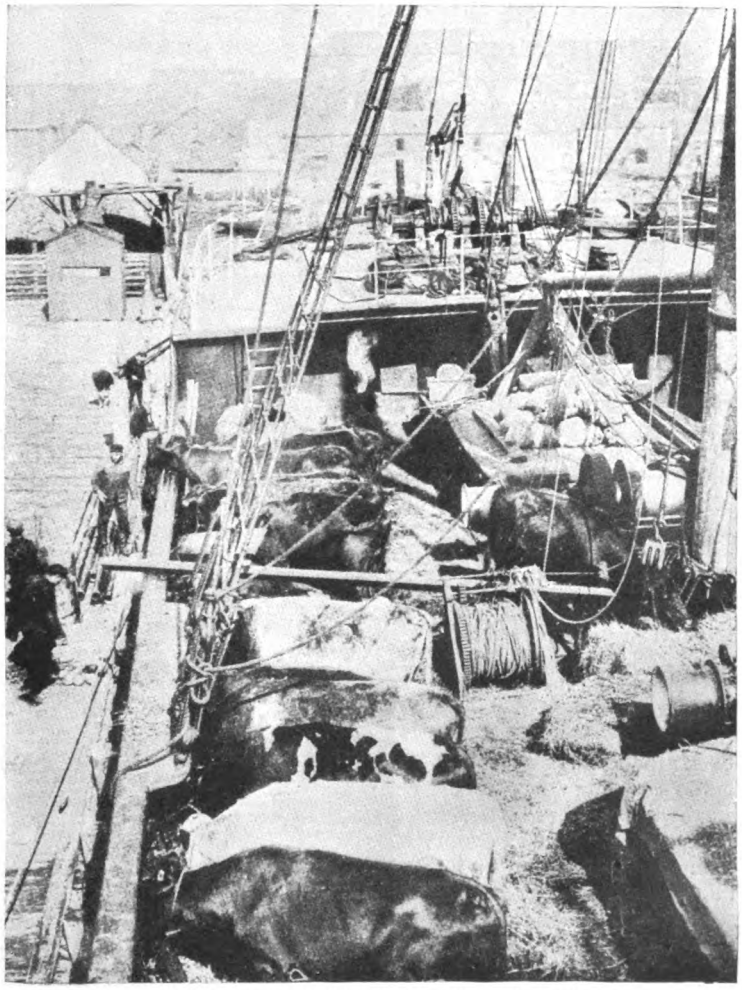
"But, halloa! I see you've got another cow. With calves, too. I thought you said——"

"No," I replied. "You might as well have the truth. I'm in rather a fix about it. It's not another cow I have; it's the same cow."

He was almost knocked over with surprise. "There's some mystery here," he said. "I helped to load the carcass of that cow into the truck myself. I remember its marking."

"I dare say," I retorted; "but that cow there isn't like other cows—it's a fairy cow."

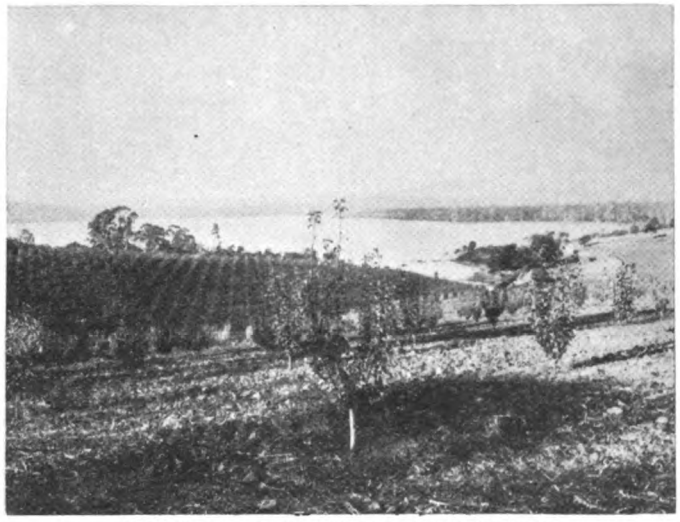
And I honestly believed it was. That cow laid the foundation of my fortunes. Although I accepted the remuneration for its supposed violent death then, in order to tide me over my first season, the books of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will show the return, three years later, of the compensation money. I prospered on my section, hiring Sioux labourers at harvest-time, and in 1889 I owned twenty head of cattle. In 1892 I sold my Bell Creek farm and moved westwards to the Bow River, on a ranch for which I paid twenty-seven hundred dollars cash To this ranch I took only a single head of my Bell Creek live stock—my "fairy cow," which survived for twelve years, and whose stuffed head and horns are now mounted over the chimney-piece of my house on the Baillie Ranch. She died of old age in 1898. I duly buried my first pal, Edwards, close to Bell Creek, where, when dying, the poor fellow had had a vision of an Indian *cache*, and I put a proper tombstone over his head. It was a pity that he was so delicate in constitution, or he would have survived to share in such prosperity as I have enjoyed as a farmer and rancher in the North-West. What would have happened to me at a critical juncture had I not found my cow I tremble to think, for conditions were different and distances long in Assiniboia twenty-five years ago.



SHIPPING BAILLIE RANCH CATTLE TO EUROPE.

APPLE-GROWING IN TASMANIA.

By A. R. CANNING.



TASMANIAN APPLE ORCHARD IN ITS INFANCY.

NOWADAYS everyone is familiar with the Tasmanian apple. A crisp, firm fruit such as that must come from a climate very like England. And such a climate, indeed, is that of Tasmania, only that the winter there is less cold, there is no fog, and, excepting on the West Coast, there is less rain than in England. It is an ideal spot to work out a future and make one's home, or for those to settle who, having retired from a life in the tropics, find the English winter too cold or damp, or their means just short of the mark that spells comfort in the old country.

Started less than twenty years ago, not without discouragement until the question of cold storage had been thoroughly mastered, apple-growing has made steady but rapid progress. It is now not only a very profitable industry when undertaken on a considerable scale by firms who give it their sole attention, and also by small growers who have had but a few pounds capital, and have cleared and planted the ground with their own labour, but beyond these to professional men in Hobart and Launceston (the two large towns of Tasmania), either singly or in small syndicates. These latter of late years have taken up ground and gone in for orcharding, and find that it gives an additional interest to life, adds largely to their income, and gives them a safe investment for the future. I mention this as showing the attractiveness of the industry. Surely, then, it may well be worth while for the Anglo-Indian who has many years yet of good work before him and sons growing up, or for the able man with a few hundred pounds and two strong arms, to consider whether it is not worth while looking more closely into this matter.

The acreage under apples is little over 20,000, and the value of the exports has risen to £400,000. That there are many times this acreage of ground suitable for planting and within the radius of cheap transport has been carefully ascertained. But whilst it is an immensely profitable undertaking, the careful man will at once ask, "Is it not likely to be overdone?" This does not appear to be possible for many years, if ever; and, furthermore, the margin of profit is so excellent that it remains profitable

PICKING AND GRADING APPLES.

even should a serious falling-off in prices temporarily occur. The early autumn in Tasmania is as our early spring, so that the apples reach England in April, May, June, and July, when no country other than the Australian States can compete. England's consumption of apples increases yearly, and as yet does not mean much more than an apple or two apiece all round. Again, there is the vast Continental market to be tapped, and Germany has already begun to show its appreciation, for the big Hamburg liners have called at Hobart for cases during the past two years. Having satisfied ourselves about the available land and the certainty of the markets, let us look into the methods, costs, and profits.

There are two ways of going in for apple-growing, namely: (1) buying an already planted orchard, and (2) taking the rough ground and clearing and planting it oneself—in other words, making an orchard. If one can make sure of securing a really good producing orchard, then it is possible to get some 15 per cent. return for money. That is to say, £2,000 expended would yield £300 annually—this is on the recognized basis for valuation. But an opportunity for such a purchase might have to be waited for. Obviously properties with ill-selected trees or having some fault of situation are always obtainable, but there are many ways of finding out the value of an orchard. There is, however, another class of property to be secured, I believe, which might suit certain buyers, and that is ground taken up by enterprising people — cleared, prepared, planted, fenced, and a house erected. The orchard is not producing, but it is at least a couple of years nearer the producing stage.

Between the apple trees, raspberries, blackberries, and strawberries are often grown and sold for jam-making—this last being a Tasmanian industry exporting close on £100,000 a year. Of these small fruits, strawberries have the double advantage of the best market and that their manuring benefits the apple trees also. The apple trees in the North have an appreciable crop in the fifth year and increase up to the tenth year.

When once the yield begins, you have got to provide cases to ship the fruit. The cost per bushel case is about sixpence, and the total wood used in Tasmania for fruit cases alone exceeds 8,000,000 feet. "Grading" the fruit is easily learned, and in this it pays well to be very careful and honest. Each apple in Tasmania is wrapped in paper. In the last two operations a man, if married, can get much help from his wife and children and save considerable expense. Marketing, there is no trouble. Generally, the apples are delivered to the buyer in Launceston or Hobart, who pays 4s. per bushel or case. This buyer arranges with the shipping companies, and chances the price in London, the average paid in Covent Garden being 10s. to 11s. Buyers sometimes deal for the apples on the trees, and undertake the picking, packing, and transport; they then, of course, pay proportionately less per bushel. The apple merchants buy for the English, German, and Australian markets besides the local. Shiploads up to 100,000 cases have been sent at one time.

APPLE-PACKERS AT WORK—EACH APPLE IS WRAPPED IN PAPER.

THE EMPIRE'S PREMIER FOREST.

Timber-Cutting in British Columbia.

NEXT to her great treasury of minerals the most readily available, if not the most important, of British Columbia's natural resources is her immense timber reserve. British Columbia may now be said to possess the greatest compact area of merchantable timber on the North American continent, and if it had not been for the great forest fires that have raged in the interior in the years gone by, during which a very large portion of the surface has been denuded of its forests, the available supply would have been much greater than it is. This was an exigency which, in the unsettled state of the country, could hardly have been provided against, if at all. However, as the coast districts possess the major portion of the choice timber and that which is most accessible, the ravages of fire have not had, by reason of the dense growth and the humidity of the climate, any appreciable effect on that source of supply.

BIG TREES AT DUNCAN, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, the forest line following the indents and river valleys and fringing the mountain sides. Logging operations so far have extended to Knight's Inlet, a point on the coast of the mainland opposite the north end of Vancouver Island. Here the Douglas fir, the most important and widely dispersed of the valuable trees, disappears altogether, and the cypress, or yellow cedar, takes its place. North of this, cedar, hemlock, and spruce are the principal timber trees. It will be of interest to know that Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*) was named after David Douglas, a noted botanist who explored New Caledonia in the early twenties of last century. It is a very widely-distributed tree, being found from the coast to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and as far east as Calgary and as far north as Fort McLeod. On the coast it attains immense proportions, is very high and clear of imperfections, sometimes towering three hundred feet in the air, and having a base circumference of from thirty to fifty feet. The best averages, however, are one hundred and fifty feet clear of limbs and five to six feet in diameter. This is the staple timber of commerce, often classed by the trade as Oregon pine. It has about the same specific gravity as oak, with great strength, and has a wide range of usefulness, being especially adapted for construction work. It is scientifically described as standing midway between the spruce and the balsam, and is a valuable pulp-making tree.

Of the Douglas fir Professor Macoun says: "It is the most abundant, as it is the most valuable, tree in British Columbia. Its range on the mainland is from the International Boundary north to the Skeena River, in latitude 54 degrees, on the coast, and in the Rocky Mountains from the International Boundary north to latitude 55 degrees, though

A HUNDRED-FOOT PINE ABOUT TO FALL.

its northern and north-eastern limits are not well defined. It is not found in the Queen Charlotte Islands. It attains its greatest size on Vancouver Island, or along the shores and in river valleys near the coast on the mainland. There trees three hundred feet in height are not rare, the average height of those felled for lumber being over one hundred and fifty feet. Trees of a greater diameter than seven feet are rarely cut, though those of eight, ten, or even eleven feet in diameter are not rare. The fact that the largest trees are found near the coast greatly facilitates the transport of the logs from the woods to the mill; and, as the majority of the mills are so situated that the largest ships may load within a few yards of the saws, the cost per thousand feet of handling Douglas fir and other West Coast lumber is small."

The future of the lumber industry in British Columbia is very promising. Several causes have recently operated favourably, and the industry as a whole has greatly revived. As the result of the return of general prosperity, both local and foreign demand has materially increased. The most important factor, however, is the filling up of Manitoba and the Territories with settlers. That and the prosperity enjoyed in the prairie country through a series of successful wheat crops have created a great market for lumber and the manufactures of lumber there, and to supply that demand lumbermen are in the most favourable position. Recently the price of rough lumber increased £1 per thousand, while a good market for shingles, heavy timbers, and all classes of lumber has been found in Eastern Canada. In fact, the shingle industry during the past two or three years has been experiencing a "boom." Several of the big lumber companies are enlarging their plants, and logging is being actively carried on to provide for the increased cut. One Vancouver mill has doubled its capacity, at a cost of £30,000. Capitalists from Eastern Canada and the United States are reported to be investing largely in timber limits on the coast and in the interior.

As to the amount of capital invested in lumbering in British Columbia, a conservative estimate places the aggregate at over a million sterling, represented by mills, logging plants, logging railways, tug-boats, etc., and exclusive of the value of lands purchased and leased as timber limits.

BRINGING IN THE LOGS BY RAIL AND RIVER.

Overseas Wit and Humour.

A Prize of One Guinea is offered to readers of "The Strand Magazine" for the most Humorous Joke or Anecdote relating to life in the Colonies. They should be addressed to the Editor, Overseas Supplement.

"WHAT makes old Chief Son-of-a-Gun so happy to-night?" asked one Winnipegger of another.

"Oh," was the reply, "he robbed a travelling opera troupe last night and scooped a portmanteau full of wigs. He thinks they're scalps."

WHEN Cobalt was first started as a mining town, an enterprising caterer fitted up a neat shanty which he called "The Union Jack Corn Beef Emporium." Here, on paying the fixed price of twenty-five cents, a customer could cut off a round of excellent salt beef, which he might eat, as the French say, *à discrétion*. A burly prospector noted as a gourmand took advantage of the permission, and when the landlord's eye fell upon the round he saw it had dropped several storeys nearer the plate.

"Nice round this, landlord," said the guest, cheerily. "Capital idea, too—cut and come again."

"Just so," rejoined the proprietor. "I see how well you can cut, but I'll be darned if you'll ever come again."

NOT long ago an old pioneer, who had lived in Australia in the days of the early colonists, was boasting of the good old times.

"Why, sir, I was once offered a league of land for a pair of boots."

"Didn't you take it?" said the party addressed.

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Poor land, I suppose?"

"Why, bless your heart, sir, it was the best land for miles round. Grass five feet high," etc., etc.

"Well, why ever didn't you take it?"

"Because," said the old man, in a regretful tone of voice, "I hadn't got the boots."

THEY tell this story of a new arrival in the New Zealand capital.

"You know Timmid, of course? Yes? Well, did you know he had lately taken to riding as a pastime?"

"Oh, yes; I saw him in the act this morning."

"How does he look in the saddle?"

"Couldn't say. When he passed the house he wasn't in the saddle enough to give me a chance to judge."

A WHITE man travelling along a river road in Jamaica came upon an old darky and a little one sitting on the bank fishing.

Grown weary waiting for a bite the little darky was nodding, and suddenly tumbled off the bank into the river. The old darky threw down his pole and jumped in after him.

He pulled him out, caught him by the feet and drained the water out of him, turned him over and set him down with a thump, and said:—

"Now wake up an' set dar, you lazy little rascal, an' don't you fall in dat water no mo'."

The white man, who had stopped, said admiringly:—

"That was a very brave act, old man—the boy is your son, I suppose?"

"No," said the old darky, indignantly, "de little rascal ain't no kin to me, but he mout jist as well 'er been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

A FACT.—Wellington (N.Z.).—Master (to class): "Now, Jones, tell me how many seasons there are."

Jones: "In England?"

Master: "Yes, yes."

Jones: "Two."

Master: "Only two? Name them."

Jones: "The cricket and the football seasons."

A DUTCHMAN in the Transvaal, who was in the habit of dealing with an itinerant Jewish vender, came to the conclusion, after many months of deliberation, that he was being cheated. On paying a visit to Pretoria he purchased a ready-reckoner, and found, as he suspected, he had been overcharged very considerably. Very irate, he waited for the pedlar, and when he made his next appearance he said:—

"Go away; I will not buy from you. You are not a good man; you cheat."

"How do you make that out?"

"Oh, I know. See, I have a ready-reckoner."

"Let me have a look at it. Why, this is last year's ready-reckoner; that's no good for this year."

"Well, so it is. I never thought of that."

And thick-witted Jan allowed himself to be fleeced again by the wily Hebrew.

"HE HUNG THERE AN INSTANT, LUDICROUS, HELPLESS, HOWLING WITH RAGE."

(*See page* 267.)

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THE OTHER OVERCOAT

By Morley Roberts

IT was a fine winter evening when James Pullen put on his new fur overcoat and left the hotel at Knightsbridge to walk towards Hyde Park Corner. He was a prosperous writer, a comfortable creature at all times, and he had dined quietly by himself in order to think over a new story. He was at peace with all the world, and meant to have a happy hour or two at his club in Dover Street before he went on at eleven o'clock to a promiscuous crush at a house which took a writer at his own valuation.

When Pullen went in the club it was pretty full, for Friday night was their gayest time. Members were expected to turn up that day and bring someone interesting, for the Nucleus Club prided itself on being interesting and adventurous at any price.

"I couldn't bring anyone to-night as I'm going early," said Pullen, as he hung up his coat. He spoke to a Dr. Palethorpe, who wrote books on criminology and was a consulting physician.

"Never mind," said Palethorpe, "I've got a very remarkable Johnny coming. He'll be especially interesting to you."

"Why to me?" asked Pullen.

"Because he's like you," replied the doctor.

"What is he?"

"A Russian."

"And his business?"

"A mystery," said Palethorpe.

"A mystery! Does he write?"

"Reports," said Palethorpe.

"What kind of reports?"

"On criminals," said Palethorpe.

"Very interesting," returned Pullen.

"Here he comes," said Palethorpe.

They were standing in the entrance hall, and Pullen looked curiously at the stranger. With his curiosity there was mingled some hostility. Everyone resents a double, and it was certain, even to Pullen, that the Russian resembled him in a striking manner. He was so occupied with the stranger's face that he did not notice that he wore a fur overcoat like his own. And he did not notice either that when Palethorpe helped the Russian to take off his coat he made him hang it next to Pullen's.

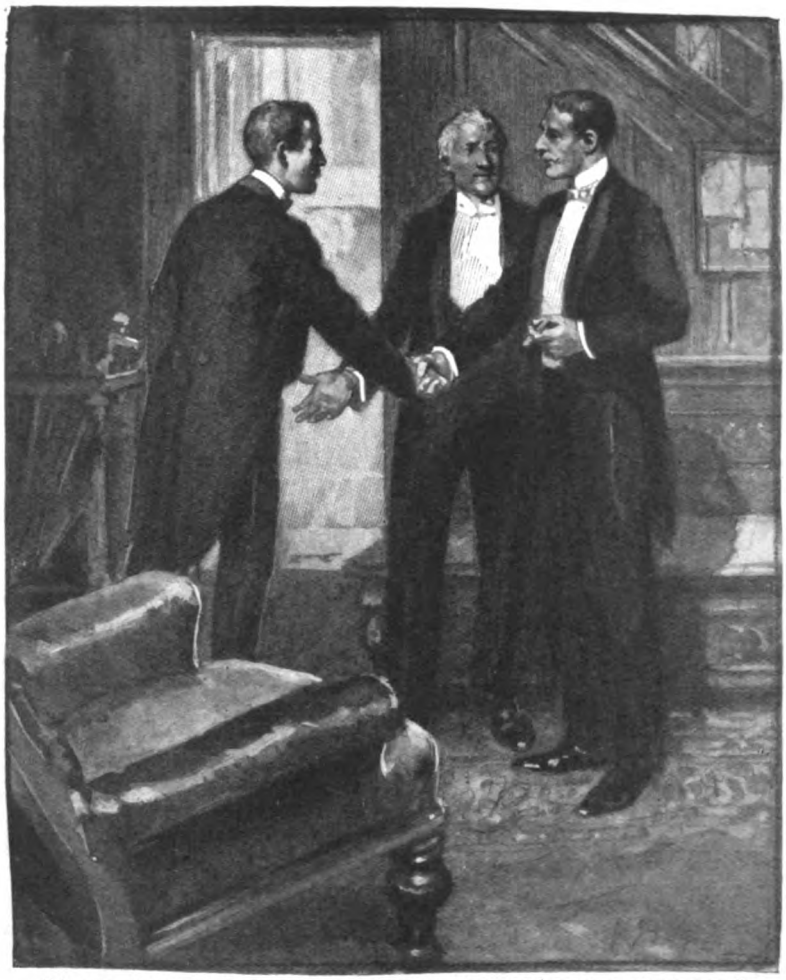
"This is my friend, Mr. Lermontoff, Pullen," said Palethorpe.

They went into the smoking-room, which was pretty full of men all talking at once. But Pullen was somewhat depressed. He felt as if a shadow had fallen on him. Lermontoff was the shadow. Pullen went into a corner and picked up a paper, and read vaguely something about Russians. The word "rouble" stuck in his mind.

"How much is a rouble?" he asked himself. And he picked up the paper again. The paragraph was about a Russian gang of forgers, who were reported to have been making very fine hundred-rouble notes. They had been arrested, or some of them had, and one called Marcovitch had committed suicide. They were said to be Nihilists or Anarchists.

Palethorpe introduced Lermontoff to several of the members.

"Mysterious beggar and very like Pullen," said Palethorpe.



"'THIS IS MY FRIEND, MR. LERMONTOFF, PULLEN,' SAID PALETHORPE."

Lermontoff talked English well and very fluently.

"Get him on crime," whispered Palethorpe, who evidently regarded Lermontoff as a find of his own, and was proud of him.

"Do you know much about Nihilists?" asked Pullen, who had rejoined them.

Lermontoff said modestly that he knew a little about them. "But for the most part those who call themselves such are criminals pure and simple," he added.

"What crimes do they affect?" asked Pullen.

"Robbery, forgery, all sorts of games," replied the Russian.

"I wish I'd your experience of life," said Pullen.

"Don't wish it," said Lermontoff. "I should like peace. I've something to do that's not peaceful to-night."

They asked him what it was, but instead of replying he told them a story, and told it well.

"I was reading in the paper just now about a Russian gang of forgers," said Pullen.

"Ah! I saw it, too," said Lermontoff, quietly. "I think one man shot himself, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Pullen.

"They're a vicious lot," said the Russian; "very revengeful. Our police take their lives in their hands in dealing with them."

"They didn't get them all apparently," said Pullen.

"No; so I understood," said Lermontoff; "but they will—probably. There's no such sport as hunting men."

Presently it struck eleven, and Pullen got up and said good-bye.

"Yes, he's like me, very like me, I suppose," said Pullen, as he went into the hall. As it happened, there was no waiter handy, so he put on his coat by himself. Or, rather, he thought that he did. He put on Lermontoff's instead. They were exactly alike; the same size, the same fur. There was a newspaper in the inside pocket. That night Pullen had bought the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and found a review of his latest book in it. He went out into the street thinking of the Russian.

The night was not so fine when he went out. The streets were quiet save for the rush of cabs. That year was the first of the flitting taxi-cab. One seemed to chase Pullen along Dover Street. It nearly ran him down as he stepped carelessly into the road. The driver

pulled up suddenly and said: "Very sorry, sir."

It seemed to Pullen that the man spoke with a foreign accent, and that was as strange as if a bus-driver came from Germany. A man leapt from the cab when it stopped—almost before it stopped. It seemed to Pullen that he leapt at him.

"Oh, all right," said Pullen. This was to the driver. But he stepped back on the pavement as the man who had left the cab ran to him.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Pullen, rather haughtily.

"Lermontoff!" said the stranger.

That was odd; undoubtedly it was very odd, and Pullen started. He scented something, some danger perhaps. Perhaps he should have said, "Who's Lermontoff, pray?" Instead of that he said:—

"What of him?"

This was an adventure in its very beginning. Or here it came up into the light out of the mystery in which such adventures are begotten. Yet this was Dover Street; he was within call of Piccadilly, close to his own club. Nevertheless, he shivered and wondered if he was equal to an encounter with any terror that walked by night. He had never been tried; he had lived in shelter, in the paths where fancy goes lightly among flowers.

"You're not equal," said Pullen's soul to him. And Pullen did not know whether his soul, which cowered within him for that moment, was right or not.

"You'll come with me, Lermontoff," said the stranger. Pullen saw the shining barrel of a revolver in the man's right hand. He thrust it right against Pullen's ribs just under his heart, and held him by the coat—the coat that was not his.

"I'm not Lermontoff," said Pullen, in a harsh, dry voice, which he did not recognize. What kind of life did Lermontoff lead? He had said, "There's no such sport as hunting men." Pullen's idea was that the Russian spoke of war, but perhaps he did not—not of war in the open field. What about being hunted by men?

The stranger laughed and Pullen felt a sudden horrible inclination to laugh as well. But the laugh died; it was but a motion of his throat, a dry cackle of fear. The man he feared spoke to the driver in a language Pullen did not know, and yet he knew it was Russian. The driver turned sideways, looked at Pullen, and made a click with his lips and teeth such as one makes to a horse. Then he nodded, while Pullen looked at him open-mouthed with a paralyzed tongue.

"Get into the cab," said the stranger, "or I'll shoot you through the heart, Lermontoff."

The barrel of the revolver was against Pullen's ribs; it hurt him.

"Believe me," said the man, "I'm Sergius Marcovitch's brother."

Marcovitch! One of the Russian gang of forgers had been called that.

"Look here," said Pullen, swiftly, "you're wrong. Lermontoff is close here, in my club. Palethorpe brought him—Dr. Palethorpe. I'm not Lermontoff. Go and see—see, oh, do!"

"Not a yard will I go!" said Marcovitch, the brother of Marcovitch. "Get in!"

"I—I won't!" said Pullen, thickly.

But he did. It was very strange to him even as he got in. Why did he get in? Why didn't he call out and scream, or catch hold of Marcovitch? He sat down heavily, and Marcovitch sat opposite him, armed, savage, cynical, triumphant. Pullen opened his left hand and beat the palm with his right.

"I'm not Lermontoff. I'm James Pullen. I—I write stories," said Pullen.

"Lermontoff, you have many names," said Marcovitch. "But perhaps you'll write no more."

"You're wrong—so wrong," urged Pullen. "He's in my club now. I spoke to him. Dr. Palethorpe brought him."

Marcovitch giggled. It seemed the horridest sound Pullen had ever heard. There was something so unnatural in it. Pullen was being laughed at when he was in deadly earnest.

"I thought you had courage, Lermontoff. But your nerve's gone," said Marcovitch.

Pullen felt mad, felt that possibly he *was* Lermontoff after all. His world crumbled about him.

"But you're a cur," said Marcovitch. "You sent some of us to death. My brother, my brother! But you fear death."

"Yes, yes," said Pullen. "Why not? Oh, it's so ridiculous! I'm Pullen—James Pullen—and I'm well known, very well known. I've a great reputation. You must have heard of me, of James Pullen!"

James Pullen was become a monstrously important person—a person the world would miss. He had a novel half finished—a novel with adventure in it. There was blood spilt in it. That was merely red ink now. But it was, Pullen said, a fine book. He thought so truly.

"HE THRUST IT RIGHT AGAINST PULLEN'S RIBS JUST UNDER HIS HEART."

"Lermontoff!" said Marcovitch, scoffing.

Pullen wrung his hands, waggled them feebly, and beat them together. He struggled to speak convincingly; but how could he in such a dream? So he spoke at random.

"If you think I'm Lermontoff, are you not surprised?" he asked.

"At what, spy?" asked Marcovitch.

"At—at my being so—easy," said Pullen.

"So easy?"

"Yes, to take—like this?" said Pullen, wildly.

Marcovitch had been surprised, very much surprised, and also much relieved. But he had no spare attention for any of his thoughts. Perhaps this Lermontoff was playing and would suddenly break out on him, becoming what all men thought him.

"You've been very easy," said Marcovitch, sneering.

No one liked to hear that of himself.

"I'm an Englishman," said Pullen.

In romance all Englishmen were brave. That was a trick of romance, when it dealt with chief characters. Pullen could not have written a story without making his hero English and utterly brave, equal to all things. To give him the natural tremors, the weaknesses, the moments of despair and doubt the bravest have, would have seemed disloyal. In fact, he wrote about unrealities, about non-existent men, about things theatrical in a paper theatre. Romance blinded his eyes to life, to real things, to the things one has to take into account, which are the realities.

"Life's not what I thought it," said Pullen. So he went on thinking, and also he went on talking. But his talk was like foam on a fast river; it meant nothing in itself—it was but a sign of disturbance, of flood.

"You're losing your man," said Pullen; "he's in my club. Dr. Palethorpe's with him. And you think I'm he. Oh, it's very funny!"

So it was. Without a doubt it was an extremely humorous situation. Pullen saw that. He giggled, and Marcovitch redoubled his vigilance. He had seen men who giggled when death came close. And they were then very dangerous, full of swiftness and horrible activity.

"I wish we were there," said Marcovitch to himself. His hand ached with holding the revolver. He had an itch in his crooked finger to finish things there and then.

"Ah!" said Pullen, suddenly.

"What?" said Marcovitch, starting.

Pullen could not answer. He wondered where he was. He did not know why he said 'Ah!' Perhaps if life was not like what

he had thought it, he began to find out what it was, or might be, like. His mind resembled a fermenting vat in which great wreaths of bladdery foam rise and die, and rise again with the hiss of cracking bubbles. Yet now the ferment ceased suddenly. Though he knew not what to do he saw things clearly. He began to estimate Marcovitch with a keener eye. He had written a hundred tales of heroism: he was the apostle of men in peril; he displayed infinite ingenuity in imagined escapes; his concocted situations often had some subtle solution; he resorted to violence, even in fiction, with reluctance. Was there a way out here? He wished he had lived more, seen more. Life had been purely mental with him; his tales were like chess problems—varied in solution, admirably built, not incapably managed, but without live blood in them.

He had made spider-webs, geometrical, fine as silken hairs, and set his flies therein, while Danger was the spider. He drew the web of all his work out of his mind; he quarried in his own garden; he had invention, enormous ingenuity; his police were as wonderful as any mechanical toy; he pulled the string and they worked. Now he saw in the pallid face opposite him something like a face he had seen in his mind when he wrought at a doer of evil who truly had no life or passion. But here—here was reality. For Marcovitch smiled. Pullen noted the quality of his smile—its bitterness, its intent, its shallowness. The writer's mind seized upon the picture, and some day meant to draw it. But the outer Pullen was afraid of death. As a boy he had never fought. And yet when he knew he was afraid, and saw Marcovitch clearly, his mind cleared suddenly.

"My good man, this is very absurd," said Pullen, with a calm that surprised him.

"Very," said Marcovitch.

"If you shoot me you will be hanged," said Pullen.

"Your life would be cheap at the price," said Marcovitch.

"Is Lermontoff, then, so dangerous?"

"Lermontoff is a devil," said Marcovitch.

"Well, I'm not Lermontoff," said Pullen. "Are you taking me to men who know him?"

"We all know him," said Marcovitch.

"You do not! You never met him?"

"That's true. Not till now," said Marcovitch, wetting his lips with his tongue.

"But the others know him?"

"We only knew yesterday that you were the man we wanted," said Marcovitch. "Why should I not tell you so?"

"Good God!" said Pullen. His mind worked swiftly; he saw they would not know him, but would be wrongly sure he was the man they needed.

"They'll kill me," he said to himself. There's something preposterous in the mere notion of death to the strong; it seems an evil miracle, a wicked joke, a ghastly notion tinged with hideous comedy. What has death to do with those whose hearts beat, who have work to do, whose brains invent and live passionately? To such death's an intrusive macaronic devil. It's without reason, without rhyme; it's a bachelor word without a mate to give it sound or echo or meaning. And Pullen laughed. He never wrote tragedies—he had no tragic sense. Yet now tragedy touched him.

"It's impossible," gasped Pullen.

He spoke aloud and Marcovitch grinned. And then the cab stopped. He remembered that in a hundred tales of his the same thing had happened. "The cab stopped!" Why, he had written that, and never till now did he know what the words meant. This was real; he had lived in dreams. But reality had the quality of a dream. He saw faces—white, eager faces at the cab door. Good heavens! how strange! He was in a story, one he had written years ago. What were the names in it? He heard voices in an unknown tongue.

"Get out," said Marcovitch. "And if you call out we shall stab you to death in the street."

He couldn't call out, for his tongue was dry. He wondered whether Lermontoff was talking at the club.

He saw the street and people hurrying there—the anxious, hurrying folk of London. Each one had his trouble; each his fox that gnawed his vitals. But he envied them—they had time to live. Oh, life was splendid, it shone and sparkled; it glowed warm upon the hearth of the great world. At life each little lonely soul warmed itself before it departed into the dumb frost of nothingness and dark annihilation.

"Go in," said Marcovitch.

He climbed a steep and narrow stair, with one man in front and three behind him. He heard their voices and knew that they rejoiced. He heard the sound "Lermontoff," and again "Lermontoff." The hunters had the prey, the prey in a fur coat, in their toils. But now he had no fear, or not what his writing mind knew as such. He was paralyzed. And yet within him hope burned,

a faint lamp that illumined a tomb, a cavern, a vast, gigantic lightless cave of whirling winds. He felt within him courage, or else he named despair so. But his mind cried out that he was learning more than he had ever known. He could not die, would not, must not. He laughed.

"That's good, Lermontoff," said Marcovitch. "I'm glad you're brave, after all."

There was encouragement in Marcovitch. Pullen loathed him, but, as a writer might, approved him. A man's brain is a wondrous instrument; he works a part of it, but the whole works him.

"He's a character—a character in a story," said Pullen's brain, as he entered a room. The door was shut behind him; there were five men in with him, for one was in the room when he entered, a man with a Tartar face and bushy hair. He reminded Pullen of Stepniak, the bushy-haired Russian revolutionist who now was dead. In the light of the flaring gas-jet without a globe he saw them all, but he looked chiefly at the leader and at Marcovitch, whom he saw plainly for the first time. The whole affair at that moment assumed the monstrous absurdity of a dream, one of those visions in which the dreamer's brain builds edifices of thought that are as preposterous as a mad architect's drawings.

He said:—

"This is absurd!"

They stared at him, but it was by no means absurd.

"Speak Russian, Lermontoff," said the man like Stepniak.

"I cannot. I'm not Lermontoff."

Marcovitch burst out in Russian, and Pullen noted with a curious satisfaction, which is only the artist's as he learns, the alternate sharp sibilance and soft labialism of Russian, which he had never known before. English was sibilant, French predominantly nasal, and German painfully guttural. This was knowledge, a new thing to him. A man hearing this may say, "I'll note that; it fits into or will fit into something." But Pullen knew his brain might register what it would now. He scented the very odour of death about him.

"Not Lermontoff?" said the big man.

"That's what he says," cried Marcovitch.

"Where's that portrait?" asked the leader.

A little man with a broken nose produced it. They stared at it, handing it around. They had, perhaps, looked at it a thousand times. Pullen saw it was worn and turned up at the corners.

"Show it me," he said. Marcovitch showed it to him.

"It's a little like me," said Pullen; "but that's what they said at my club. It's Lermontoff."

"Said at your club?"

"They said Lermontoff was like me. I'm James Pullen, a writer, an English writer. Come, now, you don't think I'm a Russian?"

He spoke well, clearly, coldly, reasonably.

"Clever devil," said Marcovitch, laughing. That laugh was like a slap in the face, a calculated blow, and Pullen flushed. In the quietest heart murder lies asleep; the passions of the beast crouch there in the ancient thickets of man's primeval memory. Pullen was a quiet man. He could not recollect having struck anyone even when he was a boy. But now he turned on Marcovitch with eyes that made the Russian blench visibly for a moment.

"Ah!" said Marcovitch, with his head aside. He wondered why the man with those eyes had not grappled with him in the cab. But they reassured him all the same. This must be Lermontoff. That Pullen had been so easy to handle had truly made him doubt. They had heard much of Lermontoff under many names.

"He's Lermontoff," said Marcovitch.

"He says he knows him. Would Lermontoff say so?" asked the leader.

"He's in my club. A doctor brought him as a guest," said Pullen. "Why, all the men said he was like me. He told us stories, stories about crime."

"He has many to tell," said Marcovitch. "Possibly one about my brother, who shot himself yesterday."

"Shot himself?" asked Pullen.

"Or he would have gone back to Russia," said Marcovitch. "We're more than criminals, Lermontoff."

Then there was something political in it after all. Pullen knew nothing of Anarchists or Nihilists beyond the newspaper talk of them. If they were forgers, perhaps they forged to get money for other purposes. He had heard they did so.

"It's absurd to call me Lermontoff," urged Pullen, now quite coolly, as it seemed. "I'm not the man. It's a chance likeness. What I say is true. Why should I say I've met the man if I wasn't telling the truth? Keep me here and find out if what I say is true. I'll give you my card. Take it to the club in Dover Street. Ask for Dr. Palethorpe. Say I want to know if Lermontoff is still

there. Be quick and just see. Isn't that reasonable?"

"It's reasonable enough," said the bushy-haired man.

"It's waste of time," said Marcovitch.

"I'm not sure," said the leader, slowly.

"I am," said Marcovitch. The others said nothing.

"Give me your card," said the leader. And Pullen felt in the pocket of his overcoat for the pocket-book in which he carried visiting-cards. He was a little vain of his figure and his clothes, and hated to carry it where it showed. But he found no pocket-book.

"Why, my pocket-book——" he began. And Marcovitch slapped his coat on the breast, where Pullen thought the *Pall Mall Gazette* was. Then Marcovitch pulled the paper out, and with it a packet of Russian cigarettes.

"The man who is not Lermontoff carries the *Novoe Vremya*," giggled Marcovitch, "and smokes Russian cigarettes!"

Pullen, of course, had heard of that St. Petersburg paper. His blood ran cold as ice. He pulled out a pair of gloves. They were not his own!

"This isn't my coat," said Pullen, in a lamentable voice. "I must have put on Lermontoff's. It's just like mine—just like mine!"

And Marcovitch doubled up with laughter —the heartiest, evillest laughter—so that Pullen could have had him tortured for it.

"Oh, he's not Lermontoff," said Marcovitch, gasping—"not our friend Lermontoff; not the spy and policeman Lermontoff!"

"I tell you it's not my coat!" said Pullen. "Oh, my God!"

And still Marcovitch giggled, till Pullen longed to have him by the throat. He felt his fingers clench as if they held his wind-pipe, throttling him. He saw that throat, a lean throat, above a grimy collar, low cut and of a foreign pattern.

"He's like Lermontoff, and has a coat like his, and, not knowing Russian, carries the *Novoe Vremya*," said Marcovitch. "Oh, my dears, isn't it funny? All these things prove he's not the man! Oh, my brother, my brother!"

But Pullen wished his brother had been hanged, and the live Marcovitch with him.

"But—you're Lermontoff," said the bushy-haired man.

And Pullen could hardly speak. When he did he could not recognize his own voice.

"I'm not—I'm not," he said thickly, in a dry whisper.

"Liar!" said Marcovitch, laughing no more.

There was sweat upon the brow of the big man. Pullen wondered why. He looked at Pullen with an inexplicable look. For Pullen was utterly English, and this man was of another race. Perhaps this was the look of a Slav, and the English mind understands nothing beyond its own small circle.

"He seems sorry," thought Pullen.

"Take him into the next room for a minute," said the leader.

"Go now," said Marcovitch, roughly.

But the big man spoke in Russian, and Marcovitch grew quieter as he followed upon Pullen's heels. One of the others, a little man who whimpered as if he hated Pullen more than Marcovitch, tried to follow, but the big man drew him back. Marcovitch locked the door, and then stood by the window, still with the revolver in his hand.

"What are they going to do?" asked Pullen.

"They are thinking about it," said Marcovitch, tauntingly—"thinking how to finish you, Lermontoff."

It is folly to taunt a man in a corner. Pullen knew that. It seemed to him that he had written as much in something of his. But he did not reply to Marcovitch. He looked at the room, which was small, irregular in shape, and very unclean. There was a dirty bed in the corner, and by it a broken chair. The window was obscure with the dirt of years; a broken pane gave the only ventilation that the room possessed, since there was no fireplace. Pullen walked towards the window as Marcovitch watched him. He looked through it into the night, which was now thick with rain. He saw some vague lights. Below the window was a roof, which sloped steeply for some fifteen feet. Then there was a drop, probably of about four feet, and another slope of roof which ended either over a yard or a narrow lane. The world outside, as Pullen saw it, was obscure and filthy; poverty looked out of every casement, as anxiety looked out of the eyes of all who lived there.

"I—I wonder?" said Pullen to himself.

"You can't escape that way, Lermontoff," said Marcovitch, with a grin. "The window does not open."

The dead and evil air of the room proclaimed the possible truth of this.

"It's—it's ridiculous," said Pullen.

"What is?" said Marcovitch.

"I'm Pullen—Pullen—James Pullen," said Pullen, with set insistence.

It was as if he said so to convince himself. He seemed to be someone else, and he repeated his name as if he hung to it for sanity's sake. A name's a great thing. Personality hangs to it; the years are suspended to it; it's a cord on which the sacred rosary of a man's remembrances is threaded.

"You're Lermontoff!" jeered Marcovitch. He was a cruel man.

"Why should Lermontoff hunt you?" asked Pullen, suddenly.

"You know," said Marcovitch; "we're not only forgers. You know that."

Pullen guessed as much. A man like Lermontoff was more than a mere policeman.

"What would Lermontoff have done by now?" Pullen asked himself. He answered, "He'd have killed this man—killed him—killed him!"

He heard the voices in the next room. No doubt they spoke of death. They might come in at any moment. The time ran short for him—very short. But he could not move, though he prayed for power to do something.

"If I die, I can but die," said Pullen. Nevertheless he did not want to die at once. He asked Lermontoff for help. He felt the fur of Lermontoff's overcoat as if the pelt retained something of the Russian's courage and determination.

"Oh!" said Pullen, suddenly. His voice sounded like a pistol-shot, and Marcovitch started as he stood behind him on his left, while Pullen stared out of the window at a cat that crawled upon the sloping roof. The cat leapt lightly on the building below.

"This," said Pullen, with a cry which sounded in his own ears like the snarl of a dangerous beast.

He drove his left elbow back and with it caught Marcovitch unawares under the chin. He struck him with the point of his elbow in the larynx and heard the man gasp frightfully. Then he turned swiftly and caught Marcovitch by the wrist, the wrist of the hand that held the pistol. Pullen was strong, amazingly strong; and Marcovitch could not get his breath. There's no blow that leaves a man his senses so deadly as one upon the throat if it gets home. The revolver fell upon the floor, and the men in the next room ceased speaking. But Pullen, still wondering what Lermontoff would have done, did something for himself. He caught Marcovitch by the hair above the left ear and locked his grip into it. He saw the hair was grey, and the man's face was grey too. With his other hand Pullen took him by the throat. He felt his fingers sink into the flesh. He saw terror in the Russian's eyes, for there is no terror like that which greets disaster when triumph seems assured beyond all jeopardy.

"I'm James Pullen," said Pullen, bragging. Oh, but he was very proud of himself. He was swift and cunning and bold. He approved of himself notably. That's the nature of the artist; in that lies his double consciousness. His eye for effect saw that he was effective, while his nature, outwardly so bland and suave, was like that of a savage beast—a little beast made dangerous by the fear of death. He giggled as he held the man's throat. He felt now as if he had played the coward of set purpose, so that Marcovitch should get secure and dominant; for the secure lack caution, and often at the very moment of expected triumph it is failure strikes the hour.

He twisted Marcovitch round and ran him backwards violently—ran him, with his heels pattering on the bare, greasy boards, towards the window. He shook him like a rat, and had a bitter, pleasing satisfaction in the texture of his hair as he wrenched at it. In doing that his fingers found an ancient atavistic joy as they did in the lean flesh of his enemy's throat. And then he heard the others at the door, shaking it violently.

This new Pullen, or this old Pullen, who had never written books, rammed the Russian at the window, and the glass and frame gave way as he loosed his hair and throat. In his left hand was a clump of greyish hair, and he laughed as Marcovitch pitched upon the roof outside among the broken glass and broke the slates as he fell. The body (was it only a body?) slid and rolled. No, Marcovitch was still alive, for his hands gripped where there was never a hand-hold and found nothing. He slid from one roof to the other, the lower roof on which the cat had jumped. Pullen lost sight of him for an instant and then saw him reappear on the lower roof, even as the door of the room was broken. He turned and saw a panel burst in it, saw the light through it, and a man's white and furious face. And then Pullen himself leapt for the window. As he went through the broken glass he heard a cry behind him and then a pistol-shot. Yet there was no one at the window. He saw, as he slid, that there was no one. Perhaps those men fought among themselves. And as he slid down the roof it

seemed a long, long time—a preposterous and absurdly drawn-out instant of time—an endless, endless time. There was blood upon his hands as he slid upon the greasy, wet slates. He had cut himself with the glass, though he felt no pain. As he slid down he was a monstrous, a ridiculous figure. His fur overcoat spread out behind him on the roof. He cried out as he went. And again he laughed—absolutely laughed—or he thought that he did. It really was a scream, half pain, half triumph. He saw the night, the dim lamps, a lighted window before him, and then he dropped upon the lower roof and jarred his very teeth. And again he slid and rolled. He saw a face at the window, up above him—a staring white face, a blur of a face. Whose was it? He wondered that he found so much time to think in the few seconds that it took him to reach the edge of the lower roof. So it seems slow, very slow, till a man reaches the ground when a horse throws him. There's a long time betwixt the death-cap and the drop, a very long time. Under an anæsthetic an instant's pain may draw itself out into a fine, thin, eternal agony.

"Oh!" said Pullen. He saw the dim depths beneath him. It was, perhaps, twelve or fourteen feet to the ground. Like Marcovitch, he had clutched foolishly and frantically at the slates as he slid and rolled, and his finger-tips bled. He clutched again at something—a little piece of jagged iron projecting from the roof just at the edge. It ripped his hand open, but caught his coat even as he fell. He saw beneath him a dim mass, a body—the body of Marcovitch. He wanted to fall on Marcovitch, wanted to fall brutally on his body, for his savage native soul—the soul of ancient man—was like a drawn sheath-knife. But then, in that blurred, intense moment he saw a man running towards him in the dark of the narrow lane. He screamed; they had got him after all! Then his coat, held by the jagged iron, brought him up. He hung there an instant, ludicrous, helpless, howling with rage. Then the coat ripped loudly where fur and lining parted and let him down, twirling wildly, like a roasting apple on a string. Then the iron up above gave way, or the coat ripped where it was caught, and he fell feet-foremost upon Marcovitch. As he did he howled again, for someone caught hold of him from behind. Oh, how horrible it was to be so near escape and yet to die

"'WHERE AM I?' ASKED PULLEN."

after all! He struggled wonderfully, with a strength he never knew he had, with a vigour surprising in a sedentary man.

"Now then, shut it!" said the voice of the man who held him.

It was a typical English voice—a London voice, with the marred, amazing vowels of the Cockney.

"Oh!" said Pullen. "What?"

But still he fought and kicked. Then something struck him hard. He saw what folks call "stars"; there was a blur of light in his brain—a shock to the optic centre—and he fell limply.

"Bloomin' Rooshian!" said the policeman, gasping. He stooped, with the truncheon still in his hand. He had half a mind to kick Pullen for kicking him. His shins ached with a backward kick that had caught him in a tender spot. But he rolled his capture over—rolled him off Marcovitch.

"Another of 'em," said the policeman. He rose and blew his whistle. Two more of his fellows came running, one a sergeant.

"Got two of the blighters," said the first man, puffing, "and one I 'ad to down. 'Ope I ain't killed 'im."

The sergeant flashed a bull's-eye on Marcovitch and then on Pullen. He started when he saw him and his fur overcoat.

"Why, you ass, this is Mr. Lermontoff," he said.

"What! the bloke Lermontoff?" gasped the constable who had made the capture. "No, to be sure——"

"'Tis him! How's that?" asked the sergeant.

"He fought like billy-o," said the constable. "'Ow should I know? The bloke came off the roof and fought like a wild cat."

Pullen groaned, and then three other men came up the lane at a run, two of them in plain clothes. Behind them came a fourth, who smoked a cigar calmly.

"This is Mr. Lermontoff," began the sergeant. "This *is* a pretty kettle o' fish, to *be* sure."

But the man who walked and smoked was Lermontoff.

"We've got the lot, then, sergeant?" said Lermontoff.

"Good Lord!" said the sergeant. "Is that you, sir?"

"Who should it be?" asked Lermontoff.

"Why, we thought you was him," said the sergeant, pointing at Pullen. And Lermontoff bent down, staring.

"This is very odd, very remarkable," said Lermontoff. "Why, I know him!"

"He's the dead spit o' you, sir," said one of the constables.

"So they say," replied Lermontoff. "How did he come here?"

"What is he?"

"He's a writer," said Lermontoff.

"And one of the gang, sir?"

"Nonsense," said the Russian. "I hope you haven't killed him. This is a puzzle."

Pullen groaned again and opened his eyes.

"He'll be all right in a jiffy," said the sergeant. The constable who had knocked Pullen down knelt by him and lifted him into a sitting position.

"Where am I?" asked Pullen.

"Here," said the constable, as if that helped Pullen to understand. The only thing that Pullen understood was that he was something with a shocking headache. But Lermontoff bent down to him.

"I say, I'm Lermontoff," said the Russian; "how did you get here?"

"You're — you're Lermontoff, are you?" said Pullen.

"To be sure, to be sure. How did you get here?"

Pullen shook his head.

"I don't know. Yes; I do!"

Things came back to him. His scattered mind rearranged itself. He was conscious of a feeling of anger.

"Hang you!" said Pullen, feebly.

"Who?" asked Lermontoff, wonderingly.

"You, and your overcoat," said Pullen.

"He's a bit dotty from the crack I give 'im," said the policeman who had his arm about Pullen. But Pullen recovered fast. He remembered Marcovitch.

"Where's Marcovitch?" he asked.

They looked at Marcovitch, for they had almost forgotten him.

"Neck's broke," said the sergeant, shortly.

"I'm glad of that," said Pullen. "I killed him. But I want to go home."

"Fetch a cab, Thomas," said the sergeant.

"I'll take him," said Lermontoff. "This is a puzzle, but I'll find out what it means, sergeant."

"I'm Mr. James Pullen," said Pullen. "I kept on telling them so, but they wouldn't believe it. They—they put me into a cab. They said I was Lermontoff. Hang Lermontoff! I've had such a time!"

He almost wept.

"You are all right now," said Lermontoff.

"Am I? Are you sure?" asked Pullen.

"Quite sure," said Lermontoff, as a taxi-cab came up the lane.

"I want to go to bed," said Pullen, feebly.

SMART SETS IN HISTORY

By M. E. Braddon

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THERE must always have been smart sets, always the chosen few in contradistinction to the tolerated many; and the nucleus of the smart set was perhaps always the greatest personage in the land, the Grand Panjandrum, before whose Imperial hat, with the little button on top, high-bred knees bent in Court curtsies and proud lips meekly murmured "Sir."

Semiramis, of course, had her smart set, and one may be sure that they were the most advanced and emancipated spirits in her kingdom, who sacrificed superfluous babies to Ashtoreth, and spent the summer with the Assyrian queen in the pleasure-house she had built for herself at her city of Wan, wasting the languorous afternoons in delicious gardens watered with a thousand rills, beside an inland sea, while the Mesopotamian commonalty were broiling. Who can doubt that Nineveh, just as London has, had its exclusives—the people who knew Semiramis, and who talked the Court jargon?

Unhappily the cuneiform records which

have given us the business letters of the great king have not yet yielded up the journal of an Assyrian Pepys or St. Simon; but whereas human nature has varied very little since the Stone Age, one may reasonably conclude that those two distinguishing marks of smartness, which have prevailed since the days of Francis I. and our Bluff King Hal, were not missing in the summer *idlesse* at Wan. Those marks are eccentricity, and open secrets; not to know which argues yourself unknown. To be smart without eccentricity is hardly possible. Of Antony Hamilton—most accomplished of courtiers, Scot by birth, Parisian by education—it was noted that he had *un bon coin de singularité*.

Smartness is a subtle quality, not to be attained by mere beauty, or by exquisite dress and faultless surroundings. Chesterfield was an ugly little man; but who could deny him smartness of the first water? To be smart it is essential to be amusing, and to amuse is difficult without a flavour of eccentricity—the something original, daring, *hors ligne*, which duller people talk about and princes admire.

All the really smart people have been originals, and have liked to make the common herd wonder. In dress, in manner, in language, in conduct, they are always astonishing. To be leaders they have to devise new things. They must give the note, and not take it; and as their whims and manners and turns of speech are imitated by the idle rich almost as slavishly as their carriages, houses, and clothes, they must be Protean in their transformations, and must leave the herd baffled and wondering.

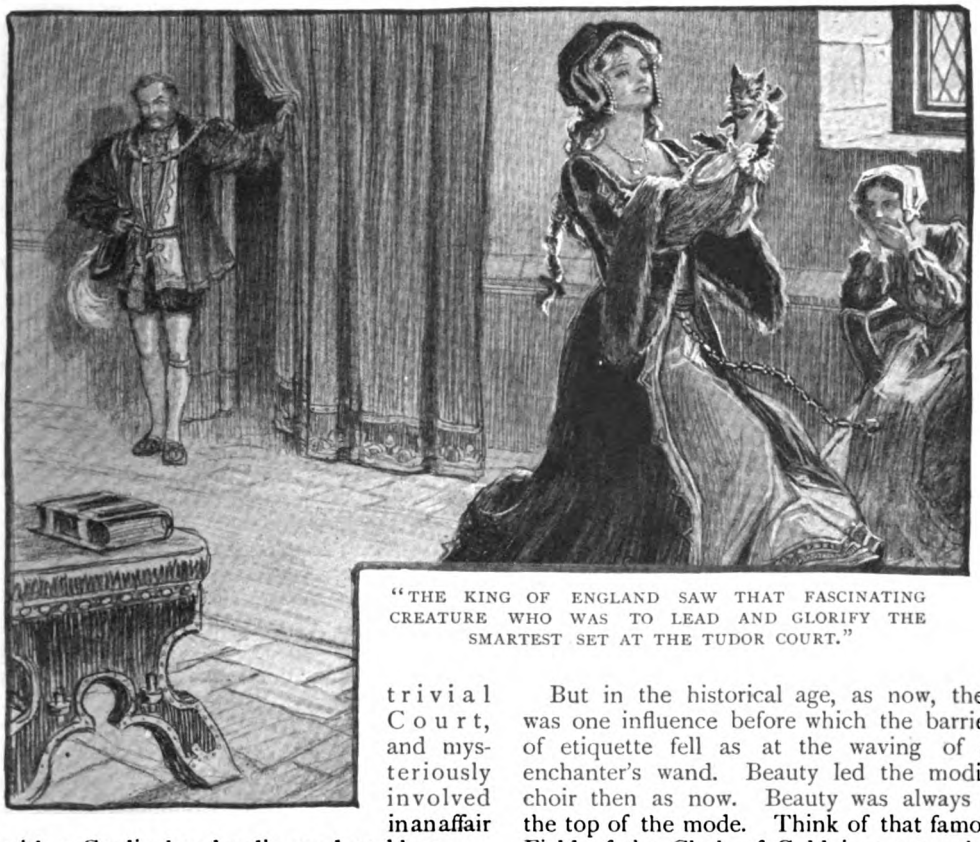
Éclat, *réclame*, never to be out of the public mind, are imperative for those leaders of *ton* who, within the last thirty years, have labelled themselves "smart," an adjective that forty years ago was associated only with the Sunday clothes of housemaids, and was seldom spoken by polite lips.

Of course, there are other signs of smartness besides those two leading characteristics. The smart set have almost as many marks as the Buddha—hair arranged in a particular way at a particular time, altered with a magical simultaneousness the instant West Kensington has the hang of it; gowns of a special cut—it is the "cut" smart people pay for, not the fabric; fan or no fan; eye-glass or no eye-glass; a particular walk, a particular drawl, a particular perversion of the English language; a new adjective, a new dog, a new religion, new drugs, new diets, new diseases, new doctors, new parsons. It is not one shibboleth, but a hundred shibboleths that the outsider has to master if he wants to be "of them" as well as with them. And he can never be quite, quite like them. The smart person, like Buddha, is born, not made.

Another of the distinguishing marks is *désinvolture*, go-as-you-please, an easy audacity that defies public opinion, does things and says things and looks things, such as other people dare not look, say, or do. To the smart woman it is essential that her sayings should be bandied about. She may be really witty, or she may be only outrageous; but she must not be dull. She must make august shoulders shake with suppressed laughter—she must sacrifice friends, kindred, and creed for a joke. She must have quaint nicknames for her nearest and dearest, and must never shrink from making fun of her mother. If her sister is in the Divorce Court and her brother at Holloway, she will tell people that after all these are not the worst—we should all be before Sir Gorell Barnes, or picking oakum, if we had our deserts. The foolish persons who thought she would fly to Naples or Budapest, and never come back, are speedily convinced of their folly. She is at the opera, radiant, on the next tiara night. She was never in greater beauty, and her box is crowded with adorers. "It will be my turn next," she says, and there are explosions of laughter. Everybody is glad to know she is not going to make a fuss, and that they are not called upon for effort in the way of sympathy.

Looking backward through the long vista of social history, the smart sets shine out like stars from the mass of humdrum humanity. Cinq Mars, Buckingham, Grammont, Dorset, Lauzun, the Duc de Richelieu—all along the line these are the figures that catch the eye and fill the imagination—these are the shapes that glitter; not the great, solid people who were only soldiers or statesmen, reformers, discoverers, inventors, philosophers. Their names live in the encyclopædia, and spread wide upon the page of history; but they never come out of the books. They are not living, breathing, animated figures, flashing about the vivid picture of a familiar past. The people of the past that live are the smart people, the pretty women whose company was the delight of kings, the fops and fribbles, the *roués* and reprobates. It is a defect in the human intellect, perhaps, that trifles light as air make the deepest impression upon the sensorium, that for one mind that holds a distinct image of Columbus or Bacon, a hundred minds swarm with such shapes as Nell Gwynne and

Ninon de Lenclos, the Regent Orleans, George IV., Sheridan, and Beau Brummel. In all the hurly-burly of the French Revolution Marie Antoinette is the dominating figure—not because she was dauntless in peril and sublime in martyrdom, but because she had been the ruling spirit of a gay and uninitiated for "smart." Kings and princes nowadays are kinder to the new money than they were in the time when there were gilded balustrades round Royal beds, and the *chevaux-de-frise* of ceremony divided Royal personages from all but the most nobly born of their subjects.



"THE KING OF ENGLAND SAW THAT FASCINATING CREATURE WHO WAS TO LEAD AND GLORIFY THE SMARTEST SET AT THE TUDOR COURT."

trivial Court, and mysteriously involved in an affair with a Cardinal and a diamond necklace.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when all that there was of grandeur in France was to be found in the entourage of the King. Outside that Royal zone splendour might be found, but fashion could not live. Merchants and bankers, the magnates of finance, the princes of commerce, might build for themselves palaces, might eat off gold plate, and set fountains flowing with rich wines or delicate perfumes; but not in that stately sixteenth century could they achieve smartness in the modern sense of that comprehensive word. It has only been in our levelling age that wealth has been able to buy fashion—or, rather, by a painstaking imitation of the fashionable, to achieve a certain electro-plated modishness which passes with the

But in the historical age, as now, there was one influence before which the barriers of etiquette fell as at the waving of an enchanter's wand. Beauty led the modish choir then as now. Beauty was always at the top of the mode. Think of that famous Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, when Henry of England was young and handsome—only twenty-eight, but a shade stouter than youth ought to be, with a certain fleshiness of the face that made his eyes look small—and when England and France vied with each other in expenditure, to make the meeting of their kings a pageant for all the world to remember—when the French *noblesse* were pawning their plate and mortgaging their châteaux to pay for velvet and satin and cloth of gold, and for those heavy gold chains such as the English delighted in. Who was the star of that magnificent assemblage, the cynosure of every eye, as she sat throned on the highest point in the picture? Naturally the lady whom King Francis chose to honour, had indeed honoured with his Royal favour for the last two years, whereby it

was thought by some far-seeing sycophants that those Royal eyes might soon be roving, and Mme. du Chateaubriand's power begin to wane. Two years of devotion is much for a Francis I., who has never affected the stern morality of his kingly brother across the Channel—that pious Sovereign, who in ten years of married life has never been charged with infidelity to a virtuous and pious, but somewhat uninteresting, wife—a wife handed on to him, as it were, from the death-bed of his brother, and about whose legal status he has never been able to feel quite comfortable.

Yet no unholy envy of his French brother disturbs him as he admires the beautiful duchess ringed round with her attendant nymphs. Such thoughts are not for Henry Tudor, the splendid sportsman, the prince who almost lives on horseback; and who presently, in the lists, fights his mock battle with such fiery ardour that he most unintentionally slays his antagonist, and with still less intention rides his horse to death; perhaps a favourite charger, sacrificed for the triumph of a day. No doubt a Roman Emperor would have sacrificed a hundred slaves with less concern.

It was a day or two later that the *débonnaire* king paid his visit of ceremony to the French Queen-Consort, Claude of France, stepdaughter of Henry's sister Mary; and here in this good lady's Court he saw a slender, swan-necked girl of fourteen, very delicate and very pretty, daughter of an English knight—one Sir Thomas Boleyn—who had brought her to the French Court at six years old, where she had lived ever since, and was now an accomplished young maid of honour and a favourite of the gentle Queen.

Whether in that first glimpse of the fair girl, for whom his fatal love was to mean untimely and cruel death, there was any forecast of the passion for which Henry was to sacrifice so much a few years later, history has left no record. All we know is that the King of England saw that fascinating creature who was to lead and glorify the smartest set at the Tudor Court, during her brief summer of happiness.

Elizabeth was splendid after her own self-centred fashion, but she lacked the charm of her incomparable mother, and had none of the adaptability of a leader of *ton*; a want which that Royal egotist must have felt keenly before she tormented her Ambassadors with her searching questions about the person and manners of her cousin, the beautiful young Queen whose magnetic personality could subjugate even her hard-skinned burgesses of Edinburgh. No; it was not in "Our Eliza," magnificent as her Court might be, to be the central figure and influencing mind of a smart set. For all her passion for fine clothes, her delight in a first pair of silk stockings, her gowns to be reckoned by hundreds, she was too grave a personage to encourage that airy lightness and variability which are essential graces of the "smart." She was too full of her own importance, of the seriousness of a Royal life, and had much too keen a sense of the value of money, to encourage freakishness and originality in her maids of honour and waiting women. It was remembered how she fell upon one of those maids of honour, who ventured to array herself in a finer gown than her Sovereign's; how she had the gown stripped off the damsel's shivering form and tried on herself; and how, on its proving a misfit, she flung it off in dudgeon. "Since it misbeseems you and does not fit me, nobody shall wear it." That was not the kind of queen to surround herself with such *volage* graces as those who throve in Catherine de Médici's Italianized Court; and although that glorious reign could count great soldiers and splendid sea-dogs, a Burleigh, a Bacon, and a Shakespeare, no leader of *ton*, no light-hearted and irresistible prince of fashion has left his dazzling image upon the page of Elizabethan history. Leicester was too consumed by fierce ambitions; Essex too fine a soldier; Ralegh, with encouragement, might have been such a one. The incident of the cloak has all the dash of "smart" youth. One could imagine the splendid spendthrift Duke of Buckingham dropping his sable coat upon a patch of wet gravel in his princely garden at Stowe, to save his young Queen's silken slipper from the damp; but Ralegh's youthful exploit was an isolated instance, and in the doings of a "smart set" there should be a hundred examples of elegant extravagance.

No; it is not to the Tudor, but to the Stuart Queen, that we must look for the subtle, ineffable charm that can communicate itself to all who come within its influence, and which could make the gloomy palace of Holyrood a place of light and music and laughter, of gay dances and daring gallantry, of sparkle and splendour, and the sportive lightness that brought down the thunder of John Knox.

Wherever Mary Stuart held her Court, so long as she had even the semblance of a Court, there must have been all the elements of that indescribable quality which we are

constrained to call "fashion"—the inimitable something in style, manner, and clothes which everybody wants to imitate.

With all the spontaneous charms of a Scotswoman of high rank, Mary had the acquired graces of the French Court, at which she had shone by her elegance and accomplishments while scarcely escaped from childhood. It may be said that there was but briefest childhood for the little Queen who came into her fatal inheritance in her cradle, and was snatched from her country and kingdom at three years old, and carried over sea in the teeth of menacing warships, with four little girls of noble birth, who were afterwards to be famous in the romance of history as Mary Stuart's four Marys.

"SHE HAD THE GOWN STRIPPED OFF THE DAMSEL'S SHIVERING FORM AND TRIED ON HERSELF."

Taken instantly into favour by King

Henry II. of France and his accomplished Florentine wife, the little girl grew up, in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Here, in this fortress-palace at St. Germain, she acquired not only all the accomplishments that make the charm of princes, but also the deeper and subtler arts that made her so formidable in argument with dour John Knox, and superior in craft to the great English Queen.

Think of her in her beauty, in the dawn of womanhood, Queen-Consort, the central figure in that dazzling Court of the Valois, with France at her feet; and from that hour, through vicissitudes rare in the lives of women, always lovely, always gifted with charms that none, except that stern monitor in the Puritan pulpit, could resist; and who can doubt that this woman was born to be a leader, and that around that dazzling figure all that was loveliest and lightest, fairest in woman and wittiest in man, must have gathered? To the last chapter of that tragic story, to the days of flight and disaster, the lost battle and the grim castle-prison, Mary must have been a great lady, with all the attributes that the modern world calls "smart." See how history repeats itself, and how, as Father Bernard Vaughan preached to his fashionable flock in the West-end of London, the rugged Puritan talked to the cluster of light-minded maids of honour in Queen Mary's ante-room. "Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! And when he has laid on us his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, were it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stones!"

Désinvolture was the essential quality for the smart man or woman in the days of Louis, le Roi Soleil, and his cousin, Charles Stuart: exquisite manners, a *gaieté de cœur* which can only exist where there is profound indifference for the welfare of a people and one's personal salvation; a *gaieté de cœur* which showed itself at the light-hearted supper-party, where the King of England amused himself hunting a moth, while the Dutch warships were in the Thames. Not in France only, but in joyous England, newly released from the iron rule of the Puritan Protector and his psalm-singing army, in the matted gallery and the cramped apartments of Whitehall, was the pride of life and the joy of living to be seen; and there was as much of wanton pleasure and reckless extravagance in that congeries of slovenly buildings by the Thames as in the brand-new magnificence of Versailles—a palace capable of housing two thousand inmates, a palace of gold and glitter and exquisite furniture, set in a garden of fountains, and gleaming statues, and terraces where slow and solemn peacocks mocked the stately walk of Ambassadors and Court ladies.

London also had its smart world, beauties as unscrupulous, lovers as enterprising, wits as audacious, and was tripping as gaily in the maze of folly, with just as much of that *joie de vivre* and heedlessness of the future which are characteristic of the smart set in every age and every country.

Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, Dorset, Grammont, all leaders, all brimming over with wit and animal spirits, reckless, extravagant, fearing neither God nor devil, but disposed to do business with the latter if they could turn his talents to account. It was a time of unmeasured expenditure and unrelieved frivolity. Nothing was too sacred for a jest; and husbands were stock figures for sport, like Pantaloon in the harlequinade. All the forces of society combined against that ridiculous personage, the husband of a handsome wife. If elderly and unattractive, he was outside the pale. No vulgar sport, no cruel treachery, could be too bad for him. His only chance of peace was to forego all social advantages, turn his back upon the Court, and immure his spouse in some remote family mansion among the Welsh mountains or the Yorkshire wolds. London and domestic tranquillity were an impossible conjunction. If of a miserly mind, he was tortured by seeing his estate melt and vanish before his eyes like snow in sunshine; a thousand acres mortgaged to buy laces and feathers, worthless trinkets, and masquerade costumes from Paris; his ancestral halls encumbered to fee dancing-masters and fortune-tellers, or to pay for a glass coach. If he were an honourable gentleman who loved his wife he suffered a nobler agony, and had no resource but to abduct and make a prisoner of her. So there were heavy hearts in the midst of that gay Court, and sad thoughts that kept time to the tinkling of innumerable guitars. Those comedies of Molière's, in which Beauty's lawful mate is ever the butt of all the other characters in the play, were as true to life about Whitehall as to the gay city by the Seine.

Heartlessness was a characteristic of all

these smart people; to ridicule age, ugliness, decrepitude, and other infirmities; to invent practical jokes that wounded, and to beguile the victim with caresses and every semblance of friendship, as in Grammont's story of Lady Muskerry, small, crooked, and ugly, who is tricked by a forged invitation to the Royal masquerade, where she is bidden to appear as a Babylonian princess, and thereby induced to spend a fortune on a mountain of preposterous finery, and to wait trembling in an ante-room for the partner who is to take her to the ball-room, until her mortified husband carries her away and locks her in her own chamber. What had she done to deserve this agony of distress and humiliation? Well, she was ugly, and ill-shaped, and foolish, and vain. She was what the French call *une disgraciée.*

And this is how great lords and ladies—chief among them the virtuous and lovely Miss Hamilton—plotted to make her feel the sting of Nature's unkindness.

Guitars were the fashion—so that all Whitehall sounded to the tinkling of unskilled performers; little dogs were the fashion—for did not the King love these creatures, and harbour whole families of them on the Royal bed, so that serious Mr. Evelyn complained of that doggy odour, only supportable by dog-lovers? The play-house was the fashion, though most of us, like Mr. Pepys, thought Shakespeare's tragedies absurd, or only tolerable when combined with a few rollicking scenes out of a piece by Etherege or Shadwell for comic relief.

The Earl of Chesterfield, who took alarm at the too patent attentions of the Duke of York, and who dared to carry his wife to the country, was talked of as a monster of cruelty. "Could it be tolerated," exclaimed the Chevalier de Grammont, "that such a ruffian as Chesterfield should exercise such tyranny over the loveliest woman in England, and for a mere indiscretion?"

Happily his lordship's course was altogether successful, and he won the love of his wife by the conduct that saved her honour.

His Royal Highness of York seems to have been fatal to the objects of his volatile affections, for having consoled himself for the loss of the beautiful Lady Chesterfield by an amour with the attractive Lady Denham, the lady's elderly husband, who had no country seat in which to imprison her, was supposed to have sent her on a longer journey, and that her untimely death was the result of poison from his hand. The London mob in his neighbourhood were of this mind; and the widower had so lively a fear of their violence that he kept himself closely shut in his own house until he had appeased the excited populace by giving Lady Denham a magnificent funeral, at which four times the usual quantity of mulled wine was served out to the crowd.

It will be seen by this that the doings of the smart set in the seventeenth century were as much watched and commented upon by the vulgar as they are in our own democratic age.

Samuel Pepys, the trivial, and John Evelyn, the grave, have brought that brilliant throng of wild wits and facile beauties, who revolved about the King and Queen in those joyous days of restored Royalty, almost as near us as the doings of the twentieth century.

Whose fancy cannot call up those dazzling ghosts? Barbara Palmer—beautiful, whatever clothes she wore, whosesoever hat she put on in freakish mood, irresistible whatever she said or did, continually offending her Royal lover, and always forgiven; rollicking, warm-hearted Nelly; or the patrician Louise de Querouaille, that lovely diplomatist in petticoats, sent across the Channel to turn Rowley round her finger, and to gain the Grand Monarque's political ends; and so turning him round that delicate finger for the rest of his days. Evelyn's description of her lodgings in Whitehall — "twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures — Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, brasenas, all of massive silver, and out of number"—gives the measure of smart surroundings in those days. A sprinkling of diamonds, some Russian sables, were not enough to satisfy a Royal favourite in the reign of our second Charles.

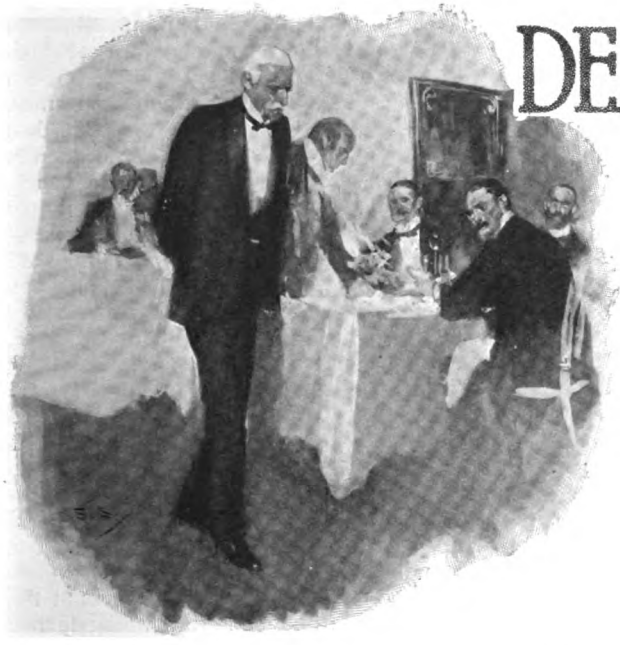
A joyous Court, in which a double set of maids of honour, the Queen's and the Duchess of York's, were the mark for audacious gallantry, wits like Rochester and De Grammont, great nobles like Talbot and Bristol, constantly in pursuit of these attractive creatures, all of whom were beautiful—or at least Lely made them so—and a few of whom were virtuous, like the bewitching Miss Jennings, and kept those fiery lovers at a distance, foremost among whom, the leaders of the chase, appeared the Duke of York, and his much more attractive, although not much handsomer, brother, King Charles.

After a reign so brilliant, the apotheosis of splendid profligacy, all smartness of the Hanoverian period shows dull and pale, and yet in the gay gossip of Walpole and "Hervey

the handsome," and Lady Mary Montagu, one finds all the elements of the true smart set, the adventurous humour, and daring eccentricity, as shown in the famous Vauxhall supper, where the chickens were minced and cooked by a fine lady's fingers, while the wondering crowd looked on; the syllabub and *al fresco* meal at Strawberry Hill, where, this time, only the cow looked on. Walpole's smart set moved less in the light that beats upon a throne, yet one reads of Royal princes dropping in unexpectedly at Strawberry. The bucks and beauties of King George II.'s days were conspicuous at Royal birthdays, in new and splendid clothes, never to be worn again by patrician owners, but passed on to some favorite actor, who figured as Hamlet or Macbeth in the velvet coat and satin breeches that had cost his Grace or his most noble lordship a small fortune for bullion and embroidery. Men and women of fashion paid all honour to the sturdy, keen-witted little King, but they did not depend on him for a leader and inspirer of modish things. He was Royal, but he never was smart.

It was a dull thing, that smartness of Strawberry and Stowe—even though Italian opera-singers might perch in the trees at a festival and make the night musical with expensive carollings; even though money might be poured out like water—as compared with the wanton glories of Whitehall. Powder and patches and brocade sacques seem prim and old-maidish beside the waving ringlets, and the loosely-flowing gowns, slipping off peerless shoulders, that Lely painted. The zenith had been passed when Charles Stuart put in his dying plea for "poor Nelly," and turned his face to the wall; and there was never again to be anything quite so wicked or quite so brilliant in English society.

"CHICKENS WERE MINCED AND COOKED BY A FINE LADY'S FINGERS, WHILE THE WONDERING CROWD LOOKED ON."



DEANE'S QUEST

by Charles Garvice

AUTHOR OF "JUST A GIRL" "A FAIR IMPOSTOR" ETC. ETC.

DEANE suspended the operation of cracking a walnut and, without appearing to do so, looked curiously at a man who had entered the dining-room and was making his way to a table at the far end of the room. He was a middle-aged man, but looked prematurely old; his hair was as white as snow, his face sallow and drawn as if by ill-health or trouble, and he walked with bent head and without glancing to right or left, as if he were absorbed in thought. No one could have taken him for anything but a gentleman, and there was a hint of that indescribable distinguishing quality which attracts the attention of the most careless observer.

"Who was that?" asked Deane.

Wynter, a journalist, one of the two men who were dining with him, replied:—

"You don't mean to say you haven't met Trafforde—Sir Gordon Trafforde?"

"Yes, I have," said Deane, slowly. "Three times—once in Damascus, once in Smyrna, and, strangely enough, once in a cheap restaurant Soho way; but I never had any speech with him, and this is the first time I've heard his name. There seems a mystery about him. He is a member here, of course?" They were at the Eastern Club.

"Yes," replied Somers, "but he only drops in occasionally and at long intervals. Like yourself, he's a great traveller, and I should say that, excepting yourself, he knows more about the East than anyone here; and that's saying a great deal. He's a tremendously wealthy man, but he lives alone and appears to make very few friends."

While they were still sitting there, Sir Gordon finished his dinner and walked towards the door; and as he passed the three men he raised his eyes, not his head, and glanced at them. Deane met the glance and was startled by it; for he had never before seen so strange an expression in any eyes. They were very dark, almost black, and the expression was one of intense sadness and piercing scrutiny; the look of a man who is in search of something and despairs of finding it. He recognized Wynter, and in response to his nod made a slight inclination of the head and passed on.

Somers went off to a reception, where his presence as a famous novelist was ardently desired, and Deane proposed that Wynter should go to his rooms to see some curios which Deane had brought home with him. On their way Wynter was strangely silent and thoughtful, and after he had examined the curios and the two men were ensconced in easy-chairs, with the whisky and soda between them and their pipes going satisfactorily, he said:—

"Look here, Deane, there *is* a story about Trafforde. I didn't want to let on before Somers, who, to save his life, couldn't refrain

from making 'copy' of it; but I'll tell you, because I know you can keep your head shut. I know Trafforde very well, though he only vouchsafes me a nod: we were at Harrow together. He was very popular there, and at Oxford too, though you wouldn't think it to look at him. He came into the title and the property when he was quite young—about twenty-two, I think—and we all thought he would be caught by some girl in his own set and settle down into the usual kind of country gentleman; but, to our surprise and the outspoken disappointment of his people, he fell in love with a stranger—a foreigner; quite an outsider, in fact—daughter of a Turkish merchant who had made his pile and settled in London; a political exile. I forget his name, but it doesn't matter. She was a beautiful creature—of course, of the Oriental type. Trafford had a rival—a young countryman of the girl's: quite a handsome fellow, with pretty manners, but with something about him that suggested the tiger. He was madly in love with the girl—you know how thorough the Oriental is in love or hate—and I rather fancy that papa had favoured his suit until Trafforde appeared on the scene; but the daughter preferred Trafforde, and they were married.

"Trafforde took her down to his place in Hampshire, and they lived very happily. They were kind enough to ask me down there once or twice. A little girl was born, and then Lady Trafforde began to fog off, as the doctors call it—nothing serious the matter, but a general weakness and want of tone. Some medico, cleverer than the rest, hit upon the cause of the trouble. She was pining for her native land, for the warmth, the colour, the atmosphere——"

Deane nodded. "I know," he said, musingly. "It's the 'Call of the East'; they all feel it. Though I'm an Englishman, I've felt it myself; and though we Occidentals may find it fairly easy to resist it, by the true Oriental the craving is well-nigh irresistible."

"Quite so," assented Wynter. "And the climatic and social conditions of a country place in England would not help Lady Trafforde to get over the longing. Trafforde took his wife and little girl on an Eastern trip. They went to Smyrna, where I fancy Lady Trafforde was born; she picked up wonderfully, and they were enjoying themselves in a quiet way, when out from the blue shot one of those bolts which shatter and wreck people's lives.

"One afternoon the nurse, a Greek girl, who had charge of the child and in whom the Traffordes had every confidence, disappeared with the little girl. They were last seen walking in the bazaar, and, so far as I know, have never been seen since. Trafforde, half mad with grief, made every possible attempt to find them, called in the aid of the police, even went to the Sultan; but the pair had disappeared—to use the hackneyed phrase—as if the earth had suddenly opened, swallowed them up, and closed again. The unhappy mother went quite mad, and, perhaps fortunately for her, died a month or two later. Sounds an incredible kind of story, doesn't it?"

"Not at all," replied Deane, gravely and thoughtfully. "This must have happened some twenty years ago; it would have been quite easy then for the girl and the child to have been kidnapped in the bazaar and disposed of without leaving any clue behind them. If you knew the place, you'd say that it wouldn't be very difficult now. Of course, one can give a pretty accurate guess at the identity of the abductor—the young fellow, the disappointed rival. Our friend the Turk does not like the woman he loves taken from him; there is always something of the tiger, the cat about him, and he can bide his time; he has a vast capacity for patience when it is a question of love, money, or revenge. And I suppose Sir Gordon is still searching for his daughter?"

"Yes," replied Wynter, with a shrug of his shoulders. "You saw that by the expression of his face. Of course, the quest is a hopeless one. The odds are that both the nurse and the child were done to death; and even if the child were living, it would be almost impossible to trace her. She must be a young woman by this time; must regard herself as a Turk—Turkish women are closely veiled, as closely guarded. Yes; I am afraid poor Trafforde's search is quite hopeless. But he still keeps at it; you met him, you know, in Damascus and Smyrna. Miserable sort of story, and I almost wish I hadn't told you. Don't repeat it, Deane; it's pretty well forgotten now—even Somers doesn't know it; and we don't want the whole thing served up in the newspapers as a sensational item."

"I hope I am discreet," said Deane.

Wynter put on his hat and coat, and at the door he said he supposed that Deane would settle down in London for a time; and Deane said that it was his intention to do so, that he should like to look at the theatres and meet his old pals, and get some clothes.

Deane took the story to bed with him and woke up with it—like a headache—in the

morning. It followed him about for days and spoilt his "holiday"; which was a pity, for he possessed a capacity for enjoyment, was young, fit, remarkably well off, and, though somewhat taciturn, of a cheerful disposition. The weather was bad—it was late in September. And a wet autumn in London! He felt restless, felt the call of the East acutely; and three weeks later he was sauntering through the bazaar at Smyrna.

There may be a more amazing place, but the present writer has not yet seen it; and, though Deane knew it very well, the fascination of the wonderful bazaar again held him in thrall. The alleys were warm with the soft but penetrating heat peculiar to the East; through slits and broken places of the roof the sun shot gleams of light and colour on the rich stuffs piled in the stores, the real and sham curios; on the marvellous costumes of the crowd — Turks, Greeks, Kurds, Albanians — through which Deane passed. But for the presence of a few motley Europeans—and even most of these wore the fez—the extraordinary place looked as it might have looked a matter of three thousand years ago.

Every now and then the noise of the bazaar, which was like the exaggerated buzzing of a hive of bees, was broken by the tinkle of bells as a man, mounted on a donkey, emerged from one of the galleries, followed by a chained string of noiselessly-stepping camels, whose heads touched the carpets and rugs and embroidered silks hanging from the shops on either side of the narrow way. It was a scene from the Arabian Nights, and, moving amidst it, one could find it easy to believe in all the supernatural marvels of the ancient stories. A possible genie might be imprisoned in one of the huge jars lying around; the man on the donkey might have been Ali Baba himself, on his way to the secret cave. Surely that was Morgiana tripping across the opening yonder; and as surely that was the great Caliph Haroun al-Raschid disguised as a calender, and followed by an apprehensive but faithful Vizier; and the weather-beaten old sailor who trudged with rolling gait must of certainty be Sindbad himself. Oh, wonderful place!

Sauntering is an art which is only to be learned to perfection in the East, and Deane himself, in his suit of white ducks and his scarlet fez, had something of the air of an Oriental as he moved slowly between the rows of stalls, his cigarette between his lips, his hands folded behind him, so that the picturesque figures beside their various merchandise blinked and peered at him curiously, as if they were uncertain what to make of him; and when Deane stopped at a stall and made a small purchase, he spoke such correct Arabic that the hunchbacked Turk who served him murmured the beginning of the well-known line of the Mohammedan religious formula, "Allah akbar" ("God is the greatest"), and Deane instantly gave the response, "OO Mhummed rasool Allah" ("And Mohammed is his Messenger").

A little farther on he turned down an alley into one of the small open-air courts, or kahns, in which the camels and their drivers rest. It was a delightful little spot, a kind of oasis; the camels were munching their hay in the shadow of a broad palm, a fountain tinkled subdued music, which chimed with the bells gently swaying, as the patient animals turned their heads. Deane seated himself by the fountain and leant back to enjoy the fresh air, the clear, clean sunlight which filled the little square, and through half-closed eyes indolently regarded his surroundings.

The four sides of the kahn were occupied by the usual small shops and dwelling-places; the latter, with their heavily-barred windows and closely-shut doors, giving an air of secrecy to the place, that touch of mystery and romance which belongs to all things Eastern. Lulled by the influence of the place, the drowsy air, Deane closed his eyes, but suddenly he was aware of a light footstep near him. He looked up and saw. Sir Gordon Trafforde moving slowly past the camels and their sleeping drivers.

Deane was not surprised at Trafforde's presence, for, naturally enough, he had been thinking of him and his history. He did not rise, but he leant forward rather eagerly to see if Trafforde would glance towards him; but the wretched man passed on and disappeared through a narrow opening in the square which Deane had hitherto not noticed. He was thoroughly awakened now, and he was rising to leave the court when two veiled figures, with the noiseless steps of the Turkish women, crossed his path. The upper parts of their faces alone were visible, of course; but he saw that one of the women was very old and the other a young girl.

The old woman did not raise her eyes, but the girl turned her head slightly and glanced at him. Deane started and stood stock-still, his teeth closing sharply on his cigarette. His sudden emotion was not caused by the

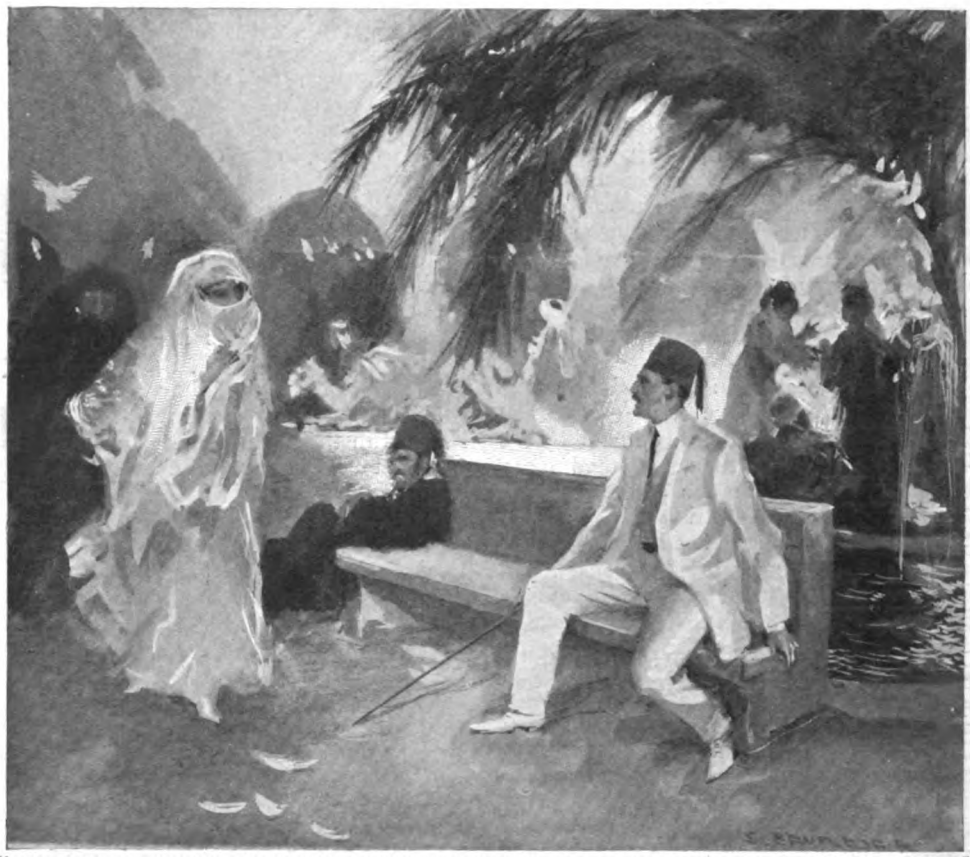
wonderful beauty of the eyes, but by the fact of their extraordinary resemblance to those of the man who had just gone into the dark alley. They were an exact reproduction of Trafforde's eyes, but wore, instead of the harassed, haunted look, the dreamy sadness, the latent tenderness of a girl's.

She had evidently noticed his start of surprise, for she put up a white hand and drew the veil higher. As she did so she stepped on a piece of melon-skin and slipped. She would have recovered herself easily enough, but the old woman made an impatient, angry clutch at her arm, causing the girl to lose her footing and bringing her to the ground.

Forgetting for the moment that he was forbidden to approach or touch a girl of her race, Deane involuntarily made a movement towards her; but he checked himself in time, and before a reclining Turk, who up to the present had watched the accident with phlegmatic indifference, could utter a threatening growl. The girl, crimson as a rose, sprang to her feet, drew her veil quite over her face, and was hurried off by the old woman, who muttered imprecations and fluently cursed her companion for her mishap. They disappeared down the alley which Trafforde had entered; and Deane, who was not guilty of looking after them, went out of the square.

He told himself, as he went outside the bazaar, that he had only imagined the resemblance, that he was obsessed by the Trafforde tragedy, and that the best thing he could do would be to clear out of Smyrna, the East itself, without delay; but the girl's eyes haunted him, floated before him persistently. He could not keep out of the bazaar; he felt drawn towards the square; and later in the evening he returned to it. Trafforde was sitting on the stone bench beside the fountain, his arms folded, his head on his chest; he was asleep.

Deane felt that he was intruding on the man, and he turned away; when suddenly a man stealthily stole from the mouth of the



"TWO VEILED FIGURES, WITH THE NOISELESS STEPS OF THE TURKISH WOMEN, CROSSED HIS PATH."

narrow alley and glided towards the sleeper. Deane stepped behind a pile of bales and waited. The man, half crouching, drew nearer Sir Gordon, paused for a moment to look round cautiously, then made a grab for Sir Gordon's watch.

Now, Deane knew that it would be better for the sleeping man to lose his watch than that the denizens of the place should be aroused; for two Europeans would stand but a poor chance in such a place against even a small mob of utterly reckless and ruthless Orientals; so he hoped that the thief would secure the watch without waking its owner. But the man must have been clumsy, for Sir Gordon felt his touch, woke instantly, sprang to his feet, and grabbed the thief. The man uttered a cry of surprise, terror—was it one of recognition?—and snatched out a knife. But Deane had moved the moment he saw that interference was inevitable, and, before the knife could descend, he struck the thief on the corner of the jaw and felled him.

The two Englishmen looked steadily at each other, after the fashion of their class, across the prostrate figure; then, before Sir Gordon could speak, Deane said, in a sharp whisper:—

"We must get him away before any of his friends come. Quick!"

Without another word they dragged the unconscious man into the alley.

"He'll come to presently," whispered Deane. "We'd better clear."

As he spoke he saw a streak of light in the wall; a door had opened silently; a face peered out; it was the old woman's; Deane recognized her by a scar under the left eye. The face was there for a moment only; the door was closed softly; the alley was dark again. The two men left the court and silently passed through the dusky bazaar into the open street.

"I am greatly indebted to you, sir," said Sir Gordon, at last; "the fellow would probably have stabbed me."

"I am very glad I was there, Sir Gordon," said Deane.

Sir Gordon stopped and looked keenly at him.

"You know me?" he said. "Will you tell me your name?"

Deane told him. They walked on for some minutes, again in silence, Sir Gordon's head bent, his brows drawn together; then presently Deane said:—

"Of course, you will leave Smyrna as soon as possible, Sir Gordon. It would be dangerous to remain. These folk don't take a blow lying down——"

"And you? You also are in danger."

"I think not. The man did not see my face; I struck him from behind."

"Yes; I suppose I had better go," said Sir Gordon, frowning. "I am not afraid of the consequences; I mean, I'm not afraid of being attacked; but, for reasons with which I need not trouble you, I do not want to attract attention. I should be relieved to hear that you also intend to leave."

But Deane, who an hour before had been resolved to go, was now as resolved to stay.

"I have business here which will detain me," he said. "I shall be quite safe."

Sir Gordon accepted the reason with an almost Oriental gesture of resignation.

"I regret to hear it," he said. "I am naturally uneasy on your account, Mr. Deane, and I shall be glad if you will write to me." He set down on a scrap of paper the name of an hotel at Athens. "I shall be there in a week from now, and shall be very glad—and relieved—to see you or hear tidings of you. I will not again attempt to thank you; but I beg you to believe that I am very grateful. Good-bye."

Deane did a foolhardy thing; he went back to the square. It was quite quiet; the man was no longer lying where Trafforde and Deane had placed him. Deane's steam yacht lay just outside the bay; he had himself rowed to it, paced the deck until a late hour that night, and when he turned in he could not sleep. A great traveller like Deane acquires the conviction that the most extraordinary coincidences are credible; and he felt that it was quite possible that the capricious god, Chance, had thrown him across the path of Trafforde's lost daughter. But how was he to prove it? To inform Sir Gordon of his suspicions might raise hopes which, if they were baseless, would only add to the unhappy man's misery.

He rose in the morning resolved to give his skipper orders to up-anchor and go on to the Black Sea; but, instead of doing so, he put on a Turkish costume and went ashore. It seemed very unlikely to him that anyone would identify him as the white-clad Englishman of yesterday, and he sauntered about the bazaar, attracting no attention, so far as he knew.

In the afternoon he went into the kahn, which was now filled with camels and drivers, and almost as noisy as the bazaar itself. In a listless fashion he strolled down the alley. It proved to be a connecting link with one of the galleries, and he was joining the crowd passing through it when he became aware of

the fact that he was being followed; a woman, dressed in black and veiled, was always close behind him or at his elbow. He stopped at a stall, affecting to examine a real or counterfeit antique; and as he did so the woman, pretending to adjust her veil, whispered in Arabic:—

"Follow me."

In a leisurely fashion Deane haggled over the article and then followed her. She led him to a retired spot at the end of the gallery and, after looking at him fearsomely, said:—

"You know me?"

"Of course," responded Deane, promptly, and eyeing her steadily as he carefully lit a cigarette.

"What is it you want?" she demanded.

"The girl," replied Deane, quietly, almost impassively.

The woman's sharp, black eyes fixed themselves on his piercingly.

"Where is the other?" she asked.

"The girl's father? He has gone." The woman drew a breath of relief, and Deane added, as quietly as before, "But I can bring him back."

"There is no need," she said, quickly. "I fear him. He is mad. I do not want bloodshed. You are in search of the girl? You have found her. Allah is great. It was not my fault; it was Abdul, my son, who stole her years ago. You have hurt him; his jaw is broken."

"Abdul, your son, was the man I hit yesterday?" said Deane, phlegmatically.

The woman nodded and sighed. "Yes. You are an Englishman, like that other, Zela's father; you are of a nation hard to contend against. Like us, you can wait and wait. I have always told Abdul that the day would come when he would have to give up the girl or pay the price. The time has come. You shall have her."

Deane's heart beat fast, but in the same cool, almost indifferent way he said: "Your action is wise. The nurse who was kidnapped with the child?"

"SHE IS DEAD—DEAD YEARS AGO."

She spread out her hands, shrugged her shoulders, and shook her head.

"She is dead—dead years ago. What matters it? Allah is great and bountiful, and loves the giver: you will deal generously with your servant?"

"Fifty pounds in English money," was Deane's curt response to this appeal.

A dash of colour rose to the old woman's sallow face, and she lowered her eyes to conceal the gleam of satisfaction that shone in them.

"It is accepted," she said. "If I give her to you, you will be satisfied; you will not seek for vengeance; you will leave me and my son alone?"

"Agreed," said Deane. "But the girl—Zela, you call her?—she will leave you willingly; she will come with me?"

The old woman raised her eyes. "She has been brought up well; she will do as she is bid and will go with you. But do not think that she has been ill-treated. I am fond of her; it costs me much to part with her.

Will not the Effendi give me more? No? But there is English blood in her, and she will be glad to go, for she has never been happy. She is not one of us." She stretched out a lean claw, and, touching Deane's arm, regarded him with intense earnestness. "She is as innocent as the day on which Abdul stole her. She has been the apple of my eye; I have guarded her from all evil. The Effendi understands?"

"Good!" said Deane. Though he uttered the word indifferently enough, he drew a breath of relief and satisfaction.

"I will bring her here at the asha." She meant the hour of evening prayer. "I will tell her that I have sold her to you."

For the life of him Deane could not prevent the colour rising to his face.

"Is that necessary?" he asked.

"How otherwise to account for her transference to you?" she retorted, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Let it be so," said Deane. "I will be here at asha."

She moved her hand in assent and turned away; but Deane stayed her.

"Abdul, your son. What will he say—do—when he knows?"

She looked confused for a moment, then she said quickly:—

"He must not know. He would want a share—but it would not be fair. Have I not waited on her, watched over her, all these years? The reward should be mine—mine alone. The Effendi sees this justice. He will give the money to me, to me only, and will keep his lips closed?"

"I will bring the money," said Deane.

With a nod of satisfaction she stole away, and Deane sauntered out of the bazaar and made his way to the quay. He was a level-headed man, but he was throbbing with excitement, with the thrill of success. In the most extraordinary fashion he had found what Sir Gordon had been seeking for years. He was pushing his way through the crowd when he literally ran against a lady of his acquaintance, a Mrs. Selwyn, whom he had not seen for years. Mrs. Selwyn was a member of the Smart Set and a globe-trotter, but harmless. In response to his muttered apology, she caught his arm and exclaimed in the shrill tones which, alas! are now fashionable in 'Society':—

"My dear Mr. Deane! I shouldn't have recognized you, if you had not spoken! Why on earth are you masquerading in that picturesque costume? Though, of course, I am not surprised at meeting you *anywhere*, or at *anything* you do. You are so delightfully eccentric! I suppose that pretty yacht in the bay is yours? Come and dine with me at the Crescent, will you? Now, don't say 'No.' I want to be able to boast when I go back to London that I have met *the* Mr. Deane in Smyrna."

"Thanks; I can't dine with you, Mrs. Selwyn," said Deane, "but you shall dine with me on the yacht, if you will be so gracious. Is your husband here?"

Mrs. Selwyn shrugged her shoulders and laughed a perfectly composed laugh.

"Good gracious, no!" she exclaimed. "He is at Mark Lane, as usual. I am all by my little lonesome—also as usual."

"What are your plans?" asked Deane, with a preoccupied air.

"Haven't any," she replied, ignoring his abruptness; for much has to be ignored when one is dealing with a man of Deane's importance and celebrity.

"That's splendid," said Deane. "I will take you on with me, if you like. There are a couple of maid-servants on board."

"All right," she responded, with a laugh. "I shall be delighted! I'll come on board at eight o'clock."

Deane went to the yacht and made preparations for two lady visitors; then he returned to the bazaar, still wearing his costume. At the time appointed he sauntered to the spot where he had parted with the old woman. As he waited in a dusky corner he heard, rising from a neighbouring turret of one of the mosques, the muezzin's call to evening prayers:—

God is greatest!
I testify that there is no God besides God!
I testify that Mhummed is the Messenger of God!
Pray ye! Pray ye! Pray ye!

The solemn tones, the more solemn words, Deane had often heard, but they had never before found an echo in his heart as they did at this moment. Thrice the muezzin made the call in notes drawn out, until he had completed the circuit of the gallery of the turret; and as the weird sounds died away two veiled figures emerged from a side alley and approached the spot where Deane stood.

Deane scarcely glanced at the girl as he slipped the gold into the old woman's skinny hand. She addressed a few hurried words to the girl, murmured to Deane, "I have your promise. Allah is great!" and slid into the crowd.

Deane stood beside Zela in silence for a moment or two, absolutely tongue-tied; then he said, of course in Arabic:—

"You understand, Zela? You are willing to come with me?"

"I am willing, Effendi," she said. "You will take me to my father—the father Zorah has told me about?"

Something in the soft, musical voice set Deane's heart throbbing; it was so like Trafforde's.

"That is so," he said. "I will take you to your father, from whom you were stolen long ago."

"It is good," she murmured. "I am the Effendi's servant."

"No; it is I who am the servant," said Deane. "Let us go."

Not another word passed between them as they went through the gallery. Desiring to avoid attention, Deane struck down a narrow alley which led to the quay. They had no sooner entered it than a man stepped out from a doorway, blocking the alley from behind; another man as stealthily blocked the other end of it; the man facing Deane had a dirty, blood-stained bandage tied round his face. It was, of course, Abdul. Deane knew that he had been sold. With Oriental cunning the mother and son had concocted quite a neat little plot; she had succeeded in securing fifty pounds for the girl, who was to be snatched from him and resold to him, or removed to a distant part of the country and used as a means of blackmail.

By the light of a small oil-lamp Deane could just discern the man's face; it had no doubt once been handsome, as Wynter had said; but it was now a very evil countenance indeed, and rendered all the more so by the hate and fury and thirst for blood and revenge which distorted it. Deane glanced behind him and saw that Abdul's accomplice was a much younger man, a burly ruffian of the lowest type.

Quite unarmed as he was, and caught in such a trap as the alley provided, Deane felt that he and the girl were in dire peril; the two men would spring upon him simultaneously and, hampered by Zela, who was clinging to his arm, Deane would scarcely be able to get a blow in. But it was not his first little difficulty of the kind, and he was accustomed to dealing with emergencies. Whispering to Zela, "Throw yourself down close against the wall," he sprang at the lamp and tore it from its rickety fastenings.

Almost at the same instant the two scoundrels rushed forward, eager to prevent the escape of their prey. Deane dropped to his hands and knees against the wall close beside Zela, and, gripping the leg of the man nearer to him, brought him to the ground. It chanced to be Abdul. His accomplice stumbled over him, and they lay clutching at each other in their confusion and swearing horribly.

"Quick!" exclaimed Deane.

The girl, with the alertness of her race and age, glided to the opening. Abdul got to his feet before Deane could pass him, and he struck at Deane with a long Arab knife. Deane felt the blade pierce his left arm. He caught Abdul by the throat and knocked his head twice against the wall with such force that Abdul staggered and fell again. Deane rushed out, took Zela's hand, and hurried her towards the boat. He feared that she would be terrified out of her wits, and expected her to scream; he was about to utter a word of reassurance, but as he looked at her and met her gaze he saw that no such word was necessary. Neither English nor Turk can be charged with cowardice, and there was the blood of both races in Zela's veins.

They dared not run lest they should attract attention, but they walked quickly, and had almost gained the boat when they heard shouts behind them, and Deane, glancing over his shoulder, saw half-a-dozen men running after them. The bo'sun in charge of the yacht's boat came up the steps to see what the row was.

"Go with that man, Zela; he is my servant," said Deane, and she was about to obey him, but at the moment one of the harbour officials stepped in front of them; and it must be confessed that Deane's heart sank, for this man's interference would mean their detention and a full and awkward inquiry.

At the sight of the policeman in his imposing uniform the little mob of pursuers pulled up, and in a stealthy way they all made off, excepting Abdul, who, for the moment regardless of his own safety, stood his ground, glaring at Deane vindictively and foaming at the mouth.

"What is the matter?" inquired the official.

"This man is a thief," said Deane, in Arabic; "he attacked me in the alley there and tried to rob me——"

"It's a lie!" screamed Abdul. "He has stolen one of my women——"

The officer looked inquiringly at Deane and the girl.

"What do you say?" he asked of the former.

Abdul's charge prompted the response which, like a flash of lightning, sprang to Deane's brain. He remembered that the

"HE CAUGHT ABDUL BY THE THROAT AND KNOCKED HIS HEAD TWICE AGAINST THE WALL."

woman had "sold" Zela to him. She was therefore his.

"She is mine—my wife," he said, almost casually, and with a shrug of the shoulders.

Abdul was about to burst out with a passionate denial, but the official held up his hand. Looking searchingly at Zela, he said, judicially: "Does he speak truly? Are you his wife?"

Deane averted his eyes to avoid seeing the crimson which he knew was flooding her face. There was a moment's pause, but a moment's only; then she said, in a low voice, "I am."

The officer gave another shrug of his shoulders and motioned the stuttering, gesticulating Abdul away. But the path was not yet clear. The representative of peace and order cast a suspicious and doubtful eye at the obviously English boat and the particularly British-looking bo'sun and crew.

"That is the boat belonging to the Feringhee's yacht in the bay. Why are you taking your wife there?" he asked.

"I am the servant of the Feringhee," replied Deane. "He permits my wife to visit the ship."

"Pass on," said the policeman, with a lordly and protective air.

In a leisurely fashion Deane assisted Zela into the boat, and they rowed towards the yacht, leaving Abdul gesticulating vehemently at an imposing figure in gold lace, who was regarding him with the placid indifference of official contempt.

As Deane led Zela up the gangway of the yacht, Mrs. Selwyn, who had been watching their arrival, approached them with amazement depicted on her pretty little face.

"Oh, glad you are here, Mrs. Selwyn," said Deane, coolly. "This young lady is a daughter of a friend of mine. Will you please take charge of her? Her state-room adjoins yours."

Mrs. Selwyn breathed a little hard; but she checked the stream of questions which rose to her lips and disappeared down the companion-way with Zela. Deane changed into evening dress, leant over the rail, and watched the water as the yacht dashed through it; for, of course, the moment he

had got aboard he had told the skipper to up-anchor. A few minutes before the dinner-bell, Mrs. Selwyn, in all her evening glory, came to his side. An expression of amusement lurked in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth.

"I am afraid Miss Zela will be a few minutes longer. By the way, what is her other name, Mr. Deane?"

"'Zela' will do for the present," replied Deane, with a smile. "I hope she is quite well and happy; we left Smyrna rather dramatically."

"So she tells me, through one of the maids who speaks Arabic," said Mrs. Selwyn. "And that is about all she has told me! I suppose you have known her for a long time?"

"Since yesterday," said Deane. "I am sorry to say that that is as far as I can go in the way of satisfying what I admit is your legitimate curiosity, Mrs. Selwyn," he added, in response to her saucer-like eyes; "but I promise that it shall be satisfied within a few days. By the way, have you any objection to going to Athens?"

"Not in the least," she replied, with charming promptitude. "I am quite prepared to go anywhere with you—now that I have another lady with me."

She ran away from him, the dinner-bell rang, and Deane went down to the saloon. The two ladies were not present, but in a minute or two they entered, and as he looked at them his hand closed tightly on the back of the chair against which he was standing. The Turkish girl in her all-concealing robe and veil had disappeared, and in her place was a graceful young lady, attired in the last thing in the way of frocks!

But it was not the change in her attire which startled Deane; it was the fact that she was one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen.

Mrs. Selwyn eyed his amazement and confusion with mischievous enjoyment, but she came to the blushing girl's aid with womanly sympathy.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, don't they? By the mercy of Providence, Mr. Deane, Miss Zela and I are about the same size; and I really do think that *rose du Barry* frock of mine suits her very well, don't you?"

"I do," almost gasped Deane, as he sank into his chair and tried to keep his eyes off the beautiful, downcast face.

He pulled himself together after awhile and returned the shuttlecock of chatter to Mrs. Selwyn's deft service. Zela scarcely spoke, though he addressed her now and then in Arabic; but she stole frequent glances at him, and once or twice he caught her regarding him with dreamy intensity. Deane knew that he would have to have a talk with her, and Mrs. Selwyn must have known it also; for when they all three went on deck she left them together, first whispering to Deane:—

"Isn't she lovely—and graceful? Oh, you must let me trot her round and show her off when we get back to London. What a sensation she will make!"

"I am afraid you have been very frightened and upset, Zela," he said, "and that this sudden change in your life is troubling you."

She was leaning against the rail, and she raised her eyes to his with a childish and yet womanly gravity.

"No," she said, softly. "I think I have always expected it, Effendi. I do not know why, but as soon as I began to understand I felt Abdul was not my father. He and Zorah quarrelled sometimes and said things which made me think; and once I found some baby's clothes which I knew were mine, and they were not those of a Turkish child's, but those of a Feringhee. And the night before Zorah brought me to you she told me the truth; that is, some of it, perhaps—not all."

"I am glad," said Deane. "You know that you are quite safe here, that I am taking you to your father at Athens. He has been searching for you ever since you were stolen by Abdul. We shall soon reach your father, and I shall hand you over to him; meanwhile, I hope you will be as happy as you can on board the ship."

"I am happy," she said. "I am glad to leave Abdul and Zorah. But do I remain long with my father?"

"Eh?" said Deane. "I don't quite understand—— Of course, you will remain with him—live with him always."

"Oh!" she said, with obvious surprise and almost as obvious a disappointment. "Zorah told me that you had bought me, Effendi."

Deane turned his head away to hide his embarrassment and dismay.

"That's a mistake," he said. "It was a ruse—a trick. Christians do not hold slaves."

"But I am your wife; I belong to you, am your property!" she said, looking puzzled. "You said so on the quay—if you remember."

"That also was a necessary subterfuge," said poor Deane. "We should not have got off unless I had said so. Pray do not distress

"THE TURKISH GIRL IN HER ALL-CONCEALING ROBE AND VEIL HAD DISAPPEARED, AND IN HER PLACE WAS A GRACEFUL YOUNG LADY, ATTIRED IN THE LAST THING IN THE WAY OF FROCKS!"

yourself; I assure you I have no claim whatever to you—you are quite free."

She regarded him gravely and in silence for a moment or two, during which Deane was troubled by various emotions, amongst which was the absurd desire that he had really bought her; then she said:—

"May I wear my veil again?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "Your father is an Englishman, as you may be aware; you are English; and English women do not wear the yashmak. I can quite understand your missing it; but you will get used to going without it presently."

"I only desire it because I wish to cover my face—because it has not found favour in your sight, Effendi."

Deane groaned inwardly, and passed his hand across his brow to wipe away the perspiration which had started to it.

"I—er—think you'd better go down to the state-room, Zela, and get some rest; get to bed early, in fact," he said.

She made the Turkish sign of submission and obedience, and turned at once; but Deane could not let her go like that.

"You mustn't do that any more, Zela," he said. "English people say 'Good night' and—er—shake hands—like this."

He took her little hand in his and held it—perhaps pressed it. She regarded the operation with a smile of amusement.

"It is very curious," she said; "but it is rather nice. That is because it is English, no doubt."

"No doubt," stammered Deane.

He spent the greater portion of that night on deck, trying to persuade himself that he was not in love with Sir Gordon Trafforde's newly-found daughter, and failing. Before many hours had passed—say, about lunch-time—Mrs. Selwyn had discovered his secret, and, with the zest of a born match-maker, easily contrived to throw the two young people together; she invariably happened to have something to do in her state-room when Deane and Zela were on deck, and was always pining for fresh air when they were in the saloon.

Deane kept the yacht cruising about until the day Sir Gordon had said he would be in Athens, and as that day approached he began to grow extremely unhappy; and his unhappiness was so manifest to Zela that she, perhaps from sympathy with so kind a friend and protector, likewise grew miserable. On the night before the day of their arrival at Piræus, the port for Athens, Deane tried to cheer up and impart an air of rejoicing to the situation.

"You will see your father to-morrow, Zela," he said, as they sat side by side on the deck, watching a newly-born moon timidly introducing itself to the stars.

"Yes," she assented, without any sign of enthusiasm, and somewhat sadly.

"You will be very glad?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with patent resignation. "Will he take me away at once?"

"I don't know," replied Deane, slowly, and feeling as if someone had laid a cold hand on his heart. "I should imagine he would take you to England. He is a very wealthy man, very important and powerful—a Bey. You are a rich man's daughter. You will have horses and carriages, live in a fine house, wear beautiful dresses and jewels like Mrs. Selwyn, and the rest of it. I expect you will enjoy it all very much."

"It will be seen. Allah is great and knows all, and Mohammed is His prophet," she said, rather listlessly. "And will you go to England, Leonard?"

Deane had told her to call him by his Christian name, and until her lips had first formed it he had no idea that any man's name could be so musical.

"I don't know; I think not. I may take the yacht somewhere."

"I think it is getting cold," she remarked, drawing her shawl across her face. "I will go and keep Mrs. Selwyn company."

"She doesn't want you—I mean she is playing the piano and practising some songs. Why should you leave me alone? You will leave me altogether presently, you know."

"But I think I am cold," she said, turning her face away, and she went below.

The following day Deane took Zela to the hotel in Athens, left her in an ante-room, and went up to Sir Gordon's private rooms. Deane's face is an expressive one, and Sir Gordon, as he rose from his chair to welcome him, stopped short and gazed at him fixedly.

"You have something to tell me, Mr. Deane?" he said, with suppressed agitation. "Forgive me—one moment." He pressed his hand to his heart, then signed to Deane to speak.

Deane told his story, and a few minutes later took Zela to her father's arms, and returned alone to the yacht, feeling as if he had parted with everything that made life worth living.

He had proposed sailing at once, but Sir Gordon had implored him to remain in the harbour—at any rate until the next day; and the following morning Sir Gordon came on board. Of course, he looked a changed man, but he did not appear to be thoroughly happy, and as he grasped Deane's hand he regarded him with a wistful expression.

"Once more, Deane, I will not attempt to express my gratitude to you," he said, rather huskily. "You have saved my life, you have restored to me the child for whom I have been searching all these years. No man living could properly acknowledge, much less pay, such a debt; and I have not come with any hope of doing so. But—Deane, my heart is full, and I must lay it open to you; between us two there can be no reservation, no lack of sympathy. You cannot wonder that I should regard you as a son, and as a father I speak to you now. You have given me back my child, but—but only a part of her! She is with me, but her heart—— Deane, filial instinct has already made her fond of me, but I have left her in tears. In tears! She is young, innocent, unsophisticated; she is but a child still; she grieves—she weeps. She speaks as if she considers that she is bound to you in some way; she says something of having been sold to you. The poor child is in great distress."

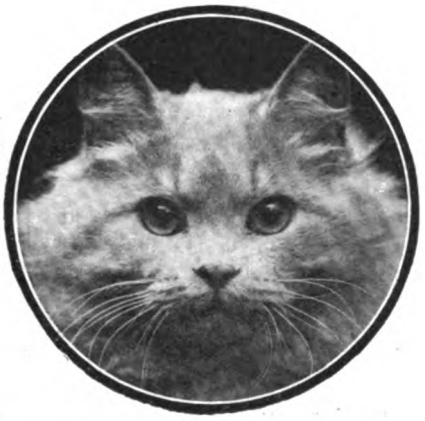
Deane was white about the lips, as was usual with him when he was deeply moved or excited.

"I am in the same plight as Zela—Miss Trafforde," he said; "but I haven't the relief of tears. I love your daughter, Sir Gordon, with all my heart and soul. I couldn't tell her so until I had asked your consent. I would have asked you for it last night; but it would have been a cruel thing to ask you to give her to me the moment you had got her back; besides, I never thought she—she cared for me in that way. Will you let me claim the title you have given me? Will you let me go back with you?"

Sir Gordon laid his hand on Deane's shoulder and pressed it; his lips were smiling, but his eyes were dim.

"Go back alone, my dear fellow! I will wait on board here for—you both."

MY BEST CAT STORY.

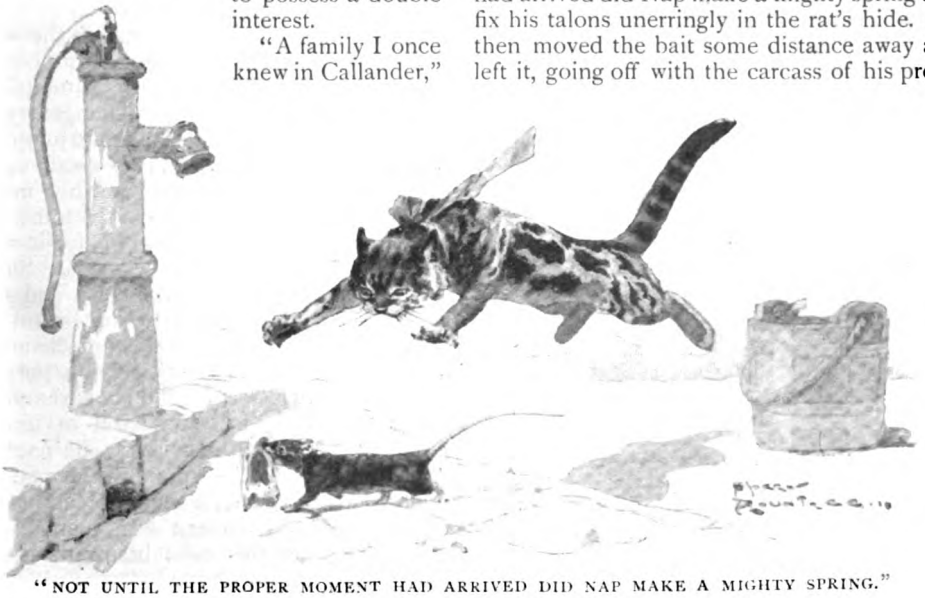


A Symposium of Cat-Lovers and Cat-Fanciers.

HOW many astonishing stories have been told of the courage and the sagacity of dogs! For every story concerning a cat it is safe to say there are ten relating to a dog, which is rather extraordinary when you come to think of it, considering that there are people who opine that cats are far cleverer than their sworn enemies, the canine creation. Not only that, there are, it is said, four times as many cats as dogs. There are six hundred thousand cats in London alone. Does not that argue a greater popularity for the cat?

At all events, the question of the best cat story extant must interest a very wide circle of readers. Every cat-lover doubtless has his own favourite story, but the anecdotes of those who are notably, and in some cases almost exclusively, occupied with cats ought to possess a double interest.

"A family I once knew in Callander," writes LADY LVALL, "owned a tom-cat of striking character, to whom they gave, and not undeservedly, the name of Nap. I cannot recall, for they were so numerous, all the instances of Nap's extraordinary sagacity, but there is one which exhibits his generalship in a strong light. While the cook was off her guard the cat appropriated a piece of meat, and was just making off when cook saw him. Intending to catch and punish him she instantly followed on tip-toe. She saw him go to a corner of the yard where there was a rat-hole, and, instead of eating it himself, place the morsel of meat by the side of the hole. Nap then deliberately marched away a few steps and, hiding himself, awaited developments. These were not long coming, in the shape of a large rat. Nap was instantly on the *qui vive*. The rat began to labour with the piece of meat, but not until the proper moment had arrived did Nap make a mighty spring and fix his talons unerringly in the rat's hide. He then moved the bait some distance away and left it, going off with the carcass of his prey."



"NOT UNTIL THE PROPER MOMENT HAD ARRIVED DID NAP MAKE A MIGHTY SPRING."

"The cat story I like best," according to MR. LOUIS WAIN, who is not only an inimitable delineator of cats but one of their closest students, "is that in which figure a well-known monastery, a cat, and a dinner-bell. At a certain hour each day the bell was rung, and the monks and Grimalkin marched into the refectory and dined in company. One day, however, the cat was locked in a room at the other end of the building when dinner was announced. Later in the afternoon, when she was released, she darted straightway to the refectory. Lo and behold! it was filled with bare tables only. In a few moments a loud summons from the dinner-bell startled the monks at their devotions. A number of them came hurrying to the spot, to find the cat swinging, suspended on the bell-rope. It was the soundest feline logic; there was never any dinner without bell-ringing, therefore one had only to ring the bell to produce dinner."

It is alleged against cats that they are not "sportsmen"; but MRS. BURSTALL, the well-known exhibitor, of Bury St. Edmunds, sends THE STRAND an anecdote to disprove this. Her big Persian, Little Black Sambo, was very fond of sparrow-flesh, but far fonder of catching the birds. After a time the amusement seemed to pall, probably owing to a plentifulness of sparrows. Having become an adept at the sport, he was filled with a new ambition. The sight of two sparrows fighting invariably attracted him. He had a long time to wait, but one day his chance came under his mistress's eye. Leaping from a window noiselessly at the proper moment, he sprang into the air and caught both birds, one in each paw. After dispatching both he stalked into the house with the air of a champion revolver-shot who is able to bring down his prey with both hands, and expected to be made a great deal of. And he was.

MRS. BURSTALL'S CAT—LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.

"We noticed once," continues Mrs. Burstall, "that our daily newspaper had acquired a habit of disappearing soon after it was left at the house; and, though carefully searched for in all the likely places, it could never be found. At last, one day I observed the cat opening a cupboard-door with one paw, and I helped her, as it was rather stiff, and there inside I discovered all the missing newspapers, torn up into shreds to make a cosy bed for her kittens. The cat was not satisfied with the bed provided for her, which was a basket in a cupboard in the pantry, but each day for about a week she carried whole newspapers to a cupboard in the dining-room, there proceeding to make a bed more to her liking."

MRS. P. MILLAR, a frequent Crystal Palace exhibitor, sends us the following contribution: "One member of my cattery, which was nicknamed the 'Devil,' had an extraordinary musical taste, and was known as my musical cat. I do not mean that she would sit on the tiles during the small hours of the night and sing 'Meet Me By Moonlight Alone,' but that music, instrumental or vocal, had a strange fascination for her, wherever she might be, if anyone sang or played upon a musical instrument. As a kitten she delighted to sit on the piano-keys by herself and gently pat them up and down. As she grew older she would invariably sit down beside my daughter during her practising as if fascinated. When the music ceased she would emit a prolonged wailing cry, and if no notice was taken she would climb upon the player's shoulder, giving vent to her strange cry and loudly purring. Finally she would jump upon the keys of the piano and play a walk up and down. 'Braga's Serenata' was my musical cat's favourite tune, and had the same effect as the call of the cat's-meat man; it would at once bring her upon the scene. Singing had the same effect upon her; and when I began to sing she would bound into my lap and express her appreciation by rolling and rubbing and purring until the purr became a scream. To show she wanted more music she had the habit of biting at my chin, as being the nearest she could get to the source of the sounds. Her taste for music was, of course, a source of amusement to friends and callers. In many ways I considered her the most brainy cat I have had, as she in other ways displayed distinct

individuality of a superior kind. When her kittens were babies she had her own sanctuary for them in the kitchen, and woe betide any cat who would venture inside. During the kitten period she was very savage; but when that stage had passed nothing delighted her more than to gather together all the kittens she could lay her paws on and clean and nurse them on the lawn whilst their various mothers would be airing. One of her tricks used to cause much amusement, not only to members of my family but to herself apparently. This was the deft appropriating to herself, as she sat by my husband's left hand at meals, of the contents of his fork which he was conveying to his mouth. She would snatch the meat by her claws and put it in her mouth."

"My grandmother," writes MISS LOUDOUN, herself the owner of several prize cats, "owned a fine cat whose leg got damaged by the wheel of a perambulator. Of course, a great fuss was made over the injured limb, and nothing was too good for Richard. Milk, with a strong infusion of rich cream, was a favourite form of sympathy. Everyone noticed that the leg was a long time healing, but at last the surgeon declared it perfectly healed. Off his guard, Richard used to scamper and play, but the moment he saw my grandmother coming with a saucer of milk, up would come his paw from the ground and he would hobble about on three legs as if in great pain. He knew how sympathetic she was, but he never tried the ruse on other members of the family."

MRS. F. W. WESTERN, of Sandy, tells an interesting story of how a cat's fidelity averted a possible disaster. She says:—

"'A cat is a cat whose chief interest is his own comfort—two for himself and one for his fond mistress.' Is it not the opinion of a great many people who do not interest themselves in the study of poor puss? I hope the following story will do much to show how very wrong these people are, and in some way help to create a kindlier feeling towards the so-often-despised little animal, who, when occasion arises, uses to the utmost of its ability the intellect God has given it to aid those to whom it is devoted.

"THE MOMENT HE SAW MY GRANDMOTHER COMING WITH A SAUCER OF MILK UP WOULD COME HIS PAW FROM THE GROUND."

"It has always been my custom to give my little girl Winnie a final 'Good night' kiss before retiring for the night, and on this particular occasion she was sleeping in a

separate bed in the maid's room. Beppo, the great pet of the family, and especially devoted to Winnie, was a lovely imported Siamese cat, who always slept at the foot of Winnie's bed. As usual, I lit the candle placed on the chest of drawers just inside the room, and finding the maid, Winnie, and Beppo sound asleep, went out of the room, leaving the door half open for Beppo's convenience. About two o'clock my husband and I were startled with cries of 'Fire!' from the maid, and, rushing into her room, discovered to my dismay that I had forgotten to blow the candle out. The melted wax had ignited, catching the draperies around it, and huge flames were reaching to the ceiling. But for the timely aid of Beppo, the result would have indeed been serious. Beppo, smelling danger, had jumped from Winnie's bed on to the maid's chest, and, with yells as only Siamese can produce, pawed her face vigorously, and her alarming cries woke the girl. As we entered the room, and while extinguishing the flames, we still heard Beppo yelling from under the bed, but the noise stopped as danger fled. Little wonder is it that the main subject for several days was Beppo's fidelity, especially by the maid, who could think of nothing else. No money would have tempted us to part with our dear Beppo—nothing but death *could* part us."

Mrs. Western also tells the following story of a friendship between a cat and a dog:—

"It is eleven years since I possessed a little half-bred Manx, whose pet name was Tipsy Ann, and much of my present enthusiasm originated from the win of a third prize by Tipsy Ann at some very small show. Tipsy Ann had not been in my possession long before I discovered her to be a very intelligent cat. She was intensely fond of Toby, the fox-terrier dog, who, in spite of his devotion to Tipsy Ann, was a terror to all other cats. The two were constant friends, and shared the same cosy bed in a large hamper in an adjoining barn. It happened, however, much to the grief and dismay of poor Toby, on one occasion, that a separate bed had to be found for him elsewhere and the barn door kept closed for a day or two. I could not help noticing during these two days that the two held constant whispered conversations under the barn door, as I repeatedly found Master Toby intent on listening and Tipsy Ann intent on purring all her news to him. It was only on these occasions that she would leave her babies, for she absolutely refused to come out of her hamper to be fed, and yet she pleadingly gazed into my face, mewing loudly all the time. I could see she wanted to have a chat with Toby, and at once opened the barn door. Toby, wagging his tail joyfully and licking the babies, allowed Tipsy Ann to rub her head against his; and, understanding her significant purr, stood back whilst she jumped out of the hamper and watched him take her place by the side of the kittens. In this way Toby kept the babies warm until their devoted mother had enjoyed her hitherto refused meal. This incident occurred for several days, Toby taking great care that they were in no way molested until they could well take care of themselves."

Miss Beardsley ("Auntie Nell") sends us a true incident in the life of a short-haired north-country brown tabby cat: "Flick never would kill a mouse; and, strange to say, at two different houses we had a mouse in the garden who used to come out and play with him, and, when tired, would go into their holes. They seemed to play hide-and-seek amongst the ferns, and were quite at home with the cat.

"The same cat came to me one day after he had been fed and worried me to go with him to the larder for more fish, and refused to eat it, but took me into the garden and there disappeared. I went into the kitchen to watch, and shortly he reappeared with a mangy, thin, half-starved, dreadful-looking cat, to whom he showed the fish, I suppose, for it came and eagerly ate it up, while Flick sat a little distance off, watching it. We then always put food out, till that stray became a fine cat. But I suppose it told others, for in a few days we had three or four more."

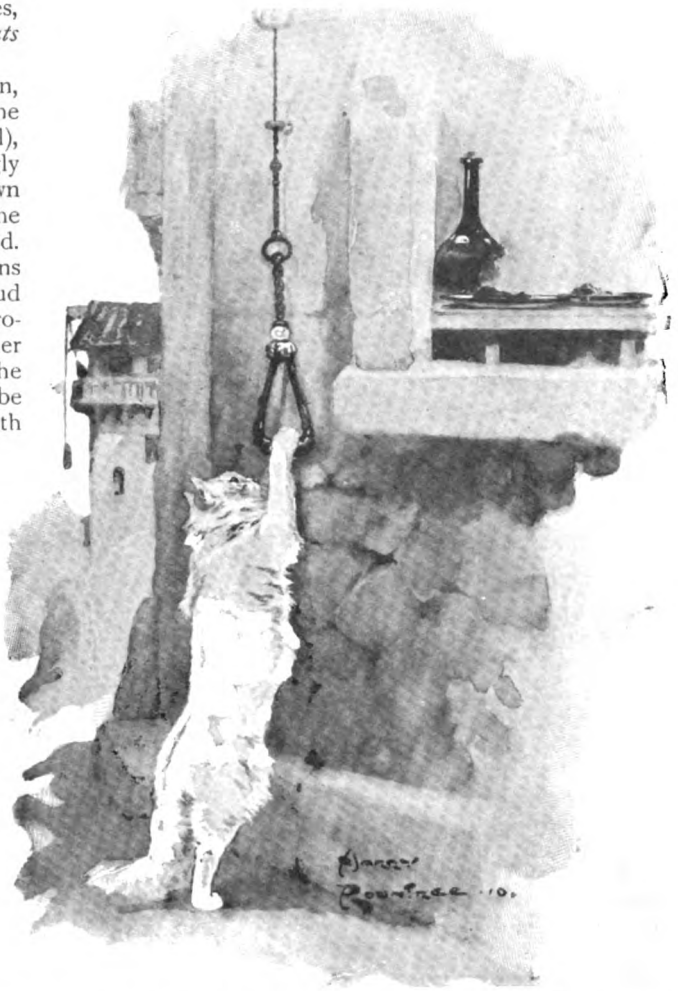
Miss Chamberlayne, of Southall, writes: "A lady I know once owned a pet cat that every morning came up into her bedroom; and when she got into her bath the cat proceeded to jump in and splashed about, with evident delight and amusement. This is quite true.

"I have myself owned a large brown tabby Persian, whose chief delight was to get soaked through in the rain or very wet grass; and, when a young cat, if missing, he was generally found playing with some puddle, patting the water and scooping it up with his paws.

"Cats are extremely faithful when they really know you; they never, never forget; and the love and unselfishness are more approaching the human than in any other animal."

The feline world has its organ as well as other communities, and the EDITOR of *Our Cats* contributes the following :—

"A beautiful chinchilla queen, Ashbrittle Pearl (daughter of the late His Majesty of Whitehall), recently had a family snugly kennelled in the room known as the 'cat kitchen,' where the food for the animals is prepared. The other day, when these kittens were nearly three weeks old, loud cries of distress were heard proceeding from Pearl and her progeny, and on hastening to the door the room was found to be full of dense smoke, and with a most disagreeable and alarming smell of burning; so thick, indeed, was the smoke that it was difficult to cross the room to open the window. Pearl flew forward with a cry of joy and brought out a kitten soaking wet, and when the smoke cleared slightly the other kittens — for whom Pearl returned — were all found to have been placed by their mother in the milk bowl, as she evidently considered they were less likely to be burnt or smothered there. The cause of the fracas was the attendant having been called away and detained, during which time the food on the fire had burnt dry, the bottom of the pan being burnt out and the food reduced to cinders. Of course, the little things were carefully dried and warmed at the fire, and happily suffered no ill-effects from their milk bath."



"THE CAT ADOPTED THE PLAN OF RINGING THE BELL HERSELF."

A successful breeder, MR. R. G. MIVART, of Edinburgh, writes: "The best cat story I know is that of a cat belonging to a well-known theological seminary. This sagacious animal discovered that when a certain bell rang the cook left the kitchen to answer it, leaving a number of dishes ready to be served unprotected. The cat, apparently after much reflection, adopted the plan of ringing the bell herself, not a difficult feat, considering the handle hung outside the kitchen window, but requiring great agility, after doing so, to leap through the window and get back unobserved. The plan was so successful that it was conducted for some time undetected, although in the meantime two or three servants had been suspected of purloining the food, and one of them punished. Say what you will, this was certainly a cat with brains, if not one with morals."

"A good deal has been said and written," writes LADY HARRIS, "concerning the cruelty of cats, especially towards mice and similar vermin. But I have owned many cats which were not in the least cruel to such animals as they caught, and never 'rejoiced in their sufferings,' to use the language of a professed dog-lover. I once nursed a fine tortoiseshell male

"ONE OF THEM IN A KIND OF PANIC TRIED TO STRIKE AT IT."

cat, a rare kind, through a long illness, during which time it would hardly ever accept food save from my own hand. Some months after it had completely recovered I myself fell ill. For a full fortnight I was not allowed even to see Charley or to have him in my room. But one morning, after stroking him languidly for a few minutes, much to his delight, he disappeared, and was gone for some hours. When he returned he bore a fat mouse in his jaws, which he gravely deposited on my bed. The next day he did the same, and no doubt exists in my mind that Charley fondly imagined he was bringing me dainties suitable to an invalid's consumption. I wouldn't have discouraged him for the world, but I learnt afterwards the nurse did, so that I have no notion how many marks of Charley's gratitude and sympathy were brought to my door."

A lifelong cat-fancier, MR. E. R. MONTAGU, sends us the following as the most striking cat story he has ever heard:—

"There was a murder of a woman at Lyons. When the police came and inspected the body, which lay in a pool of blood, one of them drew attention to a large white cat on the top of a cupboard. The eyes of the cat were fastened on its murdered mistress with an expression of terror. No attempt was made to disturb it, and the cat was still there motionless the next morning. During the day the detectives brought in two suspected persons. They had scarcely entered the room when the cat sprang up, with bristling fur and glaring eyes, and, descending to the floor, began acting in the most astonishing manner. Both the suspected persons turned pale, and one of them in a kind of panic tried to strike at it. The cat then disappeared. A short time afterwards one of the murderers made a confession, in which the cat figured as the only witness of the crime which he and his companion had perpetrated. Both men were executed. This story was, I believe, authenticated by the late Mr. Frederic Myers."

There are numerous stories of dogs rearing kittens and cats rearing puppies, a number of which have been sent us. But MR. A. PACKETT, one of the best-known fanciers in the South of England, tells us of a cat which took a great fancy to another species of small quadruped. A friend of his near Eastbourne ploughed up a nest of young hares, unhappily killing the mother in so doing. Someone thought of putting the infant leverets under the care of a greengrocer's cat. Pussy took to them at once, and, as an advertisement, the greengrocer placed the happy family in his window. This was resented by the foster-mother, who promptly hid her foster-young as cats do their kittens, and nothing would induce her to allow them to be shown off. After a time the hares were turned down on a farm and the nurse was inconsolable. She had developed a greater love for hares than she probably would have done for her own kittens, while her disgust (or is it grief?) at the sight and smell of a dead hare is surprising to all who witness it."

THE YOUNG LEVERETS AND THEIR FOSTER-MOTHER.

The Man Upstairs

by P. G. Wodehouse

THERE were three distinct stages in the evolution of Annette Brougham's attitude towards the knocking in the room above. In the beginning it had been merely a vague discomfort. Absorbed in the composition of her waltz, she had heard it almost subconsciously. The second stage set in when it became a physical pain like red-hot pincers wrenching her mind from her music. Finally, with a thrill of indignation, she knew it for what it was—an insult. The unseen brute disliked her playing, and was intimating his views with a boot-heel.

Defiantly, with her foot on the loud pedal, she struck—almost slapped—the keys once more.

"Bang!" from the room above. "Bang! Bang!"

Annette rose. Her face was pink, her chin tilted. Her eyes sparkled with the light of battle. She left the room and started to mount the stairs. No spectator, however just, could have helped feeling a pang of pity for the wretched man who stood unconscious of imminent doom, possibly even triumphant, behind the door at which she was on the point of tapping.

"Come in!" cried the voice, rather a pleasant voice; but what is a pleasant voice if the soul be vile?

Annette went in. The room was a typical Chelsea studio, scantily furnished and lacking a carpet. In the centre was an easel, behind which were visible a pair of trousered legs. A cloud of grey smoke was curling up over the top of the easel.

"I beg your pardon," began Annette.

"I don't want any models at present," said the Brute. "Leave your card on the table."

"I am not a model," said Annette, coldly. "I merely came——"

At this the Brute emerged from his fortifications and, removing his pipe from his mouth, jerked his chair out into the open.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

How reckless is Nature in the distribution of her gifts! Not only had this black-hearted knocker on floors a pleasant voice, but, in addition, a pleasing exterior. He was slightly dishevelled at the moment, and his hair stood up in a disordered mop; but, in spite of these drawbacks, he was quite passably good-looking. Annette admitted this. Though wrathful, she was fair.

"I thought it was another model," he explained. "They've been coming in at the rate of ten an hour ever since I settled here. I didn't object at first, but after about the eightieth child of sunny Italy had shown up it began to get on my nerves."

Annette waited coldly till he had finished.

"I am sorry," she said, in a this-is-where-you-get-yours voice, "if my playing disturbed you."

One would have thought nobody but an Eskimo wearing his furs and winter underclothing could have withstood the iciness of her manner; but the Brute did not freeze.

"I am sorry," repeated Annette, well below zero, "if my playing disturbed you. I live in the room below, and I heard you knocking."

"No, no," protested the young man, affably; "I like it. Really I do."

"Then why knock on the floor?" said Annette, turning to go. "It is so bad for my ceiling," she said over her shoulder. "I thought you would not mind my mentioning it. Good afternoon."

"No; but one moment. Don't go."

She stopped. He was surveying her with

a friendly smile. She noticed most reluctantly that he had a nice smile. His composure began to enrage her more and more. Long ere this he should have been writhing at her feet in the dust, crushed and abject.

"You see," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but it's like this. I love music, but—what I mean is, you weren't playing a *tune*. It was just the same bit over and over again."

"I was trying to get a phrase," said Annette, with dignity, but less coldly. In spite of herself she was beginning to thaw. There was something singularly attractive about this shock-headed youth.

"A phrase?"

"Of music. For my waltz. I am composing a waltz."

A look of such unqualified admiration overspread the young man's face that the last remnants of the ice-pack melted. For the first time since they had met Annette found herself positively liking this blackguardly floor-smiter.

"Can you compose music?" he said, impressed.

"I have written one or two songs."

"It must be great to be able to do things—artistic things, I mean, like composing."

"Well, you do, don't you? You paint."

The young man shook his head with a cheerful grin.

"I fancy," he said, "I should make a pretty good house-painter. I want scope. Canvas seems to cramp me."

It seemed to cause him no discomfort. He appeared rather amused than otherwise.

"Let me look."

She crossed over to the easel.

"I shouldn't," he warned her. "You really want to? Is this not mere recklessness? Very well, then."

To the eye of an experienced critic the picture would certainly have seemed crude. It was a study of a dark-eyed child holding a large black cat. Statisticians estimate that there is no moment during the day when one or more young artists somewhere on the face of the globe are not painting pictures of children holding cats.

"I call it 'Child and Cat,'" said the young man. "Rather a neat title, don't you think? Gives you the main idea of the thing right away. That," he explained, pointing obligingly with the stem of his pipe, "is the cat."

Annette belonged to that large section of the public which likes or dislikes a picture according to whether its subject happens to please or displease them. Probably there was not one of the million or so child-and-cat eyesores at present in existence which she would not have liked. Besides, he had been very nice about her music.

"I think it's splendid," she announced.

The young man's face displayed almost more surprise than joy.

"Do you really?" he said. "Then I can die happy—that is, if you'll let me come down and listen to those songs of yours first."

"You would only knock on the floor," objected Annette.

"I'll never knock on another floor as long as I live," said the ex-Brute, reassuringly. "I hate knocking on floors. I don't see what people want to knock on floors *for*, anyway."

Friendships ripen quickly in Chelsea. Within the space of an hour and a quarter Annette had learned that the young man's name was Alan Beverley (for which Family Heraldic affliction she pitied rather than despised him), that he did not depend entirely on his work for a living, having a little money of his own, and that he considered this a fortunate thing. From the very beginning of their talk he pleased her. She found him an absolutely new and original variety of the unsuccessful painter. Unlike Reginald Sellers, who had a studio in the same building, and sometimes dropped in to drink her coffee and pour out his troubles, he did not attribute his non-success to any malice or stupidity on the part of the public. She was so used to hearing Sellers lash the Philistine and hold forth on unappreciated merit that she could hardly believe the miracle when, in answer to a sympathetic bromide on the popular lack of taste in Art, Beverley replied that, as far as he was concerned, the public showed strong good sense. If he had been striving with every nerve to win her esteem, he could not have done it more surely than with that one remark. Though she invariably listened with a sweet patience which encouraged them to continue long after the point at which she had begun in spirit to throw things at them, Annette had no sympathy with men who whined. She herself was a fighter. She hated as much as anyone the sickening blows which Fate hands out to the struggling and ambitious; but she never made them the basis of a monologue act. Often, after a dreary trip round the offices of the music-publishers, she would howl bitterly in secret, and even gnaw her pillow in the watches of the night; but in public her pride kept her unvaryingly bright and cheerful.

To-day, for the first time, she revealed

"'I CALL IT "CHILD AND CAT,"' SAID THE YOUNG MAN."

something of her woes. There was that about the mop-headed young man which invited confidences. She told him of the stony-heartedness of music-publishers, of the difficulty of getting songs printed unless you paid for them, of their wretched sales.

"But those songs you've been playing," said Beverley, "they've been published?"

"Yes, those three. But they are the only ones."

"And didn't they sell?"

"Hardly at all. You see, a song doesn't sell unless somebody well known sings it. And people promise to sing them, and then don't keep their word. You can't depend on what they say."

"Give me their names," said Beverley, "and I'll go round to-morrow and shoot the whole lot. But can't you do anything?"

"Only keep on keeping on."

"I wish," he said, "that any time you're feeling blue about things you would come up and pour out the poison on me. It's no good bottling it up. Come up and tell me about it, and you'll feel ever so much better. Or let me come down. Any time things aren't going right just knock on the ceiling."

She laughed.

"Don't rub it in," pleaded Beverley. "It isn't fair. There's nobody so sensitive as a reformed floor-knocker. You will come up or let me come down, won't you? Whenever I have that sad, depressed feeling, I go out and kill a policeman. But you wouldn't care for that. So the only thing for you to do is to knock on the ceiling. Then I'll come charging down and see if there's anything I can do to help."

"You'll be sorry you ever said this."

"I won't," he said, stoutly.

"If you really mean it, it *would* be a relief," she admitted. "Sometimes I'd give all the money I'm ever likely to make for someone to shriek my grievances at. I always think it must have been so nice for the people in the old novels, when they used to say: 'Sit down and I will tell you the story of my life.' Mustn't it have been heavenly?"

"Well," said Beverley, rising, "you know where I am if I'm wanted. Right up there where the knocking came from."

"Knocking?" said Annette. "I remember no knocking."

"Would you mind shaking hands?" said Beverley.

A particularly maddening hour with one of her pupils drove her up the very next day. Her pupils were at once her salvation and her despair. They gave her the means of supporting life, but they made life hardly worth supporting. Some of them were learning the piano. Others thought they sang. All had solid ivory skulls. There was about a teaspoonful of grey matter distributed among the entire squad, and the pupil Annette had been teaching that afternoon had come in at the tail-end of the division.

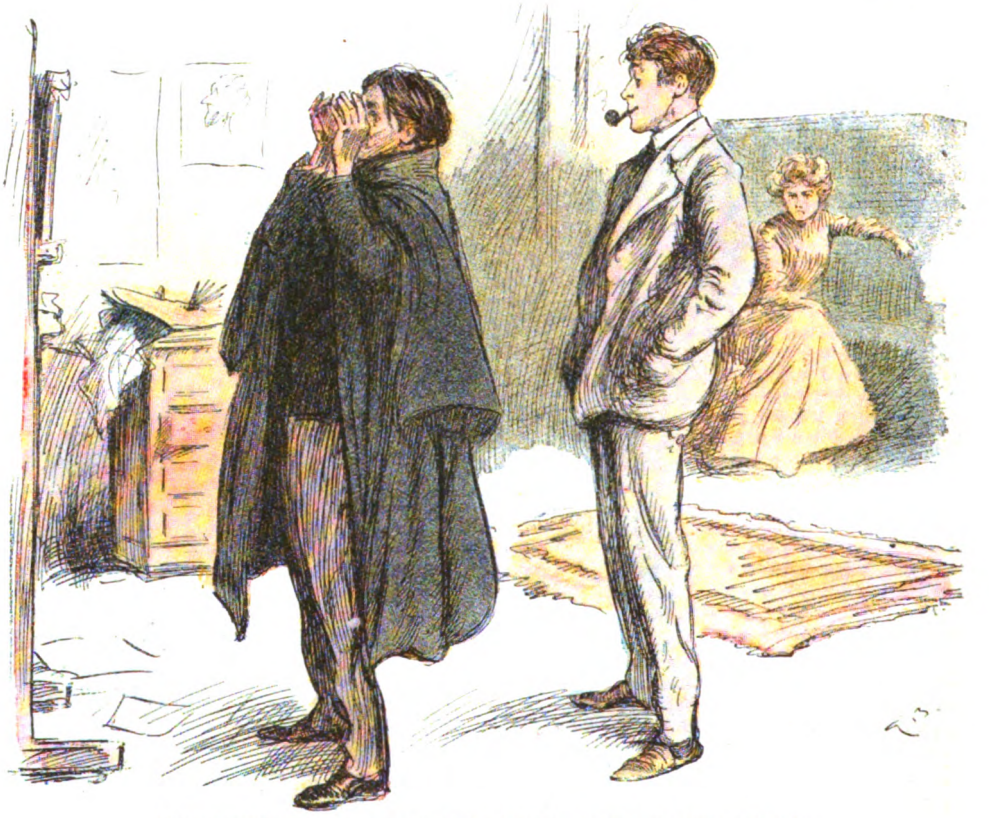
In the studio with Beverley she found Reginald Sellers, standing in a critical attitude before the easel. She was not very fond of him. He was a long, offensive, patronizing person, with a moustache that looked like a smear of charcoal, and a habit of addressing her as "Ah, little one!"

Beverley looked up.

"Have you brought your hatchet, Miss Brougham? If you have, you're just in time to join in the massacre of the innocents. Sellers has been smiting my child and cat hip and thigh. Look at his eye. There! Did you see it flash then? He's on the war-path again."

"My dear Beverley," said Sellers, rather stiffly, "I am merely endeavouring to give you my idea of the picture's defects. I am sorry if my criticism has to be a little harsh."

"Go right on," said Beverley, cordially. "Don't mind me; it's all for my good."



"HE STEPPED BACK A PACE AND MADE A FRAME OF HIS HANDS."

"Well, in a word, then, it is lifeless. Neither the child nor the cat lives."

He stepped back a pace and made a frame of his hands.

"The cat now," he said. "It is—how shall I put it? It has no—no—er——"

"That kind of cat wouldn't," said Beverley. "It isn't that breed."

"I think it's a dear cat," said Annette. She felt her temper, always quick, getting the better of her. She knew just how incompetent Sellers was, and it irritated her beyond

endurance to see Beverley's good-humoured acceptance of his patronage.

"At any rate," said Beverley, with a grin, "you both seem to recognize that it *is* a cat. You're solid on that point, and that's something, seeing I'm only a beginner."

"I know, my dear fellow; I know," said Sellers, graciously. "You mustn't let my criticism discourage you. Don't think that your work lacks promise. Far from it. I am sure that in time you will do very well indeed. Quite well."

A cold glitter might have been observed in Annette's eyes.

"Mr. Sellers," she said, smoothly, "had to work very hard himself before he reached his present position. You know his work, of course?"

For the first time Beverley seemed somewhat confused.

"I—er—why——" he began.

"Oh, but of course you do," she went on, sweetly. "It's in all the magazines."

Beverley looked at the great man with admiration, and saw that he had flushed uncomfortably. He put this down to the modesty of genius.

"In the advertisement pages," said Annette. "Mr. Sellers drew that picture of the Waukeesy Shoe and the Restawhile Settee and the tin of sardines in the Little Gem Sardine advertisement. He is very good at still life."

There was a tense silence. Beverley could almost hear the voice of the referee uttering the count.

"Miss Brougham," said Sellers at last, spitting out the words, "has confined herself to the purely commercial side of my work. There is another."

"Why, of course there is. You sold a landscape for five pounds only eight months ago, didn't you? And another three months before that."

It was the knock-out. Sellers bowed stiffly and stalked from the room.

Beverley picked up a duster and began slowly to sweep the floor with it.

"What are you doing?" demanded Annette, in a choking voice.

"The fragments of the wretched man," whispered Beverley. "They must be swept up and decently interred. You certainly have got the punch, Miss Brougham."

He dropped the duster with a startled exclamation, for Annette had suddenly burst into a flood of tears. With her face buried in her hands she sat in her chair and sobbed desperately.

"Good Lord!" said Beverley, blankly.

"I'm a cat! I'm a beast! I hate myself!"

"Good Lord!" said Beverley, blankly.

"I'm a pig! I'm a fiend!"

"Good Lord!" said Beverley, blankly.

"We're all struggling and trying to get on and having hard luck, and instead of doing what I can to help, I go and t-t-taunt him with not being able to sell his pictures! I'm not fit to live! *Oh!*"

"Good Lord!" said Beverley, blankly.

A series of gulping sobs followed, diminishing by degrees into silence. Presently she looked up and smiled, a moist and pathetic smile.

"I'm sorry," she said, "for being so stupid. But he was so horrid and patronizing to you, I couldn't help scratching. I believe I'm the worst cat in London."

"No, this is," said Beverley, pointing to the canvas. "At least, according to the late Sellers. But, I say, tell me, isn't the deceased a great artist, then? He came curveting in here with his chest out and started to slate my masterpiece, so I naturally said, 'What-ho! 'Tis a genius!' Isn't he?"

"He can't sell his pictures anywhere. He lives on the little he can get from illustrating advertisements. And I t-taunt——"

"*Please!*" cried Beverley, apprehensively.

She recovered herself with a gulp.

"I can't help it," she said, miserably. "I rubbed it in. Oh, it was hateful of me! But I was all on edge from teaching one of my awful pupils, and when he started to patronize you——"

She blinked.

"Poor devil!" said Beverley. "I never guessed. Good Lord!"

Annette rose.

"I must go and tell him I'm sorry," she said. "He'll snub me horribly, but I must."

She went out. Beverley lit a pipe and stood at the window looking thoughtfully down into the street.

It is a good rule in life never to apologize. The right sort of people do not want apologies, and the wrong sort take a mean advantage of them. Sellers belonged to the latter class. When Annette, meek, penitent, with all her claws sheathed, came to him and grovelled he forgave her with a repulsive magnanimity which in a less subdued mood would have stung her to renewed pugnacity. As it was, she allowed herself to be forgiven, and retired with a dismal conviction that from now on he would be more insufferable than ever.

Her surmise proved absolutely correct. His visits to the new-comer's studio began again, and Beverley's picture, now nearing completion, came in for criticism enough to have filled a volume. The good-humour with which he received it amazed Annette. She had no proprietary interest in the painting beyond what she acquired from a growing regard for its parent (which disturbed her a good deal when she had time to think of it); but there were moments when only the recollection of her remorse for her previous outbreak kept her from rending the critic. Beverley, however, appeared to have no artistic sensitiveness whatsoever. When Sellers savaged the cat in a manner which should have brought the S.P.C.A. down upon him, Beverley merely beamed. His long-sufferingness was beyond Annette's comprehension.

She began to admire him for it.

To make his position as critic still more impregnable, Sellers was now able to speak as one having authority. After years of floundering, his luck seemed at last to have turned. His pictures, which for months had lain at an agent's, careened like crippled battleships, had at length begun to find a market. Within the past two weeks three landscapes and an allegorical painting had sold for good prices; and under the influence of success he expanded like an opening floweret. When Epstein, the agent, wrote to say that the allegory had been purchased by a Glasgow plutocrat of the name of Bates for one hundred and sixty guineas, Sellers' views on Philistines and their crass materialism and lack of taste underwent a marked modification. He spoke with some friendliness of the man Bates.

"To me," said Beverley, when informed of the event by Annette, "the matter has a deeper significance. It proves that Glasgow has at last produced a sober man. No drinker would have dared face that allegory. The whole business is very gratifying."

Beverley himself was progressing slowly in the field of Art. He had finished the "Child and Cat," and had taken it to Epstein together with a letter of introduction from Sellers. Sellers' habitual attitude now was of the kindly celebrity who has arrived and wishes to give the youngsters a chance.

Since its departure Beverley had not done much in the way of actual execution. Whenever Annette came to his studio he was either sitting in a chair with his feet on the window-sill, smoking, or in the same attitude listening to Sellers' views on art. Sellers being on the up-grade, a man with many pounds to his credit in the bank, had more leisure now. He had given up his advertisement work, and was planning a great canvas—another allegorical work. This left him free to devote a good deal of time to Beverley, and he did so. Beverley sat and smoked through his harangues. He may have been listening, or he may not. Annette listened once or twice, and the experience had the effect of sending her to Beverley, quivering with indignation.

"Why do you *let* him patronize you like that?" she demanded. "If anybody came and talked to me like that about my music, I'd—I'd—I don't know what I'd do. Yes, even if he were really a great musician."

"Don't you consider Sellers a great artist, then, even now?"

"He seems to be able to sell his pictures, so I suppose they must be good; but nothing could give him the right to patronize you as he does."

"'My learned friend's manner would be intolerable in an emperor to a black-beetle,'" quoted Beverley. "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"If only you would sell a picture, too!"

"Ah! Well, I've done my part of the contract. I've delivered the goods. There the thing is at Epstein's. The public can't blame me if it doesn't sell. All they've got to do is to waltz in in their thousands and fight for it. And, by the way, talking of waltzes——"

"Oh, it's finished," said Annette, dispiritedly. "Published too, for that matter."

"Published! What's the matter, then? Why this drooping sadness? Why aren't you running around the square, singing like a bird?"

"Because," said Annette, "unfortunately, I had to pay the expenses of publication. It was only five pounds, but the sales haven't caught up with that yet. If they ever do, perhaps there'll be a new edition."

"And will you have to pay for that?"

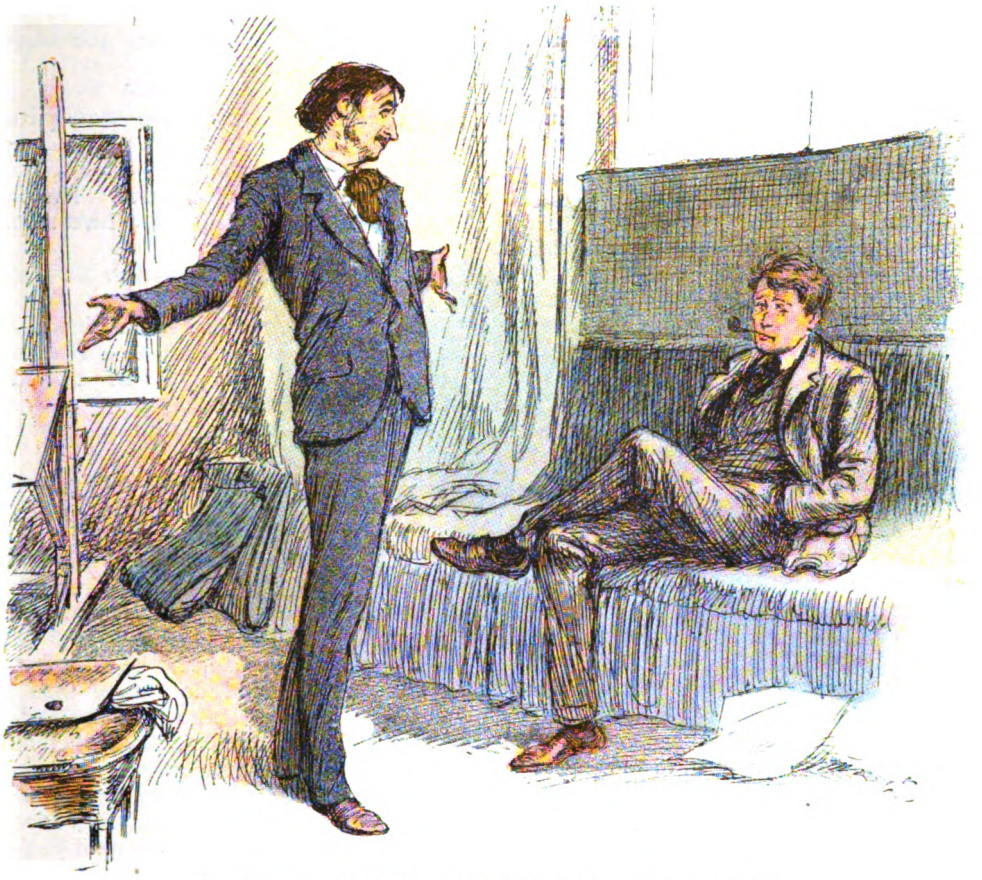
"No. The publishers would."

"Who are they?"

"Grusczinsky and Buchterkirch."

"Heavens, then what are you worrying about? The thing's a cert. A man with a name like Grusczinsky could sell a dozen editions by himself. Helped and inspired by Buchterkirch, he will make the waltz the talk of the country. Infants will croon it in their cots."

"He didn't seem to think so when I saw him last."



"BEVERLEY SAT AND SMOKED THROUGH HIS HARANGUES."

"Of course not. He doesn't know his own power. Grusczinsky's shrinking diffidence is a by-word in musical circles. He is the genuine Human Violet. You must give him time."

"I'll give him anything if he'll only sell an edition or two," said Annette.

The astounding thing was that he did. There seemed no particular reason why the sale of that waltz should not have been as small and as slow as that of any other waltz by an unknown composer. But almost without warning it expanded from a trickle into a flood. Grusczinsky, beaming paternally whenever Annette entered the shop—which was often—announced two new editions in a week. Beverley, his artistic growth still under the watchful eye of Sellers, said he had never had any doubts as to the success of the thing from the moment when a single phrase in it had so carried him away that he had been compelled to stamp his applause enthusiastically on the floor. Even Sellers forgot his own triumphs long enough to allow him to offer affable congratulations. And money came rolling in, smoothing the path of life.

Those were great days. There was a hat . . .

Life, in short, was very full and splendid. There was, indeed, but one thing which kept it from being perfect. The usual drawback to success is that it annoys one's friends so; but in Annette's case this drawback was absent. Sellers' demeanour towards her was that of an old-established inmate welcoming a novice into the Hall of Fame. Her pupils—worthy souls, though bone-headed—fawned upon her. Beverley seemed more pleased than anyone. Yet it was Beverley who prevented her paradise from being complete. Successful herself, she wanted all her friends to be successful; but Beverley,

to her discomfort, remained a cheery failure, and, worse, absolutely refused to snub Sellers. It was not as if Sellers' advice and comments were disinterested. Beverley was simply the instrument on which he played his songs of triumph. It distressed Annette to such an extent that now, if she went upstairs and heard Sellers' voice in the studio, she came down again without knocking.

One afternoon, sitting in her room, she heard the telephone-bell ring.

The telephone was on the stairs, just outside her door. She went out and took up the receiver.

"Halloa!" said a querulous voice. "Is Mr. Beverley there?"

Annette remembered having heard him go out. She could always tell his footstep.

"He is out," she said. "Is there any message?"

"Yes," said the voice, emphatically. "Tell him that Rupert Morrison rang up to ask what he was to do with all this great stack of music that's arrived. Does he want it forwarded on to him, or what?" The voice was growing high and excited. Evidently Mr. Morrison was in the state of nervous tension when a man does not care particularly who hears his troubles so long as he unburdens himself of them to someone.

"Music?" said Annette.

"Music!" shrilled Mr. Morrison. "Stacks and stacks and stacks of it. Is he playing a practical joke on me, or what?" he demanded, hysterically. Plainly he had now come to regard Annette as a legitimate confidante. She was listening. That was the main point. He wanted someone—he did not care whom—who would listen. "He lends me his rooms," wailed Mr. Morrison, "so that I can be perfectly quiet and undisturbed while I write my novel, and, first thing I know, this music starts to arrive. How can I be quiet and undisturbed when the floor's littered two yards high with great parcels of music, and more coming every day?"

Annette clung weakly to the telephone-box. Her mind was in a whirl, but she was beginning to see many things.

"Are you there?" called Mr. Morrison.

"Yes. What—what firm does the music come from?"

"What's that?"

"Who are the publishers who send the music?"

"I can't remember. Some long name. Yes, I've got it. Grusczinsky and someone."

"I'll tell Mr. Beverley," said Annette, quietly. A great weight seemed to have settled on her head.

"Halloa! Halloa! Are you there?" came Mr. Morrison's voice.

"Yes?"

"And tell him there are some pictures, too."

"Pictures?"

"Four great beastly pictures. The size of elephants. I tell you, there isn't room to move. And——"

Annette hung up the receiver.

Mr. Beverley, returned from his walk, was racing up the stairs three at a time in his energetic way, when, as he arrived at Annette's door, it opened.

"Have you a minute to spare?" said Annette.

"Of course. What's the trouble? Have they sold another edition of the waltz?"

"I have not heard, Mr.—Bates."

For once she looked to see the cheerful composure of the man upstairs become ruffled; but he received the blow without agitation.

"You know my name?" he said.

"I know a good deal more than your name. You are a Glasgow millionaire."

"It's true," he admitted, "but it's hereditary. My father was one before me."

"And you use your money," said Annette, bitterly, "creating fools' paradises for your friends, which last, I suppose, until you grow tired of the amusement and destroy them. Doesn't it ever strike you, Mr. Bates, that it's a little cruel? Do you think Mr. Sellers will settle down again cheerfully to hack-work when you stop buying his pictures, and he finds out that—that——"

"I sha'n't stop," said the young man. "If a Glasgow millionaire mayn't buy Sellers' allegorical pictures, whose allegorical pictures may he buy? Sellers will never find out. He'll go on painting and I'll go on buying, and all will be joy and peace."

"Indeed! And what future have you arranged for me?"

"You?" he said, reflectively. "I want to marry you."

Annette stiffened from head to foot. He met her blazing eye with a look of quiet devotion.

"Marry me?"

"I know what you are thinking," he said. "Your mind is dwelling on the prospect of living in a house decorated throughout with Sellers' allegorical pictures. But it won't be. We'll store them in the attic."

"'AND YOU USE YOUR MONEY,' SAID ANNETTE, BITTERLY, 'CREATING FOOLS' PARADISES FOR YOUR FRIENDS.'"

She began to speak, but he interrupted her.

"Listen!" he said. "Sit down and I will tell you the story of my life. We'll skip the first twenty-eight years and three months, merely mentioning that for the greater part of that time I was looking for somebody just like you. A month and nine days ago I found you. You were crossing the Embankment. I was also on the Embankment. In a taxi. I stopped the taxi, got out, and observed you just stepping into the Charing Cross Underground. I sprang——"

"This does not interest me," said Annette.

"The plot thickens," he assured her. "We left our hero springing, I think. Just so. Well, you took the West-end train and got off at Sloane Square. So did I. You crossed Sloane Square, turned up King's Road, and finally arrived here. I followed. I saw a notice up, 'Studio to Let.' I reflected that, having done a little painting in an amateur way, I could pose as an artist all right; so I took the studio. Also the name of Alan Beverley. My own is Bill Bates. I had often wondered what it would feel like to be called by some name like Alan Beverley or Cyril Trevelyan. It was simply the spin of the coin which decided me in favour of the former. Once in, the problem was how to get to know you. When I heard you playing I knew it was all right. I had only to keep knocking on the floor long enough——"

"Do — you — mean — to — tell — me" — Annette's voice trembled—"do you mean to tell me that you knocked that time simply to make me come up?"

"That was it. Rather a scheme, don't you think? And now, would you mind telling me how you found out that I had been buying your waltz? Those remarks of yours about fools' paradises were not inspired solely by the affairs of Sellers. But it beats me how you did it. I swore Rozinsky, or whatever his name is, to secrecy."

"A Mr. Morrison," said Annette, indifferently, "rang up on the telephone and asked me to tell you that he was greatly worried by the piles of music which were littering the rooms you lent him."

The young man burst into a roar of laughter.

"Poor old Morrison! I forgot all about him. I lent him my rooms at the Albany. He's writing a novel, and he can't work if the slightest thing goes wrong. It just shows——"

"Mr. Bates!"

"Yes?"

"Perhaps you didn't intend to hurt me I dare say you meant only to be kind. But—but—oh, can't you see how you have humiliated me? You have treated me like a child, giving me a make-believe success just to—just to keep me quiet, I suppose. You——"

He was fumbling in his pocket.

"May I read you a letter?" he said.

"A letter?"

"Quite a short one. It is from Epstein, the picture-dealer. This is what he says. 'Sir,' meaning me, not 'Dear Bill,' mind you — just 'Sir.' 'I am glad to be able to inform you that I have this morning received an offer of ten guineas for your picture, "Child and Cat." Kindly let me know if I am to dispose of it at this price.'"

"Well?" said Annette, in a small voice.

"I have just been to Epstein's. It seems that the purchaser is a Miss Brown. She gave an address in Bayswater. I called at the address. No Miss Brown lives there, but one of your pupils does. I asked her if she was expecting a parcel from Miss Brown, and she said that she had had your letter and quite understood and would take it in when it arrived."

"SHE LIFTED IT AND STABBED THREE TIMES AT THE CEILING."

Annette was hiding her face in her hands.

"Go away!" she said, faintly.

Mr. Bates moved a step nearer.

"Do you remember that story of the people on the island who eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing?" he asked, casually.

"Go away!" cried Annette.

"I've always thought," he said, "that it must have drawn them very close together — made them feel rather attached to each other. Don't you?"

"Go away!"

"I don't want to go away. I want to stay and hear you say you'll marry me."

"*Please* go away. I want to think."

She heard him moving towards the door. He stopped, then went on again. The door closed quietly. Presently from the room above came the sound of footsteps—footsteps pacing monotonously to and fro like those of an animal in a cage.

Annette sat listening. There was no break in the footsteps.

Suddenly she got up. In one corner of the room was a long pole, used for raising and lowering the window-sash. She took it, and for a moment stood irresolute. Then, with a quick movement, she lifted it and stabbed three times at the ceiling.

MY PICTURE-DEALING ADVENTURES.

By EMANUELE PONZONE.

The author of the following remarkable article has had a career of over forty years as a picture dealer and restorer in Florence, Milan, Rome, Paris, and London. During that period he has been concerned in the sale of several hundred pictures by the Old Masters, seven of which are at present in the National Gallery, two in the Wallace Collection, and two in the collection of the late Dr. Mond. The story of some of the canvases which have passed through his hands reads like a romance of adventure, in which the products of the Old Masters are substituted for jewels and bank-notes.

AMONGST the thousands who daily flock to the great European public and private collections of Old Masters few have any conception of the stirring history through which so many of the canvases have passed before they attained their present repose.

People talk of precious gems and metals as if these monopolized all the desperate adventure and romance, all the greed, crimes, and sufferings popularly associated with treasure, from the time they are taken out of the mine till the hour when they glitter resplendent on a princess's finger or in a prince's cabinet. But out of my long experience of picture-dealing I will undertake to match the story of any diamond or jewel in Europe with that of a Raphael, a Botticelli, Fra Angelico, or Titian. For more and more have wealth and competition raised the value of works of the old Italian masters, until they form the real treasure of many noble houses which have long since exchanged their jewels for paste in order to boast the glory of a private gallery of works of art.

A Shipwrecked Masterpiece—"The Last Judgment," by Fra Angelico.

Doubtless many of the Paris, London, or Viennese art dealers, if they chose to write, could narrate stories as singular and thrilling as mine, if not more so. But such as some of the latter are, I have no hesitation in giving them to the reader. Of their entire accuracy I, as well as numerous others, can vouch.

The first of the many picture-dealing adventures of my life was also almost, if not quite, the first picture transaction I was connected with. It concerned a rare Fra Angelico which my then employer, Signor Motti, had acquired from a mysterious source in Florence. One night a man, with a cloak half concealing his features, knocked at the door of his shop in the Via dei Fossi and inquired if Signor Motti restored pictures. After a little conversation he brought in a framed canvas, uncovered it, and asked my master his opinion of it. He was an Englishman, giving, as nearly as I can recollect, the name of Ferguson, and declared he had bought the picture from an old clothes and junk dealer on the other side of the Arno. Motti saw in a flash it was a rare example of Fra Angelico, a tempera, but heavily covered

with repeated coats of varnish; but he concealed his opinion, and asked his visitor if he wanted to sell it, as it was very dirty, and would require long and careful and rather risky treatment in order to make anything of it. In the end he offered him four hundred scudi for the picture; the owner accepted the offer and departed in the same mysterious manner the moment he had been paid the cash. I have always thought that picture was stolen property, but stolen from whom? The moment the man was gone my master was in ecstasies over his prize.

"But," said he, "it will be dangerous to attempt to sell it here. There is no Fra Angelico in the London Gallery. You must take it to London. I will give you a letter to the Director, for he has been here frequently." Of the letter he gave me I have kept a copy as follows:—

Cavaliere Eastlake, Director National Gallery, London.—I have just been entrusted with a magnificent example of Fra Angelico for sale. Its authenticity is unquestionable. I could easily obtain five thousand scudi (one thousand pounds) for it, but would prefer to sell it to the British nation for that sum.—(Signed) P. MOTTI.

Accordingly, three days later I set out with the picture to London. Of my adventures on the way I will not speak, but, travelling in a small sailing ship from Livorno, I nearly suffered shipwreck, and I got separated from the trunk containing my Fra Angelico for some hours owing to my illness at Gravesend. However, I got to London, found out Mr. Eastlake's house in Fitzroy Square, and presented my letter. The servant came back and said his master could not see me there, and that I must go to the Director's office in the National Gallery next morning. I went, and was obliged to leave the picture for three days. At the end of that time they told me to come and take it away. The price was too high, they had no funds, the pedigree was unsatisfactory, and they did not want a Fra Angelico, and so forth. I was miserable, not knowing what to do next, until I had made my report to Signor Motti. But at the Gallery a gentleman stepped out and asked me to drive home with him with my picture. It was the Director himself. He said if the nation could not buy it, he might do so himself. After a long consultation in Fitzroy Square, he finally offered me five hundred pounds. I said I could do nothing; the price demanded by the owner was double that sum. I did not give him my address in London, but wrote off to my employer. His answer arrived in ten days: "Accept Director's offer." I almost ran to Fitzroy Square, the picture under my arms. I rang the bell; again the servant opened the door, only to tell me that Mr. Eastlake had left London for Milan three days before. I resolved on the spot to follow him. I had very little money left; after paying for my travelling expenses home I could scarcely buy food. So I bought as much bread and cheese as I could beforehand and packed these in the trunk along with my Fra Angelico. But just before starting I got a letter from Motti, telling me to try Lord Hertford and several picture-buyers in Paris, and enclosing me a small sum of money. I did so, but Lord Hertford laughed at my Fra Angelico, said it was by some other painter, and was not worth a thousand francs. With a heavy heart I set out for Milan, sending my trunk containing the picture on in advance. On the train, before reaching the Italian frontier, I got into conversation with a Roman art student.

"Do you know," he said, "Eastlake, the Director of the London Gallery, is travelling by this train?"

I sprang to my feet in surprise. Getting out at the next station, I found the Director's carriage, and in ten minutes he had agreed to buy the Fra Angelico for twenty-five hundred scudi at Milan.

The offer being accepted, it was duly shipped to London from Genoa, and some time afterwards I heard that the steamer carrying it—the *Prince George*—had gone to the bottom. In her hold, besides the Fra Angelico, were several other pictures of great value. The Italian and English papers were full of the calamity, and I never expected to hear of my Fra Angelico again.*

But I did hear of it in the most astounding manner. Two years later, while at Genoa, engaged in picture-restoring, I heard that a couple of men wished to speak with me. I went down to them, and saw from their dress and speech they were sailors. One of them asked me if I knew of any patron who wished to buy an old picture or two. There seemed something mysterious about the affair, but they said they could not answer any questions; the picture belonged to a friend of theirs, also a sailor, who was troubled in his mind. Before I lay down on the pillow that night I had visited the sailors' house and again set eyes on the Fra Angelico

* Signor Ponzone's anecdote of the sale is substantially the same as that narrated by Lady Eastlake in her Journal. She says, however, that the name of the steamer was the *Black Prince*, which is also the name given Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who alludes to the possible recovery of the lost Fra Angelico. "It was insured," says Lady Eastlake, "for five hundred pounds, exactly a third of its value."

which was supposed to lie at the bottom of the sea. It appeared that a great part of the cargo of the *Prince George* had been salvaged, and that amongst the articles supposed to be of small value this picture had got into the hands of a diver's boatman, who had pitched it out attached to a string in order to escape detection, and let it float at the stern of the boat. When close to the landing-place the frame had broken loose from the parcel, and the boatman had spent twelve hours endeavouring to recover it. "At last," he told me, "I saw the gilded frame bobbing up and down on the waves. I reached out with an oar and took it into the boat. Afterwards I suspected it was a picture of value, and I heard so much about the lost Fra Angelico that my wife and I grew frightened. We determined to give it up to the priest. But if I can sell it for a thousand scudi I intend to give half that sum to the church of San Lorenzo, which will make it all right, and fifty scudi to each of my comrades."

"I SAW THE GILDED FRAME BOBBING UP AND DOWN ON THE WAVES."

Now, it is not the least extraordinary feature of the whole affair that this Fra Angelico had originally belonged to the church of San Lorenzo, which had, I believe, bought it for a few scudi from the Dominican monks of San Marco. Needless to say, I closed with the offer, and, although the picture was in rather a bad state, found no difficulty in securing a purchaser, who himself disposed of the Fra Angelico for twenty thousand lire, and the canvas is now in America. I know of two copies, one of them in Berlin.

The only other case of a picture's immersion in sea-water I know of is that of Raphael's "Spasimo," now hanging in the Madrid Gallery, which a sailor risked his own life to save. But Dr. Bode, of Berlin, and others have written on that subject.

In April, 1878, I had a visit from an Englishman named Maunde. He asked me if I knew the Titian at the church of San ——, and what I thought of it.

"It is a splendid example," I said, "although in a dirty condition."

"What is its value?" he asked.

"It's hard to say," I replied. "Probably, if put up at auction, it would fetch two thousand guineas—perhaps more. But why do you ask? The priests would never sell it."

"I will tell you. This morning, as I was standing alone in the church before this picture, a pleasant-looking priest came up to me and, after a little chat, said he'd heard of me, and no doubt I should like to buy such a beautiful Titian.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I would, if it could be bought at a reasonable figure.'

"'I dare say,' said he, 'it could be bought. For my own part, I am not in favour of locking up so big a sum as twenty or thirty thousand lire when we cannot find money to restore the crumbling walls of our church. Two or three of the Chapter are of my opinion. Pray do not leave Florence until

I have seen you again.' And I gave him my address and promised him what he desired."

"You are in luck, signor," I cried; "that Titian is worth having. But you will not get it to-morrow or next day, mark my words."

On the third day Maunde had a visit from three of the priests, who agreed to sell him the Titian for the sum of twenty-two thousand lire cash, on condition that he would provide a copy to hang in its place, and that the sale should be kept a secret from all save the church authorities, the purchaser, and myself, as Maunde's artistic adviser.

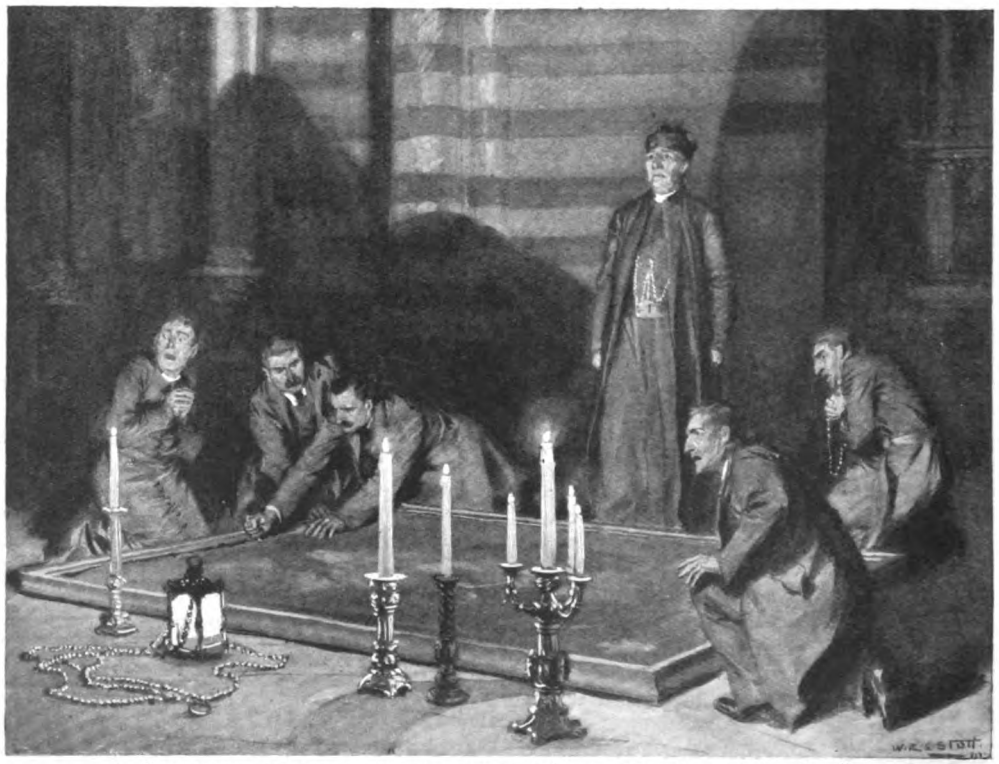
"One of the conditions is easily managed," said I. "I have a capital copy of that Titian here." And I showed him one done many years ago by an English painter who is now a member of the Royal Academy, and which I was glad to get off my hands. "Shall I arrange to send it to the church?"

substitution. Mr. Maunde went back to his hotel. He was having dinner when a servant came and told him that there were some people downstairs clamouring to see him. He went down and found a dozen excited men and women, who demanded to know if it were true that he had offered money for the Titian at San —— and was going to take it away.

"You had better ask your Signor Canonico," said Maunde. "I haven't got your Titian and refuse to say anything about it."

The crowd was furious and left vowing vengeance on any rash Inglesa who would dare to rob them of their Titian.

Under the circumstances it was thought best to postpone the transfer fixed for that evening. It appeared that some of the congregation had got wind of the bargain and had resolved to stir up opposition. One of



"WE WERE STARTLED BY A THUMPING ON THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH."

The Englishman got into a cab and drove to San ——. In an hour he had brought back two of the priests to see the copy, and they pronounced themselves thoroughly satisfied. In order to lose no time, it was arranged that the workmen should come at ten that night with ladders and make the

the priests, too, was against the sale of the Titian, and wrote to the Academy, denying the right of the canon to dispose of the picture. Thereupon the canon wrote off to the Pope and got a dispensation to sell the picture, as the money was urgently required by the church. A quiet night was chosen, and

without this time engaging any labourers the canonico, two priests, a sacristan, choir-boy, the Englishman, and myself met at the church door shortly before midnight. The coast was clear and a hand-cart stood in the next street. The sacristan producing the keys, we entered and lost no time in getting about the work we had to do. Twenty candles were lit, but, as these gave less light than we needed, the sacristan brought out his huge lantern. When we got the picture in its great frame down, the Englishman began rubbing his hands with satisfaction. The thing seemed nearly done. Unluckily, when we had removed the stretched canvas, we found that the copyist, for some reason or other, had made his canvas at least three inches wider than the original. Here was an awkward business. Try as we might we could not get his picture into the frame. As that did not concern us, we were for getting out of the sacred edifice at once. Mr. Maunde had his money ready in bank-notes and handed them to the canonico. But although the latter took the money, he positively refused to let the Titian go out of the church until the night's work had been completed—that is to say, the copy was fixed in the old frame, and the frame was in its place on the wall. Otherwise, said he, there was no knowing what hubbub the ignorant might raise. The congregation knew nothing about the copy, and seeing the picture hanging as usual in its place next day would have no suspicions. So, *nolens volens*, we set to, and chiefly by the efforts of Mr. Maunde and myself we stripped one end of the stretcher, cut off the extra width, and folded the canvas to the proper dimensions. This job took the best part of an hour. While we were engaged upon this task the three priests stood by, two of them greatly perturbed, and one on his knees praying. The candles bunched all in one spot sent long black uncanny shadows across the pews and along the walls of the nave. In the midst of all this we were startled by a thumping on the door of the church. The canonico turned very pale, and this time all three crossed themselves.

A Picture smuggled from a church at midnight—"Holy Family," by Titian.

"Pay no attention," said the sacristan. "Let them thump away. The door of San —— is solid enough."

The priests urged us to make haste and extinguished nearly the whole of the candles. Again and louder came the terrible thumping on the door. This time there were loud voices.

"Open in the name of the law!" came the command.

The vicar went to the door to parley, asking who dared come to profane God's holy temple at that hour of night. All this was enough for me. While the sacristan, Mr. Maunde, and one of the priests were staggering up the ladders with their burden, hanging it, without difficulty I whipped out a sharp knife and stripped the precious Titian from the stretcher that had supported it for centuries. The stretcher I hastily concealed within the railings of a shrine, the canvas I rolled up and hid beneath the seat of a pew. The door was opened, and several agents of police and members of the congregation of San —— were admitted. The canonico vigorously denied their right to interfere,

resented their intrusion, and showed them his dispensation from the Pope, but in deference to them promised to do nothing more regarding the picture for the present. Having inspected the Titian on the wall we all amicably filed out of the church. Early the next morning the sacristan brought me the canvas while I was still in bed; it was duly mounted, carried to Milan, insured there for a large sum, and forwarded to the owner in London.

One evening I received a message from the Marquis Aresa asking me to call and give him my advice about a picture. I knew that this could have but a single meaning, for the Marquis, though poor, had a number of very beautiful pictures, amongst them two Raphaels, a Tintoretto, and three Luinis. He was a charming Italian gentleman of the old school, who was pleased to show his treasures to any stranger, long resisting all importunities to dispose of any of them. A time came, however, when the temptation was too strong, and I learnt of the sale to Signor Bardi and English dealers of at least three of his pictures. As I entered the drawing-room I could not but be struck by the general air of desolation and decay. One by one the servants had gone; the carpets and curtains were not only faded, but were covered with dust. The Marquis himself received me very ceremoniously, and, after a good deal of beating about the bush, intimated that he was prepared to sell one of his pictures if he could get a good price for it.

"Could you," he said, "find a quiet collector who would pay me two thousand pounds sterling for my Raphael?"

I told him I believed M. Kann would willingly pay that amount, and that if he would entrust the picture to me I would conduct the sale with secrecy.

A Raphael cut from its frame—This picture was formerly oblong in shape.

"That's just the difficulty," said the Marquis. "I want fifty thousand lire at once. I must dispose of the picture immediately, but unfortunately I have the misfortune to be under perpetual surveillance."

"I do not understand," I said.

The Marquis smiled pleasantly.

"My wife and nephew are in a conspiracy. They say I am not responsible for my actions. It is a gross aspersion, of course, but"—and the old gentleman shrugged his shoulders—"there you are. They kept me in my bedroom for a whole fortnight, and threaten me with a *maison de santé*. But I am as sane as you are. The first point is to get the Raphael out of the house before to-morrow, when I leave for Milan. After that it will be impossible. Can you do it?"

"That depends," I said. "I will undertake the commission, but how am I to pass the front door with so large a picture?"

"You cannot," replied the Marquis. "You must go out through the garden in the rear. I will trust you implicitly. Stay," he added; "here is a paper I have signed: 'I, Baldassare Aresa, do hereby dispose of my oil painting, "Madonna and Child," by Raphael, to E. Ponzone in consideration of the sum of fifty thousand lire. (Signed) BALDASSARE ARESA.' The fifty thousand lire must be paid to Signor S—— B——, at the Hôtel Falcone at Milan. I am giving my nephew the slip and going to Nice." He conducted me straight up to the picture, at which I had often gazed in rapture. It was a superb "Madonna and Child" in the master's finest style.

"Have you a knife?" asked the Marquis, suddenly. For a moment I had qualms—but only for a moment. My picture-dealing instincts were aroused, and I heard voices below.

"Cut the canvas out," ordered my host, in

"WHILE I BENT LOW MY PURSUERS PASSED ME."

a quick, decisive tone. The risk to me was great. But, confiding in the document in my pocket, I obeyed, executing the task deftly, so as to do the least damage to the picture that was not easily reparable.

The Marquis seized the canvas and rolled it up in a table-cloth. "It is my nephew," he said, looking very much excited. "In sound mind I have sold the Raphael. I trust you implicitly." He opened a door, but it was too late. A step was on the stairs and the Marquis thrust me hastily behind a heavy *portière*. In that humiliating position I continued to stand for a full half-hour, or as long as the nephew was in the room, hugging my Raphael to my breast and wishing I were out of a sorry business. But having begun it, and believing honestly in the sanity of the Marquis, I resolved to go on. Besides, the mischief was done — the picture was out of the frame and actually in my possession.

As I stood there, waiting momentarily for the nephew to depart, the latter made the appalling discovery that the Raphael was missing from its frame.

Instantly all was confusion. The Marquis professed to be as surprised as his nephew, and both ran from the room, the younger man excitedly shouting for the old servant. I seized the occasion to dart out and gained an adjoining room, locking the door on the inside. Thence I stepped out on to the veranda and, it being now dusk, descended to the garden. I could hear the hubbub and confusion within as I fled across the lawn, intending to scale the low wall at the far end. But, as luck would have it, I met a woman crossing the path—the gardener's wife; and as she was hastening to the house I knew the presence in the garden of a stranger would excite suspicions and I should soon be pursued. This proved to be the case. I was stumbling across an open field adjoining, when I overheard voices and footsteps. For a moment I thought of flinging my Raphael over a wall, but while I bent low my

pursuers passed me and I was out of danger. I quickly gained the road and, walking slowly, hailed a cab and was driven to my lodgings. In conclusion, I may add that my proceedings were afterwards justified, for the Marquis, failing to reach Cannes, demanded an examination into his sanity, and was pronounced *compos mentis*. He afterwards brought an action against his nephew for conspiracy and forcible detention, and won his case. The Raphael passed successively into the collections of the English Duke of Hamilton and Prince Lichtenstein. I saw it not long ago at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, and it reminded me, you may be sure, of my night's thrilling adventure.

Sojourning in Milan, I received on June 24th, 1889, a telegram from the young Count Maldesi: "Ponzone, Via Bastrelli, Milan. Can you come immediately? Matter of great urgency.—MALDESI." This gentleman, at the age of twenty-two, had a few months before inherited his grandfather's impoverished estate. I had had several dealings with the old Count Maldesi, having sold for him a Giorgione for sixty thousand lire to a Viennese collector and two or three lesser pictures. But latterly he had positively refused to part with any more of his art treasures, notwithstanding the fact that he had great difficulty in keeping up his establishment and that he had been offered by Mr. Denison, an English collector, no less than one hundred thousand lire for two canvases alone—a Crivelli and a Perugino. I had been, some years before, called in to examine both these pictures, the former of which it had been found necessary to clean—it was in such a filthy state. One day the old Count declared he would sell them both; then he departed and swore nothing would induce him to part with them.

In vain his heir urged that one hundred thousand lire was urgently required; the old Count was taken with a mortal illness and died without the pictures having been sold. For a few days the pictures were forgotten, but the day after the funeral young Maldesi took a turn in the gallery, having already decided to lose no time in raising money by selling some of his treasures. He had in mind the Crivelli and the Perugino, but before disposing of them he intended to employ a copyist and have accurate copies made, so that the servants, and particularly his steward, of whom he stood in some awe, should not comment too unduly on the haste with which he got rid of the gems of his grandfather's collection. What was his horror and amazement to discover the pictures no longer in their places! In each case the spot where they had hung from time immemorial was now a bare gap on the wall. He summoned all the servants. No one could explain the mystery, but the boy whose daily task it was to dust the picture gallery, always under the eye of the old Count, declared that the last time he had been there he had noticed the pictures missing. Here was a tragedy indeed. The young Count was in despair. He became convinced that his grandfather had secreted the pictures and refused to divulge the loss to the police.

A Picture by Botticelli half riddled by bullets.

The next day

I put in an appearance at the Villa Maldesi, near Verona. I told the young Count all I knew; that I had frequently seen the missing pictures, having on one occasion cleaned the Crivelli; that I had last set eyes upon them less than six months before, when I bore the offer from Mr. Denison; that if old Count Maldesi had privately sold them without consulting his heir, where were they and where was the money? The reading of the will shed no light on the mystery; the fact remained: the Crivelli and the Perugino had gone. It was necessary to search for them, and I undertook to make the search. I sent out inquiries to all the dealers of my acquaintance. At last I heard that a Crivelli with a title answering to that of Count Maldesi's picture had turned up in Paris, being sold for more than a hundred thousand francs. I immediately sent for a photograph of the canvas, and luckily got one from the dealer. The moment my eye fell upon it I knew it was the Maldesi Crivelli. The Perugino was sold in England, and has since appeared at Christie's. It did not take long to discover that both these pictures had come from the Villa Maldesi collection. So far, so good. Now for the remarkable part of my story. In the summer of 1893 Count Maldesi had occasion to overhaul a pavilion or outhouse in his grounds. It had long served as a kind of lumber-room, and amongst the contents were a number of old canvases, either in tatters or pronounced to be of no artistic value, a few broken carved frames, and some plaster casts. I had myself used the pavilion in cleaning the Count's Crivelli years before. When the rubbish was brought into the open two frames, one large and one small, wrapped in brown linen cloth, came to light. The wrapping was removed in the Count's presence, when, lo and behold! the splendid masterpieces he knew so well from boyhood stood revealed! The Count thought, of course, at first that they were copies—artful imitations, such as are now so common in Italy. He called me in to examine them, and not until I had pronounced them to be genuine did he tell me that behind the Crivelli was a written paper to this effect: "This picture, together with a Perugino, is the pride and glory of the Maldesi family. Evil befall that worthless scion who parts with anything but a reflection of that pride and glory." Unhappily, both pictures are now dispersed, and I have reason to believe one is in the gallery of a well-known Anglo-German collector.

I have had a great many dealings with Botticellis, extending over forty years. It was to an Englishman named Barker that I sold, for the paltry sum of five hundred scudi, the "Mars and Venus," by Botticelli, which now hangs in the National Gallery in London. Many years since I identified one of the finest specimens of this master in a tiny, neglected chapel in Florence, where it had escaped the observation of connoisseurs and picture-buyers. It belonged to some nuns, from whom I should have purchased it for a comparatively small sum, only I unfortunately allowed the secret of my negotiations to escape, with the result that one morning, on calling to ratify the bargain, I found the Botticelli had been removed by the civic authorities. It is now in the Uffizi Gallery.

There is no painter who lends himself to "splitting" so much as Botticelli—*i.e.*, a division of the panel into two parts, so as to form separate pictures. Years ago I sold to a Mr. Buttery, of London, half a Botticelli, which is now owned by Herr Kaufmann, of Berlin. I have myself seen the other half of the picture, as well as its entire state. In one case I can recall the half proved greater than the whole. A certain Signor Barili bequeathed a valuable Botticelli to his two grandsons, who were twins. But although twins these two young men were rather quarrelsome and had no taste in common. One proposed to sell the picture, which had been painted for one of their ancestors, it is said, by Botticelli himself. The other would not consent. The first then proposed that the other should buy his share and keep the picture himself. He took me with him, and I assigned the value of the picture at five thousand lire, saying I would give that for it. The brother declined, and suggested placing the picture in the custody of an aunt pending an adjustment of terms. "Oh, very well," cried his brother, flying into a passion, "if you won't buy and won't let me sell, there's only one thing to do," and before anyone could interfere he emptied three chambers of a revolver into the panel, completely destroying one half of the composition, including a St. John and a Joseph. The picture being sent to me to restore, I could do nothing with it, and strongly advised separating the panel. Shortly after I did so the owner died, and I disposed of the work for six thousand lire to Mr. Adolphe Kann. It is now, I believe, in Russia.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE by A. E. W. Mason

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP.

HANAUD walked away from the Villa Rose in the company of Wethermill and Ricardo.

"We will go and lunch," he said.

"Yes; come to my hotel," said Harry Wethermill. But Hanaud shook his head.

"No; come with me to the Villa des Fleurs," he replied. "We may learn something there; and in a case like this every minute is of importance. We have to be quick."

"I may come too?" cried Mr. Ricardo, eagerly.

"By all means," replied Hanaud, with a smile of extreme courtesy. "Nothing could be more delightful than monsieur's suggestions"; and with that remark he walked on silently.

Mr. Ricardo was in a little doubt as to the exact significance of the words. But he was too excited to dwell long upon it. Distressed though he was at his friend's grief, he could not but assume an air of importance. For he fancied without the slightest justification that people were pointing him out. "That man has been present at the investigation at the Villa Rose," he seemed to hear people say. "What strange things he could tell us if he would!"

And, suddenly, Mr. Ricardo began to reflect. What, after all, could he have told them?

And that question he turned over in his mind while he ate his luncheon. Hanaud wrote a letter between the courses. They were sitting at a corner table, and Hanaud was in the corner with his back to the wall. He moved his plate, too, over the letter as he wrote it. It would have been impossible for either of his guests to see what he had written, even if they had wished. Ricardo, indeed, did wish. He rather resented the secrecy with which the detective under a show of openness shrouded his thoughts and acts. Hanaud sent the waiter out to fetch an officer in plain clothes, who was in attendance at the door, and he handed the letter to this man. Then he turned with an apology to his guests.

"It is necessary that we should find out," he explained, "as soon as possible the whole record of Mlle. Célie."

He lighted a cigar, and over the coffee he put a question to Ricardo.

"Now tell me what you make of the case. What M. Wethermill thinks—that is clear, is it not? Hélène Vauquier is the guilty one. But you, M. Ricardo? What is your opinion?"

Ricardo took from his pocket-book a sheet of paper and from his pocket a pencil. He was intensely flattered by the request of Hanaud, and he proposed to do himself justice. "I will make a note here of what I think the salient features of the mystery"; and he proceeded to tabulate the points in the following way:—

(1.) Celia Harland made her entrance into Mme. Dauvray's household under very doubtful circumstances.

(2.) By methods still more doubtful she acquired an extraordinary ascendency over Mme. Dauvray's mind.

(3.) If proof were needed how complete that ascendency was, a glance at Celia Harland's wardrobe would suffice. For she wore the most expensive clothes.

(4.) It was Celia Harland who arranged that Servettaz, the chauffeur, should be absent at Chambéry on the Tuesday night—the night of the murder.

(5.) It was Celia Harland who bought the cord with which Mme. Dauvray was strangled and Hélène Vauquier bound.

(6.) The footsteps outside the salon show that Celia Harland ran from the salon to the motor-car.

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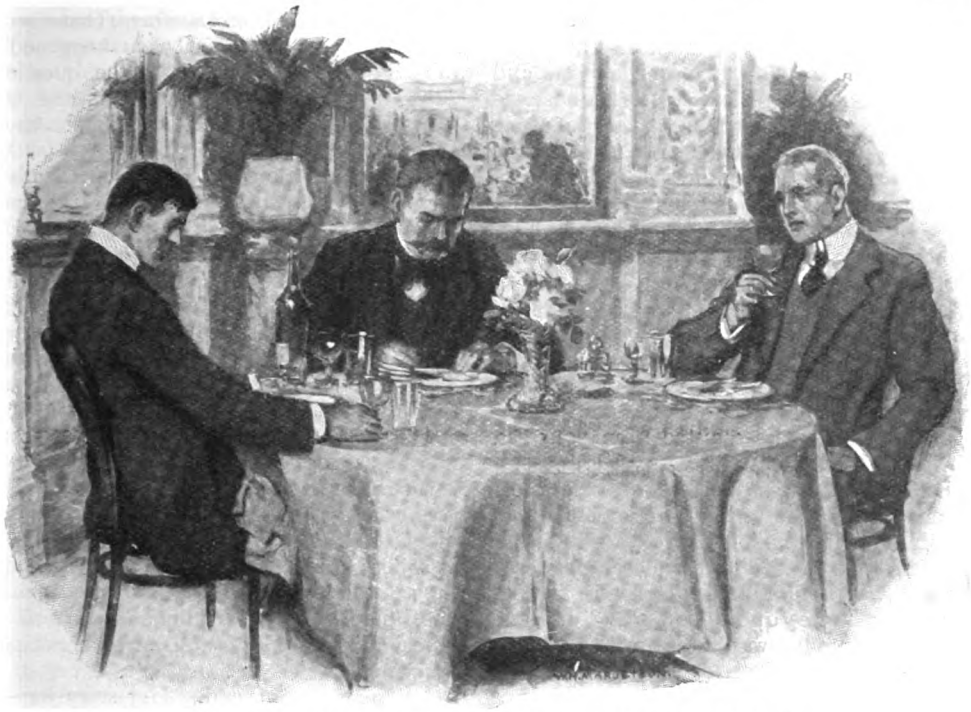


"HE MOVED HIS PLATE OVER THE LETTER AS HE WROTE IT."

(7.) Celia Harland pretended that there should be a séance on the Tuesday, but she dressed as though she had in view an appointment with a lover, instead of a spiritualistic séance.

(8.) Celia Harland has disappeared.

These eight points are strongly suggestive of Celia Harland's complicity in the murder. But I have no clue which will enable me to answer the following questions:—

(*a.*) Who was the man who took a part in the crime?

(*b.*) Who was the woman who came to the villa on the evening of the murder with Mme. Dauvray and Celia Harland?

(*c.*) What actually happened in the salon? How was the murder committed?

(*d.*) Is Hélène Vauquier's story true?

(*e.*) What did the torn-up scrap of writing mean? (Probably spirit-writing in Celia Harland's hand.)

(*f.*) Why has one cushion on the settee a small, fresh, brown stain, which is probably blood? Why is the other cushion torn?

Mr. Ricardo had a momentary thought of putting down yet another question. He was inclined to ask whether or no a pot of cold cream had disappeared from Celia Harland's bedroom; but he remembered that Hanaud had set no store upon that incident, and he refrained. Moreover, he had come to the end of his sheet of paper. He gave it to Hanaud and leaned back in his chair, watching the detective with all the eagerness of a young author submitting his first effort to a critic.

Hanaud read it through slowly. At the end he nodded his head in approval.

"Now we will see what M. Wethermill has to say," he said, and he stretched out the paper towards Harry Wethermill, who throughout that luncheon had not said a word.

"No, no," cried Ricardo.

But Harry Wethermill already held the written sheet in his hand. He smiled rather wistfully at his friend.

"It is best that I should know just what you both think," he said, and in his turn he began to read the paper through. He read the first eight points, and then beat with his fist upon the table.

"No, no," he cried. "It is not possible! I don't blame you, Ricardo. These are facts, and, as I said, I can face facts. But there will be an explanation — if only we can discover it."

He buried his face for a moment in his hands. Then he took up the paper again.

"As for the rest, Hélène Vauquier lied," he cried, violently, and he tossed the paper to Hanaud. "What do you make of it?"

Hanaud smiled and shook his head.

"Did you ever go for a voyage on a ship?" he asked.

"Yes; why?"

"Because every day at noon three officers take an observation to determine the ship's position—the captain, the first officer, and the second officer. Each writes his observations down, and the captain takes the three observations and compares them. If the first or second officer is out in his reckoning, the captain tells him so, but he does not show his own. For at times no doubt he is wrong too. So, gentlemen, I criticize your observations, but I do not show you mine."

He took up Ricardo's paper and read it through again.

"Yes," he said, pleasantly. "But the two questions which are most important, which alone can lead us to the truth—how do they come to be omitted from your list, M. Ricardo?"

Hanaud put the question with his most serious air. But Ricardo was none the less sensible of the raillery behind the solemn manner. He flushed and made no answer.

"Still," continued Hanaud, "here are undoubtedly some questions. Let us consider them! Who was the man who took a part in the crime? Ah, if we only knew that, what a lot of trouble we should save ourselves! Who was the woman? What a good thing it would be to know that too! How clearly, after all, M. Ricardo puts his finger on the important points! What did actually happen in the salon?" And as he quoted that question the raillery died out of his voice. He leaned his elbows on the table and bent forward.

"We have not much to go upon. Let us see what we know. We start with this. The murder was planned with great care and cunning, and carried out to the letter of the plan. There must be no noise, no violence. On each side of the Villa Rose there are other villas; a few yards off the road runs past. A scream, a cry, the noise of a struggle—these, or any one of them, might be fatal to success. Thus the crime was planned; and there *was* no scream, there *was* no struggle, not a chair was broken, and only a chair upset. Yes, there were brains behind that murder. We know that. But what do we know of the plan? First, there was an accomplice in the house—perhaps two."

"No!" cried Harry Wethermill.

Hanaud took no notice of the interruption.

"Secondly, the woman came to the house with Mme. Dauvray and Mlle. Célie between nine and half-past nine. Thirdly, the man came afterwards, but before eleven, set open the gate, and was admitted into the salon, unperceived by Mme. Dauvray. That also we can safely assume. But what happened in the salon? Ah! There is the question." Then he shrugged his shoulders and said, with the note of raillery once more in his voice:—

"But why should we trouble our heads to puzzle out this mystery, since M. Ricardo knows?"

"I?" cried Ricardo, in amazement.

"To be sure," replied Hanaud, calmly. "For I look at another of your questions, '*What did the torn-up scrap of writing mean?*' and you add: 'Probably spirit-writing.' Then there was a séance held last night in the little salon! Is that so?"

Harry Wethermill started. Mr. Ricardo was at a loss.

"I had not followed my suggestion to its conclusion," he admitted, humbly.

"No," said Hanaud. "But I ask myself in sober earnest, was there a séance held in the salon last night?"

"But if Hélène Vauquier's story is all untrue?" cried Wethermill, again in exasperation.

"Patience, my friend. Her story was not all untrue. I say there were brains behind this crime; yes, but brains, even the cleverest, would not have invented this queer, strange story of the séances and of Mme. de Montespan. That is truth. But yet, if there were a séance held, if the scrap of paper were spirit-writing in answer to some awkward question, why—and here I come to my first question, which M. Ricardo has omitted—why did Mlle. Célie dress herself with so much elegance last night? What Vauquier said is true. Her dress was not suited to a séance. A light-coloured rustling frock, which would be visible in a dim light, or even in the dark, a big, smart hat, and high-heeled shoes which would go tap-tap upon the parquet floor—no, no! I tell you, gentlemen, we shall not get to the bottom of this mystery until we know why Mlle. Célie dressed herself as she did last night."

"Yes," Ricardo admitted. "I overlooked that point."

"Did she——" Hanaud broke off and bowed to Wethermill with a grace and a respect which condoned his words. "You must bear with me, my young friend, while I consider all these points. Did she expect to join that night a lover—a man with the brains to devise this crime? But if so—and here I come to the second question omitted from M. Ricardo's list—why, on the patch of grass outside the door of the

salon, were the footsteps of the man and woman so carefully erased, and the footsteps of Mlle. Célie—those little footsteps so easily identified—left for all the world to see and recognize?"

Ricardo felt like a child in the presence of his schoolmaster. He was convicted of presumption. He had set down his questions with the belief that they covered the ground. And here were two of the utmost importance, not forgotten, but never even thought of.

"Did she go, before the murder, to join a lover? Or after it? At one time, you will remember, she went upstairs to fetch her cloak. Was the murder committed during the interval when she was upstairs? Was the salon dark when she came down again? Did she run through it quickly, eagerly, noticing nothing amiss? And, indeed, how should she notice anything if the salon were dark, and Mme. Dauvray's body lay under the windows at the side?"

Ricardo leaned forward eagerly.

"That must be the truth," he cried; and Wethermill's voice broke hastily in:—

"It is not the truth, and I will tell you why. Celia Harland was to have married me this week."

There was so much pain and misery in his voice that Ricardo was moved as he had seldom been. Wethermill buried his face in his hands. Hanaud shook his head and gazed across the table at Ricardo with an expression which the latter was at no loss to understand. Lovers were impracticable people. But he—Hanaud—he knew the world. Women had fooled men before to-day.

Wethermill snatched his hands away from before his face.

"We talk theories," he cried, desperately, "of what may have happened at the villa. But we are not by one inch nearer to the man and woman who committed the crime. It is for them we have to search."

"Yes; but except by asking ourselves questions, how shall we find them, M. Wethermill?" said Hanaud. "Take the man! We know nothing of him. He has left no trace. Look at this town of Aix, where people come and go like a crowd about the baccarat table! He may be at Marseilles to-day. He may be in this very room where we are taking our luncheon. How shall we find him?"

Wethermill nodded his head in a despairing assent.

"I know. But it is so hard to sit still and do nothing," he cried.

"Yes, but we are not sitting still," said Hanaud; and Wethermill looked up with a sudden interest. "All the time that we have been lunching here the intelligent Perrichet has been making inquiries. Mme. Dauvray and Mlle. Célie left the Villa Rose at five, and returned on foot soon after nine with the strange woman. And there I see Perrichet himself waiting to be summoned."

Hanaud beckoned towards the *sergent-de-ville.*

"Perrichet will make an excellent detective," he said; "for he looks more bovine and foolish in plain clothes than he does in uniform."

Perrichet advanced in his mufti to the table.

"Speak, my friend," said Hanaud.

"I went to the shop of M. Corval. Mlle. Célie was quite alone when she bought the cord. But a few minutes later, in the Rue du Casino, she and Mme. Dauvray were seen together, walking slowly in the direction of the villa. No other woman was with them."

"That is a pity," said Hanaud, quietly, and with a gesture he dismissed Perrichet.

"You see, we shall find out nothing—nothing," said Wethermill, with a groan.

"We must not yet lose heart, for we know a little more about the woman than we do about the man," said Hanaud, consolingly.

"True," exclaimed Ricardo. "We have Hélène Vauquier's description of her. We must advertise it."

Hanaud smiled.

"But that is a fine suggestion," he cried. "We must think over that," and he clapped his hand to his forehead with a gesture of self-reproach. "Why did not such a fine idea occur to me, fool that I am! However, we will call the head waiter."

The head waiter was sent for and appeared before them.

"You knew Mme. Dauvray?" Hanaud asked.

"Yes, monsieur—oh, the poor woman!" And he flung up his hands.

"And you knew her companion?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. They generally had their meals here. See, at that little table over there! I kept it for them. But monsieur knows well"—and the waiter looked towards Harry Wethermill—"for monsieur was often with them."

"Yes," said Hanaud. "Did Mme. Dauvray dine at that little table last night?"

"No, monsieur. She was not here last night."

"Nor Mlle. Célie?"

"No, monsieur! I do not think they were in the Villa des Fleurs at all."

"We know they were not," exclaimed Ricardo. "Wethermill and I were in the rooms and we did not see them."

"But perhaps you left early," objected Hanaud.

"No," said Ricardo. "It was just ten o'clock when we reached the Majestic."

"You reached your hotel at ten," Hanaud repeated. "Did you walk straight from here?"

"Yes."

"Then you left here about a quarter to ten. And we know that Mme. Dauvray was back at the villa soon after nine. Yes—they could not have been here last night." Hanaud agreed and sat for a moment silent. Then he turned again to the head waiter.

"Have you noticed any woman with Mme. Dauvray and her companion lately?"

"No, monsieur. I do not think so."

"Think! A woman, for instance, with red hair."

Harry Wethermill started forward. Mr. Ricardo stared at Hanaud in amazement. The waiter reflected.

"No, monsieur. I have seen no woman with red hair."

"Thank you," said Hanaud, and the waiter moved away.

"A woman with red hair!" cried Wethermill. "But Hélène Vauquier described her. She was sallow; her eyes, her hair, were dark."

Hanaud turned with a smile to Harry Wethermill.

"Did Hélène Vauquier, then, speak the truth?" he asked. "No; the woman who was in the salon last night, who returned home with Mme. Dauvray and Mlle. Célie, was not a woman with black hair and bright black eyes. Look!" And, fetching his pocket-book from his pocket, he unfolded a sheet of paper and showed them, lying upon its white surface, a long red hair.

"I picked that up on the table—the round satin-wood table in the salon. It was easy not to see it, but I did see it. And I will tell you more. This woman with the red hair—she is in Geneva."

A startled exclamation burst from Ricardo. Harry Wethermill sat slowly down. For the first time that day there had come some colour into his cheeks, a sparkle into his eye.

"But that is wonderful," he cried. "How did you find that out?"

Hanaud leaned back in his chair and took a pull at his cigar. He was obviously pleased with Wethermill's admiration.

"Yes, how did you find it out?" Ricardo repeated.

Hanaud smiled.

"As to that," he said, "remember I am the captain of the ship, and I do not show you my observation." Ricardo was disappointed. Harry Wethermill, however, started to his feet.

"We must search Geneva, then," he cried. "It is there that we should be, not here drinking our coffee at the Villa des Fleurs."

Hanaud raised his hand.

"The search is not being overlooked. But Geneva is a big city. It is not easy to search Geneva and find, when we know nothing about the woman for whom we are searching, except that her hair is red, and that probably a young girl last night was with her. It is rather here, I think—in Aix—that we must keep our eyes wide open. At the post-office—at the telephone exchange. Suppose that the man is in Aix, as he may well be; some time he will wish to send a letter, or a telegram, or a message over the telephone. That, I tell you, is our chance. But here is news for us."

Hanaud pointed to a messenger who was walking towards them. The man handed Hanaud an envelope.

"From M. le Commissaire," he said; and he saluted and retired.

"From M. le Commissaire?" cried Ricardo, excitedly. But before Hanaud could open the envelope Harry Wethermill laid a hand upon his sleeve.

"Before we pass to something new, M. Hanaud," he said, "I should be very glad if you would tell me what made you shiver in the salon this morning. It has distressed me ever since. What was it that those two cushions had to tell you?"

There was a note of anguish in his voice difficult to resist. But Hanaud resisted it. He shook his head.

"Again," he said, gravely, "I am to remind you that I am the captain of the ship and do not show my observation."

He tore open the envelope and sprang up from his seat.

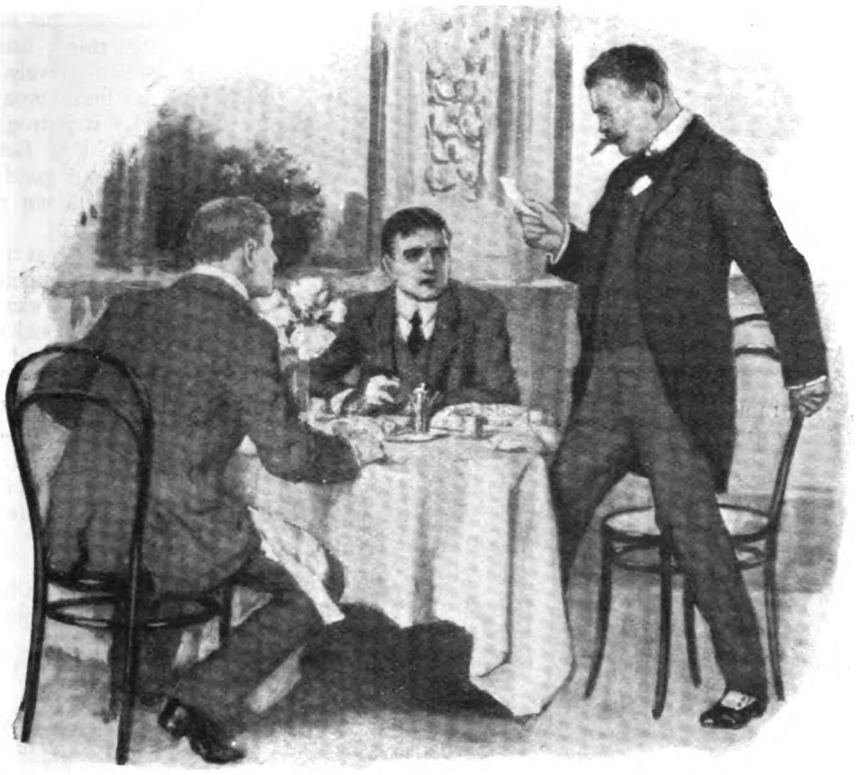
"Mme. Dauvray's motor-car has been found," he cried. "Let us go!"

Hanaud called for the bill and paid it. The three men left the Villa des Fleurs together.

CHAPTER IX.

MME. DAUVRAY'S MOTOR-CAR.

THEY got into a cab outside the door. Perrichet mounted the box, and the cab was



"'MME. DAUVRAY'S MOTOR-CAR HAS BEEN FOUND,' HE CRIED."

driven along the road past the Hôtel de Bernascon. A hundred yards beyond the hotel the cab stopped opposite to a villa. A hedge separated the garden of the villa from the road, and above the hedge rose a board with the words "To Let" upon it. At the gate a gendarme was standing, and just within the gate Ricardo saw Louis Besnard, the Commissaire, and Servettaz, Mme. Dauvray's chauffeur.

"It is here," said Besnard, as the party descended from the cab, "in the coach-house of this empty villa."

"Here?" cried Ricardo, in amazement.

The discovery upset all his theories. He had expected to hear that it had been found fifty leagues away; but here, within a couple of miles of the Villa Rose itself—the idea seemed absurd! Why take it away at all—unless it was taken away as a blind? That supposition found its way into Ricardo's mind, and gathered strength as he thought upon it; for Hanaud had seemed to lean to the belief that one of the murderers might be still in Aix. Indeed, a glance at him showed that he was not discomposed by the discovery.

"When was it found?" Hanaud asked.

"This morning. A gardener comes to the villa on two days a week to keep the grounds in order. Fortunately Wednesday is one of his days. Fortunately, too, there was rain yesterday evening. He noticed the tracks of the wheels which you can see on the gravel, and since the villa is empty he was surprised. He found the coach-house door forced and the motor-car inside it. When he went to his luncheon he brought the news of his discovery to the depôt."

The party followed the Commissaire along the drive to the coach-house.

"We will have the car brought out," said Hanaud to Servettaz.

It was a big and powerful machine with a Limousine body, luxuriously fitted and cushioned in a shade of light grey. The outside panels of the car were painted a dark grey. The car had hardly been brought out into the sunlight before a cry of stupefaction burst from the lips of Perrichet.

"Oh!" he cried, in utter abasement. "I shall never forgive myself—never, never!"

"Why?" Hanaud asked, turning sharply as he spoke.

Perrichet was standing with his round eyes staring and his mouth agape.

"Because, monsieur, I saw that car—at four o'clock this morning—at the corner of the road—not fifty yards from the Villa Rose"

"What!" cried Ricardo.

"You saw it!" exclaimed Wethermill.

Upon their faces was reflected now the stupefaction of Perrichet.

"But you must have made a mistake," said the Commissaire.

"No, no, monsieur," Perrichet insisted. "It was that car. It was that number. It was just after daylight. I was standing outside the gate of the villa on duty where M. le Commissaire had placed me. The car came down to the corner and slackened speed. It seemed to me that it was going to turn into the road and come down past me. But instead the driver, as if he was now sure of his way, put the car at its top speed and went on towards Aix."

"Was anyone in the car?" asked Hanaud.

"No, monsieur; it was empty."

"But you saw the driver!" exclaimed Wethermill.

"Yes; what was he like?" cried the Commissaire.

Perrichet shook his head mournfully.

'He wore a talc mask over the upper part of his face and had a little black moustache, and was dressed in a heavy great-coat of blue with a white collar."

"That is my coat, monsieur," said Servettaz, and as he spoke he lifted it up from the chauffeur's seat. "It is Mme. Dauvray's livery."

Harry Wethermill groaned aloud.

"We have lost him. He was within our grasp—he, the murderer!—and he was allowed to go!"

Perrichet's grief was pitiable.

"Monsieur," he pleaded. "A car slackens its speed and goes on again. It is not so unusual a thing. I did not know the number of Mme. Dauvray's car. I did not even know that it had disappeared"; and suddenly tears of mortification filled his eyes. "But why do I make these excuses?" he cried. "It is better, M. Hanaud, that I go back to my uniform and stand at the street corner. I am as foolish as I look."

"Nonsense, my friend," said Hanaud, clapping the disconsolate man upon the shoulder. "You remembered the car and its number. That is something, and, perhaps, a great deal," he added, gravely. "As for the talc mask and the black moustache, that is not much to help us, it is true." He looked at Ricardo's crestfallen face and smiled. "We might arrest our good friend M. Ricardo upon that evidence, but no one else that I know."

Hanaud laughed immoderately at his joke. He alone seemed to feel no disappointment at Perrichet's oversight. Ricardo was a little touchy on the subject of his personal appearance and bridled visibly. Hanaud turned towards Servettaz.

"Now," he said, "you know how much petrol was taken from the garage?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Can you tell me, by the amount which has been used, how far that car was driven last night?" Hanaud asked.

Servettaz examined the tank.

"A long way, monsieur. From a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty kilometres, I should say."

"Yes, just about that distance, I should say," cried Hanaud.

His eyes brightened, and a smile, a rather fierce smile, came to his lips. He opened the door, and examined with a minute scrutiny the floor of the carriage, and, as he looked, the smile faded from his face. Perplexity returned to it. He took the cushions, looked them over and shook them out.

"I see no sign——" he began, and then he uttered a little shrill cry of satisfaction. From the crack of the door by the hinge he picked off a tiny piece of pale green stuff, which he spread out upon the back of his hand.

"Tell me, what is this?" he said to Ricardo.

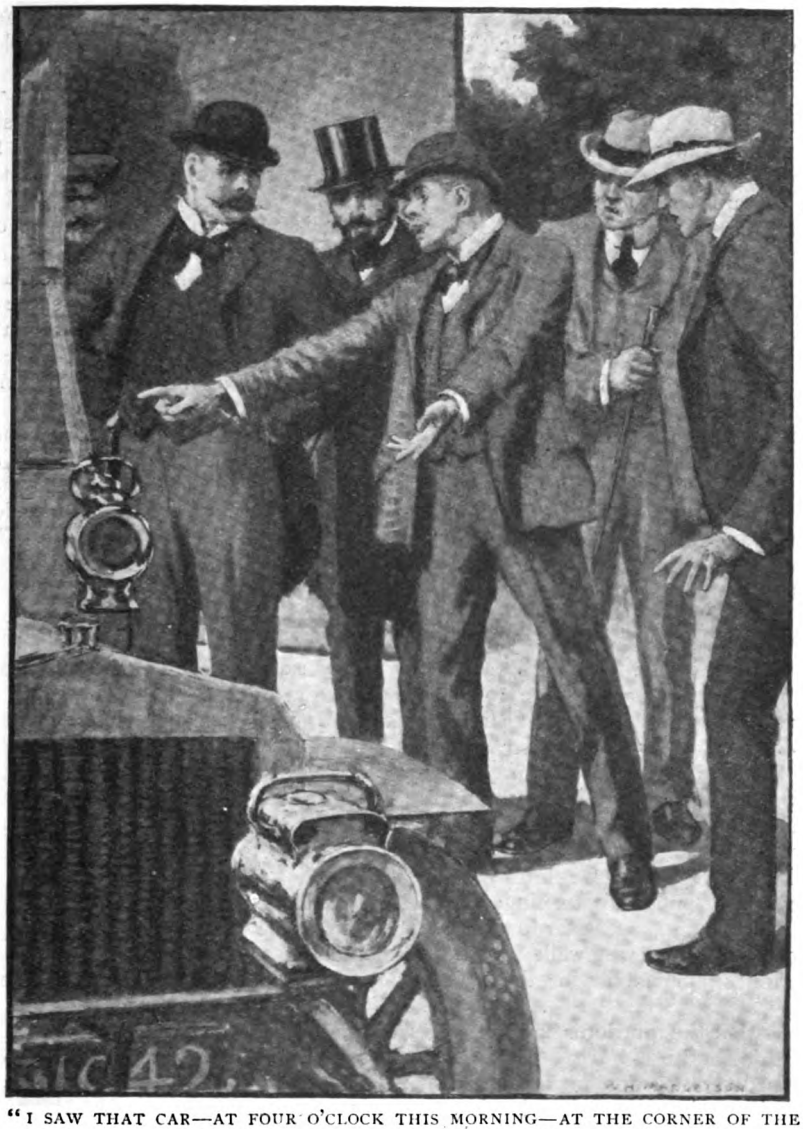
"It is a green fabric," said Ricardo, very wisely.

"It is green chiffon," said Hanaud. "And the frock in which Mlle. Célie went away was of green chiffon over satin. Yes, Mlle. Célie travelled in this car."

He hurried to the driver's seat. Upon the floor there was some dark mould. Hanaud cleaned it off with his knife and held some of it in the palm of his hand. He turned to Servettaz.

"You drove the car on Tuesday morning before you went to Chambéry?"

"Yes, monsieur."



"I SAW THAT CAR—AT FOUR O'CLOCK THIS MORNING—AT THE CORNER OF THE ROAD—NOT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE VILLA ROSE."

"Where did you take up Mme. Dauvray and Mlle. Célie?"

"At the front door of the Villa Rose."

"How was Mlle. Célie dressed?"

"In grey."

"Yes," said Hanaud, thoughtfully. "And there was none of this dark mould on Mlle. Célie's grey shoes. Did you get down from the seat at all?"

"No, monsieur. Not after I left the garage."

Hanaud returned to his companions.

"See!" And he showed it to his companions. "This is black soil—moist from last night's rain—soil like the soil in front of Mme. Dauvray's salon. Look, here is even a blade or two of the grass," and he turned the mould over in the palm of his hand. Then he took an empty envelope from his pocket and poured the soil into it and gummed the flap down. He stood and frowned at the motor-car.

"See," he said, "how I am puzzled! There was a man last night at the Villa Rose. There was a man's blurred foot-marks in the mould before the glass door. That man drove madame's car for a hundred and fifty kilometres, and he leaves the mould which clung to his boots upon the floor of

his seat. Mlle. Célie and another woman drove away inside the car. Mlle. Célie leaves a fragment of the flounce of her chiffon frock which caught in the hinge. But Mlle. Célie made much clearer impressions in the mould than the man. Yet on the floor of the carriage there is no trace of her shoes. Again I say there is something here which I do not understand." And he spread out his hands with an impulsive gesture of despair.

"It looks as if they had been careful and he careless," said Mr. Ricardo, with the air of a man solving a very difficult problem.

"What a mind!" cried Hanaud, clasping his hands in admiration. "How quick and how profound!"

There was at times something elephantinely elfish in M. Hanaud's demeanour, which left Mr. Ricardo at a loss. But he had come to notice that these undignified manifestations usually took place when Hanaud had come to a definite opinion upon some point which had perplexed him.

"Yet there is, perhaps, another explanation," Hanaud continued. "For observe, M. Ricardo. We have other evidence to show that the careless one was Mlle. Célie. It was she who left her footsteps so plainly visible upon the grass, not the man. However, we will go back to M. Wethermill's room at the Hôtel Majestic and talk this matter over. We know something now. Yes, we know—what do we know, monsieur?" he asked, suddenly turning with a smile to Ricardo, and, as Ricardo paused: "Think it over while we walk down to M. Wethermill's apartment in the Hôtel Majestic."

"We know that the murderer has escaped," replied Ricardo, hotly.

"The murderer is not now the most important object of our search. He is very likely at Marseilles by now. We shall lay our hands on him, never fear," replied Hanaud, with a superb gesture of disdain. "But it was thoughtful of you to remind me of him. I might so easily have clean forgotten him, and then indeed my reputation would have suffered an eclipse." He made a low, ironical bow to Ricardo and walked quickly down the road.

"For a cumbersome man he is extraordinarily active," said Mr. Ricardo to Harry Wethermill, trying to laugh, without much success. "A heavy, clever, middle-aged man, liable to become a little gutter-boy at a moment's notice."

Thus he described the great detective, and the description is quoted. For it was Ricardo's best effort in the whole of this business.

The three men went straight to Harry Wethermill's apartment, which consisted of a sitting-room and a bedroom on the first floor. A balcony ran along outside. Hanaud stepped out on to it, looked about him, and returned.

"It is as well to know that we cannot be overheard," he said.

Harry Wethermill meanwhile had thrown himself into a chair. The mask he had worn had slipped from its fastenings for a moment. There was a look of infinite suffering upon his face. It was the face of a man tortured by misery to the snapping-point.

Hanaud, on the other hand, was particularly alert. The discovery of the motor-car had raised his spirits. He sat at the table.

"I will tell you what we have learnt," he said, "and it is of importance. The three of them—the man, the woman with the red hair, and Mlle. Célie—all drove yesterday night to Geneva. That is only one thing we have learnt."

"Then you still cling to Geneva?" said Ricardo.

"More than ever," said Hanaud.

He turned in his chair towards Wethermill.

"Ah, my poor friend!" he said, when he saw the young man's distress.

Harry Wethermill sprang up with a gesture as though to sweep the need of sympathy away.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"You have a road map, perhaps?" said Hanaud.

"Yes," said Wethermill, "mine is here. There it is"; and crossing the room he brought it from a side table and placed it in front of Hanaud. Hanaud took a pencil from his pocket.

"One hundred and fifty kilometres was about the distance which the car had travelled. Measure the distances here, and you will see that Geneva is the likely place. A good place to hide in, besides. I am not sorry that it is Geneva, for the Chef de la Sûreté is a friend of mine."

"And what else do we know?" asked Ricardo.

"This," said Hanaud. He paused impressively. "Bring up your chair to the table, M. Wethermill, and consider whether I am right or wrong"; and he waited until Harry Wethermill had obeyed. Then he laughed in a friendly way at himself.

"I cannot help it," he said. "I have an eye for dramatic effects. I must prepare for

them when I know they are coming And one, I tell you, is coming now."

He shook his finger at his companions. Ricardo shifted and shuffled in his chair. Harry Wethermill kept his eyes fixed on Hanaud's face, but he was quiet, as he had been throughout the long inquiry.

Hanaud lit a cigarette and took his time.

"What I think is this. The man who drove the car into Geneva drove it back, because—he meant to leave it again in the garage of the Villa Rose."

"Good heavens!" cried Ricardo, flinging himself back. The theory so calmly enunciated took his breath away.

"Would he have dared?" asked Harry Wethermill.

Hanaud leaned across and tapped his fingers on the table to emphasize his answer.

"All through this crime there are two things visible—brains and daring. Clever brains and extraordinary daring. Would he have dared? He dared to be at the corner close to the Villa Rose at daylight. Why else should he have returned except to put back the car? Consider! The petrol is taken from tins which Servettaz might never have touched for a fortnight, and by that time he might, as he said, have forgotten whether he had not used them himself. The utmost care is taken that there shall be no mould left on the floor of the carriage. The scrap of chiffon was torn off, no doubt, when the women finally left the car, and therefore not noticed, or that, too, would have been removed. That the exterior of the car was dirty betrayed nothing. For Servettaz had left it uncleaned."

Hanaud leaned back and, step by step, related the journey of the car.

"The man leaves the gate open; he drives into Geneva the two women, who are careful that their shoes shall leave no marks upon the floor. At Geneva they get out. The man returns. If he can only leave the car in the garage he covers all traces of the course he and his friends have taken. At the corner of the road, just as he is turning down to the villa, he sees a gendarme at the gate. He knows that the murder is discovered. He puts on full speed and goes straight out of the town. What is he to do? He is driving a car for which the police in an hour or two, if not now already, will be surely watching. He is driving it in broad daylight. He must get rid of it, and at once, before people are about to see it, and to see him in it. Imagine his feelings! It is almost enough to make one pity him. Here he is in a car which convicts him as a murderer, and he has nowhere to leave it. He drives through Aix. Then on the outskirts of the town he finds an empty villa. He drives in at the gate, forces the door of the coach-house, and leaves his car there. Now, observe! It is no longer any use for him to pretend that he and his friends did not disappear in that car. The murder is already discovered, and with the murder the disappearance of the car. So he no longer troubles his head about it. He does not remove the traces of mould from the place where his feet rested. It no longer matters. He has to run to earth now before he is seen. That is all his business. And so the state of the car is explained. It was a bold step to bring that car back—yes, a bold and desperate step. But a clever one. For, if it had succeeded, we should have known nothing of their movements—oh, but nothing—nothing. Ah! I tell you this is no ordinary blundering affair. They are clever people who devised this crime, clever and—of an audacity which is surprising."

Then Hanaud lit another cigarette.

Mr. Ricardo, on the other hand, could hardly continue to smoke for excitement.

"I cannot understand your calmness," he exclaimed.

"No?" said Hanaud. "Yet it is so obvious. You are the amateur, I am the professional—that is all."

He looked at his watch and rose to his feet.

"I must go. I have things to attend to." He laid his hand on Wethermill's shoulder. "And you, my friend, I should counsel you to get some sleep. We may need all our strength to-morrow. I hope so." He was speaking very gravely. "Yes, I hope so."

Wethermill nodded.

"I shall try," he said.

"That's better," said Hanaud, cheerfully. "You will both stay here this evening. For if I have news, I can then ring you up."

Both men agreed. But they heard no more of Hanaud that night.

CHAPTER X.

NEWS FROM GENEVA.

THE next morning, however, before Mr. Ricardo was out of his bed, M. Hanaud was announced. He came stepping gaily into the room, more elephantinely elfish than ever.

"Send your valet away," he said. And as soon as they were alone he produced a newspaper, which he flourished in Mr. Ricardo's face and then dropped into his hands.

"'WHY HAVE YOU DONE IT?' MR. RICARDO CRIED."

Ricardo saw staring him in the face a full description of Celia Harland, of her appearance and her dress, of everything except her name, coupled with an intimation that a reward of four thousand francs would be paid to anyone who could give information leading to the discovery of her whereabouts to Mr. Ricardo, the Hôtel Majestic, Aix-les-Bains!

Mr. Ricardo sat up in his bed, with a sense of outrage.

"You have done this!" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why have you done it?" Mr. Ricardo cried.

Hanaud advanced to the bed mysteriously on the tips of his toes.

"I will tell you," he said, in his most confidential tones. "Only it must remain a secret between you and me. I did it—because I have a sense of humour."

"I hate publicity," said Mr. Ricardo, acidly.

"On the other hand, you have four thousand francs," protested the detective. "Besides, what else should I do? If I name myself, the very people we are seeking to catch—who, you may be sure, will be the first to read this advertisement—will know that I, the great, the incomparable Hanaud, am after them; and I do not want them to know that. Besides"—and he spoke now in a gentle and most serious voice—"why should we make life more difficult for Mlle. Célie by telling the world that the police want her? It will be time enough for that when she appears before the Criminal Court."

Mr. Ricardo grumbled inarticulately and read through the advertisement again.

"Besides, your description is incomplete," he said. "There is no mention of the diamond earrings which Celia Harland was wearing when she went away."

"Ah! So you noticed that!" exclaimed Hanaud. "A little more experience and I should be looking very closely to my laurels. But as for the earrings—I will tell you. Mlle. Célie was not wearing them when she went away from the Villa Rose."

"But—but," stammered Ricardo, "the case upon the dressing-room table was empty."

"Still, she was not wearing them. I know," said Hanaud, decisively.

"How do you know?" cried Ricardo, gazing at Hanaud with awe in his eyes. "How could you know?"

"Because"—and Hanaud struck a majestic attitude, like a king in a play—"because I am the captain of the ship."

Upon that Mr. Ricardo suffered a return of his ill-humour.

"I do not like to be trifled with," he remarked, with as much dignity as his ruffled hair and the bed-clothes allowed him. He looked sternly at the newspaper, turning it over, and then he uttered a cry of surprise.

"But this is yesterday's paper!" he said.

"Yesterday evening's paper," Hanaud corrected.

"When did you send the advertisement in, then?"

"I wrote a letter while we were taking our luncheon," Hanaud explained. "The letter was to Besnard, asking him to telegraph the advertisement at once."

"But you said never a word about it to us," Ricardo grumbled.

"No. And was I not wise?" said Hanaud, with complacency. "For you would have forbidden me to use your name."

"Oh, I don't go as far as that," said Ricardo, reluctantly. His indignation was rapidly evaporating. For there was growing up in his mind a pleasant perception that the advertisement placed him in the limelight.

He rose from his bed.

"You will make yourself comfortable in the sitting-room while I have my bath."

"I will, indeed," replied Hanaud, cheerily. "I have already ordered my morning chocolate. I have hopes that you may have a telegram very soon. This paper was cried last night through the streets of Geneva."

Ricardo dressed for once in a way with some approach to ordinary celerity, and joined Hanaud.

"Has nothing come?" he asked.

"No. This chocolate is very good. It is better than that which I get in my hotel."

"Good heavens!" cried Ricardo, who was fairly twittering with excitement. "You sit there talking about chocolate while my cup shakes in my fingers."

"Again I must remind you that you are the amateur, I the professional, my friend."

As the morning drew on, however, his professional quietude deserted him. He began to start at the sound of footsteps in the corridor, to glance every other moment from the window, to eat his cigarettes rather than to smoke them. At eleven o'clock Ricardo's valet brought a telegram into the room. Ricardo seized it.

"Calmly, my friend," said Hanaud.

With trembling fingers Ricardo tore it open. He jumped in his chair. Speechless, he handed the telegram to Hanaud. It had been sent from Geneva, and it ran thus:—

"Expect me soon after three. — Marthe Gobin."

Hanaud nodded his head.

"I told you I had hopes." All his levity had gone in an instant from his manner. He spoke very quietly.

"I had better send for Wethermill?" asked Ricardo.

Hanaud shrugged his shoulders.

"As you like. But why raise hopes in that poor man's breast which an hour or two may dash for ever to the ground? Consider! Marthe Gobin has something to tell us. Think over those eight points of evidence which you drew up yesterday in the Villa des Fleurs, and say whether what she has to tell us is more likely to prove Mlle. Célie's innocence than her guilt. Think well, for I will be guided by you, M. Ricardo," said Hanaud, solemnly. "If you think it better that your friend should live in torture until Marthe Gobin comes, and then perhaps suffer worse torture from the news she brings, be it so. You shall decide. If, on the other hand, you think it will be best to leave M. Wethermill in peace until we know her story, be it so. You shall decide."

Ricardo moved uneasily. The solemnity of Hanaud's manner impressed him. He had no wish to take the responsibility of the decision upon himself. But Hanaud sat with his eyes strangely fixed upon Ricardo, waiting for his answer.

"Well," said Ricardo, at length, "good news will be none the worse for waiting a few hours. Bad news will be a little the better."

"Yes," said Hanaud. "So I thought you would decide." He took up a Continental Bradshaw from a bookshelf in the room.

"There is a train from Culoz which reaches Aix at seven minutes past three. It is by that train she will come. You have a motor-car?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Will you pick me up in it at three at my hotel? We will drive down to the station and see the arrivals by that train. It may help us to get some idea of the person with whom we have to deal. Now I will leave you, for I have much to do. But I will look in upon M. Wethermill as I go down and tell him that there is as yet no news."

He took up his hat and stick and stood for a moment staring out of the window. Then he roused himself from his reverie with a start.

"You look out upon Mont Revard, I see. I think M. Wethermill's view over the garden and the town is the better one," he said, and he went out of the room.

At three o'clock Ricardo called in his car, which was an open Mercédès of high power, at Hanaud's hotel, and the two men went to the station. They waited outside the exit while the passengers gave up their tickets. Amongst them a middle-aged, short woman, of a plethoric tendency, attracted their notice. She was neatly but shabbily dressed in black; her gloves were darned, and she was obviously in a hurry. As she came out, she asked a commissionaire:—

"How far is it to the Hôtel Majestic?"

The man told her the hotel was at the very top of the town and the way was steep.

"But madame can go up in the omnibus of the hotel," he suggested.

Madame, however, was in too much of a hurry. The omnibus would have to wait for luggage. She hailed a closed cab and drove off inside of it.

"Now, if we go back in the car, we shall be all ready for her when she arrives," said Hanaud.

They passed the cab, indeed, a few yards up the steep hill which leads from the station. The cab was moving at a walk.

"She looks honest," said Hanaud, with a sigh of relief. "She is some good bourgeoise anxious to earn four thousand francs."

They reached the hotel in a few minutes.

"We may need your car again the moment Marthe Gobin has gone," said Hanaud.

"It shall wait here," said Ricardo.

"No," said Hanaud. "Let it wait in the little street at the back of my hotel. It will not be so noticeable there. You have petrol for a long journey?"

"MEN WERE RUNNING, VOICES WERE CRYING QUESTIONS."

Ricardo gave the order quietly to his chauffeur, and followed Hanaud into the hotel. Through a glass window they could see Wethermill smoking a cigar over his coffee.

"He looks as if he had not slept," said Ricardo.

Hanaud nodded sympathetically, and beckoned Ricardo past the window.

"But we are nearing the end. These two days have been for him days of great trouble. One can see that very clearly. And he has done nothing to embarrass us. I am grateful to M. Wethermill. But we are nearing the end. Who knows? Within an hour or two we may have news for him."

He spoke with great feeling, and the two men ascended the stairs to Ricardo's rooms. For the second time that day Hanaud's professional calm deserted him. The window overlooked the main entrance to the hotel. Hanaud arranged the room, and, even while he arranged it, ran every other second and leaned from the window to watch for the coming of the cab.

"Put the bank-notes upon the table," he said, hurriedly. "They will persuade her to tell us all that she has to tell. Yes, that will do. She is not in sight yet? No."

"She could not be. It is a long way from the station," said Ricardo, "the whole distance uphill."

"Yes, that is true," Hanaud replied. "We will not embarrass her by sitting round the table like a tribunal. You will sit in that arm-chair."

Ricardo took his seat, crossed his knees, and joined the tips of his fingers.

"So!" said Hanaud; "I will sit here at the table. Whatever you do, do not frighten her." Hanaud sat down in the chair which he had placed for himself.

"Marthe Gobin shall sit opposite, with the light upon her face. So!" And, springing up, he arranged a chair for her. "Whatever you do, do not frighten her," he repeated. "I am nervous. So much depends upon this interview." And in a second he was back at the window.

Ricardo did not move. He arranged in his mind the interrogatory which was to take place. He was to conduct it. He was the master of the situation. All the limelight was to be his. Startling facts would come to light elicited by his deft questions. Hanaud need not fear. He would not frighten her. He would be gentle, he would be cunning. Softly and delicately he would turn this good woman inside out, like a glove. Every artistic fibre in his body vibrated to the dramatic situation.

Suddenly Hanaud leaned out of the window.

"It comes! It comes!" he said, in a quick, feverish whisper. "I can see the cab between the shrubs of the drive."

"Let it come!" said Mr. Ricardo.

Even as he sat he could hear the grating of wheels upon the drive. He saw Hanaud lean farther from the window and stamp impatiently upon the floor.

"There it is at the door," he said; and for a few seconds he spoke no more. He stood looking downwards, craning his head, with his back towards Ricardo.

Then, with a wild and startled cry, he staggered back into the room. His face was white as wax, his eyes full of horror, his mouth open.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Ricardo, springing to his feet.

"They are lifting her out! She doesn't move. They are lifting her out!"

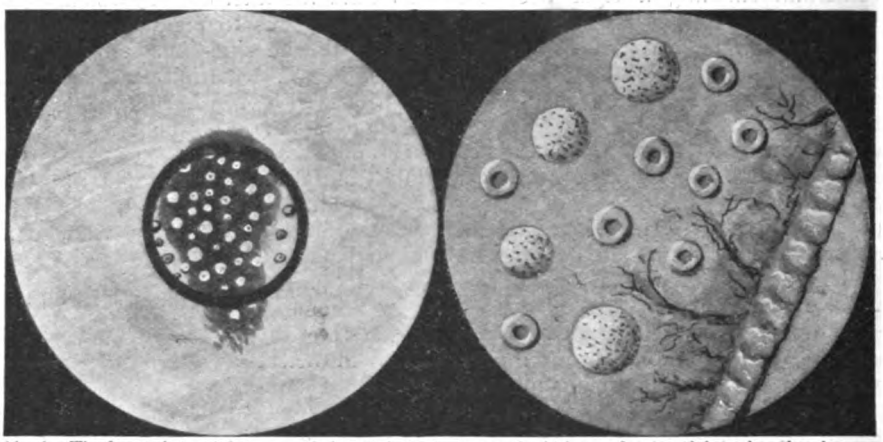
For a moment he stared into Ricardo's face — paralyzed by fear. Then he sprang down the stairs. Ricardo followed him.

There was confusion in the corridor. Men were running, voices were crying questions. As they passed the window, they saw Wethermill start up, aroused from his lethargy. They knew the truth before they reached the entrance of the hotel. A cab had driven up to the door from the station. In the cab was an unknown woman stabbed to the heart.

(*To be continued.*)

The Detection of Blood-Guilt.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.



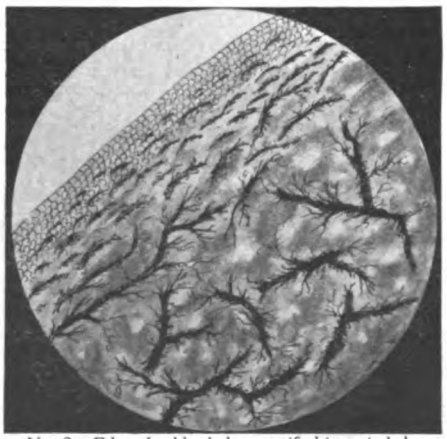
No. 1.—The first circle is a 1-30in. magnified pin-hole, in the centre of which is a fine pencil dot enlarged to the same scale. Upon the pencil dot are some blood discs, or corpuscles. In the second circle are shown these white and red discs and globules, the circle being approximately that surrounding the pencil dot, more highly magnified.

PEOPLE often wonder why it is that experts, when giving evidence in court, can so confidently affirm that a certain substance removed from clothes, weapons, and so on consists of blood, although the suspected parties declare it to be rust or red paint. The determination of the truth is, however, a matter of simple preparation and microscopical observation which is absolutely infallible, for reasons which I will give.

The reader probably learnt at school that all human blood consists of two kinds of densely-packed globules invisible to the naked eye, called corpuscles, white and red, floating or suspended in a liquid. I doubt whether one person in a million—apart from those who study such topics—has any real idea of the minuteness of these objects. It is useless to say, for instance, that ten million of the red corpuscles will cover a square inch if laid out quite flat. A better plan to convey the smallness of these things is that now to be advised.

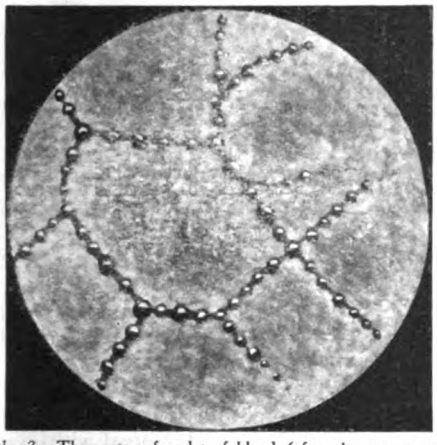
I make several specks with a finely-pointed pencil on a piece of glossy white note-paper. I select the smallest of the dots, and magnify it in relation to a pin-hole one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter made in thin metal. The result is the production of illustration No. 1, in the centre of which is the magnified pencil dot, surrounded by a small circle for convenience of reference. This black spot, hardly discernible to the naked eye, will hold several dozens of these blood discs without overlapping.

That inner circle is reproduced on a larger scale to the right-hand side of No. 1, where the white corpuscles are indicated by the larger globules, and the red ones by the smaller sunk-centre discs. It is the function of the white corpuscles to consume the bacteria and bacilli that enter the blood, and they are actually alive. The specks to be seen over them in the illustration represent such germs. The red discs contain the iron of the blood. This much enables us to proceed with understanding.



No. 2.—Edge of a blood-clot magnified in a pin-hole.

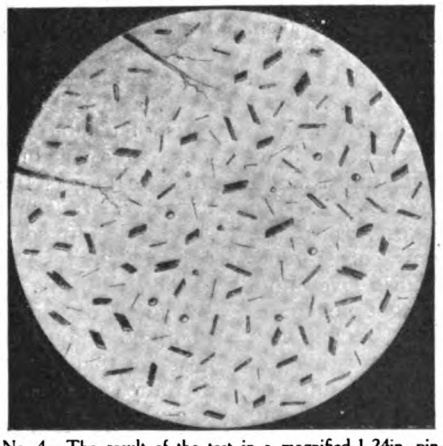
I squeeze a mere drop from a needle-prick in my finger on to a slide. At first all the globules and discs are fairly well defined, though it is usual to add a drop of water, or a chemical solution, to separate them and render them clearer. Slowly the drop stiffens, the firmness commencing



No. 3.—The centre of a clot of blood (after the commencement of the test) magnified in a 1-24in. pin-hole. Bubbles are emerging from the interstices.

at the edge (which is paler than elsewhere) and proceeding inwards. Within a short time it has wholly congealed, and presents the appearance shown in No. 2. The edge is faintly frilled, while tuft-like, darker lines, the fibrin, are observable near it. The lengths of the tufts increase towards the centre of the spot, in the vicinity of which there are comparatively large cracks dividing the film into plates like those on a tortoise's back, as in No. 3. No beads are then present. This feature of itself affords a good clue to the cleverer analyst, if the substance is not too old. I wait till next day before making the tests.

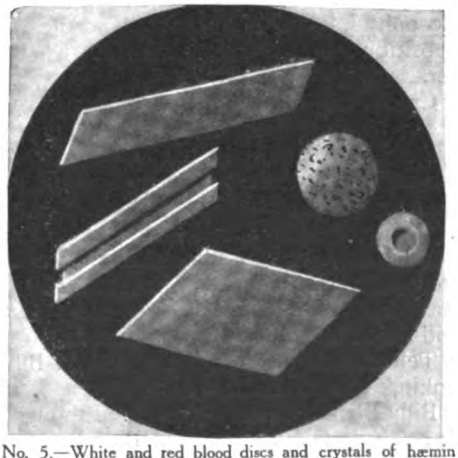
The dried blood is eventually loosened with a thin, sharp knife blade, and comes away like a fleck of indiarubber or leather, or similar resistant yet pliable stuff. I detach all except the portion to be tested. Then I let fall a drop of glacial acetic acid on to the dried flake, add a tiny speck of common salt, and gently warm the mixture. Upon replacing it beneath the microscope the liquor cools and evaporates, and there strangely springs into view a mass of red-brown crystals, or maybe scattered ones, having definite characteristic shapes of the kind depicted in No. 4. The chemical reactions have been of a very curious kind. Before the appearance of the crystals bubbles of gas, etc., emerge from between the cracks separating the minute plates, and burst in due course. Then the edges of the plates become fainter and fainter until all red tint is absorbed, and the crystals commence to appear at various points.



No. 4.—The result of the test in a magnified 1-24in. pin-hole, when crystals of hæmin develop in place of the blood shown in Nos. 2 and 3.

The substance forming these crystals, composed of chlorine from the salt and extractions from the blood, combined, is known as *hæmin*, or *chloride of hæmatin*. The crystals will undergo another change into brown irregular particles if an alkali, such as soda, is added.

It has not only to be determined whether a suspected substance is blood and not rust or paint—which in themselves are capable of affording direct evidence of their own nature—but it has to be learnt whether the blood is that of a human being or of a rabbit, fowl, or other creature. Fortunately, the shapes of the corpuscles differ, slightly or extremely. Another important fact is that human blood responds less readily to the crystallization process outlined than do other kinds, and, moreover, does so *differently*. The tiny prisms are an almost sufficient clue to the real nature of tested human blood. Such are the delicate methods that are ordinarily followed in these cases.



No. 5.—White and red blood discs and crystals of hæmin into which they, in their dried state, become converted. All shown proportionately magnified.

FRENZIED FINANCE

by

Arthur Morrison

"YES," observed Snorkey Timms; "it's a wonderful thing, is credit." He filled his pipe from my pouch with a grunt of satisfaction, and lit it with a match from my box. He paused in an instinctive motion to drop my property into his pocket, and handed the articles back with a sigh.

"They tell me," he pursued, "that there in the City the blokes pay each other thousands o' quids without brassing up a single real thick 'un—all done on the nod. So that any 'opeful party as slaves away a 'ole night bustin' a safe there only gets I O U's an' things like that, an' nobody'll give him a bob a ton for 'em, cos he's got no credit. It's just as wonderful in a pub: a chap with credit can get a drink for marks with a bit o' chalk, an' the landlord even finds the chalk. Wonderful, ain't it? I wish I 'ad some. But it seems to be a sort o' thing you have to be born with."

"Born with?" I repeated interrogatively. "Do you mean chalk?" For Snorkey's philosophy was full of surprises, and the one proposition seemed as reasonable as the other.

"Credit," replied Snorkey, with emphasis. "If people ain't born with it I dunno how they get it—I've tried hard enough, all sorts o' ways. But I don't believe anybody's born with it in Shoreditch; it never was a 'ealthy air. We can't even raise it out of each other down here." Snorkey smoked in silence for a few seconds, and then laughed aloud. "Ha! ha! Dido Fox!" he burst out. "Dido Fox an' old Billy Blenkin!"

"Tell me about Dido Fox and old Billy Blenkin," I demanded.

"Billy Blenkin," Snorkey repeated thoughtfully; "ah, you didn't know old Billy Blenkin. 'E was a reformed character, 'e was. Ho, yus! Sich a moral old party!" Snorkey shut one eye and shook his head with many chuckles. "Billy Blenkin," he went on, "was a-climbin' into back winders an' bustin' into safes when I was a innocent nipper a-gettin' my eddication in Spitalfields Market. He was a clever old 'un, by all accounts; but as he got older he got a bit absent-minded. Now, a absent-minded burglar gets into all sorts of trouble; he sits down in a strange 'ouse to 'ave a bit o' supper an' a drink, an' then he forgets the 'ouse ain't his, an' goes to bed, or starts up a song or what not; or he swops his old coat for the best one he can find an' leaves his ticket-o'-leave in the pocket, with his name an' address all fine an' large, or some other silly thing like that. Poor old Billy Blenkin got makin' so many mistakes that he see clear enough he'd have to retire, afore the judge at the Old Bailey retired *him*, permanent, as he'd done so often temp'ry. Not only because he made so many mistakes, either; he'd got so well known to the p'lice that they ran him in sort of automatic whenever almost any place was broke into. So poor old Billy had to retire. But a burglar can't retire so easy as some people might think. In other businesses a man makes a bit 'fore he thinks of retirin', but it's quite wonderful to see how little a burglar ever 'as to retire on."

"It doesn't pay," I interjected. "*You* know it doesn't pay in the long run."

Snorkey winked genially and screwed his mouth aside.

"You've told me that before," he said; which was true, for I was young and a little apt to preach. "You've told me before, though I ain't quite sich a mug as not to ha' found it out meself. But there! However you make it, I never 'eard of a gonoph of any sort as ever 'ad enough to retire on, unless it was one o' the big City sort, as is

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born with credit. Poor old Billy Blenkin 'adn't, anyhow, an' he put in a deal o' thinkin' 'ow to get a livin' before a fust-rate plan struck him. When it did strike him at last he wondered it hadn't been the fust thing he'd thought of. It was jest what you'd expect anybody to think of as was givin' up burglary. He see the only thing was to 'ave a noo 'art."

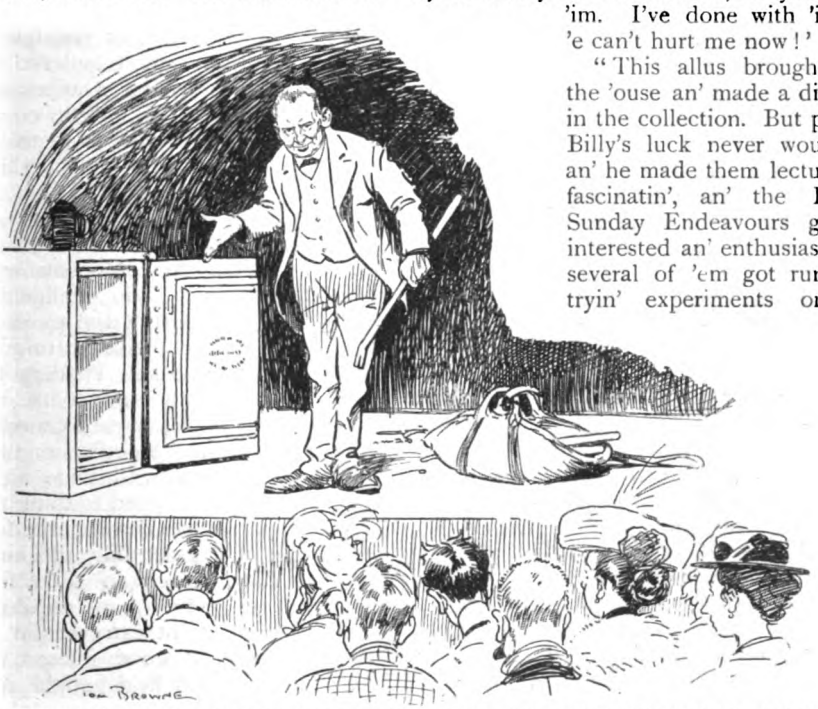
"A New Art?" I queried. For a moment I had a wild vision of old Billy Blenkin seeking admission to the Guilds of them that design furniture and chintzes in dead-worm curves; and then I understood. "Oh, I see. You mean a new heart?"

"So I said; a noo 'art. He walked round lookin' for one o' them mission-'alls that's always ready to swaller an old gonoph with a noo 'art, and the wuss he's been the more they like him. But Billy wasn't just workin' the old racket plain; he had ideas of his own. Bein' a reformed character an' a moral party don't pay a cent beyond the fust week or so; then they expect you to work, an' precious cheap, too. Billy Blenkin 'ad 'is eye on something better than that. He found his mission-'all all right, an' got on famous with the ringleaders; an' then he let on his noo idea, which was lectures on his wicked life, illustriated with his beautiful kit o' burglar's tools.

"The idea did fust-rate for a bit, an' Billy Blenkin was quite the fashion at tea-fights an' pleasant Sunday arternoons. It was wonderful how it pleased all them respectable parties to be showed 'ow to screw a lock with a filed-out key, or bust a safe with a nice little james, made in jints. An' Billy allus finished up by showin' a bottle o' whisky, which he put all the blame on.

"'Ah, my friends,' says old Billy, 'this 'ere's the enemy what made me go wrong! Here he is! See me shake 'im! He's *my* prisoner now,' says he, 'arter I been his so many times. No more of 'im! I keep 'im by me now jist to remind me, an' jist to spite 'im. I've done with 'im, and 'e can't hurt me now!'

"This allus brought down the 'ouse an' made a difference in the collection. But poor old Billy's luck never would last, an' he made them lectures that fascinatin', an' the Pleasant Sunday Endeavours got that interested an' enthusiastic, that several of 'em got run in for tryin' experiments on their own. It seems this wasn't what the mission-'all parties wanted at all, an' they complained very serious to Billy. They said he was makin 'isself a deal too interestin' an' it was unsettlin' the minds o' the congregation, as hadn't been used to it; an' to 'ave 'arf the Band of 'Ope in the jug for 'ousebreakin' was quite unpresidented. Moreover, they said it wasn't always the same bottle o' whisky as he showed at the end o' the lecture, an' that looked suspicious. So Billy got sarcastic an' told 'em they seemed to 'ave a better eye for a bottle o' whisky than some o' the most experienced boozers of 'is acquaintance, an' he wondered 'ow they got so clever. An' with that all the



"BILLY BLENKIN WAS QUITE THE FASHION AT TEA-FIGHTS AND PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOONS."

fat was in the fire, an' they suspended the lectures an' called a special committee meetin' to consider 'is conduck.

"Now it happened about this time that Dido Fox had found a beautiful place for a bust."

Such is my disgraceful familiarity with the tongue of the disreputable that I knew what Snorkey meant. "A beautiful place for a bust" was not, as some might suppose, a convenient spot for a carousal, but a house at which a profitable burglary might be perpetrated. Snorkey went on.

"It was sich a beautiful place," he said, "that Dido half thought, at first, of keepin' it to himself, though it was really a place that wanted two—most places any good do. But one thing was quite plain—whether he did it alone or with a pal, it wanted a good set o' tools, an' a good set o' tools was just what Dido Fox hadn't got. Dido Fox hadn't got 'em, but old Billy Blenkin had. So Dido went round to old Billy Blenkin an' wanted to borrow his.

"'H'm!' says old Billy. 'Want 'em for a lecture, I suppose? They're a fust-rate set o' tools for a lecture!'

"'No, I want 'em for a job,' says Dido, as hadn't caught on to old Billy's noo refined way o' talkin'.

"'We never call a lecture a job,' says old Billy, very solemn; 'it's low. Well, I'll lend you the tools; but I shall have to charge you —rather high. I expect it's a particular good lecture you want 'em for; a common one you could do without 'em.'

"'Well, it's pretty fair,' says Dido. 'I'll pay when the job's done.'

"Old Billy shook his head very decided. 'No,' says he, 'arterwards won't do. It 'ud be wrong o' me to encourage you to get in debt; it's bad for a young man like you. You'll have to leave a deposit of five pound on them tools, an' I'll give you back three of 'em when you've busted the—the lecture.'

"'Can't do it,' says Dido. 'What d'ye want a deposit for? 'Fraid I'll pinch the tools?'

"'Why, no,' says old Billy, 'I should 'ope not; but I've had experience o' them lectures, like what you want the tools for. Sometimes you get that enthusiastic over 'em you get quite carried away, an' your friends don't see you again for years. I can't afford to lose them tools.'

"'But I'm 'ard up,' says Dido Fox; 'I sha'n't have the money till after I've done the —well, the lecture, an' sold the stuff.'

"'Ah, you'll have to get some dear friend to 'elp you with that lecture,' says old Billy; 'these particular good lectures allus want two. Go an' get a dear friend to 'elp you, an' make up the five quid between you.'

"So Dido Fox thought it over, an' made up his mind to take Joe Kelly into partnership over this job. It really was a job as needed two, when he come to think of it serious, an' then there was the money to be made up to get the tools. So he went to Joe Kelly and let him into it. He didn't tell him quite everythink, o' course, in case Joe might be tempted to go in an' do it himself first. You allus have to be careful about things like that—very careful. He didn't tell him where he was goin' to get the tools. He jist said he *could* get 'em, but there was five quid deposit wanted, and two of it to be paid for the hire. But it appeared Joe was jist as 'ard up as Dido. They couldn't raise five bob between 'em, let alone five quid.

"'Can't you borrow it somewhere?' says Dido.

"Joe Kelly thought a bit, and then said p'r'aps he could. He wouldn't tell Dido where he thought he could borrow it, for the same reason that Dido wouldn't tell him where he could borrow the tools. Each of 'em didn't want t'other chap to go an' do it on his own, you see. That's a thing you 'ave to be careful about, o' course.

"But no doubt you've 'eard somethink about great minds jumpin' together, an' that was jist what was 'appenin' with Dido an' Joe this time. When Joe stopped to think about who he could borrow five quid off, the fust person he thought of was old Billy Blenkin. There was old Billy, retired an' doin' fust-rate at tea-fights an' lectures, an' no doubt quite ready to make a bit extry lendin' five quid just overnight, at good interest. So Joe made up his mind he'd get the needful off old Billy, but was precious careful not to say so to Dido. As for Dido, he was glad enough to think Joe would do the trick, an' he quite understood why he wouldn't give away his idea—that was on'y business, an' each agreed to 'tend to his own department. So Joe, he went off to get the money, an' said he'd meet Dido the same evenin' an' report. When they met in the evenin' o' course Dido wanted to know 'ow Joe had got on.

"'Oh, it's all right,' says Joe, grinnin' and winkin' very knowin'.

"'Hooray!' says Dido, stickin' out 'is 'and. 'Where's the five quid?'

"'Well,' says Joe, 'I ain't quite what you might call got it, not yet. But it's all right—I expect I'll get it to-morrow. The chap

don't 'appen to 'ave it by 'im just now—he's goin' to get it. But he's goin' to charge two quid for lendin' it.'

"'Two quid!' says Dido. 'Why, we on'y want it till the next day!'

"'Yes, so I told 'im,' says Joe, 'but he won't do it under.'

"'You're lettin' 'im swindle us,' says Dido, gettin' ratty.

"'Then 'ow about you?' says Joe. 'You're payin' two quid just the same to the chap as is lendin' the tools, and we on'y want *them* for a night.'

"'Well, yes, that's right,' says Dido, thinkin' of it again, 'so I am. But it seems a lot. Why, that's four quid it's goin' to cost us; we must make a bit extry out o' the job, that's all. You get the money to-morrow an' we'll do the job to-morrow night. You didn't tell 'im what the five quid was for, did you?'

"'Is it likely?' says Joe. 'Not much I didn't. Oh, no; I told 'em a nice little tale o' my own. He don't know nothing.'

"Now p'r'aps you'll begin to catch on to old Billy Blenkin's game," Snorkey proceeded. "When Dido come after the tools he thought he see 'is way to makin' 'em pay still, even though the lectures was stopped. An' then when Joe Kelly came along an' wanted to borrow five quid at interest, he thought he see 'ow to make a bit more still. He hadn't got any five pound of 'is own to lend, bein' 'ard up, in fact, consekence o' the lectures being stopped. But Dido Fox was goin' to leave five pound with 'im for the tools, and that was just what Joe Kelly wanted, for one night only. So, bein' a man o' genius, thinks old Billy, why not lend Dido Fox's five quid to Joe Kelly and do a double stroke? What ho!

"The consekence of all this was that next mornin' Dido Fox 'ad 'ardly got out o' doors when who should he see but old Billy Blenkin, pretendin' to be walkin' down the street by accident.

"'Good mornin',' says old Billy, very casual. 'Wasn't you sayin' somethink about borrowin' my kit o' tools for a very special job—lecture, I mean—an' leavin' five pounds deposit, me to 'ave two for lendin' 'em?'

"'Why, yes, o' course,' says Dido, surprised to find old Billy so 'alf-forgetful. 'Though it wasn't me as proposed payin' the money.'

"'I think it must 'a' been,' says old Billy, lookin' at 'im very 'ard, 'but anyhow that was the arrangement. When will that there lecture come off?'

"'Why,' says Dido, 'I was thinkin' of to-night.'

"'Fust-rate,' says old Billy. 'It'll be a fust-rate evenin' for a lecture, the nights bein' so dark just now.' And then he sticks out 'is 'and an' says, 'Where's the five pound?'

"'I ain't got it,' says Dido.

"HE STICKS OUT 'IS 'AND AN' SAYS, 'WHERE'S THE FIVE POUND?'"

"'Ain't got it?' says old Billy. 'What dy'e mean? 'Ow are you goin' to do that—that lecture? You can't do it without the tools, an' you can't 'ave them without the money, you know. You ain't expectin' that, are you?'

"'Oh, no,' says Dido, 'that's all right. I know what I've got to pay. I ain't got the money yet, that's all. But I shall get it some time to-day.'

"'When?' says old Billy, very eager. 'You must let me know when you'll bring it round, 'cos I might be out.'

"'Well, I must see my pal first,' says Dido. 'But s'ppose we say seven this evenin'?'

"So they made it seven in the evenin', an' Dido went off to find Joe Kelly an' get the money. He didn't find him for hours, an' when he did find him at last o' course Joe 'adn't got the money—not a cent of it.

"'I ain't managed it yet, Dido,' he says, 'but I'm goin' to 'ave it for certain to-night.'

"'What time?' says Dido.

"'Eight o'clock,' says Joe.

"'You're awful slow,' says Dido. 'Can't you get it a bit sooner?'

"'Well, I tried to, but I couldn't,' says Joe. 'The chap says he's got important business up to then.'

"'Where's his place?' says Dido.

"'Oh, it's a pretty good way off,' says Joe, offhanded like. Because you see he wasn't going to give Dido a ghost of a chance o' leavin' him in the lurch.

"'Well, if it's a pretty good way off,' says Dido, 'it's goin' to crowd up our evenin' an' p'raps we shall have to put the job off. I was goin' to get the tools at seven, but if you can't get the money till eight, an' then 'ave to fetch it a long way, very likely I shall miss the chap I'm getting the tools from.'

"'Can't 'elp it,' says Joe. An' Dido agreed they couldn't.

"So Dido went 'ome and sat down to smoke a few pipes an' wait till Joe brought the money in the evenin'. But about 'alf-past seven up comes old Billy Blenkin after the money, blowin' like a grampus an' most outrageous shirty.

"'I thought you 'ad an appointment with me at seven o'clock at my place,' says old Billy. 'I'm a man o' business,' he says, 'an' very busy, an' I can't afford to 'ave my time wasted in this 'ere disgraceful way. People as can't keep appointments shouldn't make 'em. Where's that five pound?'

"'Ain't got it,' says Dido.

"'But—but you was goin' to bring it round at seven,' says old Billy.

"'I know I was,' says Dido; 'but I've bin disappointed—in the City; an' it ain't come yet.'

"'But what about that job o' yours—the lecture?' says old Billy, in a mighty fluster. ''Ow are you goin' to do that to-night?'

"'Looks as though I should 'ave to put it off,' says Dido; 'till to morrow, any'ow. Unless I get the money in time to-night, though I don't know as it's likely.'

"Old Billy Blenkin just sat an' spluttered His short time at the mission-'all had bin just enough to spile 'is flow o' language, an' at first he found it 'ard to get goin'. But he did get goin' presently, an' he called Dido Fox most things he could think of, except a genelman o' business-like 'abits. 'Why, says Billy, 'you're puttin' me to more trouble and ill-convenience over this 'ere little matter than what I'd 'a' taken to do your bloomin' lecture myself. An' I've got a particular reason for wantin' to finish this bit o' business to-night, an' I can't wait. I've got another appointment—an important appointment—at eight. You're a perfeck noosance. Now, look 'ere. S'pose you don't come round with the money to-night, will you make a solid, 'ard, final, dead-beat, settled, derry-down, rock-bottom agreement to bring it to-morrow mornin'?'

"'Why, yes,' says Dido, 'you can bet your 'ead on that. Shall I come to your place?'

"'No,' says old Billy. 'I don't want you comin' there in daylight. I'm a man o' business with a reputation to keep up, now. Come to the Carpenters' Arms at eleven.'

"'An' will you 'ave the tools there then?' says Dido.

"'O' course I shall,' says the old man. 'I keep *my* appointments. *I* don't make fools o' people in matters o' business.' An' with that off goes old Billy to keep his appointment with Joe Kelly.

"So when Joe Kelly turns up at Dido's about an 'our later, 'Hello,' says Dido; ''ere you are at last. Hand over the pieces.'

"'Ain't got 'em,' says Joe.

"'What? Ain't got 'em now?' says Dick, fair gaspin'.

"'No, I ain't,' says Joe. 'It's a fresh caper now.'

"'What fresh caper?' says Dido.

"'When I see the chap at eight,' says Dido, 'he hummed an' hah'd a bit, an' seemed to want to put me off again. But I told 'im it was no good; I *must* 'ave the money to-night. Then he said all right, what security was I goin' to give; an' that flummoxed me. I 'adn't got no security.'

"'Security?' says Dido; 'what's this about security? Joe Kelly, you're a common flat—a mug! I never 'ad sich a fool of a pardner! You undertake to get this 'ere five quid as we want for this 'ere job o' business, an' you come 'ere puttin' me off time after time like this an' makin' a perfeck fool o' me when the chap with the tools comes an' wants 'is five pound, so as I 'ave to make all sorts

o' lyin' excuses, which lyin' comes most unnachral to me, an' now at last, when it's quite fixed up final, you come an' talk about security! You're lettin' that money-lendin' bloke o' yours mug you, Joe Kelly. What's the good o' you? Ain't you got no credit? What does he want security for?'

"'Well, come to that,' says Joe, 'what does *your* bloke want security for? Why, the bloomin' five quid itself's security for them tools! Don't you get chuckin' your names about so free, Dido Fox. What's the good o' *you*, eh? Ain't *you* got no credit? I don't wonder you ain't. 'Ow do I know this 'ere ain't all a plant for you to get five quid out o' me? Who *is* this chap as is goin' to lend you the tools—tell me that?"

"'Sha'n't!' says Dido. 'Tell me the name an' address o' this 'ere fanciful feller as is goin' to lend you five quid!'

"'Sha'n't!' says Joe Kelly.

"They glared furious at one another an' shut their fists, an' then Dido says, 'I don't never allow pleasure to interfere with business, but when this job's over an' the swag divided fair, I'll punch you in the eye, Joe Kelly!'

"'I take my pleasure whenever it's convenient,' says Joe; 'an' after we've busted that 'ouse, if there is one, an' shared the stuff, I'll knock your ugly face out at the back o' your fat 'ead, Dido Fox!'

"So they glared a bit more, an' then Dido Fox says, 'All right, we won't forget that engagement, after the job's done. An' as there *is* a 'ouse to be busted an' stuff to be shared, we'll do that first, an' each attend to his own department. I won't interfere with *your* chap and you won't interfere with *mine*. You shin out an' get that security somehow, 'cos I've got to 'and over that money, final, solid, an' without fail, at eleven in the mornin'.'

"So Joe Kelly went 'ome an' slept on it. When he awoke in the morning it was all clear as day. He hadn't got no security, but he could get it quick enough, just the same way as he got his livin'. He went out very early into the crowd comin' out o' Liverpool Street Station an' snatched a watch. He had a most awful run for it, with a crowd o' City clerks arter 'im, an' was so near caught that he could 'ardly speak when he got to old Billy Blenkin's. Old Billy was in bed, and grumpy at bein' disturbed. 'That ain't much of a security,' he said, when he see the watch, an' Joe could see, now that he looked at it,

"HE HAD A MOST AWFUL RUN FOR IT."

that it wasn't worth five pound, nor anything like it. 'Never mind,' says old Billy, 'you can leave it with me an' come to the Carpenters' Arms at eleven for the money.'

"Joe was ready enough to leave the watch, you may guess, in case he might be spotted in the street and searched, an' so at eleven o'clock there was old Billy Blenkin with the tools waitin' in the Carpenters' Arms for 'is customers, an' the 'ole situation was elegant an' delightful. Old Billy, with no more idea than Adam that 'is two customers 'ad anythink to do with each other, was quite sure he'd best get 'em both there together—in different compartments p'r'aps—an' save any more mistakes. An' there was Joe Kelly

comin' along gay an' 'appy for the five pound, quite certain 'e was gettin' it at last, an' there was Dido Fox, what had been lookin' for Joe Kelly all the mornin' an' gettin' angrier every minute, comin' along too, so as to catch old Billy to time an' ask him to wait a bit longer for the five pound; an' there was no bloomin' five pound anywhere among 'em! What ho!

"Dido Fox turns into the street leadin' to the Carpenters' Arms, an' there he see Joe Kelly, goin' the same way, just in front of him. At that a orful suspicion came over him. 'Ere was Joe Kelly playin' the bloomin' traitor arter givin' 'im the slip all the mornin', an' goin' direck to old Billy Blenkin with the money to get the tools on 'is own! He rushed arter Joe an' grabbed 'im with both 'ands.

"'''Ere, where's that money?' says Dido, very fierce.

"'Ain't got it,' says Joe, tryin' to shake him off. 'You leave go o' me, go on. Where are you goin' to about 'ere, eh?'

"With that he stood still an' stared, for the same orful suspicion came over him what had come over Dido. 'Ere was Dido doin' the treacherous an' goin' direct to old Billy Blenkin to get the money on 'is own! 'Ullo!' he says, 'I see your game, Dido Fox! You just step down to the other end o' the street while I go into the Carpenters' Arms!'

"Dido was mad enough a'ready, an' this made him wuss. 'Oh, yes,' says he. 'I'm on to your trick, Joe Kelly. Walk off while you go an' do it on your own? Not much! *I'm* going in there fust. Take that!'

"Joe Kelly had got his punch in the eye in advance, an' in a moment there was a bunch o' Joe Kelly an' Dido Fox flyin' all over the pavement. Old Billy Blenkin heard the row, an' he looks out o' the Carpenters' Arms surprised to see 'is two customers fightin' most unbusinesslike. So he rushed out to part 'em. Dido was on top for the moment, an' when he see this 'ere other traitor grabbin' at him, o' course he thought Billy had come to 'elp his pal, so he gave him one hard, an' over went old Billy. An' then when Joe an' old Billy both got up together, Joe, seein' old Billy there, as had treated him so tricky, *he* gave him one, an' over went poor old Billy again, wonderin' whatever he'd done to deserve it all. An' then the p'lice turned up an' ran 'em in, all three.

"HE LOOKS OUT O' THE CARPENTERS' ARMS SURPRISED TO SEE 'IS TWO CUSTOMERS FIGHTIN' MOST UNBUSINESSLIKE."

"Dido Fox and Joe Kelly, they got off easy enough for fightin'; but poor old Billy, his luck was clean out. He was found in possession of 'ousebreakin' implements an' a watch what had been stole that very mornin' at Liverpool Street.

"So the Old Bailey got old Billy again, an' the mission-'all committee they passed a lot of extry serious resolutions to put things straight, an' they made their lectures extry dull in future. An' one o' the most promisin' burglaries never came off, 'cos o' the difficulty o' raisin' credit in Shoreditch."

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS.

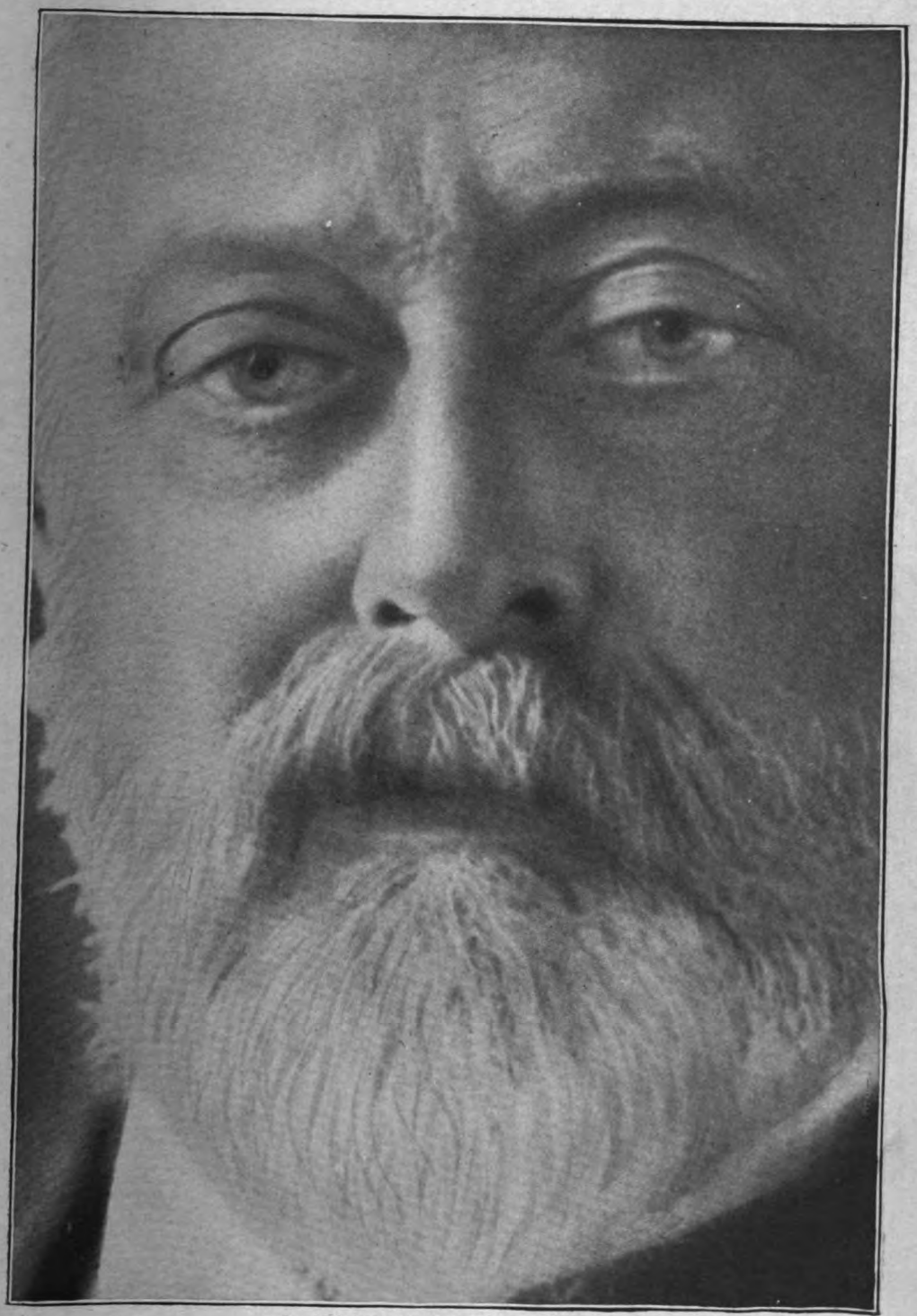
A novel and striking experiment in Magazine Portraiture, showing the eminent persons represented exactly as if the reader stood face to face with them in real life.

LORD ROSEBERY, K.G.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

From a Photograph by Lafayette.

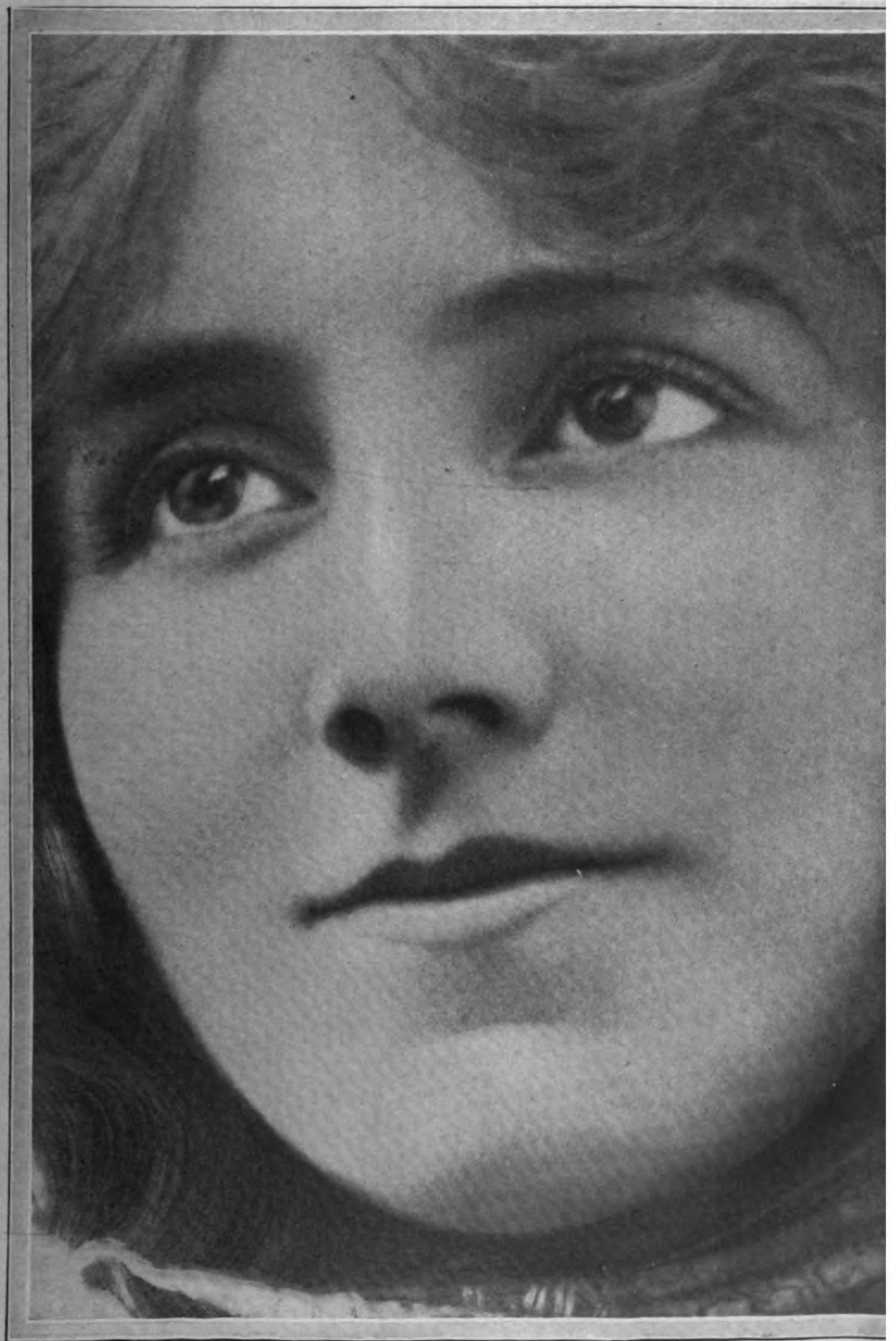


KING EDWARD VII.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Boissonnas & Taponier.

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

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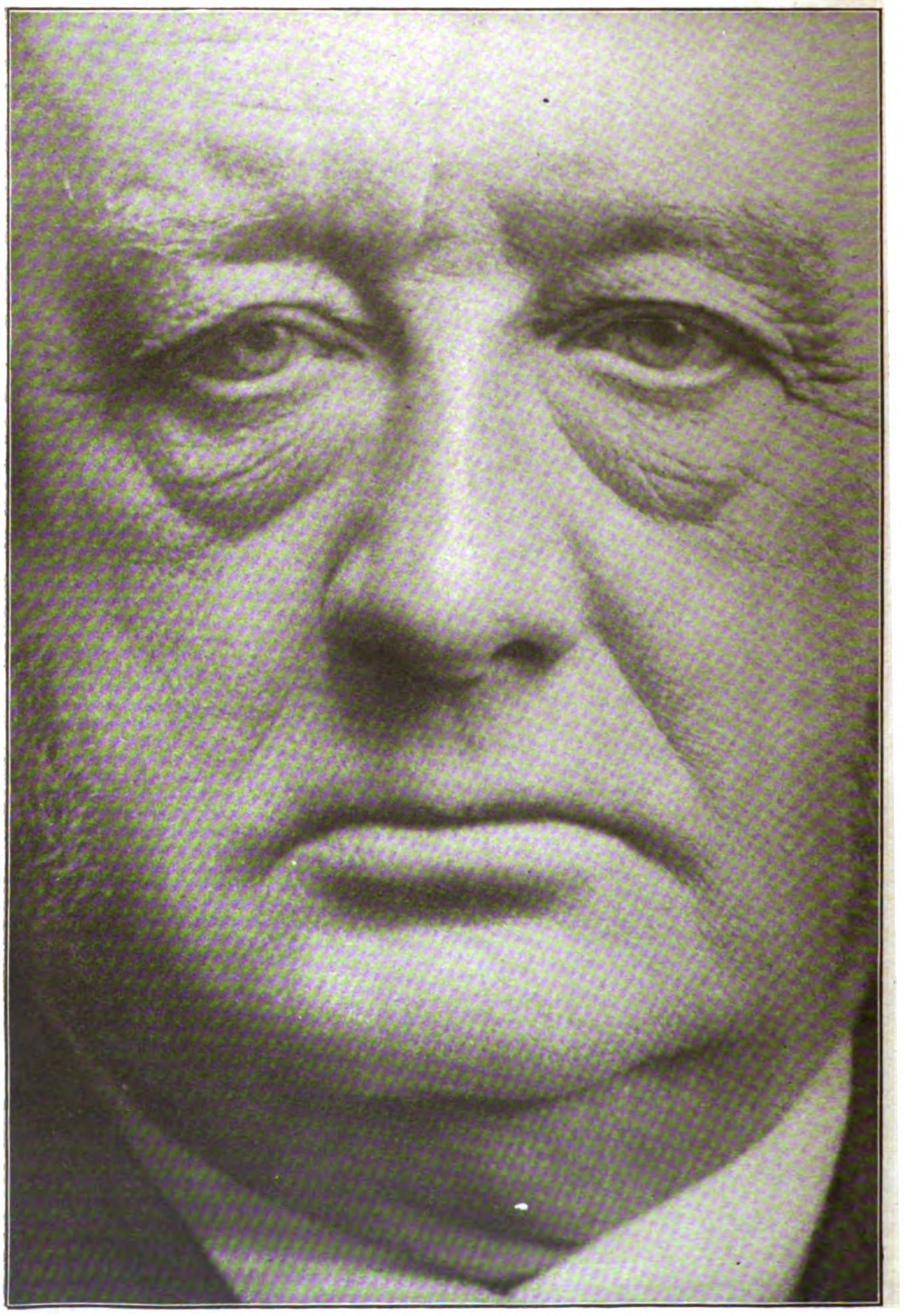
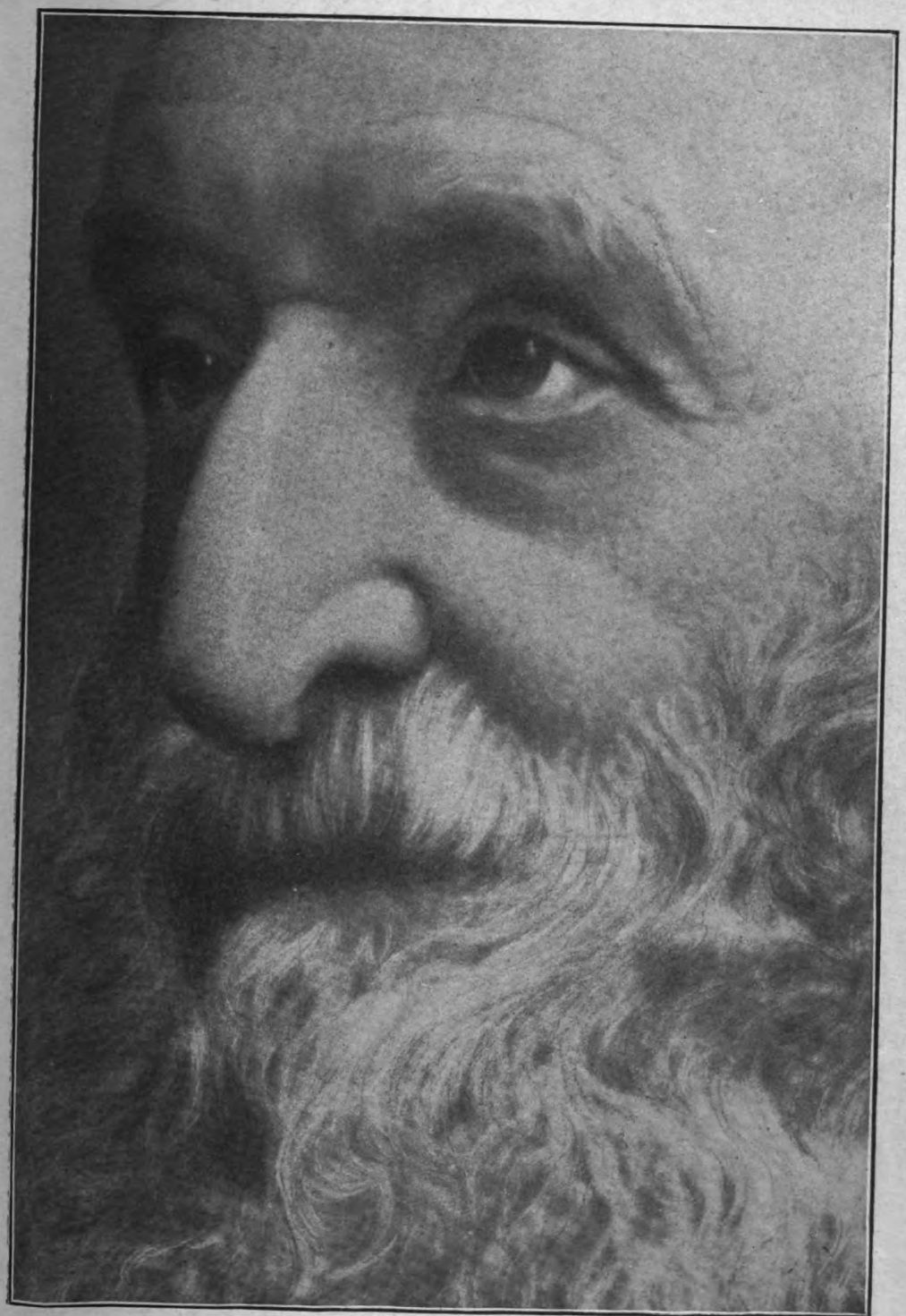


LORD ALVERSTONE.

From a Photograph by George Newnes, Ltd.



GENERAL BOOTH.

From a Photograph by Witcomb.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

BABETTE of the MILL

by

C. C. ANDREWS.

NATIONAL DEPUTY MOREAU, alone in the great, faded, gloomy salon, tired of the lengthy waiting that suited his dignity little and his temper less, frowned impatiently. For perhaps the tenth time he looked at the door with its painted panels of Loves and Graces—would it never open?

Then he pushed back his hair, adjusted with a jerk the tricoloured sash about his waist; possibly in his fancy there rose before him the small, haughty face of Mlle. Gabrielle. That it was, for him, always a face of avoiding distaste and tremulous disdain did not at all affect Deputy Moreau. It may be that the girl's helpless shrinking had first awakened and then spurred his fancy. But her name had spurred him more. True, by decree of the Republic all titles were abolished in France. He who had been the Vicomte D'Aulnais was now citizen and a patriot of patriots; but that André Moreau, son of a baker of St. Antoine, should marry his daughter remained a triumph at which to chuckle. Suddenly he spun round at the opening of the painted door. "Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. And then, blankly, "Eh, Babette! It is you, child!"

Deputy Moreau stood awkward, swinging his great feathered hat with its cockade. To Mlle. Gabrielle he was always laboriously polite—as yet; it did not please him that his fine bow should have been wasted upon her foster-sister, old Father Gribot's daughter, the girl whom all the adjacent village, over which he lorded it as head of the district Revolutionary Committee, knew as Babette of the Mill. Also, there was, it chanced, an episode of an attempted kiss to sting his little soul—Babette's shapely sunburnt hand had been hard and ready—Deputy Moreau, sorely flustered, had hurried away fingering a smarting cheek. He looked at the girl now—tall, straight, strong, rich-coloured, lovely, at the heavy golden hair that, edging her white forehead, was braided into a massive plait falling half-way to her knees, and admired her beauty and hated her together.

"It is I, citizen. Mademoiselle sends me. She begs that you will give yourself the trouble to wait no longer."

"How? Not wait?" Deputy Moreau's thin, shrill, whinnying voice rose a note higher; he flushed a dull red. The father had not dared to say him nay; would the girl? "Mademoiselle will not come?" he demanded.

"She begs that you will not wait, citizen."

"She refuses to receive me?"

"Pardon—you have the message, citizen."

Deputy Moreau flushed redder. He rapped a hand upon the table. "See you, child—listen, then—mademoiselle is not discreet—on my life, no! It seems it pleases her to forget that she is my affianced by the will of the citizen, her father. It is true that he is now a good patriot, but it is also true that not long since he was the Vicomte d'Aulnais, an aristocrat, and the memory of the Republic is good as the knife of the guillotine is sharp. Neither for his sake nor her own, then, is she prudent to treat me to her pretty scorn!"

Deputy Moreau clapped on his feathered hat and flung out through the great, dim, faded hall and down the château steps. Babette,

"SHE REFUSES TO RECEIVE ME?"

following, hesitated, watching the little, mean, meagre figure strutting across the vast, weed-grown, stone courtyard.

"It is a horse, for it neighs; it is a pigling, for it squeaks; it is a toad, for it spits venom. It is also in all ways altogether detestable. Bah—animal!" she said.

"Without doubt it is all. But to think may be wiser than to speak. My salutations, Babette," said a deep, blunt voice, suddenly.

"Jean-Jacques!" And then: "I salute you, cousin," said Babette, calmly.

Jean-Jacques laughed, squaring his massive shoulders; in a full-fleshed, swarthy, bull-necked way the man was handsome enough. He too looked after the dwindling strut of Deputy Moreau.

"Without doubt it is all," he repeated, coolly. "What then, since it is also a patriot of patriots? . . . It is true, then, Babette?"

"True?"

"That he marries Mam'selle Gabrielle? No?" He met her headshake, the flush and flash of her quickly-turned face. "But Uncle Gribot tells me——"

"My father? He is old—he forgets—he tells what he does not know. But you should remember that mademoiselle is already affianced," said Babette, coldly.

"To De Brissac?" Jean-Jacques laughed

again and shrugged. "Does it count, that, since M. the Marquis, in England, keeps himself safe there?" he asked, dryly.

"She will go to him. Why not? Will she stay and suffer herself to be given to the thing she loathes—the thing that neighs and squeaks?" demanded Babette, scornfully. "She would choose to die rather!"

She walked on. Jean-Jacques, perforce following, drew his black brows together over clouded eyes. It was as always; she would linger with him not a moment, give him no look. So in silence the mill was reached, where the cart he had driven in from his fishing-village stood under a rough lean-to, with the heavy, powerful horse that had drawn it munching soberly in the stable beyond, and Father Gribot, pipe in mouth, sat sunning himself before the open door.

Father Gribot had married a young wife late; at his daughter's birth he had been elderly and grey. Now he was very old. As Babette, with a caressing touch to the long white hair that flowed from under his black skull-cap, disappeared through the doorway, the dark eyes in his little, lean, brown, crinkled face turned from her to the darkened countenance of Jean-Jacques with a twinkle as bright as a bird's.

"Hey, so it does not go well, nephew?" he commented, shrewdly.

"It goes as always!" the other answered, bitterly. "She is, as ever, ice and stone. Her eyes regard me as a block—a wall—no more. I may eat my heart out—run mad for want of her, it seems, and she scarce know it."

"Tut-tut!" Father Gribot threw out a shrivelled, expostulatory hand. "Patience! patience! Give her time."

"Time? Time passes!" Jean-Jacques retorted, brusquely. "Will she choose to live and wither alone, then—she, born for a mother of men? And what of the future? When you are dead will the mill stand without a man? And is there any fitter to be the man than I, your sister's son? . . . If you would speak to Babette—you are her father——"

"Hey!" cried old Gribot, and shrilled into a dry cackle of laughter. "Her father—yes, it is true, that. But speak—I? Faith, since she is a woman it is I who am the child, my friend."

"You will not?" Jean-Jacques demanded, sullenly.

"Eh, I do not say so. It may be, since you ask it, and since it is also true that I would willingly call you son, nephew. But for results——" He shrugged and waved his pipe. "You have some business in the village—yes? Go and do your business. It may be that you return to eyes that see you and ears that listen. Dispatch, then! Go!"

Jean-Jacques, staring doubtfully, nodded and strode away; a patch of woodland at the curve of the road hid his great figure. Father Gribot, chuckling, watched the door; in a moment Babette came out, her knitting in her hands. Her grey eyes were stormy, her rich colour hot and bright, seeing which the old man ceased to chuckle and coaxingly stroked her round arm.

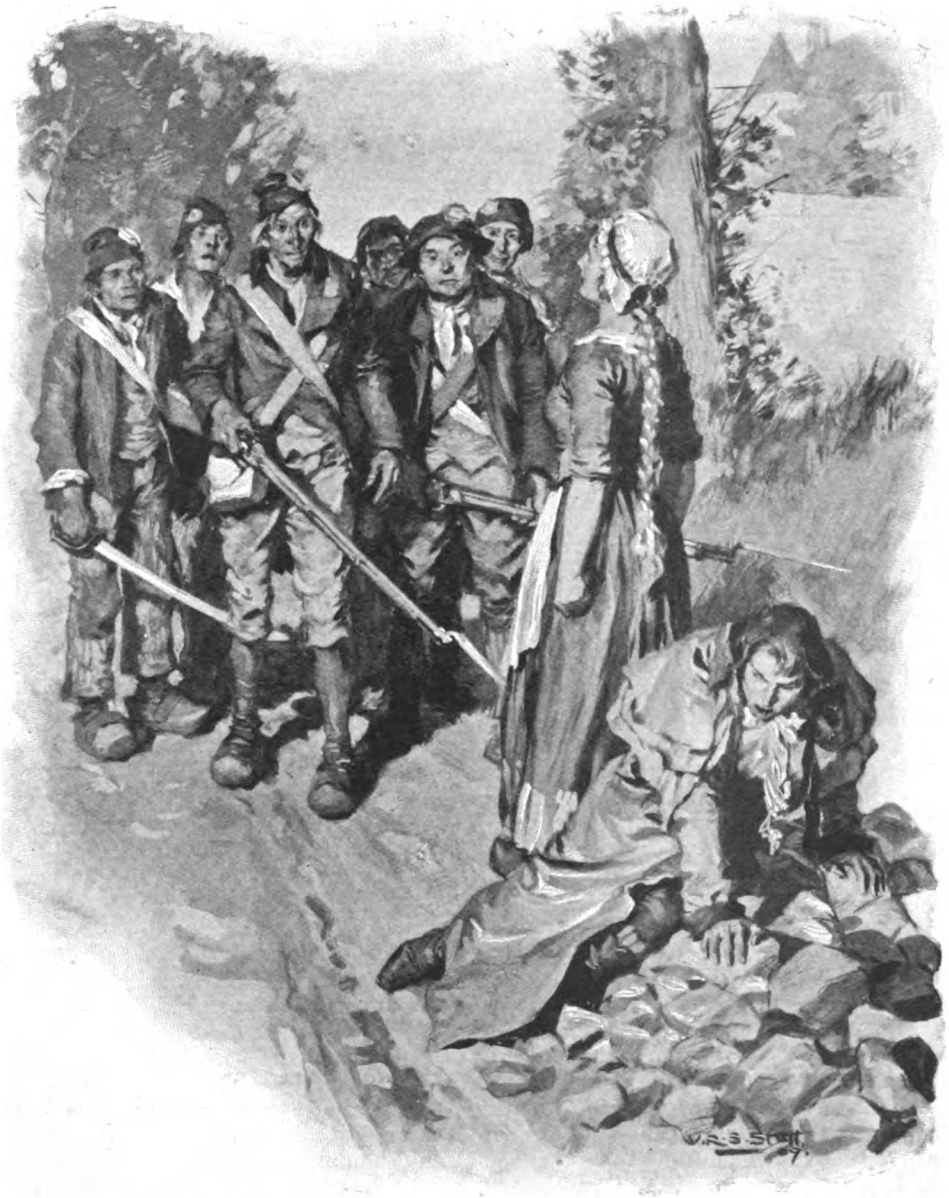
"Hey, little one!" He shook a finger. "You listened—yes? You heard Jean-Jacques?"

"Yes." She frowned. "I am weary of Jean-Jacques, father," she said, coldly. "He would have—what he will never have. Am I to tell him so always? He is my cousin—let him rest content with that." She laughed disdainfully. "Is there nothing in a woman's life, then, but this marrying, whether she will or no? I will not, now or ever. Tell him so, and that he had best trouble me no more."

Her gesture was final as the words. Father Gribot, twisting a rueful grimace, was meekly silent. In a moment he rose and went indoors; the hour of the afternoon was that of his daily nap. Babette's eyes, as she busily knitted, presently strayed across the stretch of dusty road that lay between the mill and the château wall, and she sprang up from the bench, letting her knitting fall. From beyond or in the patch of woodland that had hidden Jean-Jacques there rose a sudden tumult of shouting voices, then a sound of rapid feet, and, breathless, staggering, panting, hatless, a man broke out into the road. A moment and a group of armed, dishevelled, red-capped figures had surrounded and were upon him. He struck out fiercely, flung them off, burst away, and ran. The glow of the westering sun was level and bright upon him, showing his disordered dress, the loose, dark hair from which the confining ribbon was dragged half away. His face—Babette gave a stifled shriek, rushed out, and darted towards him.

"Gaspard!" she cried, loudly. "You! Is it possible? What brings you here, then, my friend? What has happened? . . . And these? Eh, you are in haste, citizens!"

All of them knew old Gribot's daughter—Babette of the Mill. A confused murmur of explanation, discomfiture, surprise, apology arose among them as they looked at her—beautiful, wide-eyed, defiant—standing between. The one in advance—he had



"THEY LOOKED AT HER—BEAUTIFUL, WIDE-EYED, DEFIANT—STANDING BETWEEN."

been so near that his hand had all but clutched the quarry's shoulder—a lean, tall, shambling, hatchet-faced creature, with spikes of straw-coloured hair sticking in prongs from under his ragged red cap—withdrew a step farther.

"Had the citizen chosen to wait all would have been well," he said, smoothly. "It was indiscreet to try to hide among the trees, and still more so to run when ordered to stand. But without doubt all is as it should be, since it seems that you know him, Mam'selle Babette."

"Without doubt, as you say, citizen."

"Hah! And his name?"

"Gaspard Laroque, of La Hogue."

"He is your lover, yes, Mam'selle Babette?"

"Eh?" cried the girl. She burst into a ringing laugh again; her eyes ran mocking over the group. "He my lover! Faith, messieurs, it is well that his affianced, my

cousin Josephine, is not by to listen, or you might have cause to run indeed! . . . Come, then, Gaspard. Hey, little man, but you were best at home in the lap of your Fifine! . . . I salute you citizens!"

She waved an adieu. The men were already trailing off, laughing as they went. A few moments and the trees hid them. Not until the last unkempt figure had vanished did either of the two stir or speak. The young man rose slowly to his feet. He bowed gravely to the girl's tall, suddenly trembling figure. His own, slight, graceful, almost boyish, was barely as tall.

"My thanks, my child," he said, simply. "A woman's wit was never quicker or more sorely needed. Known or not, those dogs without doubt would have butchered had they caught me—as, but for you, they must have done." He flung a dark glance at the trees and swore an oath. "To run like a rabbit from such dogs! By Heaven, Babette, I fear that had I had a sword not even the thought of her who has brought me would have kept it in the scabbard! What of her, child?"

"Mlle. Gabrielle?" Babette faltered.

"Surely. Who else? She is well? Yes? And at the château? I hoped it! I am your suppliant, Babette. For a day, perhaps two, will the mill give me shelter? I had meant to ask it. Mademoiselle must——"

The girl screamed—he had reeled against her, gripping her shoulder; his handsome face white as paper. She lowered him gently down upon a heap of stones; his coat fell open as his head drooped against her—a patch beneath showed wet and red. With her gasped cry of horror the girl cast a wild look back and forth along the empty stretch of road. If he fainted, lost his senses utterly, what should she do? Oh, for Jean-Jacques and his mighty muscles! What was a woman, even she, Babette, but a helpless, soft fool? In a moment De Brissac rallied and opened his eyes.

"It is nothing, child," he said, faintly.

"Nothing, monsieur! You are wounded, bleeding!" she cried.

"It seems so, though I hardly felt it until now. One of those madmen thrust at me when they caught me—it is a trifle, I think." He made a movement to rise. "Bah—that the loss of a little blood should turn a man to a rag! I fear you must give me your arm to the mill, my dear."

She did more than that—she threw it round his shoulders, and when, wincing and white-lipped, he was upon his feet, she kept it there, supporting him so that all his weight rested upon her. So, slowly, painfully, step by step, the mill was reached. As they entered, the Marquis tottered and swayed—she caught him in her arms as he dropped, staggered to a great chair, and laid him back in it insensible.

For a moment—only a moment—she stood panting to recover her breath, then ran across to a door from beyond which came the loud snoring of old Gribot as he slept, shut it, and shut the outer door. Tenderly and deftly, with fingers that never trembled beyond her control, she ripped vest and shirt away, stanched the flow of blood which it turned her shuddering and sick to see, and, as well as her lack of skill allowed, bound up the wound. Then remembrance of the brandy with which Father Gribot warmed his old blood sent her quickly to the cupboard in the wall. As she turned the key light footsteps crossed the cracked flags outside, and with an exclamation she ran to the door and opened it. "Mademoiselle!" she cried.

Mlle. Gabrielle gave a little nod. From the puckered hood of her long light cloak, which was pulled over the piled curls of her fair hair, her small, clear-cut, faintly-tinted face showed delicate and fine as a pearl; her blue eyes, swollen as though from recent tears, were almost on a level with her foster-sister's, for, though far slighter, she was nearly as tall.

"I could endure the horrible silence of the house and my own thoughts no longer. My aunt weeps and weeps; no more . . . Babette, what is it? You look—why—Babette!"

Her vehement rush of words stopped with a gasp. Babette caught her hands eagerly.

"He is here, mademoiselle," she whispered—"here!"

"Here? He? Moreau?" Gabrielle faltered, breathlessly; then gave a scream. "No, no! It is De Brissac! It is Louis! He has answered—he has come for me!" she cried.

Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes alight; joy and relief seemed equal in her as she impulsively flung back her hood. Babette's brows contracted; she moved a pace forward, drawing the door close behind her; the two stood facing each other on the cracked flags beside the rough table upon which Father Gribot's pipe and cognac glass lay together.

"You knew that M. the Marquis was coming from England, mademoiselle?" she demanded.

"Certainly, if he had received my letter. I sent for him, you understand."

"You sent for him? To return to France? It was only at great risk and in secret that he and madame his mother were able to quit it. Send for him! Did you then forget that there might be danger? For you France is safe—M. the Vicomte assures that—and you are no child. It is you who should have gone to him, mademoiselle!"

Look and gesture were peremptory as the words. Mademoiselle haughtily drew up her little head.

"You talk too fast, my good Babette," she said, coldly. "I should not have dared to travel to England alone, nor would M. de Brissac have permitted it. I wrote to him of Moreau. That he came follows. Danger? There can be none, since he is here secretly. Show me the way, child."

She moved to the door. Babette stood in her way, suddenly meek.

"Wait, mademoiselle. He is hurt."

"Hurt? Louis! Ah, how?" cried Gabrielle.

She hardly waited to hear the reply; pride was out of her as she put the other aside and ran in; her face was all sweet and tender as she threw herself on her knees at her lover's side, kissing his limp hand.

"He has the look of death!" she gasped.

"He has swooned, mademoiselle—it is the loss of blood," Babette answered, soothingly.

She hurried and brought the cognac. After an effort or two the Marquis swallowed; something of natural colour returned to his face; then his eyes opened. As they did so the girl drew back and turned away; for the moment they had no more need of her; she left them to their greeting. Presently Gabrielle called; she went back and stood looking gravely at the two, side by side and hand in hand.

"I have told mademoiselle what I—and she—owe to your courage and wit, my child. She gives you, as I do, a thousand thanks. You are, as ever, our good angel, Babette," De Brissac said, smiling.

"I? . . . But no, monsieur," she faltered.

"No? But she is also modest, Gabrielle! I say yes. Why, that time in Paris, before it and France ran mad together, you carried my first love-letter to mademoiselle! Do you remember?"

"Everything, monsieur."

"Without doubt, as I do. There was never so kind and ready a messenger. When you were unkind, Gabrielle, I think she near wept in sympathy." His dark eyes turned to the girl's beautiful, drooping face. "Why, surely she is taller and handsomer than ever, our little Babette! Is it not so, sweetheart?"

"Indeed, I think yes," agreed mademoiselle, graciously, and laughed. "But she is cruel, Louis. She will say nothing to the poor Jean-Jacques, who adores her. And there are others—many. I scold her, but she will not listen—no!" She patted her foster-sister's arm caressingly. "It is best that my aunt does not know, Louis. She would rejoice to see you, but she fears my father, and——"

"Citizen Moreau goes to the château, mademoiselle," said Babette, quietly.

"Ah, yes!" She gave a little shudder of repugnance at the reminder, answering her lover's angry frown. Certainly he must not go to the château. Her preparations must be made at once. Surely there was no such haste. There was his wound—a doctor must be fetched to the mill. Happily there was a new one in the village; he would accept without question Babette's so clever tale of Gaspard Laroque. In a few days, when he was rested. His expression checked her eagerness; she paled and caught his hand.

"Louis! You fear—you think there may be—danger?" she faltered, breathless.

"I am an emigrant, dearest," he answered.

"An emigrant? Why, yes." She looked puzzled no more. "Your estates are confiscated by the Republic—that I know. What matter? You are rich without them. . . . I do not understand."

"I have returned," said De Brissac, simply.

"Returned!" She stared; then with a gasp and a face of horror started to her feet. "Louis, it is death! I have heard—I had forgotten! To return is death."

She screamed and clung to him. For a minute he held her, striving to soothe her, to quiet her wild outcries of self-reproach and terror, then swayed back, ghastly white. Babette's strong hands wrenched the frantically-sobbing girl away, and he staggered fainting into the chair. Flung on her knees at his side, she opened his coat and saw his bandages soaked with a fresh rush of blood. Speechless, she ran and fetched others and applied them, while Gabrielle, crouched on the ground, moaned and shivered and watched her. Babette's eyes, turning from the face of the still senseless man when all she could do was done, were blazing.

"It is death!" she said, fiercely. "You have brought him back, it may be, to place his neck under the guillotine! You knew, but you had forgotten! Forgotten! It is

"SHE PUT A HAND TO HER THROAT, STRIVING FOR SPEECH."

of yourself you thought—yourself, never of him. And you think you love him!"

"Think!" Gabrielle echoed. She stood up helplessly, for the moment too bewildered and scared for anger. "Babette!"

"What else?" Babette retorted. She made a passionate gesture. "Oh, mademoiselle, what is the baby play that you call love? It is to give smile for smile and kiss for kiss—to walk in soft, smooth ways. Bah! does not a child love so? I tell you it is to give all—all for nothing; to go to death if need be, or worse, to shudder in arms you loathe so that he goes free and happy. That is love, mademoiselle!"

"Babette!" cried Gabrielle. "Babette! You?"

She came a swift pace forward; comprehension and accusal were in her bright and hardened eyes. Perhaps there had always smouldered in her, resentful and unwilling, a secret jealousy of this splendid, glowing, golden girl of the people, beside whose beauty her own burnt pale as a candle in sunshine. It blazed now. She put a hand to her throat, striving for speech; her little white face was cruel. Babette drew a step away.

"Why not?" she said, and laughed. "Oh, mademoiselle, you are of the *noblesse*, and I a peasant, but we are both women, we have sucked at one breast — you and I! Is it then so wonderful that where your heart was sued to go mine should go unasked? What then, and what matters? I am beautiful—yes—it may be that most men would say more beautiful than you, but did he ever know it? Enough, perhaps, to wonder that there should be any beauty in the world that was not yours—no more." She laughed again, bitterly. "Oh, I read your face, mademoiselle—you fancy smiles, whispers, even kisses, is it not? Smiles—yes, when you had been kind. Whispers—yes, but always of you. And a kiss—once, when I brought him the letter after your quarrel—the letter I had begged of you. He said he would be a happy man who kissed me as a lover. And that no man shall ever do. Never, though I wither and die old, mademoiselle!"

It seemed that Gabrielle could find no answer, or chose to find none; she stood with no softening of her haughty face, her resentful eyes upon her foster-sister's bowed golden head. In a moment Babette raised it and turned, pale and calm.

"Monsieur will doubtless recover directly.

You had best go back to the château, mademoiselle," she said, quietly.

"Back!" echoed Gabrielle, frowning.

"But yes—I am thinking of the Citizen Moreau. He was angry when you refused to see him—he bade me tell you that you were indiscreet, and would do well to refuse no more. Should he go to the château again and not find you he will know that you are here. And if he should come, mademoiselle, and see M. the Marquis——"

"Listen—listen! Steps! It may be he!" cried Gabrielle.

She caught up a knife from the table. Her eyes were wild, her gesture desperate—had the lean visage of Deputy Moreau appeared she would surely have struck at him. Babette snatched it from her with a rapid sign of warning and ran out, shutting the door behind her. Jean-Jacques, pausing, stared as the knife fell clattering upon the flags; he picked it up, tossing it down beside Father Gribot's empty cognac glass.

"Babette!"

"It is you!" she gasped, hysterically.

"Who else should it be? What's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing! Yes, everything," she panted. "I thought it was the Citizen Moreau."

"Moreau? What should bring him here?"

"Mademoiselle is here—and M. the Marquis."

"Eh?" cried Jean-Jacques, loudly. "De Brissac?"

Equal amazement and incredulity were in his swarthy, frowning face. Babette caught at the table edge. For a moment she swayed weakly; her sentences of explanation were jerked and breathless. Listening, he gave a grim laugh.

"Danger?" he repeated. "Faith, my dear, I think there is enough and to spare for all. To shelter a returned emigrant who, by decree of the Tribunal, stands condemned to the guillotine is treason to the Republic, see you. And for the rest, do you think that Moreau will not hear the pretty tale of your M. Gaspard Laroque—or that, hearing, he will believe and do nothing? Was there ever mischief where that razor-nose of his sniffed that he did not find it—he is what you please of detestable, but no fool, the Moreau! He will come himself to see the affianced of your Fifine. Let him do that and De Brissac's head drops, little cousin!"

"No, no!" she gasped.

"But yes. And since, as I said, to harbour an emigrant is to be traitor to the Republic, for your sake and your father's he must go."

"Go?" For a moment she stared at him wildly, then caught him by the wrist. "Yes, yes—at once. Afterwards, if Moreau comes, it does not matter—I will tell him that Gaspard Laroque has gone to St. Lo to take the diligence for Paris. If he searches the mill it is better—it will give more time. M. the Marquis must go now—now, and mademoiselle with him—they must wait for nothing, not even for his wound. Jean-Jacques, you must take him—take them."

"Hey?" cried Jean-Jacques. He jerked his arm free, staring. "I? Take them? My faith—where?"

"To your village first, then by your boat to Jersey—it is the nearest of the islands—and from there they may cross safely to England. Look—listen—there is your cart—in a few minutes you can be ready—monsieur may be supported by the flour sacks and take no harm." She caught his arm again eagerly. "It is so easy—so easy!"

"So easy? By Sainte Guillotine, so are most roads to the devil!" said Jean-Jacques, bluntly. "My thanks, my dear! I have no fancy to travel it."

"You will not do it?" she cried.

"Without doubt I will not." He shrugged his shoulders with a laugh. "See, then," he said, coolly—"he is nothing to me, this little Marquis, and for mam'selle—I have no taste for white dolls, I! And I am like M. the Vicomte—I also love my neck. Put it in peril—such peril!—for no payment but the knowledge that I have, perhaps, saved two lives that I do not value a sou? Faith, not I, my dear!"

"Payment!" She had fallen back against the table, her hands clutching it; in the faint light of the rising moon her face showed absolutely bloodless and fixed, her dilated eyes black. "Payment!" she muttered again hoarsely, and made a movement that brought her before him. "There is one payment that will tempt you. Take it! Take me!"

"Babette!" His swarthy face flushed hot red; he caught her shoulder.

"Take me!" she repeated. "You have sued and prayed me often enough, and sworn that your life was worthless without me. Save him then, and her for him, and take your payment in taking me!"

"You mean it? I do this—I save them—and you marry me? You swear it?"

"Yes." She put the crucifix that hung at her neck to her lips. "Come back when they are safe away, and you shall find me waiting."

"Ah!" cried Jean-Jacques.

His embrace of her was rough and

passionate. She shuddered once, and was still. He kissed a cheek of stone.

De Brissac had recovered when, in a few minutes, she re-entered the mill, and Gabrielle, kneeling at his side, sprang up, the frightened question on her lips checked by the other's rapid sentences of explanation. Listening, her acquiescence was no less quick. Thanks she hardly thought of; fear for her lover, terror of the hated figure of Deputy Moreau, dominated her between them, overriding even the gust of jealousy that just now had shaken her. Yes, yes; they would go at once, would wait for nothing, she declared, with feverish haste. It was not safe to linger, even for an hour it was not safe; her eagerness and agitation effectually silenced any remonstrance that De Brissac might have made. As, trembling, she took up her cloak, Babette interposed.

"Jean-Jacques will drive through the forest, mademoiselle; it will be safe, but you must be hours upon the road—it may be morning before you reach the village. Take this cloak of mine—it is warmer," she said, quietly.

She brought the thick, dark thing and Gabrielle hurriedly wrapped it about her, pulling its hood over her yellow curls and little, scared white face. Jean-Jacques, appearing at the door with a sign that all was ready, came forward and helped the Marquis to put on and fasten his travelling-coat. But his speech he stopped bluntly.

"Faith, M. the Marquis, you owe me no thanks," he said, brusquely. "To be plain, you may keep your head or lose it for me. And for mam'selle—well, Sainte Guillotine has taken others, and will take more! I do my work, and when it is done I take my pay, see you — it is no more than that. My pay, and by Heaven I swear that if I had a hundred heads I would risk them all to gain it!"

He threw his great arm round Babette with a fierce laugh, for a moment held her, kissed her, then went striding out. Gabrielle gave a cry—shocked, wondering, incredulously comprehending, her eyes turned wide to her foster-sister's. Steadily Babette looked back—she smiled.

"Oh, what would you, mademoiselle?" she said, with a little shrug. "A woman, it seems, must needs take a husband, and have you not told monsieur how you have scolded me often for my cruelty to the poor Jean-Jacques? Also, my father desires that I should marry him. As well now, M. the Marquis, for saving mademoiselle, as presently for nothing, is it not? Without doubt, yes. . . . All is ready, mademoiselle."

They went out into the still, chilly autumn dusk, and the Marquis was helped into the cart. Wrenched with pain and weak as he was, something of his natural, irresistible boyish gaiety was in his smile as he took Babette's hand and kissed it gratefully, whispering a word or two of faint thanks; it dropped from his heavy and cold. The girl turned away to her foster-sister; for a moment the two embraced. Wet-eyed, Gabrielle looked up into the dry eyes that looked back; the sentence she tried to speak stammered unspoken upon her tongue; she drew away, and, sobbing silently, climbed up beside her lover. Jean-Jacques, already in his seat, shook the reins—the cart rolled over the cracked flags and out into the road.

Babette did not wait to watch; with a gesture of out-thrust arms, as though she violently pushed something from her, she ran back into the room. Of little service to be ready with her glib story of Gaspard Laroque, St. Lo, and the Paris diligence if there remained within sight anything to strike the gimlet eyes of Deputy Moreau. Swiftly she removed all traces of her bandages and dressings and softly unclosed the door behind which old Gribot, unconscious, slept still. What more was there? Her eyes fell upon Gabrielle's long, pale blue cloak, and she caught it up. If Moreau indeed came, if the mill were searched, it would be found; he would recognize it! And then, hurrying to the door in the momentary terror that the thought brought, she stopped, considered, and flung it round her, pulling the hood over her head.

"I will take it back to the château," she said, in a breathless whisper, "put it in mademoiselle's room, lock the door, and take the key. Then no one, not even Mme. de Nevers, will know until morning that she is gone. It will give time—time! And if I am seen they will think only that it is mademoiselle."

She ran out. A wrack of cloud was driving over the pale moon, but in the dim perspective of the flat, bare road the cart was still visible, jogging slowly on its way; her eyes were upon it as she laid her hand upon the gate in the château wall. Pushing it open, she recoiled with a strangled scream as a hand gripped her wrist.

"My salutations, Mlle. Gabrielle. I am most fortunate! Permit me to entreat that you do me the honour to escort me to M. the Marquis de Brissac."

Deputy Moreau swept off his feathered hat; in the gloom his meagre, lean face showed a white blot lighted by savagely mocking eyes. Babette bent and cowered in the cloak; oh, blessings upon it that it covered her—blessings upon the clouds that hid the moon! He did not know her, and each minute that he did not brought safety and escape nearer to the two who fled! She clenched her teeth and stood dumb. Deputy Moreau chuckled shrilly.

"But she is surprised!" he cried, and threw out a hand. "She does not comprehend that I know always of the little Marquis — always! She is pleased to be secret, but the Vicomte, her good papa, is graciously confidential. Therefore I know, and therefore that she is my affianced amuses me. She would doubtless protest that M. the Marquis is prudently in England. On the contrary, most imprudently, he is here. How do I know? Eh, it is so droll, that. Speak, then, Gournay! Enlighten mademoiselle, my friend!"

Another hand-wave produced a figure from the shadows—the stumbling, hatchet-faced leader of the road patrol. Grinning, he jerked off his ragged cap.

"In a word, citizen, I am near, very near, when old Gribot's daughter—Babette of the Mill—meets the man we chase and greets him as Gaspard Laroque. They are clever; but I am so close, you understand, and I am no fool, I—I see them speak with their eyes. Because I doubt, I creep presently back behind the trees and hear her speak to him as M. the Marquis. Also I hear that he comes for mademoiselle. I watch her take him to the mill, and I come to you."

"Without doubt, my friend. But she, too, is imprudent, that pretty Babette. I fear she takes her last ride side by side with M. the Marquis. It is a pity, that! My faith, but mademoiselle is happy that she is my affianced, and also that M. le Vicomte in Paris is so good a patriot! . . . But the Marquis, mademoiselle? Eh, dumb still? It matters nothing. He is at the mill. Come, then."

As he would have gripped her wrist again Babette drew back. The movement shook the hood more closely about her face. A swift glance along the road showed her that the cart had vanished. With a gesture disdainfully haughty as Gabrielle herself might have given, she turned towards the mill. Half-a-dozen armed and red-capped figures had appeared from beyond the gate. They streamed on in advance; without waiting or parley they crowded through the open door. In a moment Father Gribot, all blinking with sleep, piping shrill bewilderment and anger, was dragged out. As a thrust sent him staggering, Deputy Moreau caught his arm.

"The Marquis de Brissac?" he demanded, roughly. "Where is he?"

"Hey?" quavered the old man. "Hey, citizen? Marquis? We have no Marquis here."

His blank stare was more conclusive than the words. The other flung him aside with an oath and shouted to his men. The old imbecile knew nothing. Let them search every corner—let them bring him the girl, Babette; his thin voice shrilled into a furious whinny as he stamped on the cracked flags. The mill was small, its possible hiding-places not many; in a few moments they trooped out again—it was empty. Deputy Moreau swung round upon the girl.

"He was here, but he is gone—gone with the girl! Where has she taken him? Where are they hidden? It must be near, for he is wounded. Where, then? My faith, mademoiselle, but you had better speak! . . . Ah, you jade!"

For as he made a stride to her Babette stepped back, and with the movement threw the cloak from her head—it slipped rustling down as he glared at her, for the clouds were gone and the moonlight was strong upon her face. Old Gribot gave a cry.

"It is I, citizen," she said, quietly.

"You—you!" Deputy Moreau mouthed with rage. "You slut, where is De Brissac?"

"As you have seen, he is not here, citizen."

"Where then? You know! And where is mademoiselle? They are together—is it not so? Speak then, little fool! Where are they?"

"I will not tell you, citizen."

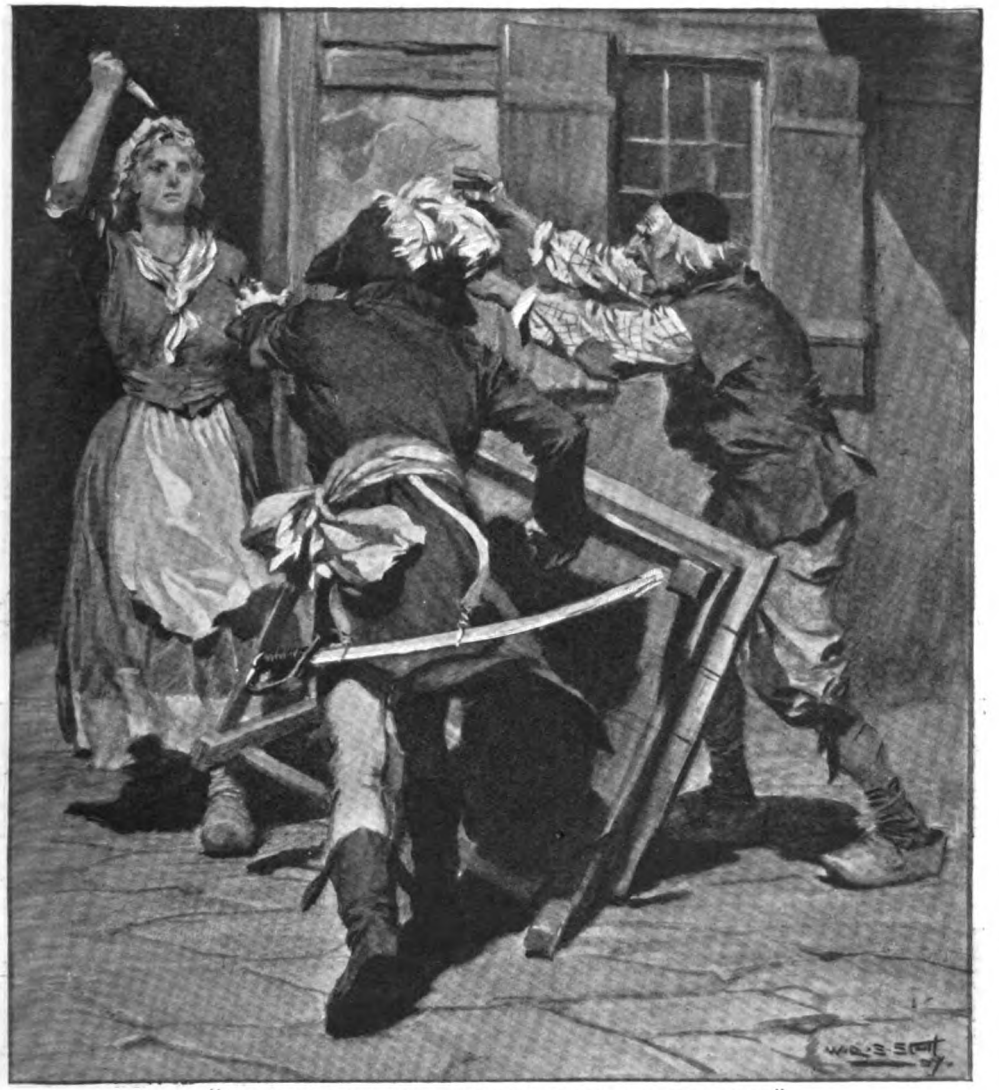
"You will not? You dare, girl! You will not?"

He had dragged her forward. With a wrench she freed herself and sprang back to the table.

"No!" she cried. "I will not! They are away and they are together—he will be free and safe and happy! Tell you—I? No, not if you kill me, Citizen Moreau!"

Her eyes blazed; her cheeks flamed; her beauty dazzled. Deputy Moreau dropped suddenly from fury to quiet; his teeth showed in his grin.

"I kill you? But no, my dear—I am too good a patriot, I. Why rob that so good servant of the Republic, our Sainte Guillotine?" He sniggered, rubbing his hands



"HIS STUMBLING RUSH SENT THE TABLE CRASHING OVER."

with a gloating, ferocious banter. "Eh, but she has bright eyes to look out of the little window, and a fine head to roll into the basket, our pretty Babette!" With a laugh he turned about. "To the village, you, and bring a cart. The little Babette has harboured and saved an emigrant. The little Babette sleeps next in the prison of La Force!"

The indicated man went. Father Gribot stood dazed, staring, dumb. Babette moved back a farther step.

"I do not go to Paris, citizen," she said, quietly. "I sleep here."

Deputy Moreau saw what her hand grasped —his stumbling rush sent the table crashing over. Old Gribot, with a hoarse, cackling scream, sprang tottering forward—too late; the knife gleamed upwards, flashed, and came down.

Over the sea and the little fishing-village on the coast the morning broke foggy and grey, pale and wan as the haggard faces of the man and woman huddled in the stern of the tossing boat that bore them to Jersey and safety. But as the French shore dwindled the mists lifted and thinned—the sun rose red—red as the dreadful pool that, staining the cracked flagstones upon which an old man crouched moaning and distraught, drowned the gold of Babette's hair.

Jean-Jacques would find her waiting.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GREENFINCH.

FROM HATCHING TILL FLYING-TIME.

By ARTHUR FREDERICK PARK.

ALTHOUGH many people know that the growth of the embryo in the egg of a bird is rapid, and the changes that take place day by day are great, yet comparatively few are aware that the development of the young bird after hatching is equally rapid and wonderful. So, with the object of showing the changes which occur daily in young birds from the time of hatching until the day of leaving the nest, I thought a series of photographs would prove both instructive and interesting.

I chanced to find a nest last summer at the top of an old hawthorn tree sufficiently near home to enable me to keep it under close observation. This was the nest of a greenfinch, containing four eggs, and, as these hatched out at different times and the young birds were of slightly different ages, I had to be particular to get the same bird every time.

DAY OF HATCHING.

ONE DAY OLD.

TWO DAYS OLD.

THREE DAYS OLD.

FOUR DAYS OLD.

It was necessary to visit the nest every day for eight days previous to the hatching, as I did not know when this might occur. Eventually one bird was hatched, and I took the first photograph, and another one on each day as it appeared up to the time when it was fully fledged and left the nest, the bird being then fourteen days old.

The different stages during these intervals of twenty-four hours are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The young birds were reared by their parents under perfectly normal conditions, and are therefore typical of others and true to Nature.

In a short time the mother bird got so accustomed to my daily visits that she did not seem to mind me taking her little ones out of the nest, and would simply hop on to a branch about a foot away till I had selected the right one and returned the others, when she would promptly resume her nursing operations, even when I was right up the tree beside her. Several times the weather made photographic operations very difficult, and expedients had to be resorted to. The wind was a source of considerable trouble and necessitated a good deal of waiting, as it blew the down of the bird about and shook the branch on which it rested.

At other times it was raining, and umbrellas had to be used to protect the young bird and save it from harm, as well as to shield the lens of the camera from drops of rain. As nothing could be put off, these difficulties had to be overcome somehow—to say nothing of the scratches and torn

FIVE DAYS OLD.

SIX DAYS OLD.

SEVEN DAYS OLD.

EIGHT DAYS OLD.

clothes encountered in scrambling up among the thorns—and the photographs taken at the proper moment, or the series would be broken. In many cases several plates were exposed, to ensure a satisfactory result. The camera had to be racked out the same amount on each occasion, and the bird and camera put into the same positions each time to show the correct relative size as it grew larger. Altogether the little subject bore the operations very well, but the exposures had to be rapid, both during the later stages, as he objected to sit when he gained in strength and felt his power, and in the earlier stages, when the breathing was more perceptible and kept him in a constant state of motion. Sometimes, just as I opened the shutter, he would suddenly take it into his head to stretch his legs or his wings and settle down more comfortably, and another exposure had to be made. But after all a satisfactory set of negatives was obtained, and all the difficulties were soon forgotten.

NINE DAYS OLD.

TWELVE DAYS OLD.

On looking at the photographs it will be noticed that during the first nine days the bird was not strong enough to hold up its head, and could only do so when ten days old, while from the eleventh day onwards it was able to sit up quite easily. Also that not until the ninth day were its eyes open for the first time. The wings show from birth, but the feathers on them are not very perceptible until it is about five days old, when they develop very rapidly.

The dark bars on the wing feathers first show when nine days old, while five days later, with the exception of the tail, the bird is completely feathered and the down has disappeared. The ears, although showing at birth, are conspicuous when three days old, and continue to be so until about eight days old, when they get covered up.

TEN DAYS OLD.

THIRTEEN DAYS OLD.

The tail begins to be visible when seven days old, but is not fully developed even when the bird is able to fly and leave the nest, but is complete soon afterwards. Such then, briefly, is the story of the babyhood of the young greenfinch, which in this short time has become possessed of its first suit of clothes, and one can almost imagine Mrs. Greenfinch remarking to her son, "Be careful with that new suit, as you will not get another one till next year."

So, now that he is provided with the power of flight and can escape, we must reluctantly leave him, though happy in the reflection that he will be well cared for by his parents until able to look after himself.

ELEVEN DAYS OLD.

FOURTEEN DAYS OLD.

"My Reminiscences."

XVI.

By IRENE VANBRUGH.

ACCORDING to my mother, as a child I was a very good little girl, but I confess that my earliest memories are of being very much the reverse. My great delight, I remember, was to slip off quietly, unobserved, with my brother to a livery-stable close by, and there, at considerable peril to my neck and knees, I would clamber on to the box of a somewhat prehistoric-looking "fly" and would play at driving until my whereabouts was discovered, when, to my intense disgust, I would be summarily dispatched home. Still, the delights of driving a "fly" appealed to me so greatly as a youngster that I would risk the most terrible punishment to enjoy even a few minutes on the box of this ramshackle vehicle.

Outside our own family circle—my father was the Rev. R. H. Barnes, Vicar of Heavitree and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral—the first face that impressed itself on my mind was that of a most delightful old dancing-master, quite a relic of an earlier age, who, when he was seventy-two, used still to dance with the lissome grace of youth, playing the fiddle meanwhile, and incidentally breaking many a bow over my wayward toes, which would persist in wandering "in the way they should not go." A little later, perhaps to that dear old dancing-master's secret delight—he was much too courteous to say so, anyhow—I became the pupil of Mme. Bradnée, whose wonderful grace revealed that she had herself been a pupil of the great Taglioni.

Another personality that looms large in my memory is that of Lewis Carroll, an old college friend of my father's and with whom I used often to stay. I shall always think that Lewis Carroll possessed an almost uncanny understanding of a child's mind, and no doubt it was this perfect sympathy of his with children that made us love to be with him. No pen, much less an unaccustomed one like my own, could possibly do justice to his charm, and, for my own part, I shall always look back upon having known him so well as one of the most delightful and memorable experiences of my life.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
AGE 12.

This Photograph was taken during one of her visits to Lewis Carroll.
From a Photograph by W. Kent

But perhaps the most indelible picture of all my childhood's impressions is that of the late General Gordon, who spent almost his last days in England with us in our Devonshire home, and whose very words still come back to me to bridge over the

years, accompanied by a mental vision of a great and simple personality looking at me through never-to-be-forgotten eyes — eyes that were very blue, very kind, and very truthful.

From time to time I have often seen it stated in print that it was the example of my sister Violet which inspired me to go on the stage. As a matter of fact, however, this is not altogether the case, for although it is true that my intense admiration for her made me, as a child, rather slavishly try to copy everything she did, yet, at the same time, I well remember that, even when I was quite a little girl, I possessed a strong love for acting, and some of my greatest treats were the little theatrical entertainments that we used to give at home. I sometimes even now think of those masterpieces of the drama, and I find it difficult not to laugh when I recall the feverish anxiety which we used to bestow upon studying and rehearsing our parts. Yes, to us, the success or the failure of those childish plays was every bit as momentous an issue as is the production of a new piece to a London manager to-day.

AGE 15—AS THE WHITE QUEEN IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

I don't know whether as a child I passed through those stages which would seem to be almost inseparable from childhood, of wishing to become, when I grew up, a school-teacher, a hospital nurse, or "a fine lady driving in a carriage and pair," but I have the clearest possible recollection that, as soon as I was capable of forming any serious ambition, that ambition took the form of a fervent wish to become an actress. Of my schooldays there is not much to be said. Until I was thirteen I remained at the High School at Exeter, and afterwards went to London and spent some twelve months at Mrs. Coles's school at Earl's Court. Then I was sent to Paris for a year to study the French language and elocution.

I think that the first real step towards my theatrical ambition was realized when I went to Margate and there joined Miss Sarah Thorne's company. My first part under her extremely able tuition was that of Phœbe in "As You Like It," my sister Violet playing Rosalind, and Miss Florence Wood, Mrs. John Wood's daughter, playing Audrey. I remember that on the night of my *début* I was very self-possessed indeed. In fact, at that time I knew not what nerves were, and now, when I recall my inexperience, I often wonder on what basis that self-possession was founded. Ah, me! Would that I possessed such self-confidence to-day. But, alas! I have never attained anything approaching it since.

Miss Sarah Thorne is another of the famous people I met in my early days of whom I cannot speak in adequate terms. Under her charge a girl very soon learnt whether she had any real ability or not, and if she had, Miss Thorne gave her the best possible opportunity of developing it.

We played every kind of play there—comedy, farce, and drama of the deepest dye; while at Christmas there came the pantomime, so that the Juliet of a week ago might be the Prince Paragon of the Yuletide extravaganza, and when the curtain had been, for the last time, rung down on the harlequinade, the "pantomime" artiste of a few minutes ago might not improbably have to don the make-up of Lady Macbeth, or Lady Isobel in "East Lynne." Were Miss Thorne still alive, I should unhesitatingly advise any aspirant to stage honours to place herself in her school. It will be very difficult to fill her place. To me she proved a splendid teacher and, better still, a real friend, and I shall always feel that the days I spent with her, learning, playing—sometimes as many as four parts a week—and making my stage costumes, were among the happiest I have known. I think the nearest approach to her excellent method is now attained by the Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street, where I would advise all those wishing to appear on the stage to go and be trained.

When I was under Miss Thorne's charge the late Lewis Carroll used frequently to come over to Margate from Eastbourne, where he spent the greater part of every summer. Of my acting he was always a most frank and candid critic, and he never failed to say exactly what he thought, whether it was uncomplimentary or not. I thus learnt to look forward to his visits whenever I was given a new *rôle* to play, as I knew quite well that his criticism of how I played that *rôle* would be absolutely sound and unbiased. He was, too, such an excellent judge of acting that I have cause to account myself fortunate to have gained the friendship of so really helpful a critic.

The time I was to spend at Margate came to an end all too soon, and after a season with Miss Thorne I had the chance of appearing in a revival of "Alice in Wonderland" at the Globe Theatre, through the kind recommendation of Lewis Carroll. In this perennially popular play I doubled the parts of the White Queen and the Knave of Hearts, Miss Isa Bowman being Alice, and her sister, Miss Empsie Bowman, the Dormouse. In "Alice in Wonderland," I must tell you, I met Mr. Edward German for the first time. This was a delightful experience, my pleasure being rendered all the greater by the fact that it was my initial engagement in London.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS THE HEROINE IN A PLAY CALLED "THE DON," BY HERMAN MERIVALE, WHICH PART SHE PLAYED WITH THE LATE MR. J. L. TOOLE.

In the following summer I returned to Margate once more, and by great good fortune the late Mr. John L. Toole happened to come down there with his company. My sister Violet had made her London *début* under him, and when Mr. Toole heard that I was her sister he very kindly came to see me play, and there and then offered me an engagement. In the following autumn I joined his company, and almost at once we set out on a fourteen months' tour in Australia and New Zealand.

One experience of that tour, in particular, stands out as vividly as if it had happened only yesterday. On our return journey we stopped for a couple of days at Colombo and gave a performance. In Colombo, in those days, interest in the drama was not, apparently, sufficiently great to justify the local authorities in going to the expense of providing other than the most primitive accommodation for followers of the theatrical profession, for the theatre in which we had to play was a most unpretentious hall, and the ladies' dressing-room—there was only one—was a species of dungeon which was destitute of all comforts, not only of a carpet, but of a floor at all, except of earth.

A good light by which to "make up," it can readily be understood, is an invaluable asset to an actor or actress. But at Colombo they seemingly thought otherwise, for the only lights we had came from the feeble flickerings of rather unsteady wicks floating in a none-too-clean oil-bath. If lights were scarce, however, mosquitoes were plentiful, and not only plentiful, but hungry. The heat, too, was terrific, and after a few minutes the temperature of our little dungeon of a dressing-room became so unbearable that we decided to open the door to let in some air. It would seem, however, that before doing so we ought to have shouted "Fore!" blown a motor-horn, or rung a bell, as immediately we opened the door some ten natives tumbled head-first into the dungeon!

Writing of this experience recalls to me that I was, later on, to be vividly reminded of the incident when, as Sophy Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," I made my entrance much in the same way. But that is another story.

I must tell you that during that long visit to Australia I played in every piece in Mr. Toole's repertoire. This was a splendid experience, for not only was I frequently playing new parts, but I was also constantly playing to a different type of audience, as during the tour we visited all sorts and kinds

of Australian cities, large and small, and on that account one was pretty certain before long to find out the weak points in one's method. In fact, I regard this tour as one of the most fortunate incidents in my career, for it offered me no fewer than eighteen different parts, varying between pathos and farce.

Toole's influence, therefore, I have always looked upon as most important, for in his company, when I was at an impressionable age, I was moving in comic element. And it was also under his management, after the return of the company to London, that I first made the acquaintance of Mr. J. M. Barrie, in whose burlesque of Ibsen's "Ghosts," and as Belle Golightly in "Walker, London," I think I may say that I made my first serious bid for a place on the London stage.

I have every good reason to remember Mr. Barrie's skit of Ibsen's "Ghosts," for when the famous dramatist, who, if already well known then as the author of "A Window in Thrums," had yet to win his dramatic spurs, brought the skit to Mr. Toole, who took a fancy to it at once, the question arose as to who was to do the imitations of Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea, who were making a great success at the time in "Hedda Gabler."

These imitations, I must tell you, were intended to be one of the features of the production, and I naturally felt greatly flattered when Mr. Toole proposed me; and still more gratified when Mr. Barrie, although obviously troubled with the most frightful misgivings as to my competency, fell in with the suggestion. However, happily, everything turned out all right, and the play, which was quite one of the wittiest things I have ever read, proved a considerable success. The result of this production pleased Mr. Toole so much that he immediately commissioned Mr. Barrie to write him another play; and "Walker, London," was the outcome of this arrangement.

Mention of this play reminds me that I have often heard it said that actors and actresses are not, as a rule, good judges of a play. Indeed, I believe one distinguished playwright has given it as his opinion that the success of a play is generally in inverse ratio to the first impressions it makes on the members of the company. My own experience, however, leads me to disagree with this view, and surely it must be fairly obvious that, if a play fails to grip and please those who are to act in it, this impression is likely to prove a good forecast of the manner in which it will appeal to the audience. Naturally enough, there must, on occasions, be exceptions, but these, I think, are not nearly so numerous as the distinguished playwright in question would have us believe. In any case, when Mr. Barrie read "Walker, London," to us, we were one and all most enthusiastic over it, and that our judgment was not at fault was amply proved by subsequent events, for the piece ran for two years.

"Walker, London," is memorable to me, not only as one of the most successful plays in which I have ever taken part, but also as having given me the opportunity of introducing Mr. Seymour Hicks to Mr. Barrie, which, I believe, gave the former his first real chance at a West-end theatre.

My experiences with Mr. Toole were of the happiest, and as I had been able to do much varied work with him my ambitions had increased in proportion. After "Walker, London," came off, Mr. Toole did not propose to produce any new plays for the moment, so I decided to try my luck farther afield.

Happily, the fickle goddess still continued to keep me in her good books, for my first application, which was to Sir Herbert —then Mr.—Beerbohm Tree, resulted in my securing a small part in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Tempter," at the Haymarket.

I have always been glad that, whenever possible, I have seized every chance of gaining experience, for I am perfectly convinced that before she can find her "right line" an actress must have every sort of experience. Let her play in every class of play that she can get a part in, and in most cases, if she possesses any real ability, she will soon find something to suit her.

In the theatrical profession, however, one hears the remark made time after time that such and such an actor or actress "simply could not fail to do great things" if only he or she could secure a favourable opportunity.

Now, this aspect of the chances of advancement on the stage may doubtless bring a certain amount of consolation to those who apply it to themselves, but I cannot say that it convinces me to any great extent, for I am most emphatically of the opinion that, at one time or another, practically every seriously-disposed member of the dramatic profession gets a chance to show his or her worth.

Thus, as a general rule, the people who complain most about being forced "to hide

their light under a bushel," so to speak, are those who have had chances to show that they possess that hidden talent to which they so often refer—but they have not for some reason or another been able to take those chances. Let me tell you of a case which is exactly typical of what I mean.

Once when I was playing at the St. James's Theatre, the understudying of my part was given to three girls. One night, as luck would have it, I was unable to play. All three of the girls, therefore, were sent for; but two of them, having deemed it most unlikely that I should ever be off, and, at the same time, being far from disposed to take what they chose to regard as "useless and unnecessary trouble," had made no attempt at all even to learn the part. The result was that the management realized that it was no earthly use expecting either of them to come to the rescue. The third girl, however, had learnt her part most conscientiously. She played it, did well, and afterwards succeeded in securing engagements regularly.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

I need scarcely say that the other two understudies, who had deliberately wasted a chance that might not come their way again for months, were terribly disappointed at the turn that events had taken. But, after all, the disappointment was of their own making, for in no profession more than the stage must the beginner be on the alert to seize every opportunity. The stage is a profession that is terribly overstocked; but to really clever men and women it holds out open arms of welcome. There is plenty of room for such as these.

In other branches of art, also, one seldom hears of beginners expecting to make a lasting success all of a sudden. Few people, for example, can hope to be hung in the Academy without going through the drudgery of learning how to paint. And yet there are hundreds and thousands of educated men and women who would seem to cherish the comforting belief that, of all existing professions, the stage is the one in which fame and fortune are to be won with almost lightning rapidity! Isn't it curious?

I am afraid I have wandered a little in my story. My excuse, however, must be my intense wish to try to make those who have no real "call" for the histrionic art realize that the stage is a profession which requires just as strenuous—and, in many cases, probably a good deal more strenuous—an apprenticeship as any other walk in life. My own lines have, perhaps, been cast in pleasant places, but, if there is a struggle, the stage life is the most cruel of all lives. If, therefore, a girl has no real talent for the work, let her, in preference, try anything else. The slavery and misery attendant on making a bare living on the stage by the exercise of very moderate abilities are beyond description.

And now let me return to my own experiences. At the end of my season with Mr. Tree in "The Tempter," at the Haymarket, I joined Mr. George Alexander to play a small character part in "The Masqueraders," and then on tour I played my first Pinero part as Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." For a long time past I had secretly wished to appear in one of Mr. Pinero's plays, and the achievement of this ambition was thus a very great and real pleasure to me.

After playing the part of Gwendolen in Mr. Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," I went to the Royalty Theatre, which was then under Mr. Bourchier's management, and in "The Chili Widow" appeared during the whole of the run of this very successful play. Following this engagement came a short tour in America with my sister, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Mr. Bourchier; and then, on my return to England, ensued a period of months only—months which, however, to me seemed like years, but which nevertheless nearly every actor and actress has to go through sooner or later—when no suitable engage-

ments offer themselves, and when the world of the theatre seems to be pursuing its course without the slightest consideration at all for the personal equation. An enforced holiday of this sort comes rather in the light of a shock after years of uninterrupted progress in which an artiste seems to have been specially provided for, as it is not pleasant to feel that in the circle the old circumference no longer encloses one. Still, the experience, as I have said, is one of an exceedingly common character on the stage, and the best remedy to put things right is to try to widen one's perspective. In my own case I did this by going on tour as Polly Eccles until Sir Charles Wyndham engaged me for the part of Lady Rosamond in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's successful comedy, "The Liars," at the Criterion.

I have mentioned that I played my first Pinero part on tour as Ellean. About four years, however, elapsed after that date before I was honoured with the privilege of an original part in a Pinero play. But my opportunity came at last with Mr. Pinero's comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells," in which play I had to wear a crinoline of the most ample proportions.

Since then it has fallen to my lot to create the leading part in many of Sir Arthur Pinero's greatest successes. In "The Gay Lord Quex," for example, I played the part of Sophy Fullgarney under Sir John Hare's management for three years, and I recall with not a little pride, which I would not suppress if I could, that Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, and the late M. Coquelin aîné were kind enough to offer me their congratulations; so did the author himself, without whose congratulations no others would have been valuable.

I have heard it said, by the way, that Sir Arthur Pinero writes parts for particular exponents. In almost every case I think that this remark is misleading, for he is far too great a master, and his plays attain to general dramatic effects too thoroughly, to justify such an expression of individual opinion. To the artiste I should like to say that Sir Arthur Pinero's drawing of character is invariably so minutely thorough, and his explanation of the smallest details of the character is so splendidly lucid, that one feels intuitively the workings of the part it is one's duty to imbue with life. His characters, indeed, are not just "mere parts in a play," but are veritably things of flesh and blood.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "SMITH."
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

In all, this great dramatist has given me five full-size parts to create—Trelawny in "Trelawny of the Wells," Sophy in "The Gay Lord Quex," Letty in "Letty," Nina in "His House in Order," and Zöe Blundell in "Mid-Channel"—and whenever I am asked about my career I find it impossible not to spontaneously refer with genuine pride and enthusiasm to the teaching and encouragement which I have received from Sir Arthur.

Of the many parts I have played during

my career, one of the most exhausting that I have ever had to undertake was that in which I appeared as Marise Chelford at the St. James's Theatre with Mr. George Alexander, in "The Thief." This play, as you may remember, is adapted from Bernstein's "Le Voleur," and deals with the situation which keeps the two principal characters alone on the stage for the whole forty minutes of the second act. The events which lead up to this technically very long duologue between husband and wife are thefts in the friend's house with whom they are staying.

Full as the part was of ever-changing emotion, it was rendered all the more strenuous because the character of a wife who steals her friend's and hostesses' money, and when her husband finds her out asks him to be silent and allow his friend's son to suffer for his wife's guilt, is not easily made sympathetic to an English audience, whatever her motive in stealing may have been. It was, however, made far less difficult to me by the fact that in the scene, which was essentially dependent on *both* the characters taking part in it, the husband was played by Mr. George Alexander, whose easy, sympathetic method and unvarying kindness and consideration make him so specially delightful to act with.

Last, but far most important of any part I have played, came Zöe Blundell, in Sir Arthur Pinero's "Mid-Channel." Of the joys and fears of the rehearsals of that wonderful play; of the pride in having been selected for the part and the terrible nervousness of the few days before production, held in check only by the genius and encouragement of the author, I cannot yet speak. It is all too fresh and too alive to be pigeonholed.

I wonder is there anything else of interest I can tell you? I have tried, as far as possible, to keep away from retailing in sequence the various parts that I have played, and on this account I have omitted not a few other parts which have fallen to my lot. I would mention, however, that the year 1898 was one of the most momentous in my life. In that year, under the Chudleigh and Boucicault management at the Court Theatre, I was associated with Mr. Dion Boucicault, to whom I was married three years later, and who, since my marriage, has been closely associated with all I have done.

There are various happenings of one sort and another connected with the theatre that have, of course, occurred to me, but, rightly or wrongly I feel that, to a very great extent, stories in which the names of others must inevitably be mentioned should not be retailed in print. Happenings in the theatre among the artistes, however interesting they may be to the general public, ought not actually to be told outside the theatre, which is just as serious a place of business as is a lawyer's consulting-room or a barrister's sanctum.

I remember, however, an amusing personal experience at a certain famous West-end theatre in which a black cat played the leading part. "The" profession have the reputation of being particularly superstitious, and most people are probably aware that a black cat in the theatre is supposed to be an almost infallible bringer of good fortune. On the occasion to which I refer a new play was being produced. Day after day at rehearsals the theatre black cat followed me about in the most affectionate manner possible. When I stood in the wings waiting for my cue it would come and rub its sleek, furry neck up against my dress. When I arrived at the theatre I found that black cat waiting for me at the entrance to the stage-door. When I went into my dressing-room, sure enough that black cat would follow me, purring contentedly.

This sort of thing went on so regularly that I thought to myself, "This play is surely going to bring me the success of my life." As a matter of fact, however, it only enjoyed a run of a fortnight, so that although, as a lover of animals, I still regard black and all other varieties of cats with feelings of respectful friendliness, I have not since felt justified in looking upon the presence of a black cat in the theatre as an infallible factor in the making of a successful play.

And now I am quite sure that I must have exceeded the space allotted to me, so that, as children so often say when writing home from school, "I will now bring this to an end." Of my future plans I would add that it is difficult for me, at the moment, to say anything with any degree of certainty, though I often feel that I should very much like to appear in some of Molière's plays—the part of Celimene, for example, appeals to me most strongly. Who knows? Perhaps I shall; perhaps I shall not. After all, our futures are always "in the lap of the gods."

THE MAGIC CITY.

By E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.

LOST!

PHILIP went to sleep and dreamed that he was at home again and that Helen had come to his bedside to call him, leading a white pony that was to be his very own. It was a pony that looked clever enough for anything, and he was not surprised when it shook hands with him, but when it said, "Well, we must be moving," and began to try to put on Philip's shoes and stockings, Philip called out, "Here, I say, stop that," and awoke to a room full of sunshine, but empty of ponies.

"Oh, well," said Philip, "I suppose I'd better get up." He looked at his new silver watch, one of Helen's parting presents, and saw that it marked ten o'clock.

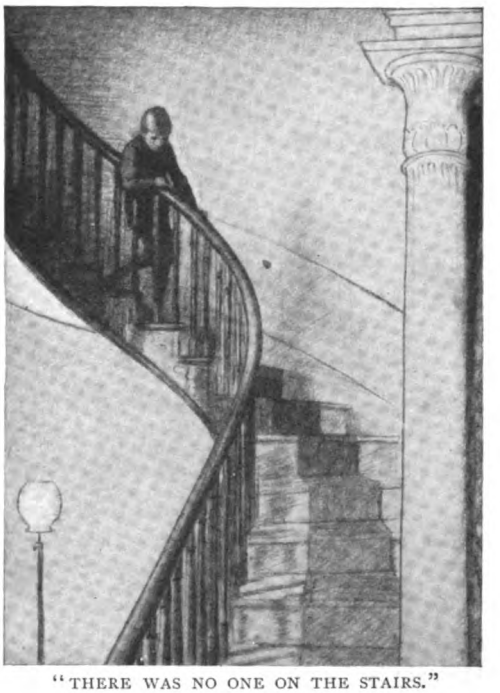
"I say, you know," said he to the watch, "you can't be right." And he shook it to encourage it to think the matter over. But the watch still said "ten" quite plainly and unmistakably.

Now the Grange breakfast-time was at eight, and Philip was certain he had not been called.

"This is jolly rum," he remarked. "It must be the watch. Perhaps it stopped."

But it hadn't stopped. Therefore it must be two hours past breakfast-time. As soon as he had thought this he became extremely hungry. He got out of bed as soon as he knew exactly how hungry he was.

There was no one about, so he made his way to the bath-room and spent a happy hour with the hot water and the cold water, and the brown Windsor soap and the shaving soap, and the nail-brush and the flesh-brush, and the loofahs and the shower-bath, and the three sponges. He had not, so far, been able thoroughly to investigate and enjoy all these things. But now there was no one to interfere, and he enjoyed himself to that degree that he quite forgot to wonder why he hadn't been called. He thought of a piece of poetry that Helen had made for him about the bath; and when he had done playing he lay on his back in water that was very hot indeed, trying to remember the poetry. The water was very nearly cold by the time he had remembered the poetry. It was called "Dreams of a Giant Life," and this was it:—



"THERE WAS NO ONE ON THE STAIRS."

DREAMS OF A GIANT LIFE.

What was I once—in ages long ago?
I look back, and I see myself. We grow
So changed—through changing years, I hardly see
How that which I look back on could be me.*
Glorious and splendid, giant-like I stood
On a white cliff, topped by a darkling wood.
Below me, placid, bright, and sparkling, lay
The equal waters of a lovely bay.
White cliffs surrounded it—and calm and fair
It lay asleep, in warm and silent air.

I stood alone—naked and strong, upright;
My limbs gleamed in the clear, pure golden light.
I saw below me all the water lie
Expecting something, and that thing was I.†
I leaned, I plunged, the waves splashed over me.
I lay, a giant in a little sea.

* Never mind grammar.

† This is correct grammar, but never mind.

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White cliffs all round, wood-crowned, and as I lay
I saw the glories of the dying day—
No wind disturbed my sea—the sunlight was
As though it came through windows of gold glass.
The white cliffs rose above me, and around
The clear sea lay pure, perfect, and profound—
And I was master of the cliffs, the sea,
And the gold light that brightened over me.

Far miles away my giant feet showed plain,
Rising like rocks out of the quiet main;
On them a lighthouse could be built to show
Wayfaring ships the way they must not go.
I was the master of that cliff-girt sea;
I splashed my hands—the waves went over me,
And in the dimples of my body lay
Little rock-pools, where small sea-beasts might play.

I found a boat, its deck was perforate;
I launched it, and it dared the storms of Fate.
Its woollen sail stood out against the sky,
Supported by a mast of ivory.

Another boat rode proudly to my hand;
Upon its deck a thousand spears did stand.
I launched it, and it sped full fierce and fast
Against the boat that had the ivory mast
And woollen sail and perforated deck—
The two went down in one stupendous wreck!

Beneath the waves I chased with joyous hand
Upon the bed of an imagined sand
The slippery brown sea-mouse, that still escaped,
Where the deep cave beneath my knee was shaped
Caught it at last and caged it into rest,
Upon the shallows of my submerged breast.

Then, as I lay, wrapped as in some kind arm
By the sweet world of waters soft and warm,
A great voice cried from some far unseen shore,
And I was not a giant any more.

"Come out! come out!" cried out the voice of power,
"You've been in for a quarter of an hour.
The water's cold—Come, Master Pip—your head
'S all wet, and it is time you were in bed."

I rose all dripping from the magic sea
And left the ships that had been slaves to me.
The soap-dish, with its perforated deck,
The nail-brush, that had rushed to loss and wreck.
The flannel sail, the tooth-brush that was mast,
The sleek soap-mouse—I left them all at last.

I went out of that magic sea and cried,
Because the time came when I must be dried,
And leave the splendour of a giant's joy,
And go to bed—a little well-washed boy.

When he had quite remembered the poetry he had another shower-bath, and then, when he had enjoyed the hot, rough towels out of the hot cupboard, he went back to his room to dress. He made haste, because he wanted his breakfast; so he dressed himself with all possible speed, even forgetting to fasten his collar properly. He was in such a hurry that he dropped his collar-stud; and he remembered his dream. Do you know, that was really the first time he had thought of it. The dream about the city — that, indeed, would be something to think about.

Breakfast was the really important thing. He went down very hungry indeed. "I shall ask for my breakfast directly I get down," he said. "I shall ask the first person I meet." And he met no one.

There was no one on the stairs or in the hall or in the dining-room or in the drawing-room. The library and billiard-room were empty of living people, and the door of the nursery was locked. So then Philip made his way into the regions beyond the baize door, where the servants' quarters were, and there was no one in the kitchen or in the servants' hall or in the butler's pantry, or in the scullery or the washhouse or the larder. In all that big house—and it was much bigger than it looked from the front, because of the long wings that ran out on each side of its back—in all that big house there was no one but Philip. He felt certain of this before he ran upstairs and looked in all the bedrooms and in the little picture-gallery and the music-room, and then in the servants' bedrooms and the very attics. There were interesting things in those attics, but Philip only remembered them afterwards. Now he tore down the stairs three at a time. All the room doors were open as he had left them, and somehow those open doors frightened him more than anything else. He ran along the corridors, down more stairs, past more open doors, and out through the back kitchen, along the moss-grown walk by the brick wall, and so round by the three yew trees and the mounting-block to the stable-yard. And there was no one there. Neither coachman, nor groom, nor stable-boys. And there was no one in the stables or the coach-house or the harness-room or the loft.

Philip felt that he could not go back into the house. Something terrible must have happened. Was it possible that anyone could want the Grange servants enough to kidnap them? Philip thought of the nurse and felt that, at least as far as she was concerned, it was *not* possible. Or perhaps it was magic! A sort of Sleeping Beauty happening? Only everyone had vanished instead of just being put to sleep for a hundred years.

He was alone in the middle of the stable-yard when the thought came to him:—

"Perhaps they're only made invisible. Perhaps they're all here and watching me and making fun of me."

He stood still to think this. It was not a pleasant thought.

Suddenly he straightened his little back and threw up his head.

"They sha'n't see I'm frightened, anyway,"

he told himself. And then he remembered the larder.

"I haven't had any breakfast," he exclaimed, aloud, so as to be plainly heard by any invisible people who might be about. "I ought to have my breakfast. If nobody gives it to me, I shall take my breakfast."

He waited for an answer. But none came. It was very quiet in the stable-yard. Only the rattle of a halter-ring against a manger, the sound of a hoof on stable stones, the cooing of pigeons, and the rustle of straw in the loose-box broke the silence.

"Very well," said Philip. "I don't know what *you* think I ought to have for breakfast, so I shall take what *I* think."

He drew a long breath, trying to draw courage in with it, threw back his shoulders more soldierly than ever, and marched in through the back door and straight to the larder. Then he took what he thought he ought to have for breakfast. This is what he thought:—

1 cherry-pie.
2 custards in cups.
1 cold sausage.
2 pieces of cold toast.
1 piece of cheese.
2 lemon cheese-cakes.
1 small jam tart (there was only one left).
Butter, 1 pat.

"What jolly things the servants have to eat!" he said. "I never knew. I thought that nothing but mutton and rice grew here."

He put all the food on a silver tray and carried it out on to the terrace which lies between the two wings at the back of the house. Then he went back for milk; but there was none to be seen, so he got a white jug full of water. The spoons he couldn't find, but he found a carving-fork and a fish-slice. Did you ever try to eat cherry-pie with a fish-slice?

"Whatever's happened," said Philip to himself through the cherry-pie, "whatever happens it's as well to have had your breakfast." And he bit a generous inch off the cold sausage, which he had speared with the carving-fork.

And now, sitting out in the good sunshine, and growing less and less hungry as he plied fish-slice and carving-fork, his mind went back to his dream, which began to seem more and more real. Suppose it really *had* happened? It might have. Magic things did happen, it seemed. Look how all the people had vanished out of the house—out of the world too, perhaps. Why not Magic Cities?

"Suppose everyone's vanished," said Philip. "Suppose I'm the only person left in the world who hasn't vanished. Then everything in the world would belong to me. Then I could have everything that's in all the toy-shops."

And his mind for a moment dwelt fondly on this beautiful idea. Then he went on:—

"But suppose I vanished too? Perhaps if I were to vanish I could see the other people who have. I wonder how it's done?"

He held his breath and tried hard to vanish. Have you ever tried this? It is not at all easy to do. Philip could not do it at all. He held his breath and he tried and he tried, but he only felt fatter and fatter and more and more as though in one more moment he should burst. So he let his breath go.

"No," he said, looking at his hands. "I'm not any more invisible than I was before. Not so much, I think," he added, thoughtfully, looking at what was left of the cherry-pie. "But that dream——"

He plunged deep in the remembrance of it, that was to him like swimming in the waters of a fairy lake.

He was hooked out of his lake suddenly, by voices. It was like waking up. There, away across the green park beyond the sunk fence, were people, coming.

"So everyone hasn't vanished," he said, caught up the tray, and took it in. He hid it under the pantry-shelf. He didn't know who the people were who were coming, and you can't be too careful. Then he went out and made himself small in the shadow of a red buttress, and heard their voices coming nearer and nearer. They were all talking at once, in that quick, interested way that makes you certain something unusual has happened.

He could not hear exactly what they were saying, but he caught the words:—

"No."
"Of course I've asked."
"Police."
"Telegram."
"Yes, of course."
"Better make quite sure."

Then everyone began speaking all at once, and you could not hear anything that anybody said. Philip was too busy keeping behind the buttress to see who they were who were talking. He was glad *something* had happened.

"Now I shall have something to think about besides the nurse and my beautiful city that she was going to pull down."

But what was it that had happened? He hoped nobody was hurt, or had done anything wrong. The word "police" always

made him uncomfortable ever since he had seen a boy no bigger than himself pulled along the road by a very large policeman. The boy had stolen a loaf, Philip was told. Philip could never forget that boy's face; he always thought of it in church when it said "prisoners and captives," and still more when it said "desolate and oppressed."

"I do hope it's not *that*," he said.

And slowly he got himself to leave the shelter of the red-brick buttress, and to follow to the house those voices and those footsteps that had gone by him.

He followed the sound of them to the kitchen. The cook was there in tears and a Windsor arm-chair. The kitchenmaid, her cap all on one side, was crying down most dirty cheeks. The coachman was there, very red in the face, and the groom without his top-boots. The nurse was there, neat as ever she seemed at first, but Philip was delighted when a more careful inspection showed him that there was mud on her large shoes and on the bottom of her skirt, and that her dress had a large three-cornered rent in it.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for a twenty-pun note," the coachman was saying.

"George," said the nurse to the groom, "you go and get a horse ready. I'll write the telegram."

"You'd best take Peppermint," said the coachman. "She's the fastest."

The groom went out, saying under his breath: "Teach your grandmother!" which Philip thought rude and unmeaning.

Philip was standing unnoticed by the door. He felt that thrill—if it isn't pleasure, it is more like it than anything else—which we all feel when something real has happened.

But what *had* happened? What?

"I wish I'd never come back," said the nurse. "Then nobody could pretend it was *my* fault."

"It don't matter what they pretend," the cook stopped crying to say. "The thing is what's happened. Oh, my goodness! I'd rather have been turned away without a character than have had this happen."

"And I'd rather *any* thing," said the nurse. "Oh, my goodness me! I wish I'd never been born."

And then and there, before the astonished eyes of Philip, she began to behave as any nice person might—she began to cry.

"It wouldn't have happened," said the cook, "if the master hadn't been away. He's a Justice of the Peace, he is, and a terror to gipsies. It wouldn't never have happened——"

Philip could not bear it any longer.

"*What* wouldn't have happened if?" he asked, startling everybody to a quick jump of surprise.

The nurse stopped crying and turned to look at him.

"Oh, *you!*" she said, slowly. "I forgot *you*. You want your breakfast, I suppose, no matter what's happened?"

"No, I don't," said Philip, with extreme truth. "I want to know what *has* happened."

"Miss Lucy's lost," said the cook, heavily. "That's what's happened. So now you know. You run along and play, like a good little boy, and don't make extry trouble for us in the trouble we're in."

"Lost?" repeated Philip.

"Yes, lost. I expect you're glad," said the nurse, "the way you treated her. You hold your tongue, and don't let me so much as hear you breathe the next twenty-four hours. I'll go and write that telegram."

Philip thought it best not to let anyone hear him breathe. By this means he heard her telegram when nurse read it aloud to the cook:—

Peter Graham, Esq., Hotel Wagram, Brussels. Miss Lucy lost. Please come home immediately.—Philkins.

"That's all right, isn't it?"

"I don't see why you sign it 'Philkins.' You're only the nurse. I'm the head of the house when the family's away, and my name's Bobson," the cook said.

There was a sound of torn paper.

"There—the paper's tore. I'd just as soon your name went to it," said the nurse. "I don't want to be the one to tell such news."

"Oh, my good gracious! What a thing to happen!" sighed the cook. "Poor little darling!"

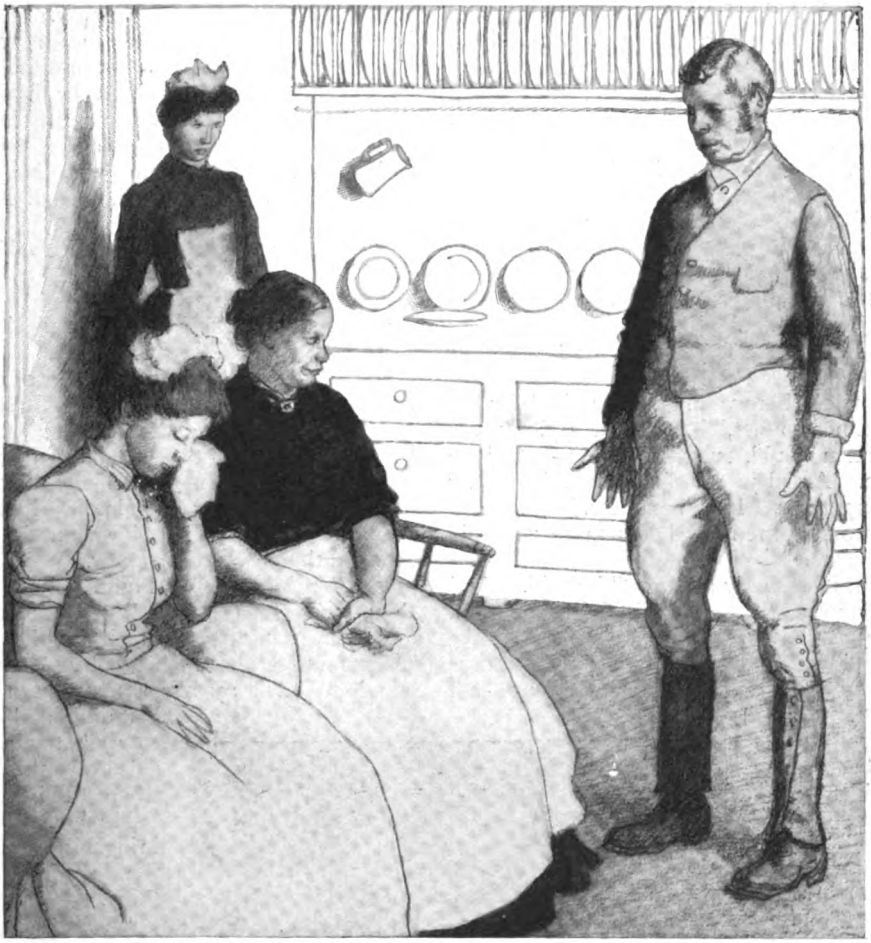
Then somebody wrote the telegram again, and the nurse took it out to the stable-yard, where Peppermint was already saddled.

"I thought," said Philip, bold in the nurse's absence, "I thought Lucy was with her aunt."

"She came back yesterday," said the cook. "Yes, after you'd gone to bed. And this morning that nurse went into the night nursery and she wasn't there. Her bed all empty and cold, and her clothes gone. Though how the gipsies could have got in without waking that nurse is a mystery to me and ever will be. She must sleep like a pig."

"Or the seven sleepers," said the coachman.

"But what would gipsies want her *for?*" Philip asked.



"'I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT HAPPEN FOR A TWENTY-PUN NOTE,' THE COACHMAN WAS SAYING."

"What do they ever want anybody for?" retorted the cook. "Look at the heirs that's been stolen. I don't suppose there's a titled family in England but what's had its heir stolen, one time and another."

"I suppose you've looked all over the house?" said Philip.

"I suppose we ain't deaf and dumb and blind and silly," said the cook. "Here's that nurse. You be off, Master Philip, without you want a flea in your ear."

And Philip, at the word, *was* off. He went into the long drawing-room and shut the door. Then he got the ivory chessmen out of the buhl cabinet, and set them out on that delightful chess-table whose chequers are of mother-of-pearl and ebony, and tried to play a game, right hand against left. But right hand, who was white and so moved first, always won. He gave up after awhile, and put the chessmen away in their proper places. Then he got out the big book of photographs of pictures, but they did not seem interesting, so he tried the ivory spellicans. But his hand shook, and you know spellicans is a game you can't play when your hand shakes. And all the time behind the chess and the pictures and the spellicans he was trying not to think about his dream, about how he had climbed that ladder stair which was really the yard-stick, and gone into the cities that he had built on the tables. Somehow he did not want to remember it. The very idea of remembering made him feel guilty and wretched.

He went and looked out of the window, and as he stood there his wish not to remember the dream made his boots restless, and in their shuffling his right boot kicked against something hard that lay in the folds of the blue brocade curtain.

He looked down, stooped, and picked up little Mr. Noah. The nurse must have dropped it there when she cleared away the city.

And as he looked upon those wooden features it suddenly became impossible not to think of the dream. He let the remembrance of it come, and it came, in a flood. And with it the remembrance of what he had done. He had promised to be Lucy's noble friend, and they had run together, to escape from the galloping soldiers. And he had run faster than she. And at the top of the ladder—the ladder of safety—*he had not waited for her.*

"Any old hero would have waited for her and let her go first," he told himself. "Any gentleman would, even—any *man*—let alone a hero. And I just bunked down the ladder and forgot her. I *left* her there."

Remorse stirred his boots more ungently than before.

"But it was only a dream," he said. And then remorse said, as he had felt all along that it would if he only gave it a chance:—

"But suppose it wasn't a dream—suppose it was real? Suppose you *did* leave her there, my noble friend, and that's why she's lost?"

Suddenly Philip felt very small, very forlorn, very much alone in the world. But Helen would come back. That telegram would bring her.

Yes. And he would have to tell her that perhaps it was his fault that Lucy was lost.

"THE LITTLE WOODEN FIGURE BEGAN TO WALK TOWARDS THE SIDE OF THE TABLE WHERE PHILIP STOOD."

It was in vain that Philip told himself that Helen would never believe about the city. He felt that she would. Why shouldn't she? She knew about the fairy tales and the Arabian Nights. And she would know that these things *did* happen.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" he said, quite loud. And there was no one but himself to give the answer.

"If I could only get back into the city!" he said. "But that hateful nurse has pulled it all down and locked up the nursery. So I can't even build it again. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

And with that he began to cry. For now he felt quite sure that the dream wasn't a dream—that he really *had* got into the Magic City, had promised to stand by Lucy, and had been false to his promise and to her.

He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and also—rather painfully—with Mr. Noah, whom he still held. "What shall I do?" he sobbed.

And a very very teeny tiny voice said:—

"Put me down."

"Eh?" said Philip.

"Put me down," said the voice again. It was such a teeny tiny voice that he could only just hear it. It was unlikely, of course, that the voice could have been Mr. Noah's; but then whose else could it be? On the bare chance that it *might* have been Mr. Noah who spoke—more unlikely things had happened before, as you know—Philip set the little wooden figure down on the table. It stood there, wooden as ever.

"Put *who* down?" Philip asked. And then, before his eyes, the little wooden figure grew alive, stooped to pick up the yellow disc of wood on which Noah's Ark people stand, rolled it up like a mat, put it under his arm, and began to walk towards the side of the table where Philip stood.

He knelt down to bring his ears nearer the little live moving thing.

"*What* did you say?" he asked, for he fancied that Mr. Noah had again spoken.

"I said what's the matter?" said the little voice.

"It's Lucy. She's lost, and it's my fault. And I can only just hear you. It hurts my ears hearing you," complained Philip.

"There's an ear-trumpet in a box in the middle of the cabinet," he could just hear the teeny tiny voice say; "it belonged to a great-aunt. Get it out and listen through it."

Philip got it out. It was an odd, curly thing, and at first he could not be sure which end he ought to put to his ear. But he tried both ends, and on the second trial he heard quite a loud, strong, big voice say:—

"That's better."

"Then it wasn't a dream?" said Philip.

"Of course it wasn't," said Mr. Noah.

"Then where is Lucy?"

"In the city, of course. Where you left her."

"But she *can't* be," said Philip, desperately. "The city's all pulled down and gone for ever."

"The city you built in this room is pulled down," said Mr. Noah, "but the city you went to wasn't in this room. Now I put it to you—how could it be?"

"But it *was*," said Philip, "or else how could I have got into it?"

"It's a little difficult, I own," said Mr. Noah. "But, you see, you built those cities in two worlds. It's pulled down in *this* world, but in the other world it's going on."

"I don't understand," said Philip.

"I thought you wouldn't," said Mr. Noah, "but it's true, for all that. Everything people make in that world goes on for ever."

"But how was it that I got in?"

"Because you belong to both worlds. And you built the cities. So they were yours."

"But Lucy got in."

"She built up a corner of your city that the nurse had knocked down."

"But *you*," said Philip, more and more bewildered. "You're here. So you can't be there."

"But I *am* there," said Mr. Noah.

"But you're here. And you're alive here. What made you come alive?"

"Your tears," said Mr. Noah. "Tears are very strong magic. No, don't begin to cry again. What's the matter?"

"I want to get back into the city."

"It's dangerous."

"I don't care."

"You were glad enough to get away," said Mr. Noah.

"I know; that's the worst of it," said Philip. "Oh, isn't there any way to get back? If I climbed in at the nursery windows and got the bricks and built it all up and——"

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you. There are a thousand doors to that city."

"I wish I could find *one*," said Philip; "but, I say, I thought time was all different there. How is it Lucy is lost all this time if time doesn't count?"

"It does count, now," said Mr. Noah; "you made it count when you ran away and left Lucy. That set the clocks of the city to the time of this world."

"I don't understand," said Philip; "but it doesn't matter. Show me the door, and I'll go back and find Lucy."

"Build something and go through it," said Mr. Noah. "That's all. Your tears are dry on me now. Good-bye." And he laid down his yellow mat, stepped on to it, and was just a little wooden figure again.

Philip dropped the ear-trumpet and looked at Mr. Noah.

"I *don't* understand," he said. But this, at least, he understood—that Helen would come back when she got that telegram, and that before she came he must go into the other world and find the lost Lucy.

"But, oh," he said, "suppose I *don't* find her! I wish I hadn't built those cities so big. And time will go on; and perhaps when Helen comes back she'll find *me* lost *too*, as well as Lucy."

But he dried his eyes and told himself that this was not how heroes behaved. He must build again. Whichever way you looked at it, there was no time to be lost. And, besides, the nurse might come at any moment.

He looked round for building materials. There was the chess-table. It had long, narrow legs set round it. Something might be done with it, with books and candlesticks, dominoes and silver inkstands.

Something *was* done. Philip built with earnest care, but also with considerable speed. If the nurse should come in before he had made a door and got through it—come in and find him building again—she was quite capable of putting him to bed, where, of course, building is impossible. In a very little time there was a building and a domino path. But how to get in? He was, alas, the wrong size. He stood helpless, and once more tears pricked and swelled behind his eyelids. One tear fell on his hand.

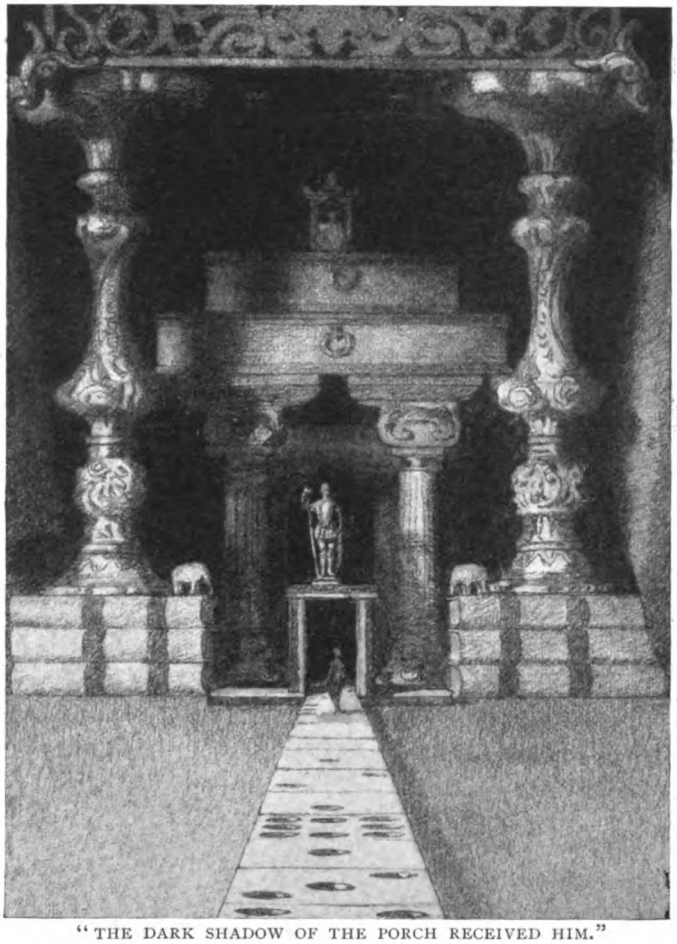
"Tears are a strong magic," Mr. Noah had said. And at the thought the tears stopped. Still there *was* a tear, the one on his hand. He rubbed it on the pillar of the porch.

And instantly a queer, tight, thin feeling swept through him. He felt giddy and shut his eyes. His boots, ever sympathetic, shuffled on the carpet. Or was it the carpet? It was very thick and—— He opened his eyes. His feet were once more on the long grass of the illimitable prairie. And in front of him towered the gigantic porch of a vast building.

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Philip, among the grass. "I couldn't have borne it if she'd been lost for ever, and all my fault."

The gigantic porch lowered frowningly above him. What would he find on the other side of it?

"I don't care. I've simply got to go," he



"THE DARK SHADOW OF THE PORCH RECEIVED HIM."

said, and stepped out bravely. "If I can't *be* a hero, I'll try to behave like one."

And with that he stepped out along the domino path, and the dark shadow of the porch received him.

"Bother the child!" said the nurse, coming into the drawing-room a little later; "if he hasn't been at his precious building game again! I shall have to give him a lesson over this, I can see that. And I will, too—a lesson he won't forget in a hurry."

Before setting out to find him and to give that lesson, however, she destroyed the new building, and put inkstands and candlesticks, books and dominoes, back in their proper places. Then she went through the house looking for the too bold builder that she might give him that lesson. Then she went through the garden, still on the same errand.

Half an hour later she burst into the servants' hall and threw herself into a chair.

"I don't care what happens now," she said. "The house is bewitched, I think. I shall go the very minute I've had my dinner."

"What's up now?" the cook came to the door to say.

"Up?" said the nurse. "Oh, nothing's *up*. What should there be? Everything's all right and beautiful, and just as it should be, of course."

"Miss Lucy's not found yet, of course, but that's all, isn't it?"

"All? And enough too, I should have thought," said the nurse. "But as it happens it's *not* all. The boy's lost now. Oh, I'm not joking. He's lost, I tell you, the same as the other one—and I'm off out of this by the two-thirty-seven train, and I don't care who knows it."

"Lor'!" said the cook.

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES.

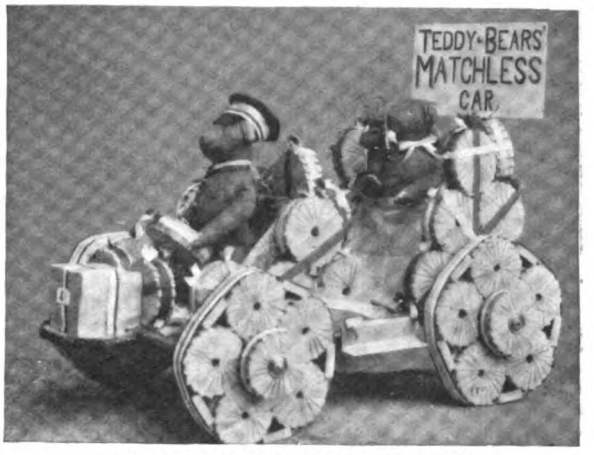
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A WOMAN IN WHITE.

SEEING a photograph of a "Snow Horse" in a recent number of THE STRAND, I thought perhaps you might consider this snow statue of a lady also worthy of publication. "She" was made by my brother and myself, and was constructed entirely of snow.—Miss Ethel M. Clayton, Coseley Hall, near Bilston.

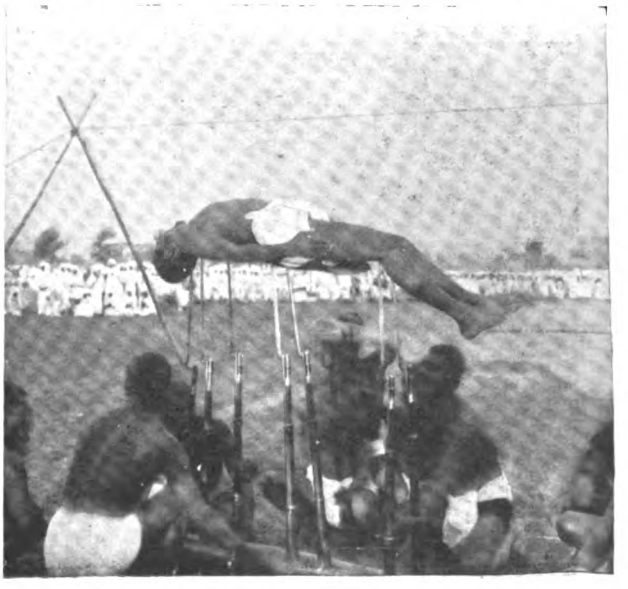
A BED OF BAYONETS.

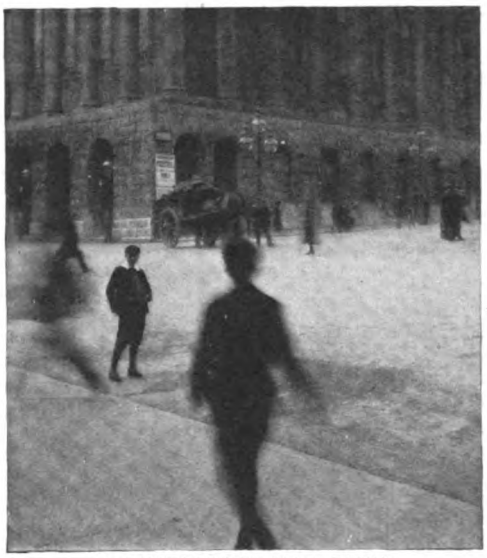
THE man here shown is raised by a framework of bamboo and then laid on the row of seven bayonets. As long as he keeps rigid he is not hurt, but when he happened to move one of his legs the point of a bayonet immediately pierced his skin. As the man was trained to perform this feat from childhood, no doubt his skin is somewhat thicker than that of an ordinary man. The men round him are Manipuris, and the photograph was taken in Manipur, Assam, India.—Mr. A. R. Whistler, 42, Upperton Road, Eastbourne.



THE TEDDY BEARS' MATCHLESS CAR.

MADE entirely of the insides of matchboxes, sixteen hundred of which were used in all, the model motor-car here shown will probably serve to stimulate the ingenuity of those of your readers with a taste for this kind of work. The Teddy bears, who seem so much at home in the car, were also made by myself. Photograph by W. Barrett. — Mrs. M. Ferridge, 6, Kent Place, Ramsgate.



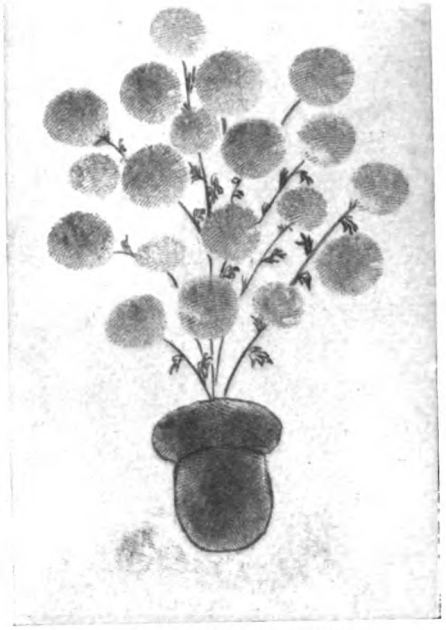


A PHOTOGRAPH OF A LADY.

THE figure shown in the centre of this picture is very curious. The camera was arranged to photograph the Birmingham Town Hall, and, being a dull day, a comparatively slow exposure of the twenty-fifth part of a second was given. Just at the instant when the plate was exposed a lady, wearing a costume of the most approved Directoire design, unexpectedly passed before the lens at close range. The photograph records the result. Perhaps some of the readers of THE STRAND can explain why the figure should come out so distinctly and the dress so indistinctly.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House. Somerset Road, Coventry.

A PET WOLF.

THOUGH certainly a strange pet, the large wolf which Miss Gladys Hobson has trained to keep all strangers away from her home makes an admirable guardian. They make, too, I think your readers will agree, a remarkably pretty picture, which at once recalls the old nursery story of Red Riding Hood.—Mr. J. Enivri, Mehama, Ore., U.S.A.

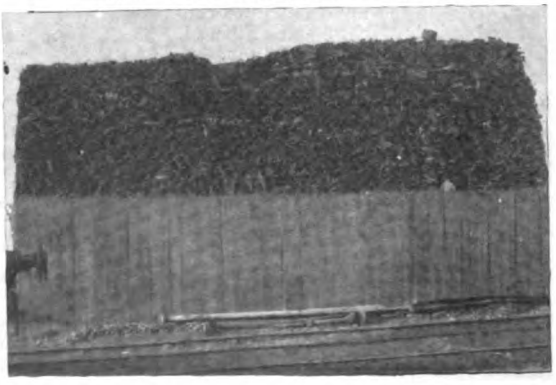


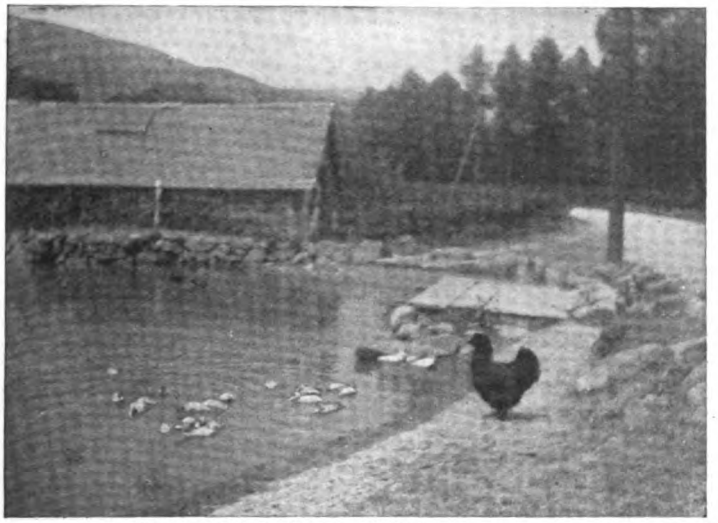
FINGER-PRINT FLOWERS.

THE accompanying picture represents a pot of chrysanthemums done in finger-prints. The body of the pot is a thumb-print, the "rim" two prints of the forefinger, while each of the "blossoms" is a forefinger print.—Mr. Douglas M. M. Fraser, 99, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.

A STACK OF HORSE-SHOES.

COMPRISED in the stock of a marine store dealer on the quayside at King's Lynn is a huge stack of old horse-shoes. It would be a difficult task to estimate how many thousands of discarded shoes there really are in this curious collection, but, at any rate, there must be a sufficient number of these emblems of good luck to supply every householder of a town whose population far exceeds that of this Norfolk borough.—Mr. E. Bond, Eye, Suffolk.



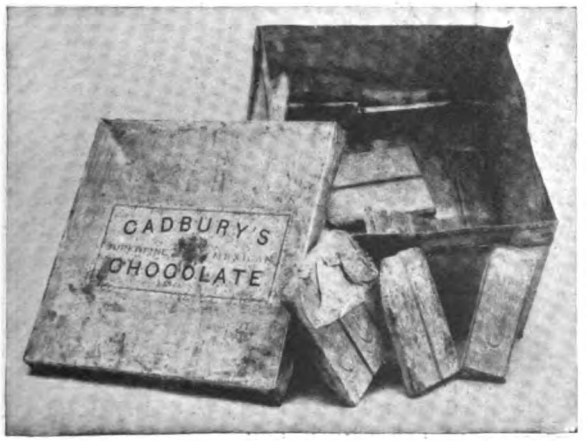


SOME UNNATURAL HISTORY.

MRS. HEN had safely hatched a family of eighteen ducklings, and although she probably had some misgivings at their appearance, yet, with all the pride of motherhood, she led forth her family of young ducks for their first foray abroad. Her instructions were very voluble, and, apparently, one of them stuck his beak into the water, and then, with a chuckle, literally jumped into the pool. A moment later the whole family had followed him, much to the surprise of the mystified "mother." In the photograph she is shown almost struck dumb with astonishment. What the feelings of a hen can be under such distressing circumstances is difficult to understand. They would probably be similar to those of a human mother whose child suddenly rose in the air and floated about amongst the chimney-pots. — Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

A TIN OF CHOCOLATE WHICH SPENT EIGHT YEARS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

EVERYONE is by now more or less familiar with the details of Lieutenant Shackleton's famous expedition in search of the South Pole, and with the fact that he discovered a quantity of stores which had been left in the Antarctic ice some eight years before by that other daring explorer, Commander Scott. But what is, perhaps, not so generally known is that when these stores were over-hauled it was found that they included a quantity of chocolate which, even after a period of eight years in the inhospitable South, was still in perfect condition. Our readers will, no doubt, be interested in the photograph reproduced, showing some of the chocolate which can claim so unique a distinction.



NOT UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

I SEND you a cutting from *La Patria*—one of the local papers—advertising a benefit performance of a travelling circus, the wording and spelling of which, I think, make it worthy of a place in the "Curiosity" pages of your magazine. I presume the Chilian compositors were unable to read the written draft of the advertisement. The "dwing sumersault with Borts and spurs lady" did not provide the "Great Exétment" promised.—Mr. C. S. Prentice, c/o Nitrate Agencies, Limited, Iquique, Chile, South America.

Notice to Public

GRAN INGLISH CIRCUS

Great Exétment

PLAZA MONTT

Great Exétment

A great benefit performance will be given on Wednesdey evening 1st, of Dicember 1909.

IN HONOR OF THE GREAT

ENGLISH LADY ACROBAT

MISS JULIA NELSON

who have the honor in dedicatng ser Benefit to Mr. E. Fisher Hudson the British Consul, the British Colony in general, and public in general of Iquique.

Miss. Nelson will prosent á nost and marvelons act.

TIGHH WIRE ACT

dwing sumersault with Borts and spurs lady,

The only performer who ever dore this act in South America.

Acrobats, gimnasts, traiwed animals such as Lions, Tigers, Panters, horses and dogs, will be presented by ladys and gentlemans artist.

See detailis on programs

4922 h el 1.°

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE evening when Mr. Posthlewaite, chief steward of the s.y. *Midnight Sun*, was coming on board during a thunderstorm, the umbrella he was carrying was struck by lightning and two holes were made in it. Mr. Posthlewaite was thrown to the deck, but beyond a severe shock was none the worse for his narrow escape. The umbrella had a steel shaft and a wooden handle.—Mr. C. Wood, Able Seaman, s.y. *Midnight Sun*.

THE WATER STANDING ON THE BUCKET.

HERE is a frozen bucketful of water, which was turned out and placed upon the overturned bucket. The curious feature is that, by overturning, the frozen water has become a vessel for the unfrozen, the level of which can be seen through the transparent ice.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Coventry.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM.

LAST month we set our readers the following addition sum :—

B E A C F J
I B I D H G

H J B H C G H

asking them to substitute figures for the letters and prove the sum correct. It is of course evident that the figures are 1 to 0, and no letter can be double figures. Therefore, the left-hand side H, being one over, must be a figure 1. It cannot be a 2, as the addition previous to B + I cannot be more than 18, and therefore you can only carry 1. Also, if you add D to C and only obtain C, D must equal 0. Again, if you add E to B and only obtain B, E equals 0, but there are not two figures alike, therefore it follows that E must equal 9, and 1 is carried from A + I to make it 10, otherwise 0. By following this same reasoning, the rest of the figures are got at, viz. : A = 4, B = 8, C = 2, D = 0, E = 9, F = 3, G = 5, H = 1, I = 7, and J = 6. Having proved this, the following may be amusing :—

E G C B I A J	9 5 2 8 7 4 6
E B I G A I F	9 8 7 5 4 7 3
H E A D A C H E (Headache)	1 9 4 0 4 2 1 9
	H E A D A C H E

WHERE FOUR LANDS MEET.

THIS is a photograph of the only place in the world, so far as I know, where four lands meet. The stone on the left is on German territory, that in the centre (at the back) is in Belgium, the one in front is in Holland, while the stone on the right is in the neutral land.—Mr. E. W. Seale, Jun., 43, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.

CANADA'S "FRONT PARLOUR."

By W. B. BOULTON.

IN the old days generally and in certain communities still, when you entered a pleasant-looking mansion you found the pleasantest room, the sunniest room, the room overlooking the roadway, rather difficult of access. The dwellers in the mansion either went round the back way, or if they passed through the front hall they ignored the front room, although it was admittedly the best room in the house. And the mystery hardly became solved when the good-natured housekeeper politely explained that the best room was the front parlour, which was kept for the best people and the best occasions, and forthwith unlocking the door honoured you with admission.

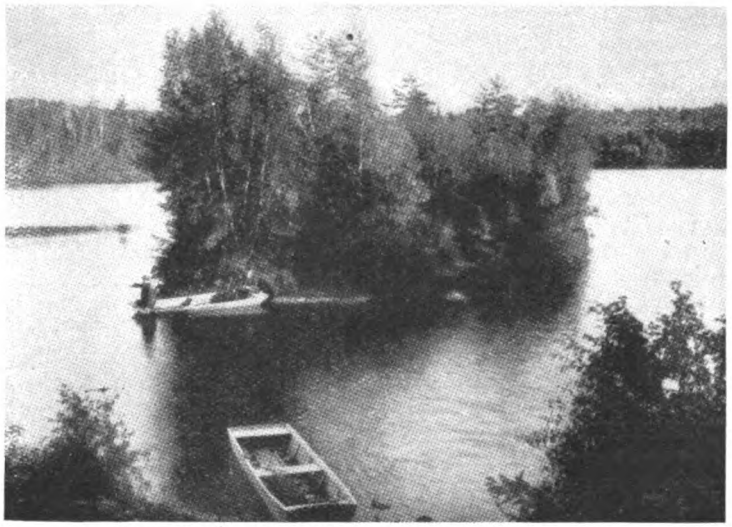
When you were once inside you marvelled greater than ever that more of the family did not live in it. Its attractions did not end with its situation or even with its furniture, beautiful and comfortable as the latter was; for the room was of charming proportions, time had deepened the gold of its panelling, and there were noble family pictures on the walls, which showed that the old house had a history and had been occupied by worthy people in days gone by.

And that is how I feel about Nova Scotia —"Acadia," the "Land of Evangeline," stretching its length along the Atlantic seaboard, the nearest point in Canada to the Motherland, with its attractions to the tourist, the settler, the artist, the poet, and the sportsman.

Take the matter of sport alone, Nova Scotia is, if any place is under the sun, a "sportsman's paradise." Excellent shooting, hunting, and fishing are to be had in nearly

THE VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ, THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

every county. There are bears, foxes, moose, cariboo, otter, mink, sable musquash, hares, and racoons; whilst of feathered game woodcock, snipe, plover, partridges, geese, ducks, brant, curlew, etc., abound. The game laws are simple, and are made only to protect game when out of season. There are no private game preserves in the province, and the whole of the interior is a grand hunting ground open to everybody. The lake region is the natural haunt for numbers of large and small animals. One feature of autumn shooting is that of wild duck and geese. They swarm over the lakes in millions, and in October one could kill them as



SPORTSMAN'S LAKE NEAR GASPEREAU, NOVA SCOTIA.

fast as a gun could be discharged. But the great ambition of the sportsman visiting Nova Scotia is to kill a moose. These animals are frequently eight feet high, weighing one thousand five hundred pounds, with horns measuring from five to six feet across; and when wounded they are inclined to show fight.

But while not everybody knows Nova Scotia's wealth of game, small and large, fewer still realize its agricultural resources. "We have discovered a hidden treasure." That is an exclamation from a Canadian—a Canadian, mind you—after making his first journey to the Maritime Provinces of his own country. It is indeed a revelation of unknown and almost unsuspected wealth that breaks upon the traveller, almost at every turn, as he makes his way through the rich farming territories of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

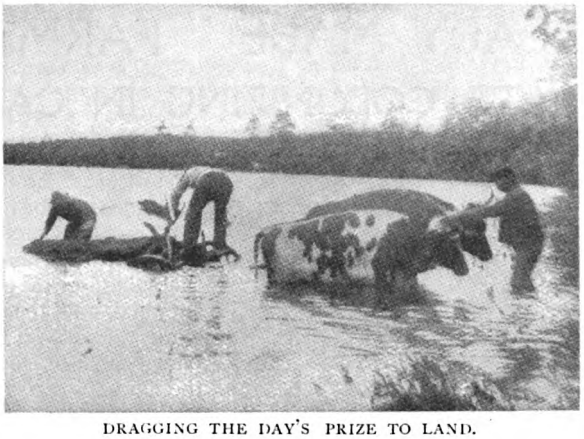
This is not altogether surprising. It is, at any rate, easy to explain. The Maritime Provinces have been somewhat overshadowed by their more imposing neighbours, Quebec and Ontario, and in recent years the amazing and even sensational development of the West has almost monopolized the attention of the world. The Maritime Provinces, in fact, if noticed at all, were noticed only as the door through which Canada was entered, not as an important and inviting part of Canada itself.

Nearest England, and likest England, too—this is the proud boast of the inhabitants. They boast of it, note that; and with all the differences, which it would be absurd to deny, their boast is very largely justified. The word "England," to be sure, is not the best word to use in this connection. "The British Isles" would be better. The people are not only of our own race, but of all our own races, and represent every part of the Motherland. Their very speech is more like our own; there is less of the transatlantic quality in it than in the accent of other Canadians.

They are not merely collections of individuals thrown together by a recent wave of emigration, and just beginning the settlement of a wilderness. They have been long established; they have known each other from generation to generation; their social life has put on something of the mellowness of age. They live within hail of each other—more so indeed than the farmers at home. The telephone there is quite a common institution of rural life. The very furnishing of their homes suggests that the pioneer stage of Colonial life is a thing of the past. The towns are no mushroom growth, and schools and colleges abound.

Fish, forest, and farm, these are the three big F's here as in many other parts of the Province. The farm has hitherto been overshadowed by its companions, but it is making rapid strides forward. While on the seaward side a great part of the county is under wood, and likely to remain so, about thirty miles

back from the coast the traveller discovers a fine stretch of agricultural land which it would be hard to beat.



DRAGGING THE DAY'S PRIZE TO LAND.

Pioneers carved out homesteads for themselves in this remote "Northern Region" more than a century ago; but it is only in recent years that a railway has arrived and given them easy access to the outside world. It says much for the soil and climate that they were able, even in their isolation, to build up such comfortable houses and villages as they did. General farming has been the rule so far, but orchards have been planted long enough to show that the district is thoroughly fitted for apple-growing.

Long before the end of the French *régime* there were apple orchards in Acadia. And though when the people were driven out their houses and barns were burnt behind them, their apple and willow trees remained, and remain and flourish to this very day. There are trees whose fruit not only filled the cellars or garrets of Evangeline's folks more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but is to-day being gathered by twentieth-century Englishmen and sold in Covent Garden Market to the apple connoisseurs of the Metropolis. The patriarch of all these youthful ancients produced in a single season, not long ago, the amazing quantity of thirty-five barrels of apples, and twenty-eight barrels of these were of good marketable size, while the rest were good enough, at any rate, for apple-sauce or vinegar. This famous tree is a triple-trunked giant; which has suggested to an ingenious imitator the idea of planting his apple trees three in a bunch.

A NOBLE SPECIMEN OF THE GIANT MOOSE.

The Annapolis valley, which has become famous the world over as the great apple region of Nova Scotia, is really a string of valleys—the Annapolis, the Cornwallis, the Gaspereau, and the Windsor. The district is hidden from the Bay of Fundy and sheltered from the sea winds and mists by a high rampart of hills.

It is in King's County, by the way, that we come upon the little village of Grand Pré, whose fame has spread as far over the world as English literature reaches. It is an English village now, but close to the railway track you may see the well from which Evangeline is supposed to have drawn water, and the venerable willows which certainly sheltered the little Acadian community idealized by Longfellow. Keeping guard over the Basin of Minas towers Cape Blomidon.

A British writer of our own time, Mr. Zangwill, has described "this Acadia" as "a land of green forests and rosy cheeks; a land of milk and molasses; a land of little hills and great harbours, of rich valleys and lovely lakes, of overflowing rivers and oversurging tides that, with all their menace, did but fertilize the meadows with red silt and alluvial mud."

"READY-MADE" FARMS.

UP-TO-DATE COLONIZING IN CANADA.

ENTRANCE TO THE BOW RIVER COUNTRY.

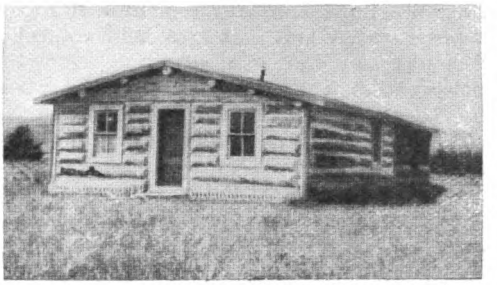
UP to now the hardest thing about farming in the Colonies has been the want of capital on the part of the immigrant. The initial period is generally the critical one. Colonists often become discouraged, after settling on the virgin prairie, during the time which elapses before a cash revenue begins to come in. Through inexperience, many settlers over-estimate the effectiveness of their capital, and a promising career is at times brought to a sudden termination owing to such miscalculation.

In England the working of the Small Holdings Act of 1907 shows that, although this legislation has only been in force for some two years, the number of applications received thereunder, some 23,000, indicates an unmistakable tendency on the part of the people of Great Britain to "return to the land." When it is further considered that out of this enormous volume of applications it has only been possible to satisfy 1,500; furthermore, that only one-third of that number, or 500, had months later obtained possession of their land, it was realized that there is a crying need to be supplied, and that a large number of worthy people, now struggling for a bare existence, could be returned to the land, and in a few years become proprietors and carve out for themselves and their children a future that would necessarily be vastly brighter than anything else they could legitimately hope for at home.

Here, then, was the opportunity for the Canadian Pacific Railway to start a great colonizing system on a wholly new plan. In 1894 the Dominion Government withdrew from sale and homestead entry a tract of land containing some millions of acres located east of the City of Calgary, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The object of this reservation was to provide for the construction ultimately of an irrigation scheme to cover the fertile Bow River Valley. It was realized that such a project could only be successfully accomplished by so administering the lands embraced within the tract in question that the promoters would not be hampered by any

TYPICAL FARMHOUSE ON THE NEW "READY-MADE" FARMS.

vested interests created by the alienation from the Crown of any of these lands. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company undertook to construct the gigantic irrigation system above referred to, and selected as part of its land grant a block comprising three million acres of the best agricultural lands, which has now been opened for colonization, and this project, the greatest of the kind on the American Continent, is now being pushed to its completion under the able superintendence of Mr. J. S. Dennis, C.E., who has devoted the best portion of his life to an expert study of irrigation, and to whose enthusiasm and energetic management the present efficient condition of this enterprise is almost entirely due.

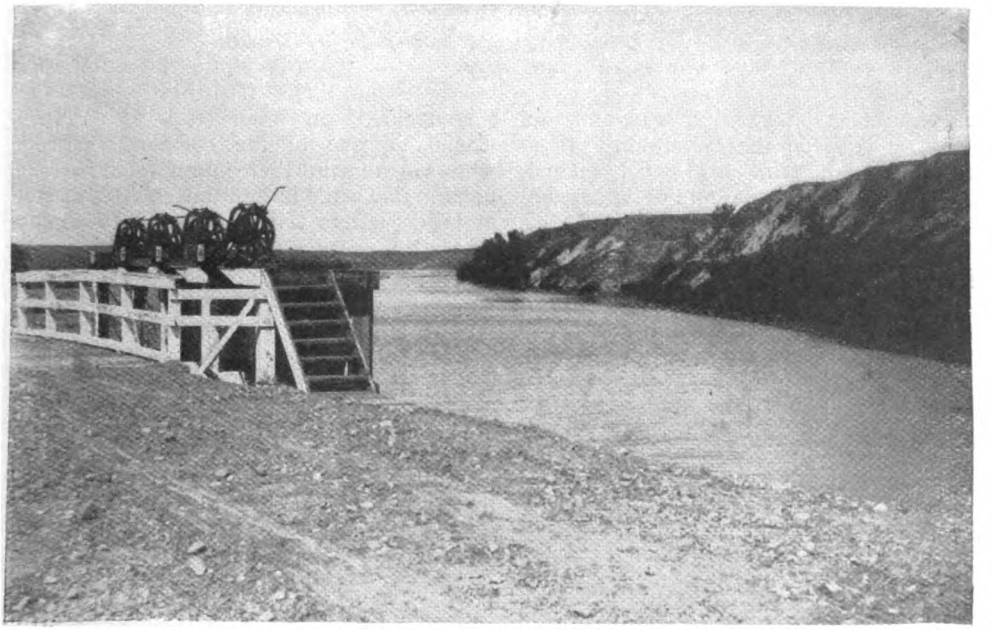


OLD STYLE OF SETTLER'S LOG "MANSION."

The tract has an average width of 40 miles from north to south, and extends from Calgary eastward 150 miles. The water supply, taken from the Bow River, is practically inexhaustible, and will for all time furnish sufficient moisture for about one-half of the area comprised in this block of land, which it has now been found can be reached by the canal system. When the entire project is finally completed, about 4,000 miles of canals and waterways will be in operation.

Such is the theatre of the new "ready-made" farms project. The company believes in the small farm. For that reason the holdings will be limited to from 80 to 100 acres of irrigable land, or 160 acres of non-irrigated lands situated in the more humid belt of the West.

It is the intention of the company to erect all absolutely necessary buildings in advance of the arrival of the Colonist. These buildings will be designed to house the settler and his live stock for the first few years, and until such time as he is able to provide more commodious structures himself, when the original buildings may be utilized by him for other necessary purposes. These structures will be of the class generally erected by the new-comer. Placing contracts for these buildings in a wholesale way will, it is reasonable to suppose, enable the company to obtain the closest possible prices for work and material, of which, of course, the individual Colonist reaps the benefit.



IRRIGATION SYSTEM AT WORK—PUMPING STATION AT BOW RIVER.

To make the Colonist almost immediately revenue-producing, it will be the aim of the company to break up a portion of each holding, probably from 40 to 60 acres, the year prior to his going into occupation, so that there may be a crop available in a few months after he has taken possession. This crop ought to provide a cash income during the first season, varying from £100 to £250, according to the season and the state of the grain market.

The total cost of putting up the necessary buildings, preparing the crop, providing domestic water supply, and enclosing the holding with a suitable fence, will be added to the regular list price of the land, and the settler will be given the opportunity of repaying the amount in ten equal annual instalments, with the usual rate of interest on the unpaid balance.

HARVEST SCENE ON ONE OF THE NEW FARMS.

It would be the company's intention to settle the Colonists in units up to sixteen families. Friends or relatives might in this way arrange to settle close together. This would give a sufficient population to have school facilities provided at once in each settlement. A main road would be graded through the settlement, and a site arranged for school and church at the most central point. In fact, every effort would be made to provide adequate social and educational facilities. The company does not believe in unwieldy colony settlements; besides, the small-colony unit would provide for a more extensive distribution of British settlers throughout Western Canada, and would thus be more in line with the company's desires.

A somewhat paternal policy has been adopted by the Canadian Pacific in connection with the colonization of the vast area of land controlled by that corporation tributary to its system. The company is the largest landowner in Canada, and has incurred enormous expenditure in the construction of irrigation works to further enhance the productiveness of its lands. Yet it cannot be said that the company is, properly speaking, either a land-selling or a water-selling corporation. When the ordinary land-owning concern has sold a new settler a farm and received payment its interest in the transaction generally ceases. The Canadian Pacific Railway is, however, in an entirely different position. When a parcel of land has been finally sold that company's interest in the transaction does not by any means cease. In fact, in the development of its great business as a common carrier it only commences. The company is vastly concerned in the success of every individual purchaser or settler, who at once becomes a patron of the road.

It is the intention that the Colonists shall be accompanied on their trip to Western Canada by one of the company's officers, who will remain there until each party is comfortably settled; and the company's staff at head-quarters will, of course, be available to render every assistance in locating the various parties as quickly as they arrive.

To put the case in concrete form, the main features of the company's plan are:—

1. That a home may be ready for the settler and his family immediately on their arrival in Canada.

2. That all the preliminary work to make the farm productive at the earliest possible moment will have been performed prior to his arrival.

3. That the company will augment the settler's capital by practically making him a loan, to be expended by the company, in providing necessary improvements.

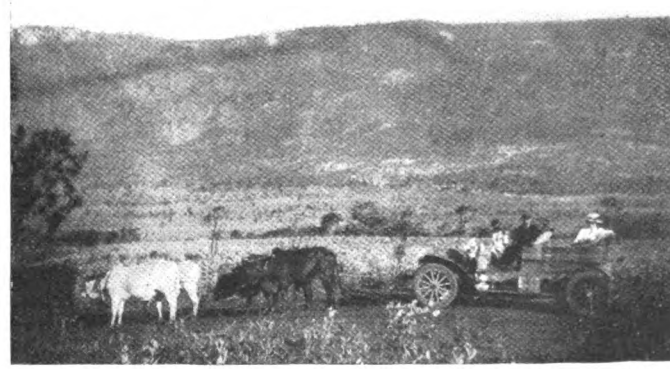
OFF TO RHODESIA.

AN EARLY RHODESIAN FARMER'S HOMESTEAD NEAR BULUWAYO.

MORE and more will Rhodesia, the "outstanding South African sister," come to command popular attention. It is now in its beginning as a field for the enterprising British Colonist. Here we have depicted one of the very earliest Rhodesian farm homesteads, not far from Buluwayo, the capital of Matabeleland. It was built by the brothers Fynn, whom Mr. Rhodes took with him from the native territories of the Cape Colony, especially on account of their having been brought up in the saddle, with a rifle, and handling teams of oxen pulling four-ton loads on cumbersome wagons over rough country.

It will at once be noticed how neat a job these young fellows with only native assistance were able to make of raw bricks, sand plaster, and the longest grass procurable for thatching. It was ever a favourite spot with Mr. Rhodes, and also with his brothers; and the owners are rich men to-day after their few years of cattle-breeding and wood-riding contracts from the gold mines in their immediate vicinity.

The second snapshot shows the humble manner in which a party had to return from the scene of the wonderful new gold discoveries in the Abercorn district of Rhodesia. Whereas it took but a few hours to run out under petrol, the return journey with oxen necessitated two very hard days' driving of the oxen. The chauffeur ascribed his breakdown (stripping of the differential gear) to the fact that he had been so busy taking numbers of Rand mining magnates and many prospectors, driving both night and day, to the "New Find" that he had not had time to overhaul his machine for ten weeks.—E. F. S.



RETURNING FROM A MOTOR TRIP TO THE NEW RHODESIAN MINING AREA AT ABERCORN.

Overseas Wit and Humour.

A Prize of One Guinea is offered to readers of "The Strand Magazine" for the most Humorous Joke or Anecdote relating to life in the Colonies. They should be addressed to the Editor, Overseas Supplement. The prize this month goes to Mr. REGINALD E. BURTON, Horsham, Sussex, for the Winnipeg joke in the January number.

"WHAT'S this?" demanded the Customs officer of a certain British Colony, pointing to a package at the bottom of a trunk.

"That's a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed.

"I'm afraid I must charge you a duty on it," rejoined the inspector. "It competes with a small struggling industry in this country."

AN IRISHMAN settled in Canada wrote home to his old mother living in Dublin, and asked her to send him an ulster from a well-known shop in that city.

He received the coat, and with it the following letter:—

"Dear Pat,—I send you the coat you asked for, and, as the buttons are rather heavy, I have cut them off to save postage, and put them in the top left-hand pocket."

MELBA, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in a carriage near Sydney. An Australian paper, after recording the incident, adds:—

"We are happy to state that she was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

A JAMAICAN nigger once had some words with a nigger from Martinique. In the course of their argument he from Jamaica exclaimed, contemptuously:—

"Yah! you great, big, ugly Frenchman! Yah! What did we give you at Waterloo, eh?"

IN a mining town in British Columbia there was a small school for the rough children. One day a little boy, who was very dirty, came to the school. None of the other children would sit near the boy, so the teacher sent him home with a note to his mother asking that he might be washed. The next day the child returned with a letter to the teacher:—

"Dear Teacher,—My child ain't no geranium flower; I send him to school to be learned, not to be smelled."

A YOUNG MAN from one of the provincial towns of England, having become a settler in the Winnipeg district as a dairy farmer, had heard from home of the milk-producing qualities of bran.

He tried some, and found it quite answer his expectations; gave himself a hug; and next spring set apart a large breadth of land and—sowed bran.

IN the Klondike there was some complaint about the brand of cigars sold by a certain grocer. He was told that he had better order another brand or else lose his customers. A week later he brought out a placard calling public attention to his world-renowned "Gold-bug" cigars, and adding that "the tobacco from which the 'Gold-bugs' are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans in swallow-tailed coats and white kid gloves. When a man smokes one of these cigars he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf-pin and a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes on and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, keeps the teeth white, and will force a moustache on the smoothest lip in five weeks."

TWO little negro boys were having a row in Bridgetown, Barbados. The insults that were being hurled at each other were finally clinched by the following remark:—

"Yo—why, yo mos' black enuff to go naked to a funeral."

AN ENGLISHMAN travelling in the Transvaal met a poor, dilapidated fellow trudging through the street.

"How have things been going with you lately?" asked the Englishman of the native.

"Oh, awful," says he. "If I don't get half a crown before morning I shall have to do something my friends would not think me capable of doing."

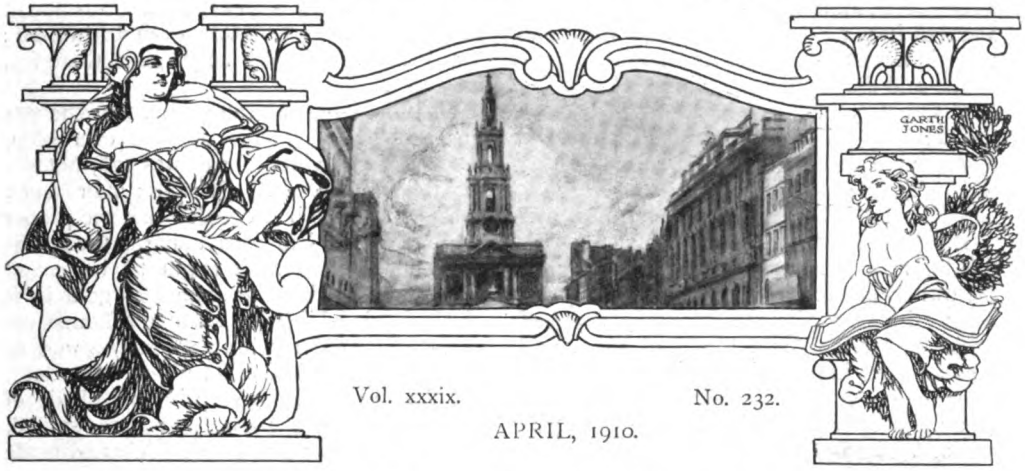
"Poor fellow; here's the half crown," replied the Britisher. "Now tell me what terrible thing you would have had to do if you had not got the half crown."

"Work," was the calm answer.

"HE WAS EXERTING HIS REALLY HERCULEAN STRENGTH IN THE EFFORT TO PROP UP SOME HUGE PIECES OF SCAFFOLDING."

(*See page* 387.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE



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APRIL, 1910.

A STRONG MAN.

By CHARLES GARVICE,

Author of "Just a Girl," "A Fair Impostor, etc., etc."

DICK BENTLEY leant over the rail of the P. and O. steam-yacht *Vectis*, and gazed at the intense blue of the marvellous Mediterranean, and the softly-defined mountains which were beginning to grow violet and purple in the crimson sunset.

Dick found himself on board this particularly charming and luxurious vessel in this way. One day, little more than nine months before, while working in Melbourne as a mason's labourer, he was exerting his really herculean strength in the effort to prop up some huge pieces of scaffolding in front of a house in process of building. A small crowd had collected, and was watching him with something like awe, for the task appeared to be an impossible one; and the spectators, from a safe distance, were waiting for the decisive moment when Dick's strength should give way and the timber baulk should crash down upon him and flatten out of recognition the splendid form on which the muscles were standing out like whipcord, and down which the sweat was pouring in a stream.

However, Dick's time had not yet come; for just when he was going to give it up as a bad job and was thinking of his mother, who had died many years ago, assistance arrived, the baulks were held up by a number of hands, and Dick staggered back and sat on the pavement rather suddenly. At a few yards from the crowd—which, having found its voice, was now cheering Dick enthusiastically—stood a little old man. He was a shrivelled little chap, and looked like a well-to-do workman. His hands in his pockets, his closely-cropped head a little on one side—his whole attitude and expression very much, I imagine, like that of one of the spectators at a Roman gladiatorial show—he had surveyed Dick's heroic effort with a critical but calm approval.

When the crowd had somewhat subsided he sauntered up to Dick, who was just finishing the contents of a pewter pot, supplied by one of the enthusiastic admirers, and offered a gnarled and knotty hand to the young hero of the hour.

"First-rate bit of work that, mate," he said. "You're British, I see; got the bulldog blood in you. Somehow, though the odds were dead on them bits of timber, I'd a kind of idea that the good God who is always above us wouldn't stand by and let you get the worst of it. You see"—surveying Dick's

absolutely perfect form up and down—"men like you ain't too plenty nowadays. In my time there was more of 'em, though we didn't go much on high-jene and new-fangled ideas about ventilation, grub—— But you don't want to hear me jaw about that. What you want is a wash-down and a rest and a square meal, and if you'll come along of me I'll give 'em to you."

Dick laughed pleasantly and looked down at the comical old man; and, as if answering the look, the old fellow said:—

"My name's Western; and I live near by."

Dick knew the name well enough; who doesn't in all Australia? He accompanied the owner of it to his palatial residence, and the workman-millionaire not only supplied Dick with a bath and food, but there and then adopted him as his son and heir; and when the eccentric old man died Dick Bentley found himself in possession of his benefactor's millions.

The first thing an Australian does when he gets money is to take a long drink and go travelling. Dick sailed for England, which means London, and having arrived there put up at the Carlton and, of course, felt himself—well, not a stranger, for every Colonial regards England as his home and London as his birthright—but exceedingly lonely. No doubt he speedily would have made many friends if it had been known that he was a millionaire, but Dick was not the man to advertise the fact; so, though he had resolved to spend some time in London, he soon began to grow restless, and, seeing an advertisement of a Mediterranean trip, he booked a berth on board the *Vectis* and, as has been stated, was now leaning over the rail and surveying the altogether beautiful and satisfying scenery.

Of course, everything was delightfully fresh to him—even his fellow-passengers, who were most of them of the well-to-do and aristocratic class—and he was thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the situation. There was something very taking about him which went beyond his good looks and his proportions—one young lady had ecstatically declared that he was like "a lithe young Grecian god"—and he soon made friends amongst his happy, pleasure-seeking companions. Dick was interested in them all; but he was particularly interested in two of them, a father and a daughter. Mr. Carstairs was a gentlemanly old man, who reminded Dick of some of the magnates he had met in Melbourne; he was always beautifully dressed, had charming manners, and generally wore an amiable smile, which, however, amiable though it was, was somewhat handicapped by a curious, furtive little gleam or glint in the eyes which peered from under his white brows. His daughter—Dick found it difficult to describe Miss Carstairs, even to himself; for, rich as the English language is, there is a limit to its superlatives.

Dick thought, was quite sure, that she was the most lovely creature he had ever seen, read of, or imagined. She was tall, but not too tall, and infinitely graceful; after much consideration he had decided that the proper name for her hair was auburn, though it seemed to him that it ought to be called bronze; for there were strands of gold in it which dazzled Dick's eyes and got themselves entangled round his heart; her eyes were of that peculiar kind of violet which sometimes, but alas! not often, goes with her shade of hair; and her mouth—well, when she smiled, something grew warm inside Dick and made his heart beat fast and his mind collapse.

She would have been a general favourite, for every man on board was anxious to get a word and a glimpse of that smile and was quite willing to fall down and worship her, and even the women, strange to say in the circumstances, took to her, as they call it; but Miss Carstairs was rather reserved and showed no desire to make friends. It was evident that she preferred the comparative solitude afforded by a corner of the library; and her deck-chair was always placed a little apart from the others. Dick, who spent a great deal of his time watching her without appearing to do so, noticed that the beautiful face was always sad, and that the violet eyes, which were so given to gazing absently and dreamily at the Mediterranean blue, wore an expression of that kind of melancholy which indicates a forced resignation. He had spoken to her once or twice, and she had responded to his pleasant and deferential manner briefly, but with the smile for which Dick was perpetually hungering. He quickly discovered the position on deck which she favoured, and she always found her deck-chair placed in it. Dick had carefully effaced himself before she came to claim it.

Once he had brought her sunshade, and twice he had ventured to accompany her in her pacing of the promenade deck; he had also been so fortunate as to retain a place beside her when they had gone on some of the expeditions with which the authorities still further enhanced the delights of that altogether delightful trip; indeed, he had become more acquainted with her, and talked

"HE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF HIS TIME WATCHING HER."

more with her, than had any of the other passengers; and Dick told himself, with a kind of thrill, that she did not avoid him—if avoid is not too strong a word—as she did the other young men, who were thus compelled to gaze from afar and envy the more fortunate Dick.

While he was still leaning on the rail he heard a light footstep. There was no need to turn his head; it was Miss Marion's—he had got so far as to think of her as "Marion"—and instantly there came that inward glow to him, that curious quickening of the heart's pulse.

"A beautiful evening," he remarked, in the smiling, fatuous way in which the strongest and the bravest of men will speak when they address the mistress whom they adore but whom they have not yet secured.

She made no response, but she stood beside him and looked towards the mountains, which had now become a dark indigo; and Dick, venturing to glance at her, saw that she was paler even than usual, that there were dark shadows under her eyes, and that she looked as if she had been wanting to weep but could not. At that moment he was so full of love, and the yearning and the desire to protect her from all grief and sorrow ached so strongly in Dick's heart, that he had an insane longing to put his arms round her, draw the beautiful head to his breast, and cosset her up and say, "Don't you worry about anything any more: I love you, and I'm going to take care of you!" But, of course, he recognized the insanity of this desire, and said, in a futile kind of way:—

"We're getting near Mudania. Are you going on the expedition to Brusa? Anyway, I suppose you'll go on shore?"

To his surprise—for the question seemed innocent enough—the rare colour rose to her cheeks, and she averted her eyes as she replied, in a low voice:—

"Yes; we shall go ashore."

"I hear that it's an interesting little place," he said; "something between a village and a town. It will be quite a change after Constantinople. We sha'n't have many hours there, but I suppose it will be long enough."

"Yes, it will be long enough," she assented, in a voice which struck Dick just as her rising colour had done a moment before.

She moved away, and he went to the smoking-room, where over a pipe he tried to decide whether he had fancied the blush and her strange tone or whether they were actual facts. On going down to his state-room he nearly ran against a steward who was carrying a couple of portmanteaux.

"Going to leave the yacht, Smith?" he asked, jokingly.

"No, sir," replied Smith, smiling respectfully. "These are Mr. and Miss Carstairs'; they're leaving us at Mudania to-morrow morning."

Dick went into his cabin and shut the door and sat down heavily on the bed. It seemed to him ridiculous. Why on earth should the Carstairs be disembarking for good at Mudania, which, so far as Dick knew, led to nowhere but an ancient show city? To say that he was suffering from other emotions than curiosity is scarcely necessary. At dinner that night he scarcely dared to look at the beautiful face opposite him lest those clear, lovely eyes should read his perplexity and his dismay; and for the first time during that eventful voyage his champion appetite failed him, and the steward, who was quite proud of it, began to grow anxious, though the sea was almost as smooth as a lake, and, beyond a certain lack of colour, the stalwart Dick showed no signs of a sudden breakdown in his phenomenal health.

After dinner Dick went on deck, arranged Miss Carstairs' chair as usual, and removed himself to a discreet distance until she had seated herself; then, with a trepidation which he had never felt before in his eventful life, he approached and, seating himself on a coil of rope, said with an abruptness which ought to have startled her, but apparently did not:—

"Why did you not tell me that you were leaving the vessel at Mudania to-morrow?"

She was silent for a moment; a faint colour rose to the healthy pallor of her face, then disappeared slowly as she answered, her eyes fixed on the path of light the moon had drawn on the sea:—

"I did not want to do so. I had been trying to forget it, and I did not want to bring it nearer."

"Then you don't wish to leave the ship?" he said, with a mixture of wonderment and satisfaction.

She shook her head and checked a sigh.

"No," she said; "but we will not talk of it. There are only a few hours left us."

"I'm afraid I must talk of it," said Dick. He had never made love before and he didn't know the way of it; but he was one of the men who, when they want a thing, go straight for it; and, of course, generally get it. "This that you've told me clean knocks me over, Miss Carstairs. I think, I'm not sure, that I

could have held my tongue until we got back to England; but, you see, if you're going to-morrow morning, I've got to say what I want to say now right off." His heart was going at a tremendous rate, but his eyes were fixed on her with a steadiness and earnestness characteristic of them when Dick meant business.

"I suppose you guess what's coming," he continued. "I suppose you must know that I've fallen in love with you. 'Fallen' is just about the word for it; and I couldn't have fallen deeper if I'd dropped to the bottom of the sea. I love you very badly indeed, and I shall be—I shall be extremely obliged if you will marry me."

She raised her eyes and looked at him, and Dick's much-tried heart gave a bound; for there was something besides refusal in her look—an infinite sadness which almost amounted to despair. She shook her head, and her lips formed a tremulous "No."

"But, look here," said Dick, rather huskily, "you say 'No'; but—but are you quite sure? I wish to goodness I could talk like a sensible man, but you've knocked all the sense out of me! I mean—Marion, don't tell me you won't marry me! Don't you care for me just a little bit? It will grow——"

"You mustn't ask me," she broke in, almost inaudibly. "I am engaged to be married."

While one could count twenty Dick sat perfectly still as if he had been turned to stone; then he rose, went to the rail, and stared out at the sea. He felt exactly as he had felt when the men pulled him away from under the baulks that day in Melbourne. When he regained himself sufficiently to turn round, Marion had gone. He remained on deck for an hour, feeling as if a skilful surgeon had deftly extracted his heart and all the other organs worth mentioning; then he took a drink at the canteen and went below. He had to pass Miss Carstairs' state-room, and as he did so he heard the sound of sobbing. Instinctively, mechanically, he paused, and these words came dully to his ears:—

"For God's sake, don't break down, don't draw back, Marion! There is no other way, no other means of averting absolute ruin—and worse." A pause. Then the same voice, Mr. Carstairs', a broken and agitated one, added: "But, no; if you shrink so from doing it, if you feel that you cannot, I will not ask you. You shall be free." There was another pause, the sound of sobbing abated, then Dick heard Marion say, "No, no, father, it was only a momentary weakness. It has passed now. Do you think that I would draw back? I—I am not quite myself to-night—— Go now, dear. I have quite made up my mind."

Dick went on deck again and paced up and down as if he were one of the animals at the Zoo; and no doubt he felt like one. To love a girl like Marion, to have more than a shrewd suspicion that you've won her heart, and to be convinced that she is going to be compelled to marry another person is a condition of things calculated to send a man like Dick off his head. However, amidst the confusion of his mind one thing stood out distinctly—that, as he would have expressed it, he must "keep his hair on" and bluff for all he was worth. Consequently few persons displayed a more conspicuous cheerfulness than did Mr. Richard Bentley at breakfast next morning. Not greatly to his suprise, Miss Carstairs did not appear at that usually welcome meal; and Mr. Carstairs himself looked pale about the gills, as if he were tired and had spent a bad night.

It was evident to Dick that the Carstairs wished to leave the ship without any fuss. They and he went ashore in the ship's boat, and, though he sat near Marion, he did not exchange a word with her until they reached the shore, when Marion, who with her father had waited until the excursionists had started for Brusa, turned to Dick, who was at her elbow, and, holding out her hand, said, with downcast eyes and in a scarcely audible voice:—

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Dick, with the exaggerated cheerfulness which he had displayed during breakfast; "it's a small world, Miss Carstairs; we may meet again."

There was something significant in his tone, and Marion half paused as she turned away and looked sadly at him; but only for an instant, for her father called to her irritably, and, with a sigh, she followed him, leaving Dick standing on the quay, asking himself, in a kind of blind rage, why he hadn't caught hold of her and carried her off there and then, in the sweet way of the good old times.

After a while he pulled himself together, lit a pipe, and wandered disconsolately up the single street of the little port. This street is quite a wonder in its way, and at another time Dick might have enjoyed its quaint and picturesque characteristics—the oddness of the small shops which were literally running over with Oriental fruit, and made glorious by

the colour and the embroidery of the Eastern stuffs which turned the little street into the semblance of a scene in a Drury Lane pantomime.

The inhabitants of Mudania are a polite, a courteous, even a courtly people, and they did not stare at the young Englishman who, with frowning brows and hands stuck deep in his pockets, stalked slowly up the middle of the roadway; but some children, attracted by something in Dick's face which not even the frown could stultify, stopped to gaze at him, and one mite, who looked like an infantile houri, tugged at his short coat and held out a diminutive but grimy hand for baksheesh. Dick was fond of children, and though he was fairly well occupied by his own sorrows, he roused himself to put a Turkish coin in the dirty little paw. A moment afterwards a Turkish woman, closely veiled, seized the child in her arms and, with a suggestion of a nod of gratitude, bore her to the pathway; as she did so she stopped and stared up the road, and Dick saw a carriage and pair coming down at breakneck speed.

In it were seated Mr. Carstairs and Marion and a man swarthy enough to be a Greek, but who was dressed in clothes that were not only European, but fashionable. The carriage stopped at one of the shops, the dark, middle-aged man leant forward to give an order which he had evidently forgotten, then the carriage swung round again and drove off in the direction of the hills. At sight of Marion the blood had rushed to Dick's face; but it was very white now, for he had caught from her eyes a strange glance directed to him—could it possibly have been one of appeal?

Forgetting that he was in a small Turkish port, amongst people who did not speak his tongue, he crossed over to the shop and, scarcely thinking what he said, asked:—

"Excuse me; whose carriage is that?"

The butcher shrugged his shoulders, bowed, and spread out his hands deprecatingly; and Dick, cursing himself for a fool, pantomimed his apologies and retreated. In doing so he nearly overturned a young man who was entering. Again Dick apologized in English, and, to his surprise, the man said:—

"Beg pardon, sir. You was inquiring after my master's turn-out. He's Mr. Carichi, as lives at the villa up the hill there. I'm the gardener. Excuse me making so bold as to speak to you, sir, but seeing you was a fellow-countryman——"

Instinctively, Dick led the way to an adjacent Greek wine-shop, and the gardener, much touched by the gentleman's prompt observance of a British custom, sipped his wine and grew communicative.

"Don't exactly know what Mr. Carichi is, sir; some kind of merchant, I suppose. It's a very nice place we've got up there, and master seems to have plenty of money. He ain't a bad sort, though a bit ugly when he loses his 'air, like most of these Greek gents. But, Lord bless us, *we're* just the same, ain't we, sir, when we get the needle? We're a bit quiet at the villa; but, now this lady and gentleman's come as visitors, I suppose things will be livelier. Most extraordinarily beautiful young lady, sir, from what I see as the carriage passed. You may say what you like about foreign ladies—and I'm not denying that some of them is fair looking—but give me Old England for really beautiful women."

"You're right," said Dick, emphatically; "but you can chuck in Australia, if you like."

"Oh, but they're English too, sir," said Mr. Jenkins. Whereupon, Dick refilled the man's glass and then shook hands with him.

He was reluctant to pump the honest fellow; and, indeed, there was nothing more to be learnt. It appeared that Mr. Carichi was a wealthy gentleman of retiring habits who, for reasons best known to himself, preferred to live in an absolutely out-of-the-way spot on the Turkish coast instead of luxuriating in Athens or on the Bosphorus. But, Dick asked himself as he walked slowly back to the quay, why had Marion Carstairs displayed so much grief at paying this visit? Could it be possible that she was engaged to marry this Mr. Carichi? The idea made Dick go hot and cold; for there was something about the swarthy face and deep, reddish-brown eyes of the Greek that Dick did not like. Then there was that appealing glance which Marion had cast at him. It was that glance that drove him to a decision.

He got a boat and had himself rowed to the ship, packed his portmanteau, and returned to Mudania. We are informed that Fortune favours the brave; she was good enough to send Mr. Jenkins down to the quay at that moment. He expressed some surprise as well as delight at Dick's reappearance, and his surprise was not lessened when Dick informed him that he had taken a fancy to the place and would like to stay there for a while, if Jenkins could find him some accommodation. This Jenkins proceeded to do, and was again rather surprised when Dick requested him not to mention at the villa that he, Dick,

was sojourning at Mudania, adding that he hoped Jenkins would often look him up at the modest lodgings which Jenkins had found for him.

When the shades of evening had fallen over the quaint little town Dick went for a stroll —of course, in the direction of the villa.

"SHE SHRANK BACK WITH A FAINT CRY OF 'YOU.'"

It was a pretty house, in the Turkish style, and surrounded by a high and serviceable stone wall, which had apparently been recently built—a wall which seemed rather unnecessary, seeing that none of the other houses were so protected. Through the chinks of a door in this wall Dick could see the garden and the lights in the windows; and while he was looking three figures came out on to a terrace. They were those of the two gentlemen and Marion. She stood a little apart, her face turned up to the sky, as he had seen her standing so often on board the *Vectis*. The light was full on her face, and she seemed so unhappy that Dick, unable to

look any longer, turned away with something weighing on his heart like a lump of lead.

But for his trouble Dick would have been delighted with Mudania; as it was, his artistic sense was continually gratified by the picturesque costumes of its inhabitants and their courteous ways, and he was beginning to realize that your Oriental is, indeed, the most courtly of people. He picked up a few Turkish words, and, with the aid of expressive pantomime, exchanged greetings and other courtesies with his neighbours. Business at the sweet-shop increased considerably, and Dick, in his wanderings about the town, was invariably escorted by a bodyguard of infantry, who chattered to him with their little mouths full of Turkish Delight and similar confections, and clung to his hands or any portion of his dress with sticky fingers.

Three days passed and Dick, though he kept a keen watch, saw nothing of Marion, and was getting desperate; but on the fourth, as he was going up the hill which afforded him a bird's-eye view of the villa, he came upon her suddenly. She was sitting on a boulder, her hands clasped in her lap, her head bowed; she looked pale, and worse than pale, for there was that in her face which wrung Dick's heart—hopeless despair. At his approach she looked up, the blood flooded her face, and she shrank back with a faint cry of "You!"

"Yes, it's me," said Dick, who was never very strong on grammar. "You didn't think I was going to leave you, did you? I'm not that sort of man. I give you my word that I sha'n't leave you until you're married. And not then; for you're going to marry me."

She wept and shook her head. Dick sat down on the boulder beside her, took her hands from her eyes, and wiped the latter with his handkerchief, just as he would have wiped those of one of the children.

"Don't cry; because if you do I shall want to cry too," he said, quite seriously. "Look here, Marion, you've got to tell me what all this means, and you've got to tell me *now*. I suppose you think you're going to marry Mr. Carichi. You don't seem to enjoy the prospect; and therefore I take it that you're doing it against your will. Now, marriage is a serious business, as you'll find when you're my wife; but it's the devil's own business for a girl to marry a man she doesn't care for. I'm not naturally inquisitive, but I really must ask you why you thought you'd have to be Mr. Carichi's wife."

"Ah, it's no use!" she murmured, brokenly, and with a piteous and pitying look at him as she tried to withdraw her hand. "I ought not to tell you—it's my father's secret; but you are so—so masterful. And if I tell you, you'll see that you must give me up and go away."

"It's about the last thing I should be likely to see," said Dick, cheerfully. "Of course, I can guess the story. Our friend Mr. Carichi has got a hold on the old man. What is it? Has Mr. Carstairs committed a murder? Dearest, I'm serious enough, though I make light of it. Come, tell me!"

With bent head and low, agonized voice, with every word eloquent of humiliation and torture, she told him; and as she proceeded falteringly Dick's arm stole round her waist and held her protectingly. The story was soon told, and it was almost commonplace in its details.

Mr. Carichi was a wealthy Greek merchant; Mr. Carstairs was his London agent. The agency was a good one, and Mr. Carstairs would have done very well—if he could have kept away from the Stock Exchange; but he had not been able to do so. Moved by the desire to make a fortune for his only child—"It was for my sake—my sake," poor Marion had murmured pathetically during her narrative—he had speculated heavily and, as is not uncommon, had made a mess of it. In a rash moment he had forged some bills; Mr. Carichi had got possession of them and had come over to England to expose and punish his agent. He had gone to Mr. Carstairs' residence, full of fury, and his fury had evaporated at the sight of Mr. Carstairs' daughter. Instead of causing the father's arrest, he had made a bargain with the wretched man. It was of the nature of an exchange—Mr. Carstairs was to regain possession of the forged bills; Mr. Carichi was to take Marion. She had not hesitated for a moment, and she had now come out to marry Mr. Carichi and sacrifice herself on the altar of a daughter's love. Once more, at the conclusion of her narrative, she murmured: "He did it for my sake."

Dick was silent for quite a long time; then he said, with a detached air:—

"Nice kind of man, Mr. Carichi! As for your father—but we won't talk about him."

"No," she said as she rose. "There is nothing to be said."

"No; there is nothing to be *said*," replied Dick, with an emphasis on the last word. "Yes, I suppose you must go; though I'd

like to take you in my arms and carry you off from this nice Mr. Carichi; but I'm afraid that wouldn't work out quite right. When is this precious marriage going to take place?" he asked, as he held her hand.

"In three days," she replied, with averted head. "You will go now?—you will leave Mudania? Ah, you will, you will!"

"Well, I won't make rash promises," he said. "I'll think it over. I suppose you wouldn't let me kiss you, Marion?"

The blood rushed to her face, a tear rolled down her cheek, but she shook her head and took her hand from his.

"Ah, I'm afraid I shall have to do so without your letting me," he said, and he gathered her to him and kissed her many times. Her eyes fell; she shook in his embrace. For a moment she seemed unable to resist him; then she put her trembling hands on his broad breast. Dick let her go, and whistled quite cheerfully as, after watching the last of her, he went down the hill. He tackled his *pilau* as heartily as usual that night, and when he had finished it he went out and in quite a sauntering way approached the villa. The door in the wall was locked; Dick put his knee against it and forced it open. Keeping under cover of the shrubs, he drew near the house and stood beneath the terrace, on which Carstairs and Carichi were smoking their cigars.

The Greek was lounging, in Grecian fashion, against a pillar, and there was an expression of insolent confidence and satisfaction in his face, which got on Dick's nerves.

"Isn't Marion coming out to-night?" Dick heard Carichi inquire.

"No," replied Mr. Carstairs, in a depressed and nervous tone. "She—she doesn't seem quite well; she has a bad headache, and has gone to her room to lie down."

"She was all right this morning," said Carichi, resentfully.

"I—I'm afraid she's a little overwrought," faltered the wretched father; "the—the change of air, the—the coming marriage—— Women feel these things."

Carichi grunted still more resentfully. "I don't see what she's got to complain of," he said, with a short, insolent laugh. "It's a good match for her; to say nothing of *you;* and it's precious lucky for both of you that I've taken a fancy to her."

"I know—I know!" said Carstairs. "Don't—don't think we're ungrateful——"

"Oh, you're ungrateful right enough," said Carichi. "Do you suppose I don't know that she'd see me anywhere rather than marry me, if she weren't compelled to do so? But I don't mind that; she'll come to her senses right enough, and soon enough, when she's my wife. If she's not coming out I'll go in and write some letters, for you're not the most cheerful of companions; in fact, to tell the truth, I'm afraid I'm getting rather sick of you; and, if you won't think me inhospitable, I shall be rather relieved when you take your departure and leave us alone."

He turned on his heel, and Dick heard Mr. Carstairs' smothered cry, as he entered the house:—

"Oh, my poor Marion!"

Dick waited for a little while, then he went up the steps and quite openly through the French window into the room. It was empty, and as slowly and deliberately he crossed it and made his way down the passage. Through a half-open door he saw Mr. Carichi seated at a writing-table. Dick stepped in quietly, closed the door, turned the key, which he put in his pocket, and said, cheerfully:—

"Good evening."

Carichi had sprung round and was staring at him with amazement and indignation.

"What! Who the devil are you?"

"My name's Richard Bentley," said Dick. "Excuse my intrusion; matter of business—important business. I'll take a chair, if you'll allow me."

He drew one forward and sat astride it, his arms folded on the top, his eyes fixed with an almost pleasant expression on Carichi's face, which was now a dusky red, from which his eyes glared furiously. He seemed incapable of speech, and Dick continued, in a calm and rather drawling voice: "Sorry I couldn't send in my card; fact is, I wanted to speak to you privately about this little matter——"

Carichi found his voice at last. He sprang to his feet and uttered an oath of the most violent description.

"You impudent scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "How dare you intrude yourself—force yourself—into my house, my presence?"

As he spoke he took a step towards the door; but the drawling voice stayed him.

"Door's locked," said Dick. "Better come and sit down again, Mr. Carichi."

Persuasive as Dick's voice and manner generally were, they would doubtless have failed on this occasion; but he had drawn a revolver from his hip-pocket, and that useful though dangerous weapon was now pointing in a disagreeable fashion at the spot where Mr. Carichi's heart should have been. He was a Greek, which is to say he was both sensible

and astute. Without a word he returned to his chair, thrust his hands in his pockets, leant back, and said, a trifle huskily :—

"Your business?"

"Ah! that's better," said Dick, lowering the revolver. "Of course, I've come for something; I want those bills Mr. Carstairs forged."

"Because I'm going to marry his daughter," said Dick, cheerfully; "and I don't like the idea of her father being in the grip of a scoundrel like you."

Carichi sprang to his feet again, but he sank down; for the revolver covered him.

"You—marry—Marion!"

"THAT USEFUL THOUGH DANGEROUS WEAPON WAS NOW POINTING IN A DISAGREEABLE FASHION AT THE SPOT WHERE MR. CARICHI'S HEART SHOULD HAVE BEEN."

Carichi shot forward quickly, his eyes narrowed, his lips working.

"Why?" he asked, briefly, for when it comes to a trial of wits, your modern Greek wastes no words.

"Exactly; you've got it quite correctly," said Dick. "And I'm going to marry her with her consent, not against it, as you were going to do, you hound! Now I'll trouble you to get those bills. They're in that

safe, I should guess. I beg you won't hesitate, for I'm going to allow you only two minutes; at the end of that time, I give you the word of an honest man, I shall drop you as dead as a door-nail and get them for myself."

Before the two minutes had elapsed Carichi rose, got the bills from the safe, and placed them on the table.

"You'll suffer for this—this robbery," he grated, as if his mouth were full of sand.

"I think not," said Dick, suavely. "You see, I'm going to buy them off you; hand them over, please." His tone altered suddenly, and he gave something like a growl. "Hand them over, you cur!"

Carichi obeyed. When one comes to think of it, he could scarcely do otherwise, for there was a threat of death in that growl. Dick took them with his left hand, glanced at the amount, and, still with his left hand, drew a signed cheque from his pocket and flung it across to Carichi.

"Fill in the amount," he said. When Carichi had done so—"Here, let me look at it. Right! Now, if you'll be kind enough to ring the bell, I shall be obliged. When the servant comes, be good enough to say that he is to ask Mr. and Miss Carstairs to come to you."

Carichi rang the bell. He was livid now and panting, as if he had been running a race—and lost it.

"Have you any other orders?" he asked, with a furious sneer.

"Thanks," replied Dick, in a matter-of-fact way. "As we shall just be able to catch what you call your mail, it will be nice of you to order that carriage of yours."

"My house, my servants, all I have are at your disposal," said Carichi, through his closed teeth—"for the present."

"That's a very pretty speech; but I sha'n't want anything from you in the future—excepting silence. And I reckon I shall get that," said Dick. "A clever man like you doesn't tell stories that go against himself."

The door opened and Marion entered, followed by her father. At sight of Dick she uttered a low cry, looking as if she were going to throw herself on his heart, but shrank back. Dick took her hand and drew it through his arm, and the cry of apprehension turned to one of relief, of almost incredulous joy—wonder and joy.

"Mr. Carichi and I have just been having a chat, Mr. Carstairs," said Dick, quietly. "We've been doing a bit of business, and I've made a valuable purchase—so valuable that I'll ask you to take charge of it."

At sight of those dreadful bills the wretched old man gasped and seemed as if he were going to have a fit, but he recovered as he thrust the incriminating things into his pocket, and he looked from Dick to Marion with a bewildered air.

"It's all right, Mr. Carstairs," said Dick; "but I'm sorry to say that you will have to cut short your visit. Mr. Carichi has been suddenly called away to—to—where was it, Mr. Carichi? No matter. Run upstairs, Marion, and put your things together; the carriage will be round in ten minutes. Mr. Carichi and I will have a smoke."

When they had left the room Dick sat down and took out his cigar-case.

"Try these," he said; "they're not bad. Don't feel like smoking? Now, that's odd. I always like a smoke when I've been bested; seems to take the bitter taste out of the business—kind of soothes one. And, of course, it always *is* bitter. But you've got off better than you might have expected, let me tell you, Mr. Carichi; for, if by any chance I'd found out, *after* your marriage, how you'd worked the thing, Marion would have been an early widow. Take my advice: the next time you're thinking of matrimony fix your affections on a girl who's sweet on you and wants to marry you for your own sake and not because you've got a pull on her father. Why, man, even if I'd have let you live, you'd have been as miserable as the monkey that swallowed the door-knob he'd stolen; and as for Marion——But we won't talk about her. Here they come. So long, Mr. Carichi!"

When they were in the carriage Dick, quite regardless of her father, drew Marion to him and nestled her comfortably on his breast.

"Oh, Dick!" she whispered, presently, and with a little shudder as she pressed still closer to him; "how—how did you get them from him?"

"Oh, I bought them, as I said," replied Dick. "Mr. Carstairs will pay me back some time or another. Of course, I had to use a little persuasion," he added, as he shifted slightly, to dodge a slight inconvenience caused by the revolver. "But Mr. Carichi was quite reasonable after a bit."

"You're a wonderful man, Dick," she whispered. "And I'm going to marry you after all! It seems like a dream!"

"Most splendaceous things do, I find," said Dick, cheerfully. "But it's a dream you and I aren't going to wake up from. He's asleep, poor old chap; you can kiss me if you want to very badly."

"MY REMINISCENCES."

XVII.

By CYRIL MAUDE.

I SCARCELY think that either the date or the locality can be of any particular interest, but, as a chronicler of facts connected with my own career, I presume it is my duty to state that I was born at 19, St. George's Square, London, on April 24th, 1862. My father, Captain Charles Henry, was an officer in John Company's service (14th Madras Regiment), from which, on his marriage to my mother, he retired.

The first parental plans with regard to my future were somewhat vague. But, from the earliest time I can remember, except for a few odd moments when it was the height of my ambition to be Bishop of London, I recall that I entertained a most firm and tenacious determination to be an actor, and, at the world-weary age of six, I informed my father of the campaign I had mapped out for myself. Hitherto there had been no theatrical history of any kind in my family. Precedent was altogether lacking, therefore, for what was, at the time, doubtless regarded merely as a childish whim, and an entirely unaccountable whim at that. Still, the Irish blood in me, no doubt, quite adequately accounts for the unaccountable.

When I was eight years old I was sent to a dame's school at Surbiton. I merely mention this quite uninteresting fact for the simple reason that it gives birth to the interesting one that an "old boy" of that little school is now known to fame as Sir Henry Johnstone. He had passed on to Stockwell Grammar School before I actually went to Surbiton, but some few years ago I had the pleasure of meeting him, and other "old boys" more or less distinguished, at a gathering of old pupils of my first school.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS SON JOHN.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Concerning this somewhat prehistoric period of my life I do not think I can remember anything worth mentioning except that when I was pursuing my studies at Surbiton I made my first appearance on any stage as the witch in "Cinderella." Which reminds me, by the way, that throughout the early part of my theatrical career I was almost invariably cast for serious or "heavy" parts, no one, for quite a long time, suspecting me of any turn for comedy.

After leaving Surbiton I went to a preparatory school at Charles Kingsley's parish of Eversley, where I stayed three

years. The only interesting experience that I can relate of this period of my life was that Lord Curzon of Kedleston was a fellow-pupil of mine. I remember, too, that, as a boy, he was very popular and liked by everyone. At Eversley, as at my school at Surbiton, we occasionally had theatricals, but for some curious reason I never took part in these dramatic entertainments. Why, I really cannot say, though it may have been through excessive modesty on my part, or, more probably, that any histrionic talent which I may have possessed was not commandeered because I was a very small, shy, insignificant sort of boy.

At my next school, Charterhouse, my theatrical inclinations, however, found ample scope. In fact, I made up for lost time in the most diligent way. Here I would mention that of England's great public schools Charterhouse has done more than its fair share to produce leading lights in the theatrical profession, for Forbes Robertson, Fred Kerr, C. Aubrey Smith, Charles Allan, and Alan MacKinnon were all there. The last-named, by the way, has remained an amateur, and one of the best I have ever known.

At Charterhouse I had lots of opportunities of indulging in my love for the stage. For in the lower school theatricals I acted very frequently, and among the burlesques in which I appeared I have a particularly lively recollection of "Cinderella," in which Major Ossie (Oswald) Ames and I played the parts of the Ugly Sisters. In my own humble way I may as well state that I assuredly lived up to my title, but my "sister" was quite beautiful in a pink and white confection and a blue satin dress. But as Major Ames was almost as tall then as he is now, and as I was considerably under my present by-no-means-herculean stature, it occurs to me that in the pleasing pastime of "getting laughs" we must have been assisted quite a lot by the contrast in our heights.

Another piece that recurs to my mind was a burlesque of "Ali Baba," in which Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, brother of the hero of Mafeking, who himself was at Charterhouse, but before my time, played one of the principal parts, and played it exceedingly well—in fact, his performance was thoroughly characterized by all the dramatic talent of his family.

I should here mention that, as a youngster, I was very keen on games, but, as luck would have it, my enthusiasm was considerably curtailed by reason of the fact that I was more or less debarred from taking part in them by a most formidable combination of maladies, bad sight, and a "bad knee," which eventually had to be operated on.

Among my school-fellows I made no secret at all of my intense desire to shine on the stage. I fear, however, that any sanguine hopes I ever had of distinguishing myself in the theatrical profession were not shared by my contemporaries at Charterhouse, for they were at no pains to disguise their belief that I had but very remote prospects indeed of ever growing into an actor; and the unlikely contingency of any member of the public ever paying even such an insignificant sum as twopence to see me act was discussed in my presence with all the candour which characterizes the average public schoolboy. Nor were the masters, when the news of my plans for the future reached them, any more encouraging; and I remember one of them taking me aside and imploring me in the most earnest manner to give up all thoughts of a profession for which, he said, I was obviously quite unfitted.

In due course, therefore, and in deference to the wishes of my parents, I left Charterhouse to go to an Army crammer's at Guildford. But nature and the call of the stage proved too strong for me, for, after dallying with my studies in this military forcing-house, I one day decided that I would, at all costs, leave the task of training on into an officer in the Army to those who had more liking for such a career. I thereupon told my parents that I was going to be an actor—or nothing.

Contrary to my anticipation, there was no great opposition offered to such a project. And when my parents realized that I was in grim earnest they decided to make the best of what must have seemed to them a very bad job, and gave me every assistance in their power. And so, armed with some introductions to leading theatrical lights, I left home for London, and started studying elocution under Miss La Thiere and Mr. Charles Cartwright, and in one way and another to prepare myself for my *début*, which, I have a sort of idea, my relatives imagined would be as Hamlet.

I may say, however, that these said introductions were never of any use, and, by the same token, never assisted me in my theatrical career in any way. Many people, I believe, cherish a delusion that an amateur has only to present a letter of introduction from someone of recognized social standing to immediately secure an engagement at a West-end theatre. As a matter of fact, of course, such

an idea is not only utterly and altogether erroneous, but it is also the most flagrant rubbish. For any manager of standing who respects himself and his theatre sets no store at all upon introductions, which, indeed, I sometimes think tend to prejudice their bearer in his eyes. But I need scarcely remark that under this head I do not include the introduction one manager may give to another of a promising actor or actress of whose services at the time he cannot avail himself. Such a contingency, of course, is an entirely different matter; but, as a general rule, I am sure that would-be theatrical stars would be wiser to tear up their introductions until they have been, first of all, to the Academy of Dramatic Art, and have afterwards secured work in the provinces, and even then introductions of the kind to which I refer will not, I think, prove of much practical assistance in securing them an opening.

I hope, by the way, that I have not emphasized this point too strenuously. If I have, my excuse must be that, to one who takes his profession seriously, it is more than aggravating to see remarks made in the public Press to the effect that the wealthy amateur is doing his best or his worst, as the case may be, to oust the professional from the stage, and that it is a common custom in these days for managers to allot parts according to the social influence of the applicant. Such statements, I would repeat, are not only absurd, they are also both untrue and unjust.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY
(MRS. CYRIL MAUDE)
AS KATE HARDCASTLE, IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."
From a Photograph by Window & Grove.

In the early days, after my arrival in London to woo success on the stage, my health handicapped me not a little; and before I could make any serious effort to win fame and fortune as an actor the doctors pronounced me to be suffering from a serious organic complaint, and as the only chance of saving my life I was ordered to make a voyage to Australia and back. On my return from an uneventful trip, I was sent off again with one of my brothers to Ontario, Canada, where we started working as farm pupils. I am sorry to say that my knowledge of farming was microscopic in the extreme—about as extensive, in fact, as that of the great American humorist, Mark Twain, who, as temporary editor of an agricultural paper, once announced to an expectant world the amazing "truth" that clams would lie quiet if music were played to them, following up this valuable addition to the world's store of knowledge of natural history by describing guano as a bird.

A brief experience of farming soon convinced me that any talents I may have possessed would not be put to the best use in this direction, and when I was twenty-one I hied myself to New York, where I joined Daniel Bandmann's company. Before this, however, I ought to have mentioned that I had previously made my first appearance in public at an entertainment got up by my brother and myself. The "bill of fare" consisted of three short plays, but the best that I can say about this venture is that whatever artistic merits it may have had, it was, nevertheless, from a financial point of view a most gruesomely depressing failure. Still it did not have the effect of damping my theatrical ardour in the least, and when I joined Bandmann's company I was keener than ever; and during my connection with him I travelled all over the Western States, gaining much valuable experience, and playing all sorts and kinds of parts, mainly tragic and dramatic.

When I left Bandmann I returned to England once more. London engagements were very "shy," but I succeeded in finding work in the provinces, where I remained for four years, gaining, as I have since found out, still more invaluable experience, while "enjoying"—or, perhaps, I should say making the best of—the usual "ups" and "downs" that force their way into the existence of every struggling actor.

Curiously enough, although all sorts of incidents more or less interesting must have crept into them, I cannot recall any particular experiences worthy of mention of those gay, careless days. But stay! One has stuck

in my mind. A certain actor, on joining our company, was called upon to play a very heavy part at a few minutes' notice. As luck would have it he had never seen this part before, and as it contained many long soliloquies, and as it was impossible to commit them all to memory in the short time at his disposal, he made the best of things by learning the first and last two or three lines of each speech. So far so good. Unfortunately, however, each of these wordy declamations was intended to precede the entrance of the leading man, who had come to look upon them as most welcome breaks in the evening, for they provided him with a period of both rest and refreshment. His wrath when he found "waits" of several minutes compressed into a few seconds can doubtless, therefore, be best left to the imagination of those who can appreciate what it means to have the cup literally snatched from one's lips.

But, so far as I was concerned in these days, it was not an unusual experience to have to learn and to play the same night, not one, but two or three new parts, and for quite a long time, on an average, I must have played anything from twelve to fifteen *rôles* a week. To-day, no doubt, this must sound a most formidable undertaking, but times have changed, and in the days to which I refer a programme of this sort was the lot of many a provincial actor.

Here I would mention that I was still an unknown provincial actor when I first met my wife in 1887. We were married a year later at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. Henry White, and my old headmaster, Doctor Haig Brown, of Charterhouse. I remember that our honeymoon consisted of one day at Eastbourne, as we both had to get back to London and the footlights. Speaking of my marriage reminds me that, curiously enough, the first real chat I had with my future wife was in a box at the Haymarket Theatre, into the co-management of which I was destined to enter some nine years later.

My first appearance in London was made at the Strand Theatre as Sir Charles Harwood, an old man, in "The Rubber of Life," but in this I did not prove a success, and as a result I had to accept another touring engagement, when I played Jack Howard in "The Man with Three Wives."

My first success in London was in the tragic part of Austin Woodville in the drama of "Handfast." This was at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and after playing the part of the Duke of Courtland in "Racing," I went to the Gaiety Theatre, where I remained six months, playing Christopher Larkings in "Woodcock's Little Game," Mondelico in "Frankenstein," and Horace Newlove in "Lot 49," while I also understudied the late Edward Lonnen and George Stone.

For the next seven or eight years I served in turn under the banners of Tom Thorn, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Comyns Carr, and, in one way and another, engagements proved fairly plentiful. Which reminds me, by the way, that I have often been asked what particular engagement proved the turning-point in my career. It may be of interest, therefore, if I say that I think that pleasing period was reached when I played Austin Woodville in "Handfast," a performance which, if I may say so, led to my being generally "discovered" by the Press.

Speaking of the Press reminds me of a couple of not unamusing incidents which serve, in rather an unusual manner, to illustrate the wonderful power of the Press at times. Thus, when I was a member of Bandmann's company in America there was with us a stout little elderly gentleman who, some years before, had been connected with the Press in one of the Southern States. Whatever town we visited this enterprising artist invariably went and called on the local paper and gave in his card, and every night, whatever part he played, he always got fine notices—finer, usually, than the tragedian did. Now this particular tragedian, when he visited a town and did not like the looks of his audience much, used to cut out whole bits of the plays. For instance, at one little place we visited out West he was in a temper, and cut out the grave scene in "Hamlet"; and then the little stout gentleman was "found out," for, in spite of the fact that he was first grave-digger, and the grave scene was cut out, he got one of the finest notices possible next morning.

The other happening to which I have referred took place when I was playing "The Little Minister" on tour, some eleven or twelve years ago. When the company went on to Dublin I was, unfortunately, incapacitated by that most powerful and painful illness the shingles, and was, in consequence, compelled to remain behind at my hotel. Seemingly, however, this fact made no difference, for on the Tuesday morning my business manager sent me a long interview, which appeared in the paper on Monday morning, describing my jaunty step and generally-radiant appearance as I stepped on

the landing-stage on Sunday. Who, after this, will make bold enough to say that the power of the Press is not only wonderful, but almost miraculous, at times?

However, I'm going ahead too fast. I must take a pull and "come back to my horses." Some seventeen years ago, in the autumn of 1893 to be exact, Mr. Comyns Carr took the Comedy Theatre, and I played with him for nearly three years. The engagement at the Comedy was followed by one at the St. James's as Timothy Hale in "Mary Pennington, Spinster"; and at a *matinée* at The Haymarket I appeared as Lord Foppington in an act of "Miss Tomboy"; after which I went to the Lyceum, then under the management of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Frederick Harrison, to play Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal."

My active partnership with Mr. Harrison at the Haymarket came some three years later, and, as joint-manager with him, I remained there for nine years. I feel sure that a bald recapitulation of the various parts I played during that time cannot be of sufficient general interest to bear repetition here. I recall, however, one incident during the rehearsal of "The Little Minister," when poor Mr. J. M. Barrie was nearly killed, that I cannot omit to mention.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS THE REV. GAVIN DISHART, IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

He and I were sitting, as usual, on a sort of little platform built on to the front of the stage, from which we conducted the rehearsal. Unfortunately the railing that surrounded the platform was not of the strongest, and Barrie, who had a habit of lolling about on chairs in somewhat unusual attitudes, leant heavily against it, with his seat tilted up. Smash went the railing, and over he fell into the orchestra. We picked him up, apparently lifeless, and, dismissing the rehearsal, carried him up to my office and laid him on the sofa.

Happily he soon recovered, and, curiously enough, suffered practically no ill effects from a fall which might conceivably have proved a very serious one. Hardly had the accident occurred than we were visited by the reporter of an enterprising evening paper. "I hear," he began, "that Mr. Barrie has met with a serious accident?" "Oh, it's nothing," I replied, cheerily; "only a bad shock." "What?" exclaimed the disappointed emissary, "no blood?"

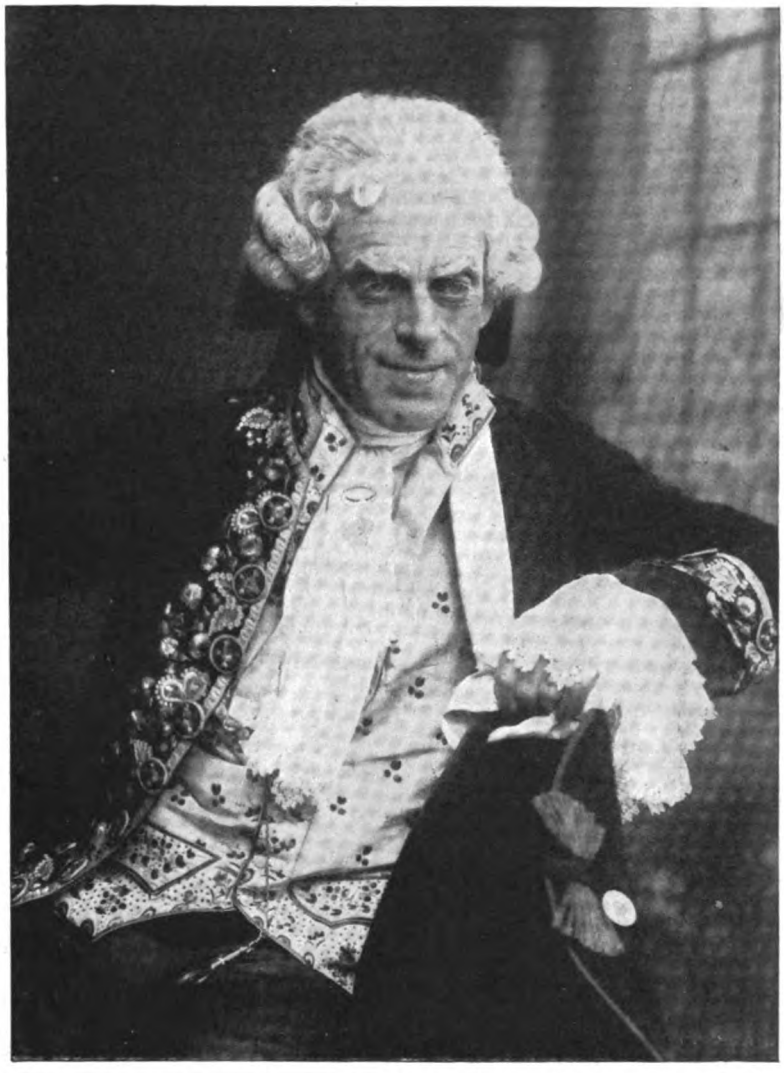
Of all the parts I have played during my career I think that of Sir Peter Teazle is the one in the acting of which I have had the greatest enjoyment. Everything he says comes as a delight to me, and, by the same token, everything he does I find equally delightful. His good tempers and his bad tempers, his peskiness and his tenderness, all appeal to me as being full of charm.

Indeed, among the old men in the old comedies which I have played, as well as in those I have read, Sir Peter Teazle seems to me the most charming specimen of a man. Acting in "powder plays," by the way, is in many respects the work in which I find my greatest enjoyment. Still, I am very fond of all my work, and therefore I can truthfully say that I am scarcely less interested in playing men of our own time. Moreover, the acting of modern plays derives an added zest from the fact that the general public naturally understands them better and thus appreciates more acutely the delicate touches which an actor is able to introduce in the delineation of a character.

It is for this reason that, while Sir Peter fills so large a part in my affections, there are certain other *rôles* for which I have a great regard and the acting of which has always given me unalloyed pleasure. Among these

are Major Bingham, in Captain Robert Marshall's delightful comedy "The Second in Command," and Richard Lascelles, in "The Flag Lieutenant."

Before I played Major Bingham I was practically a "character" actor, and rarely appeared on the stage in what I may call a "personality" part. By this I mean a part in which I use my own face and figure, practically without any make-up in the way of a disguise. I used to like these character parts because of the opportunities they gave me of sinking my own individuality, and I must also confess that I had an idea that the public liked me in parts in which my individuality was concealed. It took me a long time to find out that this was not so. Now, however, I have at last found it out, I may say that I shall play parts which reveal my identity much more frequently in the future than I have done in the past.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SIR PETER TEAZLE, IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."
From a Photograph by Window & Grove.

It was in July, 1905, nearly five years ago, that I terminated my partnership with Mr. Harrison, and went on a provincial tour with "Beauty and the Barge," in which I played my original part, and "The Cabinet Minister," in which I played the Right Hon. Sir Julian Twombey. When I left the Haymarket I determined to go into managership by myself. I therefore took a long lease of the Avenue Theatre, which I re-named The Playhouse, and set about re-building and re-decorating it at considerable expense, intending to re-open it on my return to London at the conclusion of my tour.

Unfortunately an accident in connection with the South-Eastern Railway completely destroyed the theatre, and thus for the time being I found myself in the undesirable position of being "theatreless." Under the circumstances I entered into an arrangement with the Messrs. Schubert, the well-known American managers, who had a short time before built the Waldorf Theatre, to manage that house with them. This venture was, however, not successful, and I then entered into

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS BINKS, IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

an arrangement with Mr. Charles Frohman, for whom I produced "Toddles," in which I acted Lord Meadows, at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In the meantime the South-Eastern Railway Company had compensated me to the extent of £20,000 for the damage done, and, accordingly, I decided to rebuild The Playhouse, which was opened towards the end of January, 1907, with "Toddles," which was then still going strong. Believers in luck professed to feel considerable surprise that I should have taken over the Avenue Theatre, which had earned for itself an unenviable reputation for being a sort of "Jonah" among West-end houses of entertainment. However, I don't think I am either more or less superstitious than are most people, and, in any case, I have more than once noticed that, when a theatre has had ill-luck and is re-built, it turns over a new leaf and becomes a success instead of a failure. To this theory I pinned my faith in the case of the Avenue Theatre, and am glad to say that, as "The Playhouse," the theatre has most emphatically given up all the bad habits which characterized it in its old form years ago.

Perhaps I shall be pardoned if I here venture to give a few notions, based on actual experiences of my own, which I trust may prove of some assistance to beginners. Let me hasten to say at once, however, that I do this not in the slightest degree because I wish to give advice to anyone, for such is very far indeed from my object. But as, from time to time, I receive so many applications from those who aspire to achieve success on the stage I feel that a few words here may not be out of place.

With regard to actual training for the stage I cannot imagine a better start for a beginner than to take a course of three or four terms at the Academy of Dramatic Art, at 62, Gower Street, at present under the able direction of Mr. Kenneth Barnes. There the rudiments are thoroughly taught, and the young actor and actress can, in a year, gain experience which otherwise it would take a year's provincial touring to acquire. They are rehearsed in all kinds of plays by thoroughly competent actors and actresses, taught dancing, fencing, and all the adjuncts necessary to a successful theatrical career, such as grace of movement, which is taught under the heading of the Delsarte system.

To a great extent I know one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that in many respects, acting cannot be taught. But the adjuncts of acting, such as clearness of diction, management of the voice, concentration, grace of carriage, dancing, and fencing, can most certainly be learned.

Speaking of learning to act reminds me of an experience of my own which befell me many years ago. A stage-manager of rough-and-ready methods, who had for some minutes unsuccessfully attempted to get me to simulate terror in anything akin to a life-like manner, at last said, with regard to a certain theatrical property, "Now, Maude, when you see that come down the side of the mountain, say, 'Oh, my Lord! What is it?' . . . and the terror will come at once." It sounds delightfully simple,

MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT," ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYS PRODUCED AT THE PLAYHOUSE.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS TODDLES.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

doesn't it? Life-like acting made easy, in fact. But I have wandered away off the straight line of country again. To all beginners who think of going on the stage I think the best possible advice one can give is to endeavour to dissuade them from doing so, unless firmly convinced that they have real aptitude for it, for, beyond all manner of doubt, the reason why so many actors and actresses find it difficult to secure engagements to-day is that competition has been rendered so keen in theatrical circles through a curious belief which many people seem to hold—namely, that the stage is a sort of sanctuary, where all who have failed in other callings can find safe refuge. This, of course, is a fallacy than which I can think of no greater. But, as a matter of actual fact, although there is no room in the theatrical profession for those who do not thoroughly know their business, yet the stage certainly cannot truthfully be said to be in the least overcrowded with really competent artists.

Regarding the stage as a career, I think that from a girl's point of view, if she has considerable natural advantages, is pretty, possesses a clear diction and has no drawbacks in the form of curious tricks of manner, and is in need of a profession, and if, also—and this is a most important consideration — she has a little money of her own to fall back on in those bad times which crop up at some period or other in the career of every actor and actress, then, always providing her inclinations lie in that direction, the stage may prove a not unprofitable profession.

From a man's point of view, too, if he has talent, and really means business, I would give similar advice; but if he has not the strength of character to go through the drudgery of acting, then I say at once that there is no place for him on the stage, for hard work and infinite pains alone can lead to success.

I'm sure that by this time you must have heard enough and to spare of my theatrical reminiscences. So now let me say *au revoir*. But, stay! I should like to add just one last word, and that is, that for all sins of omission and commission I may, perchance, have perpetrated in this autobiography, I trust that I shall be freely pardoned.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE
by A. E. W. Mason

CHAPTER XI.
THE UNOPENED LETTER.

THE hall of the hotel had been cleared of people. At the entrance from the corridor a porter barred the way.

"No one can enter," said he.

"I think that I can," said Hanaud, and he produced his card. "From the Sûreté at Paris."

He was allowed to pass, with Ricardo at his heels. On the ground lay Marthe Gobin; the manager of the hotel stood at her side: a doctor knelt beside her. Hanaud gave his card to the manager.

"You have sent word to M. le Commissaire?"

"Yes," said the manager.

"And the wound?" asked Hanaud, kneeling on the ground beside the doctor. It was a small wound made by a sharp, thin knife. There was very little blood.

"Death must have been instantaneous," said the doctor.

Hanaud rose again to his feet. In the doorway the driver of the cab was standing in the charge of a porter.

"What has he to say?" Hanaud asked.

The man stepped forward instantly. He was an old, red-faced, stout man with a shiny white tall hat, like a thousand drivers of cabs.

"What have I to say, monsieur?" he grumbled, in a husky voice. "I take up the poor woman at the station and I drive her where she bids me, and I find her dead, and my day is lost. Who will pay my fare, monsieur?"

"I will," said Hanaud. "There it is," and he handed the man a five-franc piece. "Now, answer me! Do you tell me that this woman was murdered in your cab, and that you knew nothing about it?"

"But what should I know? I take her up at the station, and all the way up the hill her head is every moment out of the window, crying, 'Faster, faster!' Oh, the good woman was in a hurry! But for me I take no notice; I bury my head between my shoulders, and I look ahead of me and I take no notice. One cannot expect cab horses to run up these hills. It is not reasonable."

"So you went at a walk," said Hanaud. He beckoned to Ricardo, and said to the manager: "M. Besnard will, no doubt, be here in a few minutes, and he will send for the Juge d'Instruction. There is nothing that we can do."

He went back to Ricardo's sitting-room and flung himself into a chair. He had been calm enough downstairs in the presence of the doctor and the body of the victim. Now, with only Ricardo for a witness, he gave way to distress.

"It is terrible," he said. "The poor woman! It was I who brought her to Aix. It was through my carelessness. But who would have thought ——?" He snatched his hands from his face and stood up. "*I* should have thought," he said, solemnly. "Extraordinary daring—that was one of the qualities of my criminal. I knew it, and I disregarded it. Now we have to begin all over again. Time will be lost, and we have no time to lose." He buried his face again in his hands and groaned aloud. His grief was so violent and so sincere that Ricardo, shocked as he was by the murder of Marthe Gobin, set himself to console him.

"But you could not have foreseen that at three o'clock in the afternoon at Aix——"

Hanaud brushed the excuse aside.

"It is no extenuation. I *ought* to have foreseen. Oh, but I will have no pity now," he cried, and as he ended the words abruptly

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his face changed. He lifted a trembling forefinger and pointed. There came a sudden look of life into his dull and despairing eyes.

He was pointing to a side-table on which were piled Mr. Ricardo's letters.

"You have not opened them this morning?" he asked.

"No. You came while I was still in bed. I have not thought of them till now."

"There's one, the big envelope," said Hanaud, his voice shaking like his hand. "It has a Swiss stamp."

He swallowed to moisten his throat. Ricardo sprang across the room and tore open the envelope. There was a long letter enclosed in a hand-writing unknown to him. He read aloud the first lines of the letter:—

"I write what I saw and post it to-night, so that no one may be before me with the news. I will come over to-morrow for the money."

A cry from Hanaud interrupted the words.

"The signature! Quick!"

Ricardo turned to the end of the letter.

"Marthe Gobin."

"She speaks, then! After all, she speaks!" Hanaud whispered in a voice of awe. He ran to the door of the room, opened it suddenly, and, shutting it again, locked it.

"Quick! We cannot bring that poor woman back to life. But we may still——" He did not finish his sentence. He took the letter unceremoniously from Ricardo's hand and seated himself at the table. Over his shoulder Mr. Ricardo, too, read Marthe Gobin's letter.

It was dated from a small suburb of Geneva, on the western side of the lake, and it ran as follows:—

"The suburb is but a street close to the lake-side, and a tram runs into the city. It

"'DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN INSTANTANEOUS,' SAID THE DOCTOR."

is quite respectable, you understand, monsieur, with an hotel at the end of it and really some very good houses. But I do not wish to deceive you about the social position of myself or my husband. Our house is on the wrong side of the street—definitely—yes. It is a small house, and we do not see the water from any of the windows because of the better houses opposite. M. Gobin, my husband, who was a clerk in one of the great banks in Geneva, broke down in health in the spring, and for the last three months has been compelled to keep indoors. Of course, money has not been plentiful, and I could not afford a nurse. Consequently I myself have been compelled to nurse him. Monsieur, if you were a woman, you would know what men are when they are ill—how fretful, how difficult. There is not much distraction for the woman who nurses them. So, as I am in the house most of the day, I find what amusement I can in watching the doings of my neighbours. You will not blame me.

"A month ago the house almost directly opposite to us was taken furnished for the summer by a Mme. Rossignol. There was a gentleman who, it was said, was going to marry her. He came several times in the afternoon to see her. Monsieur was a young man of perhaps thirty, with smooth, black hair. He wore a moustache, a little black moustache, and was altogether captivating. Mme. Rossignol was five or six years older, I should think—a tall woman, with red hair, and a bold sort of coarse beauty. I was not attracted by her. She seemed not quite of the same world as that charming monsieur who was going to marry her. No; I was not attracted by Adèle Rossignol. I knew her name was Adèle. For often I have heard her servant calling her so, and without any 'Madame' in front of the name. That is strange, is it not, to hear an elderly servant-woman calling after her mistress, 'Adèle,' just simple 'Adèle.' It was that which made me think monsieur and madame were not of the same world.

"Besides the old woman there was another servant, a man, Hippolyte, who served in the house and drove the carriage when it was wanted—a respectable man. He always touched his hat when Mme. Rossignol came out of the house. He slept in the house at night, although the stable was at the end of the street. I thought he was probably the son of Jeanne, the servant-woman. He was young, and his hair was plastered down upon his forehead, and he was altogether satisfied with himself and a great favourite amongst the servants in the street. The carriage and the horse were hired from Geneva. That is the household of Mme. Rossignol."

So far Mr. Ricardo read. Then he cried:—

"But we have them! The red-haired woman; the man with the little black moustache. It was he who drove the motor-car!"

Hanaud held up his hand to check the flow of words, and both read on again:—

"At three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon madame was driven away in the carriage, and I did not see it return all that evening. It was not unusual for the carriage to take her into Geneva and wait a long time. I went to bed at eleven, but in the night M. Gobin was restless, and I rose to get him some medicine. We slept in the front of the house, monsieur, and while I was searching for the matches upon the table in the middle of the room, I heard the sound of carriage wheels in the silent street. I went to the window and, raising a corner of the curtains, looked out. M. Gobin called to me fretfully from the bed to know why I did not light the candle and get him what he wanted. I have already told how fretful sick men can be, always complaining if just for a little minute one distracts oneself by looking out of the window. But there! One can do nothing to please them. Yet, how right I was to raise the blind and look out of the window! For if I had obeyed my husband, I might have lost four thousand francs. And four thousand francs are not to be sneezed at by a poor woman whose husband lies in bed.

"I saw the carriage stop at Mme. Rossignol's house. Almost at once the house door was opened by the old servant, although the hall of the house and all the windows in the front were dark. That was the first thing that surprised me. For when madame came home late and the house was dark, she used to let herself in with a latch-key. Now, in the dark house, in the early morning, a servant was watching for them. It was strange.

"As soon as the door of the house was opened, the door of the carriage opened too, and a young lady stepped quickly out on to the pavement. The train of her dress caught in the door, and she turned round, stooped, freed it with her hand, and held it up off the ground. The night was clear, and there was a lamp in the street close by the door of Mme. Rossignol's house. As she turned I saw her face under the big green hat. It was

very pretty and young, and the hair was fair. She wore a white coat, but it was open in front and showed her evening frock of pale green. When she lifted her skirt I saw the buckles on her satin slippers. It was the young lady for whom you are advertising, I am sure. She remained standing just for a moment without moving, while Mme. Rossignol got out. I was surprised to see a young lady of such distinction in Mme. Rossignol's company. Then, still holding her skirt up, she ran very lightly and quickly across the pavement into the dark house. I thought, monsieur, that she was very anxious not to be seen. So when I saw your advertisement I was certain that this was the young lady for whom you are searching.

"I waited for a few moments and saw the carriage drive off towards the stable at the end of the street. But no light went up in any of the rooms in front of the house. And M. Gobin was so fretful that I dropped the corner of the blind, lit the candle, and gave him his cooling drink. His watch was on the table at the bedside, and I saw that it was five minutes to three. I will send you a telegram to-morrow, as soon as I am sure at what hour I can leave my husband.

"MARTHE GOBIN."

Hanaud leant back with an extraordinary look of perplexity upon his face. But to Ricardo the whole story was now clear. Here was an independent witness, without the jealousy or rancours of Hélène Vauquier. Nothing could be more damning than her statement; it corroborated those footmarks upon the soil in front of the glass door of the salon. There was nothing to be done except to set about arresting Mlle. Célie at once.

"The facts work with your theory, M. Hanaud. The young man with the black moustache did not return to the house at Geneva. For he was driving back the car to Aix——" And then another thought struck him: "But no!" he cried. "We are altogether wrong. See! They did not reach home until five minutes to three."

Five minutes to three! But this demolished the whole of Hanaud's theory about the motor-car. The murderers had left the villa between eleven and twelve, probably before half-past eleven. The car was a machine of sixty horse-power, and the roads were certain to be clear. Yet the travellers only reached their home at three. Moreover, the car was back in Aix at four. It was evident that they did not travel by the car.

"Geneva time is an hour later than French time," said Hanaud, shortly. It seemed as if the corroboration of this letter disappointed him. "A quarter to three in Mme. Gobin's house would be a quarter to two by our watches here."

Hanaud folded up the letter.

"We will go now, and we will take this letter with us. By the way," and he looked about the room, "where is the telegram from Marthe Gobin?"

"You put it in your letter-case."

"Oh, did I?"

Hanaud took out his letter-case and found the telegram within it. His face lightened.

"Good!" he said, emphatically. "For, since we have this telegram, there must have been another message sent from Adèle Rossignol to Aix saying that Marthe Gobin, that busybody, that inquisitive neighbour, who had no doubt seen M. Ricardo's advertisement, was on her way hither. Oh, it will not be put as crudely as that, but that is what the message will mean. We shall have him." And suddenly his face grew very stern. "I *must* catch him. For Marthe Gobin's death I cannot forgive. A poor woman meaning no harm, and murdered like a sheep under our noses. No, that I cannot forgive."

Ricardo wondered whether it was the actual murder of Marthe Gobin or the fact that he had been beaten and outwitted which Hanaud could not forgive. But discretion kept him silent.

"Let us go!" said Hanaud. "By the lift, if you please!"

They descended into the hall close by the main door. The body of Marthe Gobin had been removed to the mortuary of the town. The life of the hotel had resumed its course.

"M. Besnard has gone, I suppose?" Hanaud asked of the porter; and, receiving an assent, he walked quickly out of the front door.

"But there is a shorter way," said Ricardo, running after him. "Across the garden at the back and down the steps."

"It will make no difference now," said Hanaud.

They hurried along the drive and down the road which circled round the hotel and dipped to the town. Behind Hanaud's hotel Ricardo's car was waiting.

"We must go first to Besnard's office. The poor man will be at his wits' end to know who was Mme. Gobin and what brought her to Aix. Besides, I wish to send a message over the telephone."

Hanaud descended and spent a quarter of

an hour with the Commissaire. As he came out he looked at his watch.

"We shall be in time, I think," he said. He climbed into the car. "The murder of Marthe Gobin on her way from the station will put our friends at their ease. It will be published, no doubt, in the evening papers, and those good people will read it with amusement. They do not know that Marthe Gobin wrote a letter yesterday night. Come, let us go!"

"Where to?" asked Ricardo.

"Where to?" exclaimed Hanaud. "Why, of course, to Geneva."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ALUMINIUM FLASK.

"I HAVE telephoned to Lemerre, the Chef de la Sûreté at Geneva," said Hanaud, as the car sped out of Aix along the road to Annecy. "He will have the house watched. We shall be in time. They will do nothing until dark."

But though he spoke confidently there was a note of anxiety in his voice, and he sat forward in the car, as though he were already straining his eyes to see Geneva.

Ricardo was a trifle disappointed. They were on the great journey to Geneva. They were going to arrest Mlle. Célie and her accomplices. And Hanaud had not come disguised. Hanaud, in Ricardo's eyes, was hardly living up to the dramatic expedition on which they had set out. It seemed to him that there was something incorrect in the great detective coming out on the chase without a false beard.

"But, my dear friend, why should I?" pleaded Hanaud. "We are going to dine together at the Restaurant du Nord, over the lake, until it grows dark. It is not pleasant to eat one's soup in a false beard. Have you tried it? Besides, everybody stares so, seeing perfectly well that it is false. Now, I do not want to-night that people should know me for a detective. So I do not go disguised."

"Humorist!" said Mr. Ricardo.

"There! You have found me out!" cried Hanaud, in mock alarm. "Besides, I told you this morning that that is precisely what I am."

Nevertheless, as, two hours later, they approached Geneva, Hanaud turned up his collar and pulled his cap down over his eyes. While moving to do so, something hard in his pocket knocked against Ricardo.

"You have got them?" he whispered.

"What?"

"The handcuffs."

Another disappointment awaited Ricardo. A detective without a false beard was bad enough, but that was nothing to a detective without handcuffs. The paraphernalia of justice were sadly lacking. However, Hanaud consoled Mr. Ricardo by showing him the hard thing; it was almost as thrilling as the handcuffs. For it was a loaded revolver.

"There will be danger, then?" said Ricardo, with a tremor of excitement. "I should have brought mine."

"There would have been danger, my friend," Hanaud objected gravely, "if you had brought yours."

They reached Geneva as the dusk was falling, and drove straight to the restaurant by the side of the lake and mounted to the balcony on the first floor. A small, stout man sat at a table alone in a corner of the balcony. He rose and held out his hands.

"My friend, M. Lemerre, the Chef de la Sûreté of Geneva," said Hanaud, presenting the little man to his companion.

There were as yet only two couples dining in the restaurant, and Hanaud spoke so that neither could overhear him. He sat down at the table.

"What news?" he asked.

"None," said Lemerre. "No one has come out of the house, no one has gone in."

"And if anything happens while we dine?"

"We shall know," said Lemerre. "Look, there is a man loitering under the trees there, He will strike a match to light his pipe."

The hurried conversation was ended.

"Good," said Hanaud. "We will dine then, and be gay."

He called to the waiter and ordered dinner. It was after seven when they sat down to dinner, and they dined while the dusk deepened. In the street below the lights flashed out, throwing a sheen on the foliage of the trees at the water's side. Upon the dark lake the reflections of lamps rippled and shook. A boat, in which musicians sang and played, passed by with a cool splash of oars. The green and red lights of the launches glided backwards and forwards. Hanaud alone of the party on the balcony tried to keep the conversation upon a light and general level. But it was plain that even he was overdoing his gaiety. There were moments when a sudden contraction of the muscles would clench his hands and give a spasmodic jerk to his shoulders. He was waiting uneasily, uncomfortably, until darkness should come.

"Eat," he cried. "Eat, my friends," playing with his own barely-tasted food. And then, at a sentence from Lemerre, his knife and fork clattered on his plate, and he sat with a face suddenly grown white.

For Lemerre said, as though it was no more than a matter of ordinary comment:—

"So Mme. Dauvray's jewels were, after all, never stolen?"

Hanaud started.

"You know that? How do you know it?"

"It was in this evening's paper. They were found under the floor of the bedroom."

And, even as he spoke, a newsboy's voice rang out in the street below them. Lemerre was alarmed by the look upon his friend's face.

"Does it matter, Hanaud?" he asked, with some solicitude.

"It matters——," and Hanaud rose up abruptly.

The boy's voice sounded louder in the street below. The words became distinct to all upon that balcony.

"The Aix murder! Discovery of the jewels!"

"We must go," Hanaud whispered, hoarsely. "Here are life and death in the balance, as I believe, and there"—he pointed down to the little group gathering about the newsboy under the trees—"there is the command which way to tip the scales."

"It was not I who sent it," said Ricardo, eagerly. He had no precise idea what Hanaud meant by his words; but he realized that the sooner he exculpated himself from the charge the better.

"Of course it was not you," said Hanaud. He called for the bill. "When is that paper published?"

"At seven," said Lemerre.

"They have been crying it in the streets of Geneva, then, for over half an hour."

He sat drumming impatiently upon the table until the bill should be brought.

"By Heaven, that's clever!" he muttered, savagely. "At every turn he gets ahead of me. See, Lemerre, I take every care, every precaution that no message shall be sent. I let him know, I take careful pains to let him know, that no message can be sent without detection following, and here's the message sent by the one channel I never thought about. Look!"

The murder at the Villa Rose and the mystery which hid its perpetration had aroused interest. This new development had quickened it. From the balcony Hanaud could see the groups thickening about the boy and the white sheets of the newspapers in the hands of passers-by.

"Everyone in Geneva or near Geneva will know of this message by now."

"Who could have told?" asked Ricardo, blankly, and Hanaud laughed in his face, but laughed without any merriment.

"At last!" he cried, as the waiter brought the bill, and just as he had paid it the light of a match flared up under the trees.

"The signal!" said Lemerre.

"Not too quickly," whispered Hanaud.

With as much unconcern as each could counterfeit, the three men descended the stairs and crossed the road. Under the trees a fourth man joined them, he who had lighted his pipe.

"The coachman," he whispered, "bought an evening paper at the front door of the house from a boy who came down the street, shouting the news. The coachman ran back into the house."

"When was this?" asked Lemerre.

The man pointed to a lad who leaned against the balustrade above the lake, hot and panting for breath.

"He came on his bicycle. He has just arrived."

"Follow me," said Lemerre.

Six yards from where they stood a couple of steps led down from the embankment on to a wooden landing-stage, where boats were moored. Lemerre, followed by the others, walked briskly down on to the landing-stage. An electric launch was waiting. It had an awning and was of the usual type which one hires at Geneva. There were three sergeants in plain clothes on board. Lemerre and the three who followed him stepped into it and it backed away from the stage and, turning, sped swiftly outwards from Geneva. The bright lights of the shops and the restaurants were left behind, the cool darkness enveloped them; a light breeze blew over the lake, a trail of white and tumbled water lengthened out behind, and overhead, in a sky of deepest blue, the bright stars shone like gold.

"If only we are in time!" said Hanaud, catching his breath.

"Yes," answered Lemerre; and in both their voices there was a strange note of gravity. Lemerre gave a signal and the boat turned to the shore and reduced its speed. They had passed the big villas. On the bank the gardens of houses—narrow, long gardens of a street of small houses—reached down to the lake, and to almost each garden

there was a rickety landing-stage of wood projecting into the lake. Again Lemerre gave a signal, and the boat's speed was so much reduced that not a sound of its coming could be heard. It moved over the water like a shadow, with not so much as a curl of white at its bows.

"CAUTIOUSLY THE MEN DISEMBARKED AND CREPT UP THE BANK."

Lemerre touched Hanaud on the shoulder and pointed to a house in a row of houses. All the windows except two upon the second floor and one upon the ground floor were in absolute darkness, and over those upper two the wooden shutters were closed. But in the shutters there were diamond-shaped holes, and from these holes two yellow beams of light streamed out and melted in the air.

"You are sure that the front of the house is guarded?" asked Hanaud, anxiously.

"Yes," replied Lemerre.

Ricardo shivered with excitement. The launch slid noiselessly into the bank and lay hidden under its shadow. Hanaud turned to his associates with his finger to his lips. Something gleamed darkly in his hand. It was the barrel of his revolver. Cautiously the men disembarked and crept up the bank. First came Lemerre, then Hanaud; Ricardo followed him, and the fourth man, who had struck the match under the trees, brought up the rear. The other three officers remained in the boat.

Stooping under the shadow of the side wall the invaders stole towards the house. When a bush rustled or a tree whispered in the light wind, Ricardo's heart jumped to his throat. Once Lemerre stopped, as though his ears heard a sound of danger. Then cautiously he crept on again. The garden was a ragged place of unweeded lawn and straggling bushes. Behind each one Mr. Ricardo seemed to feel an enemy. Never had he been in so strait a predicament. He, the cultured host of Grosvenor Square, was creeping along under a wall with Continental policemen; he was going to raid a sinister house by the Lake of Geneva. It was thrilling. Fear and excitement gripped him in turn and let him go, but always he was sustained by the pride of the man doing an out-of-the-way thing. "If only my friends could see me now!" The ancient vanity was loud in his bosom. Poor fellows, they were upon yachts in the Solent or on grouse-moors in Scotland. He alone of them all was tracking malefactors to their doom by Leman's Lake.

From these agreeable reflections Ricardo was shaken. Lemerre stopped. The raiders had reached the angle made by the side wall of the garden and the house. A whisper was exchanged, and the party moved along the house wall towards the lighted window on the ground floor. As Lemerre reached it he stooped. Then slowly his forehead and his eyes rose above the sill and turned this way and that. Mr. Ricardo could see his eyes

gleaming as the light from the window caught them. His face rose completely over the sill. He stared into the room without care or apprehension and then dropped again out of the reach of the light. He turned to Hanaud.

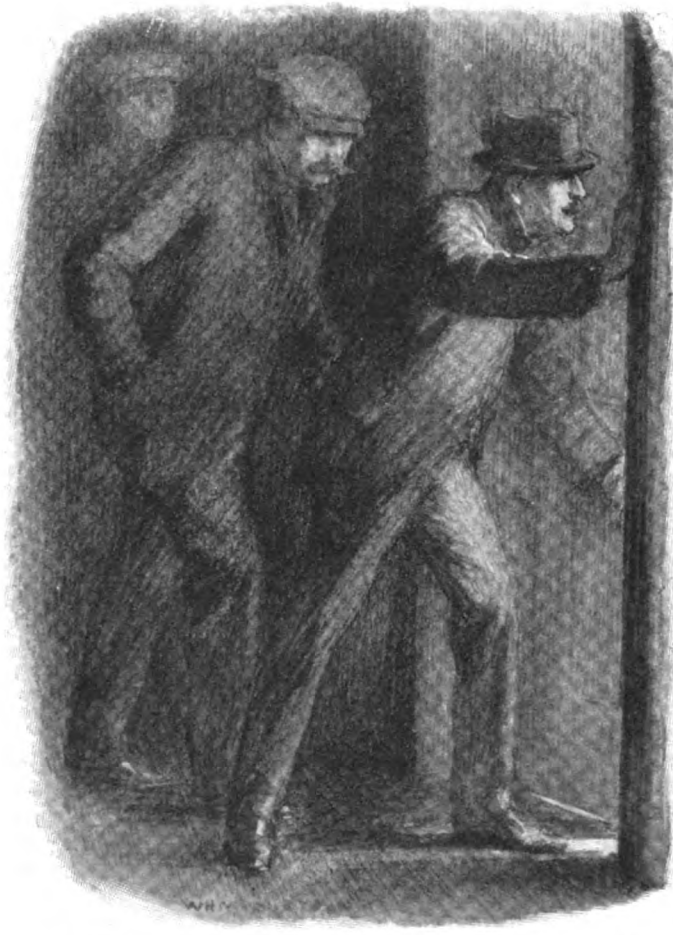
"The room is empty," he whispered.

Hanaud turned to Ricardo.

"Pass under the sill, or the light from the window will throw your shadow upon the lawn."

The party came to the back door of the house. Lemerre tried the handle of the door, and to his surprise it yielded. They crept into the passage. The last man closed the door noiselessly, locked it, and removed the key. A panel of light shone upon the wall a few paces ahead. The door of the lighted room was open. As Ricardo stepped silently past it, he looked in. It was a parlour meanly furnished. Hanaud touched him on the arm and pointed to the table.

Ricardo had seen the objects at which Hanaud pointed often enough without uneasiness. But now, in this silent house of crime, they had the most sinister and appalling aspect. There was a tiny phial half full of a dark brown liquid, beside it a little leather case lay open, and across the case, ready for use or waiting to be filled, was a bright morphia needle. Ricardo felt the cold creep along his spine, and shivered.



"VERY SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY HE OPENED THE DOOR."

"Come," whispered Hanaud.

They reached the foot of a flight of stairs, and cautiously mounted it. They came out in a passage which ran along the side of the

house from the back to the front. It was unlighted, but they were now on the level of the street; and a fan-shaped glass window over the front door admitted a pale light. There was a street lamp near to the door, Ricardo remembered. For by the light of it Marthe Gobin had seen Celia Harland run so nimbly into this house.

For a moment the men in the passage held their breath. Someone strode heavily by on the pavement outside — to Mr. Ricardo's ears a most companionable sound. Then a clock struck the half-hour. It was half-past eight. And a second afterwards a tiny bright light shone suddenly. Hanaud was directing the light of a pocket electric torch to the next flight of stairs.

Here the steps were carpeted, and once more the men crept up. One after another they came out upon the landing. It ran like those below it along the side of the house from the back to the front, and the doors were all upon their left hand. From beneath the door nearest to them a yellow line of light streamed out.

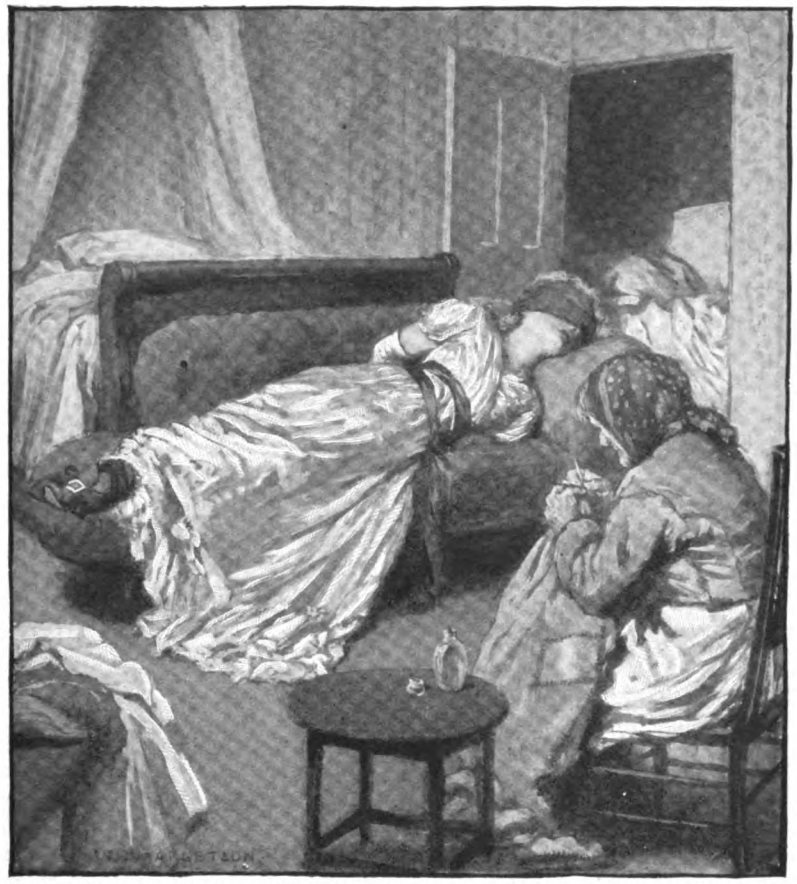
They stood in the darkness listening. But not a sound came from behind the door. Was this room empty, too? In each one's mind was the fear that the birds had flown. Lemerre carefully took the handle of the door and turned it. Very slowly and cautiously he opened the door. A strong light beat out through the widening gap upon his face. And then, though his feet did not move, his shoulders and his face drew back. The action was significant enough. This room, at all events, was not empty. But of what Lemerre saw in the room his face gave no hint. He opened the door wider, and now Hanaud saw. Ricardo, trembling with excitement, watched him. But again there was no expression of surprise, consternation, or delight. He stood stolidly and watched. Then he turned to Ricardo and placed a finger on his lips, and made room. Ricardo crept on tiptoe to his side. And now he too could look in. He saw a brightly-lit bedroom with a made bed. On his left were the shuttered windows overlooking the lake. On his right in the partition wall a door stood open. Through the door he could see a dark, windowless closet, with a small bed from which the bedclothes hung and trailed upon the floor, as though someone had been but now roughly dragged from it. On a table, close by the door, lay a big green hat with a brown ostrich feather and a white cloak. But the amazing spectacle which kept him riveted was just in front of him. An old hag of a woman was sitting in a chair with her back towards them. She was mending with a big needle the holes in an old sack, and while she bent over her work she crooned to herself some French song. Every now and then she raised her eyes. For in front of her, under her charge, Mlle. Célie, the girl of whom Hanaud was in search, lay helpless upon a sofa. The train of her delicate green frock swept the floor. She was dressed as Hélène Vauquier had described. Her gloved hands were tightly bound behind her back, her feet were crossed so that she could not have stood, and her ankles were cruelly strapped together. Over her face and eyes a piece of coarse sacking was stretched like a mask, and the ends were roughly sewn together at the back of her head. She lay so still that, but for the labouring of her bosom and a tremor which now and again shook her limbs, the watchers would have thought her dead. She made no struggle of resistance; she lay quiet and still. Once she writhed, but it was with the uneasiness of one in pain, and the moment she stirred the old woman's hand went out to a bright aluminium flask which stood on a little table at her side.

"Keep quiet, little one!" she ordered, in a careless, chiding voice, and she rapped with the flask peremptorily upon the table. Immediately, as though the tapping had some strange message of terror for the girl's ear, she stiffened her whole body and lay rigid.

"I am not ready for you yet, little fool," said the old woman, and she bent again to her work.

Ricardo's brain whirled. Here was the girl whom they had come to arrest, who had sprung from the salon with so much activity of youth across the stretch of grass, who had run so quickly and lightly across the pavement into this very house, so that she should not be seen. And now she was lying in her fine and delicate attire a captive, bound hand and foot, with her face sewn up in a strip of sacking, at the mercy of the very people who were her accomplices.

Suddenly a scream rang out in the garden —a shrill, loud scream, close beneath the windows. The old woman sprang to her feet. The girl on the sofa raised her head. The old woman took a step towards the window, and then she swiftly turned towards the door. She saw the men upon the threshold. She uttered a bellow of rage. There is no other word to describe the sound. It was not a human cry. It was the bellow of an



"SHE WAS LYING IN HER FINE AND DELICATE ATTIRE A CAPTIVE, BOUND HAND AND FOOT."

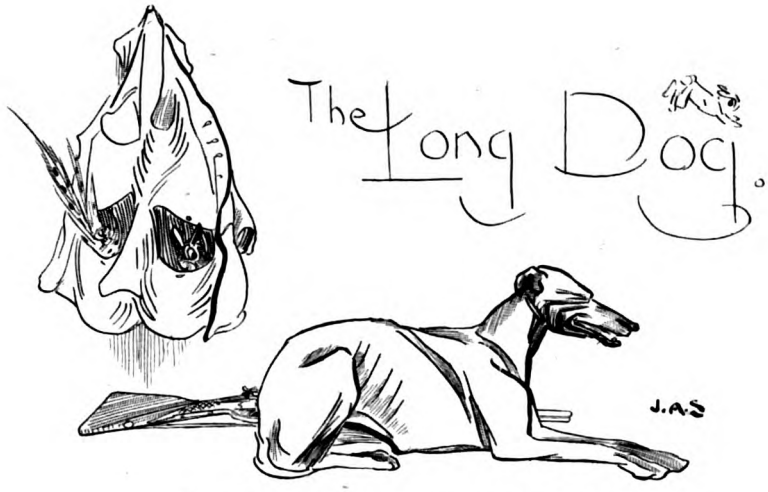
angry animal. She reached out her hand towards the flask, but before she could grasp it Hanaud seized her. She burst into a torrent of foul oaths. Hanaud flung her across to Lemerre's officer, who dragged her from the room.

"Quick!" said Hanaud, pointing to the girl, who was now struggling helplessly upon the sofa. "Mlle. Célie!"

Ricardo cut the stitches of the sacking. Hanaud unstrapped her hands and feet. They helped her to sit up. She shook her hands in the air as though they tortured her, and then, in a piteous, whimpering voice, like a child's, she babbled incoherently and whispered prayers. And then the prayers ceased suddenly. She sat stiff, with eyes fixed and staring. She was watching Lemerre, and she was watching him fascinated with terror. He was holding in his hand the large, bright aluminium flask. He poured a little of the contents very carefully on to a piece of the sack; and then with an exclamation of anger he turned towards Hanaud. But Hanaud was supporting Celia; and so, as Lemerre turned abruptly towards him with the flask in his hand, he turned abruptly towards Celia, too. She wrenched herself from Hanaud's arms, she shrank violently away. Her white face flushed scarlet and grew white again. She screamed loudly, terribly; and after the scream she uttered a strange, weak sigh, and so fell sideways in a swoon. Hanaud caught her as she fell. A light broke over his face.

"Now I understand!" he cried. "Good God! That's horrible."

(To be continued.)



By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by J. A. SHEPHERD.

AS a rule, most of the long dog is greyhound. Occasions have been known when he was *all* greyhound, but they are rare. For the greyhound, though it has speed and silence—two main requisites of the long dog—lacks nose and intelligence, which the long dog *must* have. Here, perhaps, it may be as well to observe parenthetically that the long dog is

THE BACK DOOR.

probably better known to our readers by the more general name of "lurcher," that he is the companion of poachers and suspicious characters, and that he is the extremest type of guile and deceit in all his race. His guile and his "nose" he gets, as a rule, by means of a cross, a generation or two back, with the collie or the sheepdog. A terrier-bred lurcher is bad, for he is apt to be noisy, and noise is the last thing the lurcher's master (or

"WHAT NOISE IS THAT?"

any other thief) is anxious for. Along with intelligence and power of scent he gets strength and endurance from his collie ancestor; indeed, some of the best lurchers have a trace of far-away bulldog blood lurking in some corner of their lank figures. It is a striking fact that the mental qualities, virtuous or the

"I'M OFF!"

reverse, of distant progenitors will remain in a dog family long after every outward resemblance has been bred out of it by persistent crossing with a particular type. Thus the guile of the collie and the courage of the bulldog remain with the lurcher when he has dropped all external evidence of his descent. As to his guile there is no end. One of his first lessons is not to compromise his master. To this end he will habitually take repose on some other person's doorstep, and he will never enter his master's abode except by the back way. Even here his habitual caution never deserts him, and he sleeps with one ear awake for the slightest suspicious sound, which, if it comes, sends him instantly away again through the door, to carry off from his master's premises the load of disrepute that attaches to the long dog.

A DISREPUTABLE DOG.

If you enter a small inn in one of the districts about London, half suburban and half rural, where town-made poaching is common—and this is the case all round the Metropolis—you may chance upon a group of the gentry who use the long dog, with the dog himself in attendance. You will then begin to understand why the lurcher brings disrepute upon those with whom he associates, and you will see that it is because those with whom he associates have first brought disrepute on him. But you will also notice that the long dog, by his behaviour, might belong to anybody about the place but his actual owner. Indeed, you will probably see him at rest against the legs or beneath the seat of the most respectable and harmless person in the bar. That, again, is his way in mixed company.

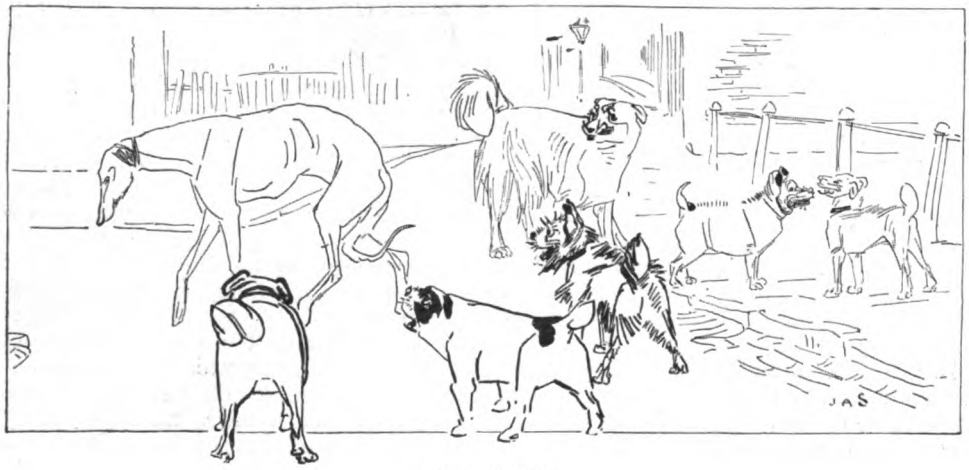
No such pair of apparently utter strangers ever walked along a quiet road as the suburban poacher and his lurcher. Yet the dog—in front, behind, or on the opposite side of the way—is ever alert for his master's signals, imperceptible to an uninstructed stranger. No noisy whistle, no violent gesture is used to direct the long dog. A slight, apparently unconscious, movement of the hand to right or left, as it hangs at the man's side, is all that is needed to instruct the long

A SHELTER OF RESPECTABILITY.

dog to range to one side or the other, to lie, to stand, or to clear out from the neighbourhood altogether.

The long dog makes no acquaintances except his own master. He (the dog, of course) is a lank, retiring, meek-looking recluse, who never makes the least noise, never appears obtrusive, and seems to have no interest in the world whatever, except to get through it as quietly and peaceably as possible. He has no acquaintanceship among other dogs. A social gathering of dogs at a street corner, which is a matter of extreme concern to every dog within hail—a gathering to which even the sedatest mastiff or St. Bernard hurries enthusiastically—never interests the lurcher. He steals meekly by it, or through it, without so much as a glance to right or left. If, scandalized at this ostentatious contempt for their simple pleasures, the assembled dogs protest aloud, neither barks nor growls nor snarls avail to impress the lurcher with any sense of their importance. He makes no sound, his pace neither hastens nor slackens, his nose deviates not an inch to left or right, his tail never wags—nothing in this world can make the lurcher wag his tail, or, indeed, do anything to express any sort or degree of emotion of any kind. He is much too clever for that. Perhaps, if the natural annoyance of some dog leads to actual attack, the lurcher so far condescends as to honour the aggressor with a single snap across the nape—a snap that causes the assailant to fade rapidly away up the street with a diminishing succession of yelps; but then the long dog passes on calmly, with not so much as a glance behind. He neither triumphs nor regrets; he has a mind far above all merely doggy interests. Even in human affairs he betrays no concern. Nevertheless, his master's affairs occupy his whole attention, cleverly as the fact is dissembled.

In simple fact his master is by far the less admirable animal of the two. The long dog's disrepute, properly considered, is the disrepute of his master alone. The lurcher is intelligent beyond belief and faithful in the utmost to the worthless fellow—for that is what his master usually is—who keeps him. The dog devotes himself wholly and unselfishly to his master's interests, but the master merely keeps him as an aid to theft and an idle existence. Make no mistake about the character of the average poacher — more particularly the suburban poacher. He is no poor sportsman driven to poaching for lack of means to follow sport legitimately, though he has at times been known, when driven to admit his practices, to excuse himself as for a very slightly blameworthy hobby. There is not an ounce of sportsmanship in him; and there is no trick too unsportsmanlike or too cruel for him, if it will save him trouble and put him in possession of somebody else's property. For he is a common thief, pure and simple, and a cowardly ruffian at that. He would be a burglar instead of a poacher if it were as easy and as safe, and as lightly punished. But burglary may mean penal servitude, and the burglar must go alone and stand the chance of a knock on the head; whereas poachers may go in gangs and knock other people on the head with safety to them-



A DOG APART.

"OUT."

selves. So instead of jemmy and skeleton keys he provides himself with a coat full of big pockets, a long dog, a "piece," and perhaps a few "braids," some "harness," and a "pug" or two. Here it may be explained that in the slang of these respectable persons a "piece" is a gun, "braids" are nets, "harness" is the word for snares, and a "pug" is a ferret.

The poacher's coat is quite a wonderful construction, and it often has, besides pockets for game, two (one at each breast inside) wherein to bestow the two pieces of a gun, taken apart at the breech. Sometimes the gun is of ordinary proportions, but often it is filed off short at the barrel. This makes it easier of stowage, and, although the shortness of the barrel renders the gun useless for purposes of legitimate sport, it is not for legitimate sport that it is required, but rather to knock birds over wholesale while they are at roost. But often a gun is disliked by the poacher because of its noise, though the suburban poacher is in the habit of making open raids in gangs, caring nothing for noise, and ready to "spifficate" any unfortunate keeper who interferes. But, gun or no gun, the long dog and the coat are necessary, and, notwithstanding that the coat may come home thrice as bulky as it went out, the sly lurcher is as impassive and seemingly as innocent as ever, whether going or returning. He knows a keeper, or any other person likely to make awkward investigations, as well and quite as quickly as his master. Often, indeed, he perceives the approach of the enemy when his master is all unconscious of danger, and many a rascal has escaped jail because of the timely warning of the long dog. Trotting meekly and inoffensively at heel along a field-path, at a single movement of the poacher's hand the lurcher will seem to become another creature. If a hare or a rabbit exist in that field its last hour is come. Its speed is irresistible, its scent never at fault, its cunning beyond that of anything on four legs. Perhaps a net will be hung over the gate of the field, and in that case the quarry will be driven through the gate and into the net. If any hedge-holes exist they are guarded with purse-nets, and into these go such hares as never use the gate.

"HOME."

"THE LONG DOGS' MASTERS ISSUE OUT IN GANGS OF HALF-A-DOZEN OR A DOZEN, ARMED WITH GUNS AND BLUDGEONS."

The purse-net, of course, *may* be used without the aid of a dog, and when the "braids" are used on rabbit-earths the bloodthirsty "pug" does duty in lieu of the dog, being put into the burrow to drive out the unlucky inhabitants into the nets waiting for them.

But, as has been said, it is not always, or even often, that the suburban poacher works alone. Round about London—and, indeed, round about most large towns—the gamekeeper's busiest day is Sunday. Next to that perhaps Saturday afternoon calls for the sharpest day-watching. But Sunday is always a day for a sharp look-out. Then the long dogs' masters issue out in gangs of half-a-dozen or a dozen, or even more, armed with guns and bludgeons. They go quite openly, and take and kill whatever comes in their way, by any means that are handiest. What do they care for an unhappy keeper, walking with his ash-stick? Nothing at all. When he interferes they either grin in his face or bludgeon him. They make no bones about using either guns or cudgels on anybody attempting to stop them, secure in the assurance that nobody dare shoot at them—for the law would soon be down on an outrage of *that* description—so that they may shoot or terrify with impunity. What can the solitary keeper or policeman—and everybody knows how inadequately the semi-rural districts about London are policed—do against such a gang of unscrupulous brutes as these? One of them alone, or two, would whine for mercy if caught with a pocketful of rabbits or pheasants, but the lot together are game to blow any solitary enemy's head off.

Sometimes they will "borrow" an unhappy

"SOMETIMES THEY WILL 'BORROW' AN UNHAPPY PONY FROM A MEADOW AND HARNESS HIM TO A CART."

SKETCH FROM LIFE, ELEVEN A.M.

pony from a meadow, harness him to a cart—probably "borrowed" in the same extemporary manner—and so sweep the country, driving the wretched animal to death, defying authority, and loading the cart with all the game they can lay their hands on. Indeed it pays; and it must be remembered that whatever these ruffians take is sold to the last feather — the object of the expedition is gain, exactly as is the object of burglary or pocket-picking. Manifest the slightest curiosity or interest in the proceedings of such a gang, even turn your head as they pass, and, if there are plenty of them and you are not *very* big, you will receive a volley of curses and an unmistakable hint to make yourself scarce.

"LANDING A DRUMMER."

The "borrowed" equipage has many advantages. The noble sportsmen are saved from irksome walking; they can see over fences as they go, and it is easy to put a dog over here and there in a likely place where he will snap up the equivalent of several pints of beer in a few seconds; and if, by any rare and unhappy chance, a sufficient force collects in opposition to make it seem possible that the gang may not have it *all* its own way, why, then it is easy to clear out and leave the pony and trap to engage the attention of the enemy while the poachers save their precious skins. *They* don't care; neither pony nor cart are theirs, and whether the rightful owners get them or not, or whether or not the pony ever recovers from

A TAME ONE.

the overloading and thrashing, it doesn't matter to them.

Even small parties of two or three are fairly bold on Sunday, when well armed. The unhappy keepers cannot be everywhere, and it is easy to send the long dog into a field or plantation, where he will pick up the few shillings his master is too tired to earn in as few minutes. But the regular suburban poacher does not confine business to Sunday. Nightly the long dog works for his leisurely master, and many a "drummer" is "landed" each night of the week over the palings of the parks of Kent and Surrey—to say nothing of the other home counties. "Drummer," by the way, is another piece of poacher's slang; it means a rabbit.

On these nocturnal enterprises it is not only the rich man's preserves that suffer. If wild "drummers" are scarce—or even if they are not — any tempting hutch of tame bunnies may be invaded by the long dog on his master's instructions. He makes no difficulty of turning the buttons of a door—even a less simple fastening presents no difficulty to the artful lurcher. As to the rest—the long dog, since he can pick up a wild rabbit in a dark field almost as easily as you can pick up a stick from the floor, has less than no trouble in bringing out the tame creature, a lifeless lump, to his master, waiting in calm safety in the outer road. And the matter of disposal is easy—it would seem that there is no piece of stolen property so easy to turn into ready money as a dead rabbit or the like. All game, in season and out of season, finds a ready market somewhere, and the poacher with a good lurcher to keep him rarely lacks the price of a pint of the beer that is his chief support, comforter, and object of ambition in this otherwise ignoble world. One channel of distribution is not difficult to find. Call at one of the little inns where gentlemen of the long dog assemble for rest (of which they take a good deal, one way and another) and recreation, and where the long dog succeeds in appearing to be the property of somebody who never saw him before. Take your drink and ask the landlord if he has a wild rabbit to sell. He will stare and tell you he is not a game dealer. But call a few times more and say nothing, and, when he gets to know your face, the

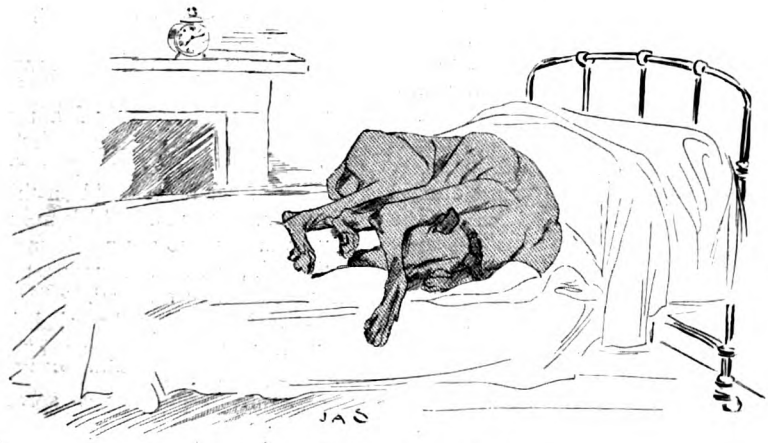
AFTER A "RED-'UN."

landlord will probably ask you one day if you could "do with a rabbit or a bird or two."

As to birds, again, the suburban poacher is not at the end of his resources when the pheasant roosts fail. He can always get a "red-'un." For every rabbit-hutch there are a dozen hen-coops, and the long dog will return from almost any cottage-yard you may send him into with a slaughtered "red-'un" — which is nothing more nor less than a common domestic fowl. The poacher isn't particular what sort of theft the long dog undertakes for him — why should he be? An ordinary fowl will fetch money, and that is what the gallant sportsman is after; and whether the fowl's owner is a rich man or a poor old woman the fine old suburban sportsman doesn't care one bit. Again, why should he? The dog takes whatever risk there may be, and his is the skill that effects the robbery; the man's department is to stick to the proceeds. And it is a fact that almost every kind of domestic fowl at roost will raise no alarm if disturbed. Go into a fowl-house at night, and it is ten to one that you may knock all the birds over with a stick, one after another, with no more noise than that made by the stick and the fluttering wings.

A "RED-'UN" BAGGED.

Thus one sees that the poacher himself draws no fine line between poaching and ordinary theft, and, that being so, why should anybody else go to that unnecessary and altogether foolish trouble? If he could trust the animal to open a safe and "land" a bag of sovereigns he would send the long dog into a bank. And the dog would go, too, and execute the commission with a fidelity and skill that would be none the less praiseworthy because his master had misdirected them. For the long dog is a noble and admirable creature, stanch to the sole moral law he knows, which is that of fidelity and entire devotion to his master. And there was but lately a case wherein a lurcher testified his affection for his dead master (who had been a sad scoundrel, and not always kind even to his dog) by lying inconsolable upon his vacant bed, and refusing to leave it, even for food, for more than a week.



THE POACHER'S CHIEF MOURNER.

The Siren of the "Grey Bat."

By JAMES BARR.

AS I strolled along the chief street of Nassau, out of the corner of my eye I detected many people point at me and speak. I did not need to hear what they said in order to understand. "Captain Pilbeam, the blockade-runner," they said. That was enough. I elevated the burning end of my cigar a little higher, tilted my cap a little farther a-starboard, and strolled on.

We successful blockade-runners knew our importance. After my third run "out and home" from Nassau, in the Bahamas, to Wilmington, North Carolina, I felt myself entitled to swagger. Indeed, those were glorious days when North and South frenziedly hurled armies at one another—glorious, useful days. I smoked the finest aromatic cigar ever rolled and blew the cork from many a bottle of extra dry, for at that time the adventurous and enterprising were paid in capfuls of guineas—not as in these niggard days, when merchants thumb out the hesitating pounds. To the man possessed of a clear head and a mind to risk the same, merchants spoke in big bank notes. My bank account had grown from next to nothing to well over ten thousand pounds, owners competed for my services, and my name was as celebrated throughout the Northern as the Southern States, although, perhaps, not quite so respected. For the successful running of a blockade give me a Scotch crew commanded by an Englishman. That's the combination that has built the British Empire.

My boat, the *Grey Bat*, lay at her moorings, loaded to the last inch with Manchester goods, and only awaited my stepping aboard to flutter off upon the Atlantic and, in the hours of darkness, to zigzag between surly fighting-ships in the hope of fetching Wilmington. Already six successful trips were to my credit; I hoped to make the number sixteen. We had been awaiting the dark of the moon, but to-night would sail. Having seen everything shipshape aboard, I was treating myself to a last stroll through the prosperity-intoxicated town of Nassau.

Suddenly I was brought to an abrupt standstill. A girl—she looked but about twenty-one—coming in the opposite direction, on seeing me uttered a little cry of surprise, hesitated for a second, and then, running quickly up to me, she placed her hands on my arm and exclaimed:—

"Captain Pilbeam!"

I was obliged to take half a step back to make room for my most polite bow.

"I knew you at a glance," she cried, musically yet excitedly. "I cannot be mistaken!"

"You can only be charming," I answered, I think rather gallantly. "We have met before?"

She shook her pretty head.

"I have met your fame everywhere," she said.

"Then it has been keeping very good company," I added.

At a glance I saw that she was strikingly beautiful, a typical Dixie belle, in fact. She stood tall and lithe, her hair was black as though spun of midnight, her eyes were large and dark, and her oval face rounded into a beautifully moulded, though rather decided, chin. Her dress, too, was handsome, but that of itself would have attracted little attention, for all the ladies of Nassau were sumptuously attired in the days when prosperity pressed upon the place. Nassau jingled of guineas.

"The sight of you, Captain Pilbeam, fills my heart with confidence. So brave a gentleman as you never refused aid to a girl in distress. Captain Pilbeam, I am in great trouble."

The large eyes which she turned on mine swam in tears.

"Truly, madam, truly I am sorry to hear what you say," I spoke, quite carried away by her beauty and the fluttering tremor of distress in her tones. "You think I can be of assistance to you? Tell me how."

"I want you to see me home," she said.

"I will, with the greatest pleasure," I answered, much relieved.

"Oh, thank you," she cried, in delight.

"Will you accept my arm?" I asked. "I will see you home at once."

A smile, roguish yet sorrowful, flitted round her lips.

"My home is in Tennessee," she said.

I was used to sudden surprises and generally on the look-out for them, but this time found myself unprepared.

"I had almost despaired of seeing my home again," the girl continued, giving me

"SHE PLACED HER HANDS ON MY ARMS AND EXCLAIMED: 'CAPTAIN PILBEAM!'"

no chance to protest. "Having the word of Captain Pilbeam, I feel that I am as good as home already."

Well, there I stood, meditatively rubbing my ear. I realized that I had in fact given my word, and that a man must pay for his gallantry. When she mentioned "home" I had thought of round the corner or along the street, but never of far-off Tennessee. I imagined I was offering my arm; she accepted my boat. I realized that the clever little beauty had stormed me at my weak point, my vanity; but Captain Pilbeam had passed his word, and Captain Pilbeam's word stands. I stood there rubbing my ear, whistling low, and gazing at the pointed toes of my boots; then I raised my eyes and asked:—

"Will you release me from that promise?"

"Captain Pilbeam will not desire to be released from any promise he has made," she answered, sweetly. I bowed.

"The *Grey Bat* sails at eleven o'clock to-night. There will be a cabin ready for you at ten."

"Thank you. I will be aboard by ten," she said, holding out a dainty hand. I shook it, and with a bow we parted.

Continuing my walk, I cannot say that I felt annoyed or disconcerted over the head of this matter. To be sure it was quite contrary to my own and the owner's rules to carry passengers, least of all female passengers who mentioned distress instead of guineas. A blockade-runner, with her low funnel and topmasts down, her decks piled high with valuable contraband, nosing her way through the blackness of a cloudy night among half a hundred hostile fighting-ships, was not the place for a pretty girl who might have nerves. Noise was the very last thing we desired to carry aboard the *Grey Bat*. However, repeated successes had placed me above fear of rules, whether made by the owner or myself. I felt a warm pride in that such a girl had implored my assistance, and this was enhanced by the fact that my fame, not previous friendship, had caused her to come to me. There were many blockade-runners in Nassau at the time. The girl had come to me! Soon I walked, enjoying the sunshine and the attention I attracted.

That evening I dined on shore, but parted with my host early, and by eight bells stepped aboard the *Grey Bat*. Calling the steward, I told him to make ready my cabin for a passenger who would come aboard in a couple of hours. I made no mention of the character of passenger expected. In the first place that was none of his business; in the second I desired to avoid any risk of the news getting to the ears of the owner in time for him to kick up an effective fuss. That there would be a row I quite knew, and I wished it to be a short one. I feared the owner not in the least. Rather than lose me Mr. Jellicoe would ship a ladies' boarding-school, adding, if necessary, to please me, a convent. Yet he would row with me to the very breaking-point over anything which struck him as the least against the interests of his pocket. This time I felt it in my bones that he would have justice on his side. "Captain Pilbeam"—I invariably give my-

self the title that is mine by rights—"Captain Pilbeam, you have shipped many a dangerous cargo aboard the *Grey Bat*, but never one quite so dangerous as this Miss—Miss—— Why, dash your eyes, Captain Pilbeam, you forgot to ask the girl her name! Never mind her name, Captain Pilbeam; she's female, and that's explosive."

An hour later Mr. Jellicoe came puffing over the side. I was a great favourite with Mr. Emanuel Jellicoe, but set no store by that, for had Old Nick himself made half-a-dozen "out and home" trips for him at a profit of twenty thousand pounds a trip, Mr. Emanuel Jellicoe would have forgiven him all his sins and patted him encouragingly on the back. Yet I must give the owner his due. The ship he gave me to command was the fastest, silentest, and best appointed of all that nondescript fleet which earned a living by eluding the Federal blockading squadron, and, besides, he placed at my disposal ample room to carry some merchandise for private speculation. Being fat, he believed in fat oxen. We began by pacing the little deck, and as he walked Mr. Jellicoe proved to be optimism personified. He knew I would get through; he was certain that even should Lincoln take every Federal ship that carried a gun and pack them all into the mouth of Cape Fear River I would manage to get through, over, or under them somehow, and land my cargo in Wilmington. He knew. I was not so confoundedly sure; but if you want to find a man who has no doubts, lay hands on an owner who does not sail in his own ship. Occasionally he forgot himself and patted me on the back. We descended to the little cabin to drink a glass of grog before bidding each other good-bye. Mr. Jellicoe had raised the glass of rum to the light to squint at its whiteness, when down the companion-way came my lass of the afternoon. In this instance afternoon was instantly followed by midnight in the form of the blackest, grinningest mammy negress I had ever clapped eyes on, who brought with her a grin which would have laden a ship. At sight of the girl I arose, but Jellicoe fell back into his arm-chair, stretching his stumpy legs out before him until each of his feet stuck up like a note of interrogation. Upon Mr. Jellicoe my passenger's eyes flashed with a sudden, certain light, and a shadow dusked her face. I thought that perhaps she knew the owner, but in this I was mistaken. She turned smilingly to me and said:—

"The night is propitious, Captain Pilbeam. It is so black outside that they had difficulty in finding the *Grey Bat* for me."

"You begin by bringing me good fortune," I answered.

"Captain Pilbeam! Captain Pilbeam!" exclaimed Mr. Jellicoe, jerking his head from the girl to me and from me to the girl. I paid not the slightest attention to him. Taking three strides from the table I flung open the state-room door.

"I have had this prepared for your use. It is small, but, believe me, the best I carry. Perhaps you can manage," I said.

"Small!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "It is far better than I ever dared to hope for aboard a boat where room is so valuable. I thought it right to bring aboard no more luggage than indispensable"; she cast a glance at the large carpet-bag carried by the mammy maid. "At Wilmington I can replenish."

"Captain Pilbeam! Captain Pilbeam!" gasped Mr. Jellicoe.

"I believe we are in for a smooth passage," I said.

"You will find me a capital sailor," she replied, reassuringly.

Mr. Jellicoe heaved himself until he sat upright in his chair.

"Who the deuce is this you have brought aboard my boat, Captain Pilbeam?" he demanded of me; but without waiting for a reply he whirled on the girl with, "Who, madam, are you, may I ask?"

She smiled her sweetest and, dropping a saucy genuflexion, replied:—

"Captain Pilbeam's guest, sir." She swept past him and entered the cabin, followed by that black mammy maid. The door was closed and I left alone with the owner. Mr. Jellicoe was beside himself with rage.

"What does this mean, Captain Pilbeam?" he bawled.

"It means that I am taking a passenger to Wilmington, sir," I replied, seating myself and taking up my glass.

"Not on my boat, Captain Pilbeam! No, by heavens, not on my boat!"

"On your boat, sir," I answered, quietly.

The wrath of a fat man is something fearful—while it lasts. Mr. Jellicoe's was as effective and terrible as a volcanic eruption. He raved and raged round that cabin like a lunatic. Suddenly he ceased and asked:—

"Who is she?"

"My guest."

"That I have heard already. Do you know her?"

"Look you here, sir," I said, decisively.

"We may as well cut the matter short. I found her distressed and promised her a passage to Wilmington."

"Distress? Women are always in distress. They are not happy unless distressed. But, Captain Pilbeam, I'll have you know that we are not a distressed women's consoling society—we're blockade-runners—and until that woman and her ebony comedy quit this ship I do not leave this cabin. I own this boat, I'll have you understand, and it is *I* who says what goes."

He beat his chest, strutting up and staring me in the face. Then I lost my temper.

"I OWN THIS BOAT, AND IT IS I WHO SAYS WHAT GOES."

"Mr. Jellicoe, you have ever been the cheerful optimist of this business. Safely ashore all the time, you have assured me that blockade-running is a safe and healthy pastime. That you are so convinced of this will be a great satisfaction to you, for, after the way you have spoken to me, I am determined that you shall make this trip with me. Hicks!" I shouted to a sailor, "see that no one leaves this cabin till we are clear of the harbour. No one, you understand!"

As I ascended the companion-way to the deck I heard Mr. Jellicoe beating with his fleshy fist on the door of the lady's cabin, shouting, "Out of this and get ashore!" while the deep voice of the mammy maid was responding with, 'Go 'long 'way, you white trash. Go 'way from here, you bad white man." Leaving Jellicoe and the black mammy to fight the matter out I mounted the bridge, cast off our moorings, and made out into the night.

As I have told, we were making for Wilmington, North Carolina. Fort Fisher, commanding the entrance of the river, was as yet in the possession of the South, so that a blockade-runner which managed to come within the radius of the fort's guns was safe from pursuit. The North had flung a rainbow of fighting-ships so as to envelop the mouth of the river, every sort of ship that could carry a gun being pressed into service. During the hours of daylight these ships stood well out to sea on the look-out for blockade-runners, but when darkness fell they bunched in, until they formed a living boom across the mouth of the river. The favourite manner of eluding this blockade was by hugging either shore so closely that the beach formed a black background, allowing the runner to steal past the end of the boom unperceived. This plan I had never liked. The least miscalculation in the darkness—and miscalculation and darkness go hand in hand—lands one aground and wholly at the mercy of the fighting-ships when dawn reveals the secrets of the night. Having a fast ship, I chose the open sea, cutting a way through the very middle of that rainbow of watchers. In both men and ship I had absolute confidence. We had all been under fire many times, and no matter in what desperate corner we found ourselves, it did not cross the mind of one of us to surrender. Our twin screws, a new device at that day, enabled us to dodge about like a hare—so nimble, indeed, that no

man-of-war could hope to catch us unless she managed first to maim us with her guns. Shooting in the dark is nothing more than guess-work, and hitting goes by chance. We had been hit occasionally, but never vitally injured, and nothing but a fatal stroke could make us dream of coming-to.

Two American cruisers stood off and on Nassau on the watch for blockade-runners, but before break of morn we had slipped their zone of sight and were in a desolation of open sea. I made it a rule never to quit the bridge from the time of up-anchor till we tugged at moorings under the guns of Fort Fisher. An arm-chair lashed to the pilot-house furnished me with a place to doze an occasional hour away, always with one eye open; but this trip having begun with an exception to rules must continue so, and as the *Grey Bat* was making good weather of it, and no smoke of vigilant cruiser dusked the horizon, I determined to breakfast with my willing and my unwilling guest. M'Graw, chief officer, rubbed a clean-shaved chin when he heard, but never a smile wrinkled his freckly face. For true eloquence give me a Scotsman's silence. As I walked astern I felt M'Graw's glance burn my shoulder-blades.

At the head of the companion-way I came upon Mr. Jellicoe. He frankly bade me good morning, and, with no reference to last night's difference, we discussed the prospects of the trip. I found that he was not now so confoundedly certain of the safety of the venture as when we discussed the matter in Nassau. Presently we descended into the cabin.

There stood my fair passenger watching the water wash and play against a porthole. She advanced quickly to meet us, shook me by the hand, and without the least hesitation held out her hand to the owner. As she turned to me I spoke:—

"I have been inattentive to duty. This is not a passenger ship, and I must enter you as one of the crew. I am in difficulty——"

"You want my name?" she said, laughingly. I nodded affirmatively.

"Virginia Penrose."

"Your rating might trouble some, but one glance at you convinces me that you are an able seaman," I said, rather gallantly for a sailor-man, I think.

"Put Miss Penrose down as 'The Siren,' Captain Pilbeam," said Mr. Jellicoe, but after this good beginning he became silent and continued so all through the meal. I doubt if Miss Penrose understood Jellicoe's reference to the steam-whistle, but she accepted the title and continued the allegory.

"'The Siren' thanks you, Captain Pilbeam, for the cave you gave her"; she motioned towards the state-room. "It proves most comfortable, and I slept as if on shore."

"The very sea considers you," I replied, after which we dropped compliments and set to at a hearty breakfast. Miss Penrose was in the most exuberant spirits; her scintillating small talk played in effective contrast to the dark background of Mr. Jellicoe's silence. I never sat at a more enjoyable breakfast. The presence of the girl made me wish for the command of a passenger ship. Before rising from the table I made certain that the bridge should have the pleasure of her company. I desired M'Graw to meet Miss Virginia.

A girl aboard a blockade-runner was a new experience to us. The crew gaped in open-mouthed wonder to see Miss Virginia tripping about the bridge and putting questions to grim M'Graw. M'Graw had more monosyllables at his command than any man I ever knew, and the girl obliged him to use them all before she had been on the bridge an hour. When at last the mammy maid came on deck the crew to a man struck work to gather round her. I heard roars of laughter from abaft the funnel, punctured occasionally by the words "White trash" and "Go 'long 'way thar." She could hold her own with the best of them, this ebony comedy could. The crew must have heard Mr. Jellicoe's remark of the morning, for they spoke of the girl as "The Siren," to the great annoyance of the mammy maid, who repeatedly proclaimed, "Si-nothing, she ain't; she's Miss 'Ginia, she am." I decided to have all my meals in the cabin.

It turned out to be a sort of dream-day at sea. The sun swung round the heavens in a veil of haze. At four bells that evening we were sighted by a nondescript armed ship, which undertook to overhaul us, but we ran away from her and disappeared into the night. Next day our good fortune continued, and, excepting that we were obliged to lay-to for an hour the while a cruiser crawled blindly past us, we experienced no check, so that before the sun sank I knew myself to be well placed for the run-in during the hours of darkness. Hitherto the voyage had been full of frivolity, Mr. Jellicoe alone excepted. With the serious work close at hand, however, officers and crew shook down to a proper frame of mind.

Darkness crowded down upon the face of the waters. A gentle wind sprang up to

dance along our deck ; some uncertain stars came out to glow through the rather thick atmosphere. Those of us who wore boots slipped them off to insure against any noise ; not a word was spoken above a whisper ; a sharp look-out was kept on the funnel to make sure no sparks escaped ; pipes were stowed away ; and not a light burned aboard the *Grey Bat*, which cut her way through

already ascending the ladder leading to the bridge. Instantly I stepped forward, hoping to persuade her to return below, but I found she wished otherwise.

"Do not order me below," she said, imploringly. "Let me stay by your side. Down below I am filled with horror and dread. Let me stay here."

"But the danger!"

"I THREW MY ARM ROUND THE GIRL'S WAIST AND WRENCHED HER FROM THE RAIL."

the swell that slid in from oblivion ahead and slid out into oblivion astern. We stood upon the threshold of danger. Down below in the black cabin sat Miss Penrose and the mammy maid.

I peered into the face of my watch. It lacked but a few minutes of midnight. Footsteps sounded along the deck. Turning, I made out the form of my lady passenger

"I fear no danger in the open air. I can breathe here. Below I go mad."

"But——" I began, when I felt a touch on the arm, and, turning, saw M'Graw pointing into the gloom with his right hand and motioning to the wheelsman to larboard with the other. I had no need to peer into the gloom to know that danger was at hand.

"Sit still in this chair," I whispered, picking the girl up in my arms and running with her on stocking soles to the arm-chair. We were running at half-speed. Below, the engineers were standing by their engines ready instantly to obey commands; forward, in a crow's-nest on the sharp look-out, my second officer and sharpest-sighted sailor were peering into the night. As I stood by the side of M'Graw he pointed, and through my glasses I made out the amorphous blotch of a large ship drift past us and drop astern. We had safely passed the farthest outpost of the cruisers. I took the mouth of the speaking-tube into my hand to be ready to give promptly any order that should pass to the engineers. The boat trembled to the rigour of the suppressed press of steam. I knew the boilers were being strained to bursting-point, and that when I gave the order for full steam ahead the *Grey Bat* would leap out of the water.

On a sudden the two men in the crow's-nest simultaneously signalled danger. But not the same danger. One pointed almost direct ahead; the other well to starboard. Down the tube I gave the order to reverse the larboard engine and send forward the starboard at full-speed, and, with the helm thrown full over, we turned in our own length and slipped away until I could just make out the shapes of the blockaders. They were motionless, so I came about and ran well astern of the one which had been on our starboard bow. However, I had barely passed her when again signal of danger dead ahead was given. No sooner were the engines stopped than we saw that we lay between two lines of blockaders, with little chance at the moment of getting through either line. There was nothing for it but to lie motionless where we were, and to hope that the fighting-ships would drift past. The ships had a good head of steam, but were slowly patrolling to and fro, no doubt keeping a sharp look-out for just such as we, but we were most difficult to detect owing to our colour and our silence. M'Graw had taken the speaking-tube from me to leave me free to command the situation through my glasses. We held our breaths.

My glasses dropped out of my hand! My hair stood on end! The awful stillness was splintered and shivered by the most piercing shrieks that ever split mortal ears. I whirled aghast, and there stood Virginia Penrose, her hands clutching the rails and her whole frame quivering to the frenzy of her hysteria. As I sprang towards her to clap my big palm over her mouth, I heard, bawled at me through the darkness, "Heave to in that steamer, or I'll sink you!"

"Aye, aye, sir," M'Graw bawled back, but as I threw my arm round the girl's waist and wrenched her from the rail I saw my grand chief officer clap his lips to the speaking-tube and gruffly order full steam ahead. The next instant I leaped with the struggling, screaming girl to the deck, and as I dashed down into the cabin with her I heard the first heavy gun go off. I felt the *Grey Bat* leap under my feet. I flung my load into the arms of the mammy maid.

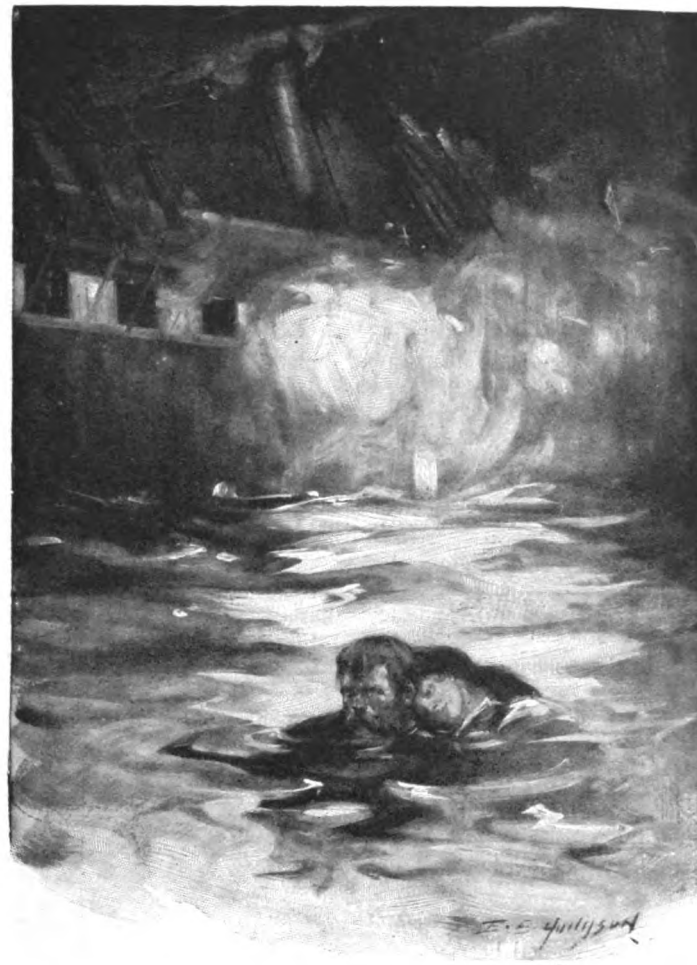
"Your mistress is in hysterics," I bawled. "Silence her somehow or we are lost, and see to it that she does not get on deck again."

As I popped my head out of the companion-way a round shot came leaping aboard, scored the deck as lightning scores the oak, burst open a bale of Manchester goods, and carrying away a section of our bulwarks ricochetted off to sea. Bullets from carbines were rattling upon our deck, from which I knew we must be close alongside something. I ran for the bridge and sprang upon it. There I bumped against Mr. Jellicoe, who was gesticulating wildly in the face of M'Graw.

"Come-to, I command you," he yelled, terror-stricken. "What is the cargo and ship to the lives of the lot of us? For Heaven's sake give in and spare us."

M'Graw rubbed his hands together, a broad grin spanned his face, his eyes sparkled with delight, and he kept muttering "Tut-tut! tut-tut!" upbraiding both Jellicoe and the Federal ships. I seized the owner by the arm, heaved him to the deck, and bawled at him, "To the cabin for your life!" and had the satisfaction of seeing him run aft as if Old Nick were after him.

"Hot wark! hot wark!" muttered M'Graw; "but we have the foot o' them. It will no' last," he added, rather disappointedly, for danger was dissipation to him. I glanced at the compass and saw he had been obliged to turn back, for we were heading almost due east. There was likely to be no Fort Fisher for us this night, should we not manage to elude our pursuers quickly. I determined, as soon as the foremost pursuer should become indistinct in the dark, to turn sharp and lie quiet until the ships swept past, then to dash for the opening their absence would make in the line of blockaders. We were soon out of range of the carbines, but we could see the flash of big guns as the two



"SHE UTTERED NOT A WORD, BUT LAY BACK ON ME AS THOUGH IN A PARTIAL FAINT."

foremost cruisers shot blindly ahead. I gave the order to starboard the helm, and a few minutes later stopped the engines, blowing off steam under water. Then we watched the dark forms of three vessels lunge through the night, firing ahead of them as they went. The hindmost of them was almost abreast of us, when again the chills were sent coursing up and down my spine by those appalling screams, this time augmented by shouts and curses.

"That's intentional!" barked M'Graw, fiercely.

I stood rooted to the spot.

"Heave her overboard—that will stop her mouth!" exclaimed one of the crew.

As I sprang for the deck I saw Jellicoe rush at the girl, who stood at the head of the companion-way, snatch her up in his strong arms, take two steps with her, and hurl her into the sea. The next instant I jumped, and I think we struck the water simultaneously. I did not swim; I simply took four strides across water, and had the girl under the arms before she realized what had happened to her. She uttered not a word, but lay back on me as though in a partial faint. As I looked round in an endeavour to locate the *Grey Bat* I heard the officers aboard the Federal ships sing out their orders, and one vessel, better placed or sharper of eye than the rest, opened fire over our heads, each explosion seeming to take us by the shoulders and heave us out of the water, so close we were to the muzzles of her guns. But I knew M'Graw. He would be blown to atoms rather than desert his captain. I had not long to wait before I heard his calm, gruff voice

come from the surrounding gloom, "Sing out, captain; the boat is lowered." I answered, and a minute later the two of us were being hauled over the side of the small boat.

When I stepped on deck I gave the order: "Run for it, M'Graw. We're too late to make Fort Fisher to-night. Stand out to sea."

As we pressed ahead, a corvette gave us one awful lick on the larboard side, just above the water-line, but the *Grey Bat* soon left all danger behind, and when morning broke we were well clear of the warships' zone of action.

I ordered the funnel and masts to be lowered, to make us less conspicuous, and the fires banked to save every pound of our precious smokeless coal, and we prepared to lay-to for the day. I did not go below, spending most of my time dozing in my arm-chair. M'Graw sat in the lee of a bale of goods and grimly smoked. The crew gathered together forward, and I knew, from the glances which they cast aft, that they discussed "The Siren."

It was close upon four bells in the afternoon when the mammy maid came ambling aft and called up to me, saying that her mistress would like to speak with me. I at once descended to the cabin and found Miss Penrose there. She had flung herself into a chair, placed her arms along the table and her face upon them, and there she lay, her jet-black hair falling in great coils to either side of her, showing in wavy rebellion over last night's wetting. A long time she moved not a muscle. Then she raised her face and I saw with distress that it was ineffably sad. The smile which fluttered on her lips but accentuated the sadness.

"You know me now, Captain Pilbeam," she said, gazing at me yearningly.

"I know you as my most delightful guest," I answered, hoping to put her at ease.

"You know me as something more?"

"No, Miss Penrose."

"Not?" she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "Then you shall know me as something more. I am—I am—I do not know the word for it. 'Spy' will do. Spy! spy! spy! I deliberately screamed those screams of last night. You did not dream that when you leaped into the sea to save me."

"The knowledge would have made no difference," I answered, hiding my surprise.

"I believe you, Captain Pilbeam, and believing makes shame to tear at my heart. I will tell you everything. My soul has been aflame with ardour for the Northern cause."

"I understood your home was in Tennessee?"

"My home is in Tennessee, but it is many a day since last I saw my home. My father, a true Southerner, died long years ago; my mother, too, is dead, and my brother and I were brought up at my mother's old home in Maine. That brother commands a cruiser keeping watch before Fort Fisher. His letters first put it into my head to attempt your downfall, Captain Pilbeam. He told how your successes had bewitched many men to adventure, and made the work of the Northern ships before Wilmington almost unbearably arduous. Unknown to him I resolved to dethrone the king of the blockade-runners—you, Captain Pilbeam. I made my way to Bermuda, and from there to Nassau. I had learned that a noise aboard the blockade-runner was all that was needed to bring about its capture. Evidently I chose the wrong moment."

"Indeed, no, Miss Penrose. I could not have signalled you a choicer moment than you yourself picked upon."

"I failed," she answered, with a sigh, which I took for one of relief.

"Blame that grand Scotsman, M'Graw, who held on through a cannonade that would have taken the heart out of almost any other man. We have but one coward aboard the *Grey Bat*."

"Do not be hard on Mr. Jellicoe," she implored, divining whom I meant. "In his place I might have done as he did. Let me tell him that I bear no grudge. Where can I see him?"

"He is in custody in the forecastle, learning that things are not to be done aboard this ship without my commands."

"Please liberate him, Captain Pilbeam."

"I can refuse you nothing. He shall come forth."

We dropped the subject of Mr. Jellicoe there and then.

"You will attempt to run the blockade again to-night?"

"Most certainly."

"Sincerely I hope you will succeed."

"You forget the Northern cause," I said, lightly.

The girl spoke wistfully. "Since last night I have been thinking — thinking as deeply as my poor brains can think. Captain Pilbeam, I find that I am neither wholly of the North nor wholly of the South. The South is my country as much as the North. Surroundings in Maine blinded me to that fact, but now I realize that North and South

are one and their name is America. Heaven knows which is right. I have put in one stroke for the North, now I would like to equate with one for the South."

shoals, yet I must adopt the unheroic method of sneaking alongshore past the end of the cordon. I must nurse my coal at all hazard. There is none to be had at Wilmington."

"A BOLT OF FIRE HEAVED INTO THE BLACK SKY AND BROKE INTO A FLOWER OF FLAMES."

"A woman's logic."

"You suggest want of logic. I do not care. Tell me, do you mean to try the same manœuvre as last night's?"

"No. Coal is running short, and I cannot afford to race about the ocean. Although I dislike risking the *Grey Bat* among the

"Then, Captain Pilbeam, let me warn you of a trap. Should you come upon a cruiser riding just far enough from shore to allow you to pass—a cruiser which, to all appearances, does not notice you—give me your word that you will put about and make for the open sea. It is the very jaws of a trap."

"Cruiser or no cruiser, I go into Wilmington this night. I will pass cruiser, man-of-war, corvette, gunboat, or any other craft that floats. But the trap?"

"If the trap is set for you, this is what you will find," she said, sitting down and breaking a ship's biscuit into parts serviceable for illustrating her remarks. "Here is the cruiser lying just close enough to the beach to invite you to pass inshore of her. Impossible for you to notice, she will have out a kedge anchor ready to warp her rapidly inshore when you have passed."

"Kedge anchor? Warp? You understand nautical terms, then?"

"I am a captain's daughter and a captain's sister, Captain Pilbeam."

I bowed.

"Here you see the other ships arranged in a semicircle, awaiting a rocket which will go up from the cruiser the moment you pass. They form a sweep net. Each at the signal will focus upon you, compelling you to double back for the passage by which you entered. Meanwhile, all unknown to you, the cruiser will have moved in so much as to insure your running aground if the other ships fail to bring you to or sink you. You see the trap?"

She ceased and gazed up at me, her great eyes full of concern. I pondered over those biscuit crumbs.

"If that trap is set I am sorry you are aboard, Miss Penrose," I said.

"Why?"

"Why, because I am going into it, and, 'pon my word, I do not see my way out. Grant me a favour. At sight of the first blockader I will lower a boat with two men, who will see you safely on land or aboard the nearest blockader, while the *Grey Bat* attempts the run-in. This ship will be no place for a woman to-night."

The girl stood forth the personification of indignation.

"Captain Pilbeam," she said, after a moment of silent glaring at me—"Captain Pilbeam, you promised to see me to Wilmington. I hold you to that promise. I go where you go."

I rejoined M'Graw on the bridge. The Scotsman scratched his red head over the problem; then he said:—

"Man, I like her patter better than her high notes."

I chose my own time to raise the land to the north of Fort Fisher. It was very dark when I headed south and began my cautious creep parallel with the coast, our dark grey bulk lost to sight from the sea by the blackness of the beach. Sure enough, there rode a vessel almost dead ahead of us. Could this be the mouth of the trap? It looked much like it. M'Graw had agreed with me that we should act as though we suspected no trap, even if a trap had been set for us. I gently swayed the *Grey Bat* to starboard, and with extra caution crept between the cruiser and the shore. To all appearances we were quite unnoticed, so having cleared the cruiser I gave the shore a wider berth. To tell the truth I saw no signs of the trap, yet that silent cruiser looked sinister. M'Graw kept a sharp look-out ahead; I kept my eyes riveted on the vessel we had passed.

"By heavens, the rocket!"

A bolt of fire heaved into the black sky and broke into a flower of flames.

"Full steam, M'Graw!"

Even as I whirled to give this order I beheld a diadem of lights leap into being well ahead of us and out to sea. Instantly I divined the two purposes of these lights: first, each to show the position of a fighting ship to prevent being fired into by a friend; second, to frighten me into breaking back for the channel through which I had come, and so be deluded by the shifted cruiser into running aground. Yet in a flash I realized that these very lights gave me the chance I desired. To run for the space between the widest-apart lights in front was my game. The captains would expect me to begin turning any second; meanwhile, not one of them, except those directly to seaward of me, dare shoot, because of danger to their friends, and I counted that when my real purpose became evident it would be too late for them to make proper disposition. Once outside the circle, however—then would be my danger, for all could shoot without fear of consequences.

"Make forward and order the look-outs down among the cargo. No use in risking more heads than necessary," I ordered M'Graw. He sprang to do my bidding, and at the same moment two vessels to seaward opened a most murderous fire, assured that their shots, if they missed me, would go harmless shoreward. I heard the hip-hulloo of the cannon-balls so close about my ears that I involuntarily ducked.

"Steady! steady!" I commanded the wheelsman, encouragingly, for the state of things was enough to fluster and upset an ordinary mortal. Again those demon ships to sea of us cut loose with a broadside, and this time I might have ducked with little discredit. A most infernal crash sounded right

"WE JAMMED THE HELM HARD OVER."

about my ears, and for some time I stood dazed. I threw myself forward to clutch the rails; my head reeled, the air seemed full of dust and splinters, I gasped for breath. A great weakness seized upon me, and I felt like lying down to rest. What pulled me together was the sight of the *Grey Bat* executing a most infernal yaw to starboard.

"Steady her! steady her!" I shouted, bracing up and whirling angrily on the wheelsman. My jaw dropped. Pilot-house and pilot there were none, and there stood the wheel swinging aimlessly from side to side, all unattended. Before I could spring to grasp it a figure swept past me, and there I beheld Virginia Penrose, her face white as a ghost, but that clean-cut chin of hers set at a most determined angle.

"Below with you!" I roared, beside myself with fear for her safety, but in decisive tones she answered, "Orders for the wheel I obey; no others."

She flung herself upon the spokes like a true sailor-man, spinning the wheel so that the chain's purr sounded above the din, and bringing the *Grey Bat* up in the very nick of time. It was no occasion for an argument with a lady: it *was* an occasion to allow the lady the last word. Once again those ships fired, and this time I knew we were hit somewhere about the hull, but where I could not guess, nor did I try. I saw M'Graw run aft as fast as he could leg it, and knew that he would attend to anything requiring looking into in that quarter. By this time we were close aboard the larboard ship, and those seaward vessels ceased firing. "Stand by to bring her hard a-starboard," I commanded, and back to me came a clear "Aye, aye, sir."

The plan I had decided to pursue was this. When almost aboard that larboard vessel — a cruiser — I would starboard the wheel hard, and just clearing the stern of the starboard vessel, a man-of-war, run along the Fort Fisher side of her at so scraping-close a distance that no other ship dare fire at me, nor could the man-of-war tilt her big guns to bear on me. They could only bring rifle-fire upon us till we got well clear, and rifle-fire could not injure the *Grey Bat*, whatever it might do to the crew. I shut my jaws and clenched my hands and waited for the fate-kindled moment to give my order. It was heralded by a fusillade of small arms from the quarter-deck of the cruiser, the bullets whining for our blood.

"Hard a-starboard!" I gasped, hoarsely, myself springing to lend assistance. The girl's hands worked with the rapidity of a caged squirrel turning its wheel. We jammed the helm hard over, and when I turned my head I saw the *Grey Bat* cutting the shortest circle of her life.

"Steady her! Steady her! For Heaven's sake, larboard—larboard! We're aboard the brute!" I yelled.

Too late. We tore through the water like mad and, before the helm could act, struck a glancing yet thumping blow. It seemed to me that every rib of my fine ship cracked in twain. The funnel heaved into the air and sprang overboard like a maniac bent on suicide. The *Grey Bat* heeled over to the verge of turning turtle; water, in a frenzy of foam, roared along the deck from stem to stern, and the mast with it's crow's-nest whipped three times and then pushed forward, crashing on the forecastle.

"Here goes the *Grey Bat*," I stammered to myself, as my ship lay shuddering in a wallow of foam. I looked at the girl. She had flung her arms round the wheel for support. Her eyes were as brilliants in the gloom, yet the smile that played on her lips told that she was enjoying the thrill of a great danger as only the brave enjoy. High above us from the man-of-war I heard a voice call out, "Shall I fire, sir?" and the answer come back, sharp and clear, "Not on your life!" That officer was a sportsman.

On a sudden the *Grey Bat* gathered herself together with a quick, desperate resolve, and she leaped out of the grave she had dug for herself. For a moment she shook her head to clear it of water, and then, as though blinded with rage, she heeled over and lunged her starboard bow against the larboard bow of the man-of-war. Again there was a chaotic crash and a ripping and tearing of upper works, but the next instant we shot clear. By this time I had hold of the wheel, and as we raced into the night I gradually coaxed the *Grey Bat* round to larboard, and bore away for Fort Fisher with the speed of a startled grouse. As we scudded into the darkness I heard a great cheer go up from the decks of that bruised battleship. Sportsmen officers, sportsmen crew! Not a shot was fired at us as we ran to a safe anchorage.

M'Graw stood beside me on the bridge. He came up the ladder rubbing his hands together and muttering, "Man, but that was grand wark," but when he caught sight of the girl at the wheel he stood dumb. I had resigned the wheel to her—she had fairly won the honour of bringing the *Grey Bat* under the friendly guns of Fort Fisher.

After a few seconds M'Graw turned grinning to me. "The *Grey Bat* makes heroes of folk," he said. "Mr. Jellicoe has exposed himself and worked like a hero through all the hubbub and rumpus. He has earned the liberty of the ship. It's the *Grey Bat* that does it." Then he strode forward, snatched off his cap, and held forth a great hairy hand to my dainty wheelsman.

Next morning I was waiting for Virginia Penrose when she appeared on deck. Raising my hat to her I said:—

"Miss Penrose, I apologize for not carrying out my promise made to you at Nassau."

"Not carrying it out? I do not understand." She raised her eyebrows.

"I promised to bring you into Wilmington. It was you brought me in," I said, making her my most gallant bow.

DRAMATIC SITUATIONS.

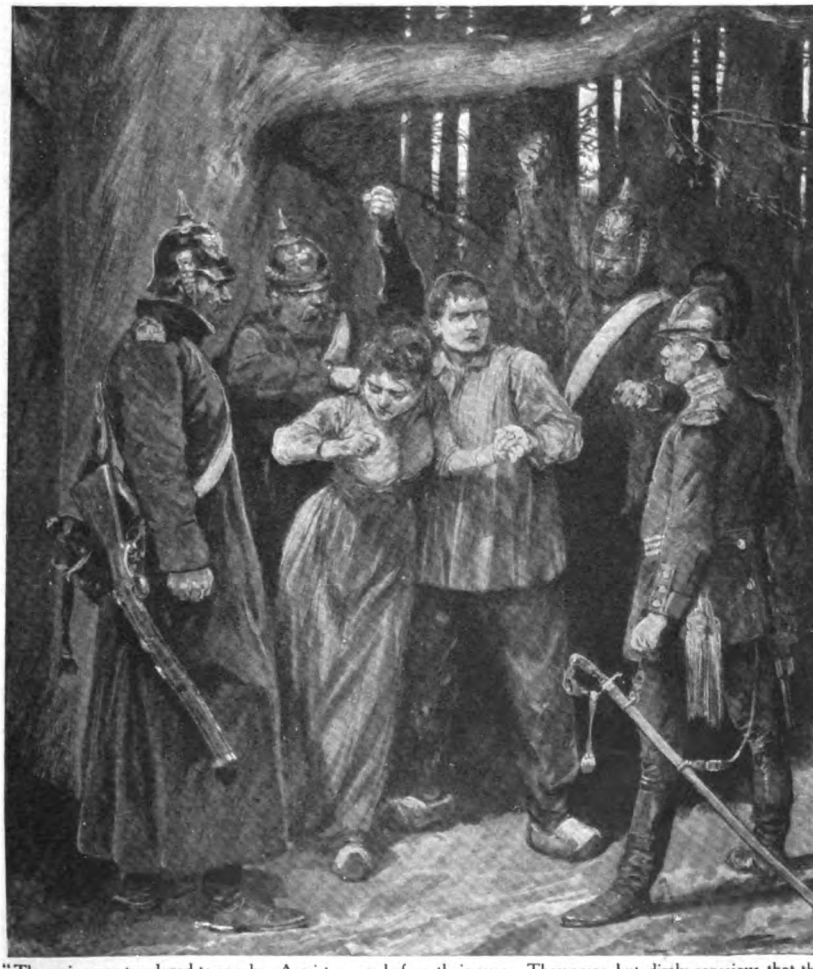
CAN YOU SUPPLY THE MISSING DETAIL? A PROBLEM FOR OUR READERS.

WE live in a world of melodrama, when sudden, vivid, arresting incidents are happening, either in our own lives, before our own eyes, or between the covers of a book or in the columns of a newspaper. We have, therefore, most of us become epicures in "sensation"; we understand the value of a strong dramatic situation, and recognize a good "curtain" when we see one.

But a dramatic situation has to be explained. Events must lead up to it. Otherwise, if it were isolated from the rest of the drama, it might be capable of many different interpretations. Still more would this be the case if some detail of the thrilling picture were missing. The bottle of laudanum the adventuress was swallowing to slow music and the horror of her companions might be a priceless pearl, an incriminating letter, or secret Foreign Office despatches.

Following out this idea, we herewith present the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with seven carefully selected dramatic situations. From each of these a detail has been eliminated — the detail which, in our opinion, would furnish the most effective clue to the situation. Moreover, the situation itself is the most striking of which the picture is capable.

We have given a few words explanatory of the situation as depicted by the artist or as it might be described by a novelist. Thus, if the representation were that of a female Anarchist about to hurl a bomb into a patrician tea-party, the narrator, whether novelist or dramatic critic, might say, "At that moment, to the horror of the little gathering, the intruder, Anna Petchnikoff, drew the fatal —— from her cloak and raised it aloft." Of course, the —— might be a copy of *Votes for Women*, or



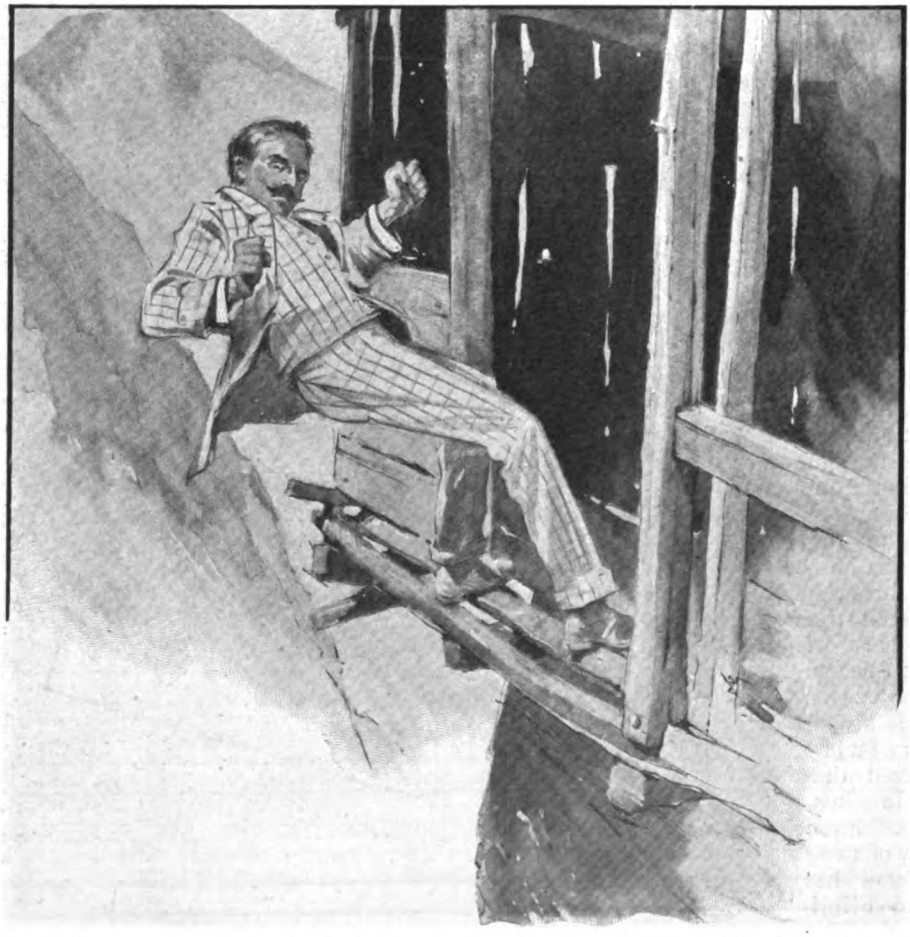
"The pair were too dazed to speak. A mist swam before their eyes. They were but dimly conscious that their sufferings were now all but over. Two powerful troopers were busy at the ——."

"The trap-door under the bungalow slid away, and the cruel pair were prepared to drop down a morsel of food and watch the —— sufferings. But at that moment a ghastly form half protruded through the opening."

a green parrot, or a Maltese cross, but in this case it happened to be a bomb.

What is the explanation of the first dramatic situation? We will give the appropriate inscription, leaving the reader to supply the missing word, which is also the missing detail of the picture.

In the next, what is it confronts the two *dramatis personæ?* Is their



"He was fully conscious of the giddy gulf that stretched beneath him; but he felt conscious, too, in the close contact of the ——, as he fell into that gulf, that he was safe!"

intent good or wicked?

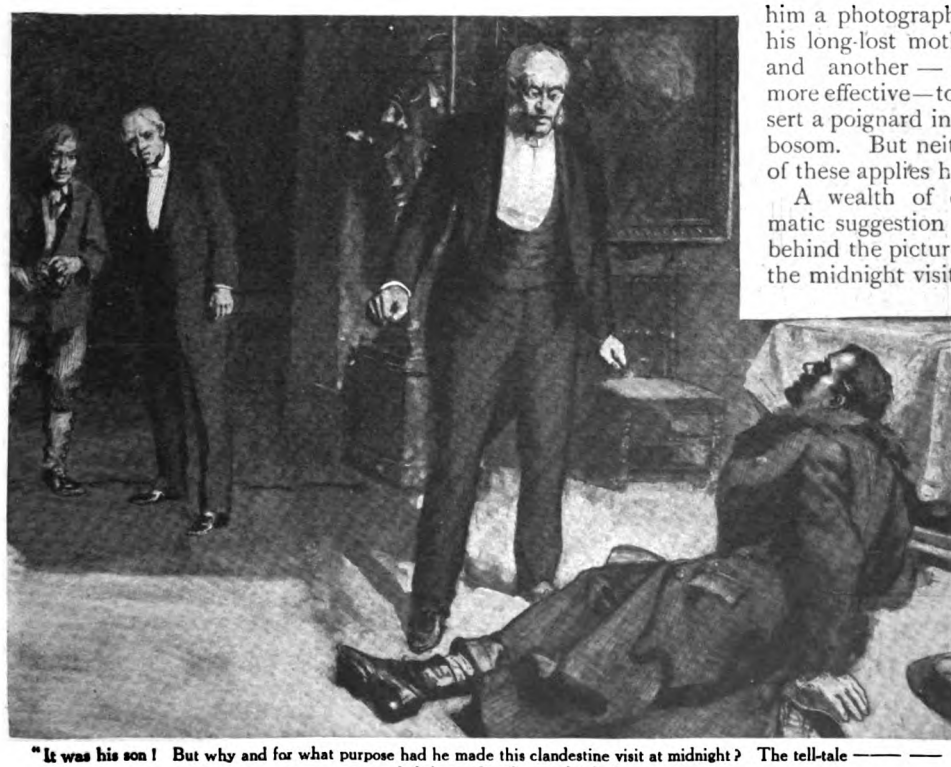
The next situation is, indeed, a thrilling one, dear to the heart of the lover of realistic melodrama. What can save this man? We may mention that "the ghost of his long-dead father," which has been ingeniously supplied, is not the correct filling for the blank.

A helpless woman in the hands of a desperate man. Here is a familiar "curtain," especially if at the fatal moment the villain is unexpectedly foiled. Various methods have been employed to foil the villain, one being to show

"Frantically she struggled to reach the ——, and at last succeeded. Her assailant looked up and realized that he had been foiled of his fell purpose."

him a photograph of his long-lost mother, and another — still more effective — to insert a poignard in his bosom. But neither of these applies here.

A wealth of dramatic suggestion lies behind the picture of the midnight visitor.



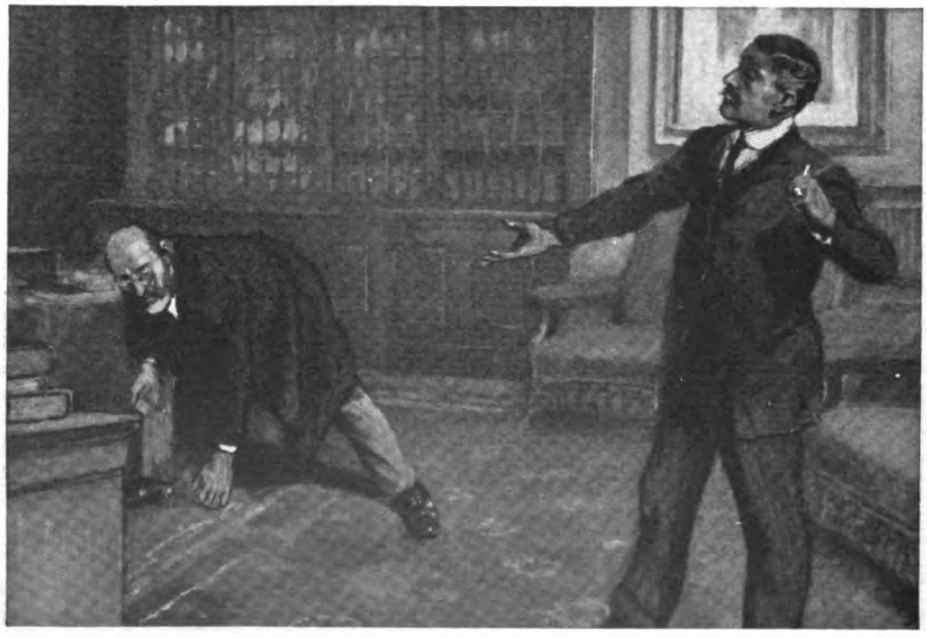
"It was his son! But why and for what purpose had he made this clandestine visit at midnight? The tell-tale —— —— revealed the truth only too plainly."

"Slowly the terrible —— crept nearer. For a moment both father and son were paralyzed with fear."

Does the annexed picture show a lion-tamer and his son in a cellar with a wild beast? Or are the police knocking at the door of a criminal's humble dwelling? What is it that startles this man so?

Lastly, we invoke our readers' ingenuity to solve the problem of the stooping banker. Or is he something else? Is he a Russian Anarchist about to hurl a bomb? But the situation is a pretty one. No doubt it would serve to illustrate twenty passages in the works of our living novelists.

Here is a pleasant and interesting pastime for readers and students of the drama. Can you try your hand at supplying the missing word of the text and the missing detail of the picture, to be published in a succeeding number of THE STRAND?



"Even as they spoke Schwartzheim suddenly bent to the floor and began groping at the edge of the carpet. Had he dropped something? What did he seek? The visitor threw out an inquiring gesture. The next instant, to his astonishment, Schwartzheim's powerful fingers closed round a great black ——."

LITTLE MOTHER up the MÖRDERBERG

By H·G·Wells

I THINK I mentioned when I was telling how I sailed my first aeroplane that I made a kind of record at Arosa by falling down three separate crevasses on three successive days. That was before little mother followed me out there. When she came, I could see at a glance she was tired and jaded and worried, and so, instead of letting her fret about in the hotel and get into a wearing tangle of gossip I packed her and two knapsacks up, and started off on a long, refreshing, easy-going walk northward, until a blister on her foot stranded us at the Magenruhe Hotel on the Sneejoch. She was for going on, blister or no blister—I never met pluck like mother's in all my life—but I said "No. This is a mountaineering inn, and it suits me down to the ground—or if you prefer it, up to the sky. You shall sit in the veranda by the telescope, and I'll prance about among the peaks for a bit."

"Don't have accidents," she said.

"Can't promise that, little mother," I said; "but I'll always remember I'm your only son."

So I pranced. . . .

I need hardly say that in a couple of days I was at loggerheads with all the mountaineers in that inn. They couldn't stand me. They didn't like my neck with its strong, fine Adam's apple—being mostly men with their heads *jammed* on—and they didn't like the way I bore myself and lifted my aviator's nose to the peaks. They didn't like my being a vegetarian and the way I evidently enjoyed it, and they didn't like the touch of colour, orange and green, in my rough serge suit. They were all of the dingy school—the sort of men I call gentlemanly owls—shy, correct-minded creatures, mostly from Oxford, and as solemn over their climbing as a cat frying eggs. Sage they were, great head-nodders, and "I-wouldn't-venture-to-do-a thing-like-that"-ers. They always did what the books and guides advised, and they classed themselves by their seasons; one was

in his ninth season, and another in his tenth, and so on. I was a novice and had to sit with my mouth open for bits of humble-pie.

My style that! Rather!

I would sit in the smoking-room sucking away at a pipeful of hygienic herb tobacco—they said it smelt like burning garden rubbish—and waiting to put my spoke in and let a little light into their minds. They set aside their natural reticence altogether in their efforts to show how much they didn't like me.

"You chaps take these blessed mountains too seriously," I said. "They're larks, and you've got to lark with them."

They just slued their eyes round at me.

"I don't find the solemn joy in fussing you do. The old-style mountaineers went up with alpenstocks and ladders and light hearts. That's my idea of mountaineering."

"It isn't ours," said one red-boiled hero of the peaks, all blisters and peeling skin, and he said it with an air of crushing me.

"It's the right idea," I said, serenely, and puffed at my herb tobacco.

"When you've had a bit of experience you'll know better," said another, an oldish young man with a small grey beard.

"Experience never taught *me* anything," I said.

"Apparently not," said someone, and left me one down and me to play. I kept perfectly tranquil.

"I mean to do the Mörderberg before I go down," I said quietly, and produced a sensation.

"When are you going down?"

"Week or so," I answered, unperturbed.

"It's not the climb a man ought to attempt in his first year," said the peeling gentleman.

"*You* particularly ought not to try it," said another.

"No guide will go with you."

"Foolhardy idea."

"Mere brag."

"Like to see him do it."

I just let them boil for a bit, and when they were back to the simmer I dropped in, pensively, with, "Very likely I'll take that little mother of mine. She's small, bless her, but she's as hard as nails."

But they saw they were being drawn by my ill-concealed smile; and this time they contented themselves with a few grunts and grunt-like remarks, and then broke up into little conversations in undertones that pointedly excluded me. It had the effect of hardening my purpose. I'm a stiff man when I'm put on my mettle, and I determined that the little mother *should* go up the Mörderberg, where half these solemn experts hadn't been, even if I had to be killed or orphaned in the attempt. So I spoke to her about it the next day. She was in a deck-chair on the veranda, wrapped up in rugs and looking at the peaks.

"Comfy?" I said.

"Very," she said.

"Getting rested?"

"It's so nice."

I strolled to the rail of the veranda. "See that peak there, mummy?"

She nodded happily, with eyes half shut.

"That's the Mörderberg. You and me have got to be up there the day after to-morrow."

Her eyes opened a bit. "Wouldn't it be rather a climb, dearest?" she said.

"I'll manage that all right," I said, and she smiled consentingly and closed her eyes.

"So long as you manage it," she said.

I went down the valley that afternoon to Daxdam to get gear and guides and porters, and I spent the next day in glacier and rock practice above the hotel. That didn't add to my popularity. I made two little slips. One took me down a crevasse—I've an extraordinary knack of going down crevasses—and a party of three which was starting for the Kinderspitz spent an hour and a half fishing me out; and the other led to my dropping my ice-axe on a little string of people going for the Humpi glacier. It didn't go within thirty inches of anyone, but you might have thought from the row they made that I had knocked out the collective brains of the party. Quite frightful language they used, and three ladies with them too!

The next day there was something very like an organized attempt to prevent our start. They brought out the landlord, they remonstrated with mother, they did their best to blacken the character of my two guides. The landlord's brother had a first-class row with them.

"Two years ago," he said, "they lost their Herr!"

"No particular reason," I said, "why you shouldn't keep yours on, is it?"

That settled him. He wasn't up to a polyglot pun, and it stuck in his mind like a fishbone in the throat.

Then the peeling gentleman came along and tried to overhaul our equipment. "Have you got this?" it was, and "Have you got that?"

"Two things," I said, looking at his nose pretty hard, "we haven't forgotten. One's blue veils and the other vaseline."

I've still a bright little memory of the start. There was the pass a couple of hundred feet or so below the hotel, and the hotel—all name and windows—standing out in a great, desolate, rocky place against lumpy masses of streaky green rock, flecked here and there with patches of snow and dark shelves of rhododendron, and rising perhaps a thousand feet towards the western spur of the massif. Our path ran before us, meandering among the boulders down to stepping-stones over a rivulet, and then upward on the other side of the stream towards the Magenruhe glacier, where we had to go up the rocks to the left and then across the icefall to shelves on the precipitous face on the west side. It was dawn, the sun had still to rise, and everything looked very cold and blue and vast about us. Everyone in the hotel had turned out to bear a hand in the row—some of the *déshabillés* were disgraceful—and now they stood in a silent group watching us recede. The last

"QUITE FRIGHTFUL LANGUAGE THEY USED, AND THREE LADIES WITH THEM TOO!"

word I caught was, "They'll have to come back."

"We'll come back all right," I answered. "Never fear."

And so we went our way, cool and deliberate, over the stream and up and up towards the steep snowfields and icy shoulder of the Mörderberg. I remember that we went in absolute silence for a time, and then how suddenly the landscape gladdened with sunrise, and in an instant, as if speech had thawed, all our tongues were babbling.

I had one or two things in the baggage that I hadn't cared for the people at the inn to see, and I had made no effort to explain why I had five porters with the load of two and a half. But when we came to the icefall I showed my hand a little, and unslung a stout twine hammock for the mater. We put her in this with a rug round her, and sewed her in with a few stitches; then we roped up in line, with me last but one and a guide front and rear, and mummy in the middle carried by two of the porters. I stuck my alpenstock through two holes I had made in the shoulders of my jacket under my rucksac, T-shape to my body, so that when I went down a crevasse, as I did ever and again, I just stuck in its jaws and came up easy as the rope grew taut. And so, except for one or two bumps that made the mater chuckle, we got over without misadventure.

Then came the rock climb on the other side, requiring much judgment. We had to get from ledge to ledge as opportunity offered, and here the little mother was a perfect godsend. We unpacked her after we had slung her over the big fissure—I forget what you call it—that always comes between glacier and rock—and whenever we came to a bit of ledge within eight feet of the one we were working along, the two guides took her and slung her up, she being so light, and then she was able to give a foot for the next man to hold by and hoist himself. She said we were all pulling her leg, and that made her and me laugh so much that the whole party had to wait for us.

It was pretty tiring altogether doing that bit of the climb—two hours we had of it before we got to the loose masses of rock on the top of the arête. "It's worse going down," said the elder guide.

I looked back for the first time, and I confess it did make me feel a bit giddy. There was the glacier looking quite petty, and with a black gash between itself and the rocks.

For a time it was pretty fair going up the rocky edge of the arête, and nothing happened of any importance, except that one of the porters took to grousing because he was hit on the shin by a stone I dislodged. "Fortunes of war," I said, but he didn't seem to see it, and when I just missed him with a second he broke out into a long, whining discourse in what I suppose he thought was German—*I* couldn't make head or tail of it.

"He says you might have killed him," said the little mother.

"They say," I quoted, "What say they? *Let* them say."

I was for stopping and filling him up with a feed, but the elder guide wouldn't have it. We had already lost time, he said, and the traverse round the other face of the mountain would be more and more subject to avalanches as the sun got up. So we went on. As we went round the corner to the other face I turned towards the hotel—it was the meanest little oblong spot by now—and made a derisive gesture or so for the benefit of anyone at the telescope.

We did get one rock avalanche that reduced the hindmost guide to audible prayer, but nothing hit us except a few bits of snow. The rest of the fall was a couple of yards and more out from us. We were on rock just then and overhung; before and afterwards we were edging along steps in an ice-slope cut by the foremost guide, and touched up by the porters. The avalanche was much more impressive before it came in sight, banging and thundering overhead, and it made a tremendous uproar in the blue deeps beneath, but in actual transit it seemed a mean show—mostly of stones smaller than I am.

"All right?" said the guide.

"Toned up," I answered.

"I suppose it *is* safe, dear?" asked the little mother.

"Safe as Trafalgar Square," I said. "Hop along, mummykins."

Which she did with remarkable agility.

The traverse took us on to old snow at last, and here we could rest for lunch—and pretty glad we were both of lunch and rest. But here the trouble with the guides and porters thickened. They were already a little ruffled about my animating way with loose rocks, and now they kicked up a tremendous shindy because instead of the customary brandy we had brought non-alcoholic ginger cordial. Would they even try it? Not a bit of it! It was a queer little dispute, high up in that rarefied air, about food values and the advantages of making sandwiches with nuttar. They were an odd

lot of men, invincibly set upon a vitiated and vitiating dietary. They wanted meat, they wanted alcohol, they wanted narcotics to smoke. You might have thought that men like these, living in almost direct contact with Nature, would have liked "Nature" foods, such as plasmon, protose, plobose, digestine, and so forth. Not them! They just craved for corruption. When I spoke of drinking pure water one of the porters spat in a marked, symbolic manner over the precipice. From that point onward discontent prevailed.

"It'll freeze hard again before we come back," said the second guide, "and us with nothing but verdammt ginger inside of us."

"You keep your rope taut," said I.

A friendly ledge came to the help of mother in the nick of time, just as she was beginning to tire, and we sewed her up all but the feet in her hammock again, and roped her carefully. She bumped a bit, and at times she was just hanging over immensity and rotating slowly, with everybody else holding on like grim death.

"My dear," she said, the first time this

"THEY KICKED UP A TREMENDOUS SHINDY BECAUSE WE HAD BROUGHT GINGER CORDIAL."

We started again about half-past eleven, after a vain attempt on the part of the head guide to induce us to turn back. We had now come to what is generally the most difficult part of the Mörderberg ascent, the edge that leads up to the snowfield below the crest. But here we came suddenly into a draught of warm air blowing from the south-west, and everything, the guide said, was unusual. Usually the edge is a sheet of ice over rock. To-day it was wet and soft, and one could kick steps in it and get one's toes into rock with the utmost ease.

"This is where Herr Tomlinson's party fell," said one of the porters, after we'd committed ourselves to the edge for ten minutes or so.

"Some people could fall out of a four-post bed," I said.

happened, "is it *right* for me to be doing this?"

"Quite right," I said; "but if you can get a foothold presently again—it's rather better style."

"You're sure there's no danger, dear?"

"Not a scrap."

"And I don't fatigue you?"

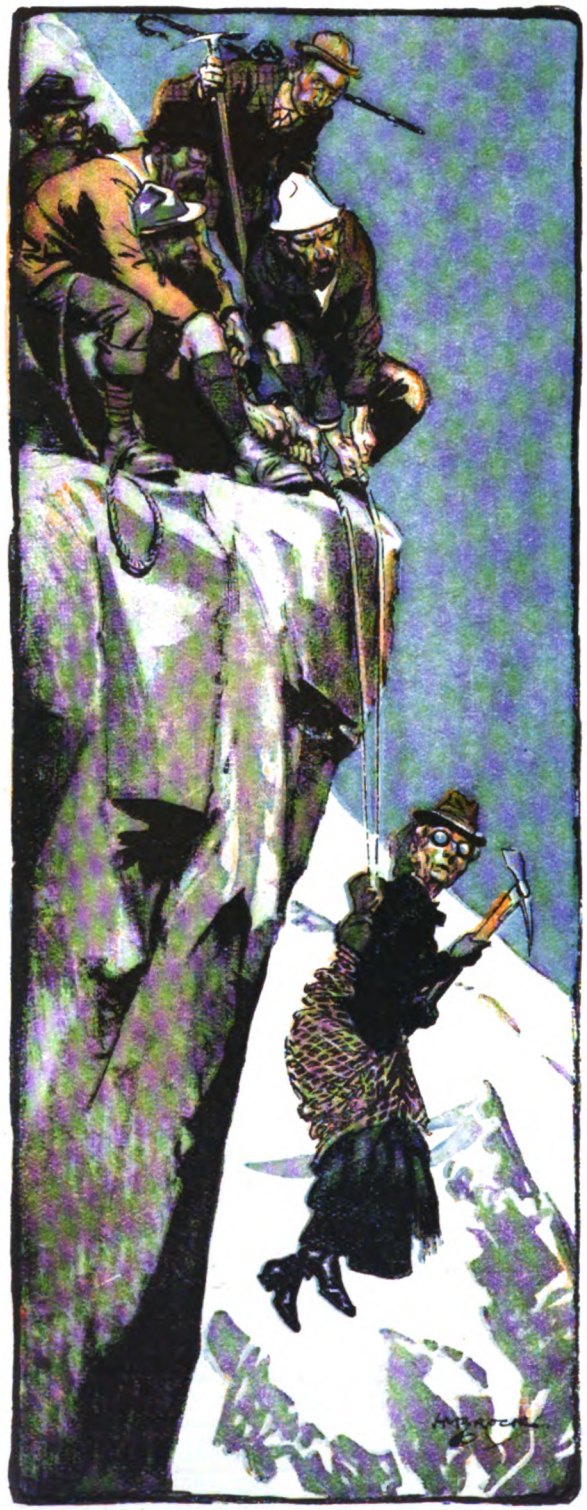
"You're a stimulant."

"The view," she said, "is certainly becoming very beautiful."

But presently the view blotted itself out, and we were in clouds and a thin drift of almost thawing snowflakes.

We reached the upper snowfield about half-past one, and the snow was extraordinarily soft. The elder guide went in up to his armpits.

"Frog it," I said, and spread myself out



"'MY DEAR,' SHE SAID, 'IS IT RIGHT FOR ME TO BE DOING THIS?'"

flat, in a sort of swimming attitude. So we bored our way up to the crest and along it. We went in little spurts and then stopped for breath, and we dragged the little mother after us in her hammock-bag. Sometimes the snow was so good we fairly skimmed the surface; sometimes it was so rotten we plunged right into it and splashed about. I went too near the snow cornice once and it broke under me, but the rope saved me, and we reached the summit about three o'clock without further misadventure. The summit was just bare rock with the usual cairn and pole. Nothing to make a fuss about. The drift of snow and cloud-wisp had passed, the sun was blazing hot overhead, and we seemed to be surveying all Switzerland. The Magenruhe Hotel was at our toes, hidden, so to speak, by our chins. We squatted about the cairn, and the guides and porters were reduced to ginger and vegetarian ham-sandwiches. I cut and scratched an inscription, saying I had climbed on simple food, and claiming a record.

Seen from the summit the snow-fields on the north-east side of the mountain looked extremely attractive, and I asked the head guide why that way up wasn't used. He said something in his peculiar German about precipices.

So far our ascent had been a fairly correct ascent in rather slow time. It was in the descent that that strain in me of almost unpremeditated originality had play. I wouldn't have the rope returning across the upper snowfield, because mother's feet and hands were cold, and I wanted her to jump about a bit. And before I could do anything to prevent it she had slipped, tried to get up by rolling over *down* the slope instead of up, as she ought to have done, and was leading the way, rolling over and over and over, down towards the guide's blessed precipices above the lower snowfield.

I didn't lose an instant in flinging myself after her, axe up, in glissading attitude. I'm not clear what I meant

to do, but I fancy the idea was to get in front of her and put on the brake. I did not succeed, anyhow. In twenty seconds I had slipped, and was sitting down and going down out of my own control altogether.

Now, most great discoveries are the result of accident, and I maintain that in that instant mother and I discovered two distinct and novel ways of coming down a mountain.

It is necessary that there should be first a snow slope above with a layer of softish, rotten snow on the top of ice, then a precipice, with a snow-covered talus sloping steeply at first and then less steeply, then more snow-slopes and precipices according to taste, ending in a snowfield or a not-too-greatly-fissured glacier, or a reasonable, not-too-rocky slope. Then it all becomes as easy as chuting the chutes.

Mother hit on the sideways method. She rolled. With the snow in the adhesive state it had got into she had made the jolliest little snowball of herself in half a minute, and the nucleus of as clean and abundant a snow avalanche as anyone could wish. There was plenty of snow going in front of her, and that's the very essence of both our methods. You must fall on your snow, not your snow on you, or it smashes you. And you mustn't mix yourself up with loose stones.

I, on the other hand, went down feet first, and rather like a snow-plough; slower than she did, and if, perhaps, with less charm, with more dignity. Also I saw more. But it was certainly a tremendous rush. And I gave a sort of gulp when mummy bumped over the edge into the empty air and vanished.

It was like a toboggan ride gone mad down the slope until I took off from the edge of the precipice, and then it was like a dream.

I'd always thought falling must be horrible. It wasn't in the slightest degree. I might have hung with my clouds and lumps of snow about me for weeks, so great was my serenity. I had an impression then that I was as good as killed — and that it didn't matter. I wasn't afraid — that's nothing!—but I wasn't a bit uncomfortable. Whack! We'd hit something, and I expected to be flying to

"MOTHER AND I DISCOVERED TWO DISTINCT WAYS OF COMING DOWN A MOUNTAIN."

bits right and left. But we'd only got on to the snow-slope below, at so steep an angle that it was merely breaking the fall. Down we went again. I didn't see much of the view after that because the snow was all round and over my head, but I kept feet foremost and in a kind of sitting posture, and then I slowed and then I quickened again and bumped rather, and then harder, and bumped and then bumped again and came to rest. This time I was altogether buried in snow, and twisted sideways with a lot of heavy snow on my right shoulder.

I sat for a bit enjoying the stillness—and then I wondered what had become of mother, and set myself to get out of the snow about me. It wasn't so easy as you might think; the stuff was all in lumps and spaces like a gigantic sponge, and I lost my temper and struggled and swore a good deal, but at last I managed it. I crawled out and found myself on the edge of heaped masses of snow quite close to the upper part of the Magenruhe glacier. And far away, right up the glacier and near the other side, was a little thing like a black-beetle struggling in the heart of an immense split ball of snow.

I put my hands to my mouth and let out with my version of the yodel, and presently I saw her waving her hand.

It took me nearly twenty minutes to get to her. I knew my weakness, and I was very careful of every crevasse I came near. When I got up to her her face was anxious.

"What have you done with the guides?" she asked.

"They've got too much to carry," I said. "They're coming down another way. Did you like it?"

"Not very much, dear," she said; "but I daresay I shall get used to these things. Which way do we go now?"

I decided we'd find a snow-bridge across the bergschrund—that's the word I forgot just now—and so get on to the rocks on the east side of the glacier, and after that we had uneventful going right down to the hotel. . . .

Our return evoked such a strain of hostility and envy as I have never met before or since. First they tried to make out we'd never been to the top at all, but mother's little proud voice settled that sort of insult. And, besides, there was the evidence of the guides and porters following us down. When they asked about the guides, "They're following *your* methods," I said, "and I suppose they'll get back here to-morrow morning somewhen."

That didn't please them.

I claimed a record. They said my methods were illegitimate.

"If I see fit," I said, "to use an avalanche to get back by, what's that to you? You tell me me and mother can't do the confounded mountain anyhow, and when we do you want to invent a lot of rules to disqualify us. You'll say next one mustn't glissade. I've made a record, and you know I've made a record, and you're about as sour as you can be. The fact of it is, you chaps don't know your own silly business. Here's a good, quick way of coming down a mountain, and you ought to know about it——"

"The chance that both of you are not killed was one in a thousand."

"Nonsense! It's the proper way to come down for anyone who hasn't a hide-bound mind. You chaps ought to practise falling great heights in snow. It's perfectly easy and perfectly safe, if only you know how to set about it."

"Look here, young man," said the oldish young man with the little grey beard, "you don't seem to understand that you and that lady have been saved by a kind of miracle——"

"Theory!" I interrupted. "I'm surprised you fellows ever come to Switzerland. If I were your kind I'd just invent theoretical mountains and play for points. However, you're tired, little mummy. It's time you had some nice warm soup and tucked yourself up in bed. I shan't let you get up for six-and-thirty hours."

But it's queer how people detest a little originality.

SIR BENJAMIN STONE AND HIS SITTERS.

By ARCHIBALD EYRE.

I.

"WHY," lately exclaimed a well-known Shakespearean scholar, "why was there no Sir Benjamin Stone in Shakespeare's day?"

And the exclamation may be echoed by the many who have been privileged to inspect the wonderful pictorial record of men and places, scenes and events, which the "Sage of Erdington" (as Sir Benjamin is called, after his Warwickshire home) has prepared to delight and instruct future generations. Sir Benjamin Stone is by nature and by conviction a preserver of the past. He believes in "keeping up appearances." The outward semblance of men and things has a fascination for him. After all, man is mortal, but the outer semblance of mortality—the pageant of life—may be made to endure.

It was in this spirit that Sir Benjamin first became a photographer. But long before this he had been an enthusiastic collector of photographs, and his collection of photographs of distinguished personages who flourished in the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies of the last century is unrivalled. Amongst the thousands of these photographs are rare cartes-de-visite of Palmerston, Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens, Garibaldi, Mazzini, famous soldiers, sailors, artists, divines, and Royal personages by the score.

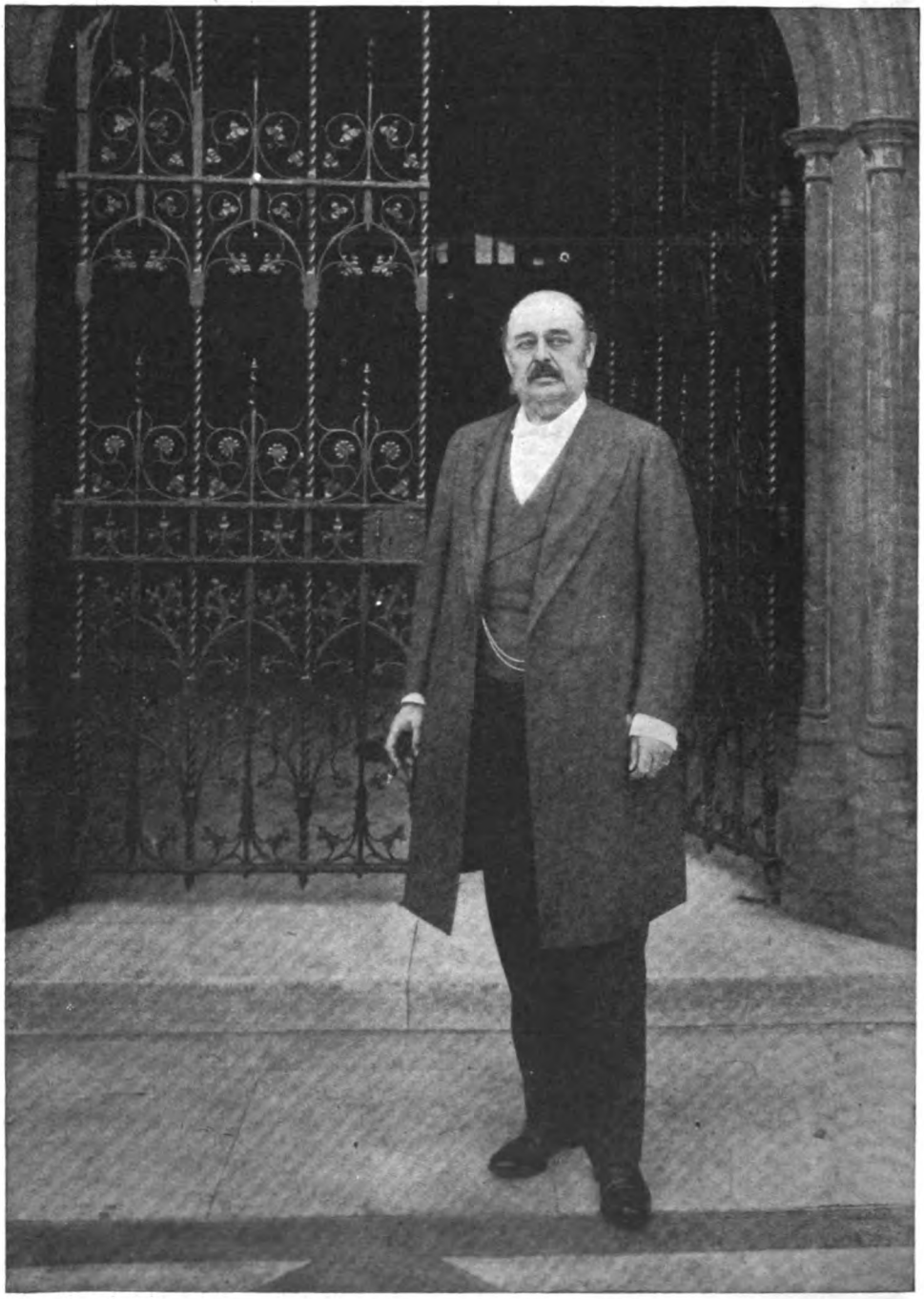
SIR BENJAMIN STONE.
From a Photograph.

The art of the portrait-painter can do much, but as an authentic document an untouched photograph is unapproachable by the work of the cleverest limner. And herein lies the value of Sir Benjamin Stone's vast collection—both the work of others and those taken by himself—numbering some sixteen thousand—they were absolutely untampered with—unfaked. As the sun fell on the delicate film so the image rests. The negatives are not even varnished. Truth—so far as the lens is capable of revealing truth—has been Sir Benjamin's motto and aim as a photographer.

"The best-written word picture," he says, "cannot convey to the imagination so accurate and absolutely correct an impression of either a scene in still life or an incident of the streets as a photograph. The one may be interpreted differently by various readers, but the other is the same to every eye."

By this time Sir Benjamin Stone is a national institution. Photography has been with him, as has been well said, not a hobby but a passion. Nevertheless, it has always been undertaken with a definite and a wise end. He has taken pictures of the eclipse of the sun in Brazil, a revolution in South America, a great earthquake in Japan, and of varied phases of life in twenty different countries. But it is England—vanishing England—English institutions, monuments, English public men, that absorb the energies of this great amateur most. He has photographed a picturesque old custom at dawn on a cold autumn morning or a glittering procession in the noonday glare. It was he who instituted the photographic survey of Warwickshire and the National Photographic Record Association.

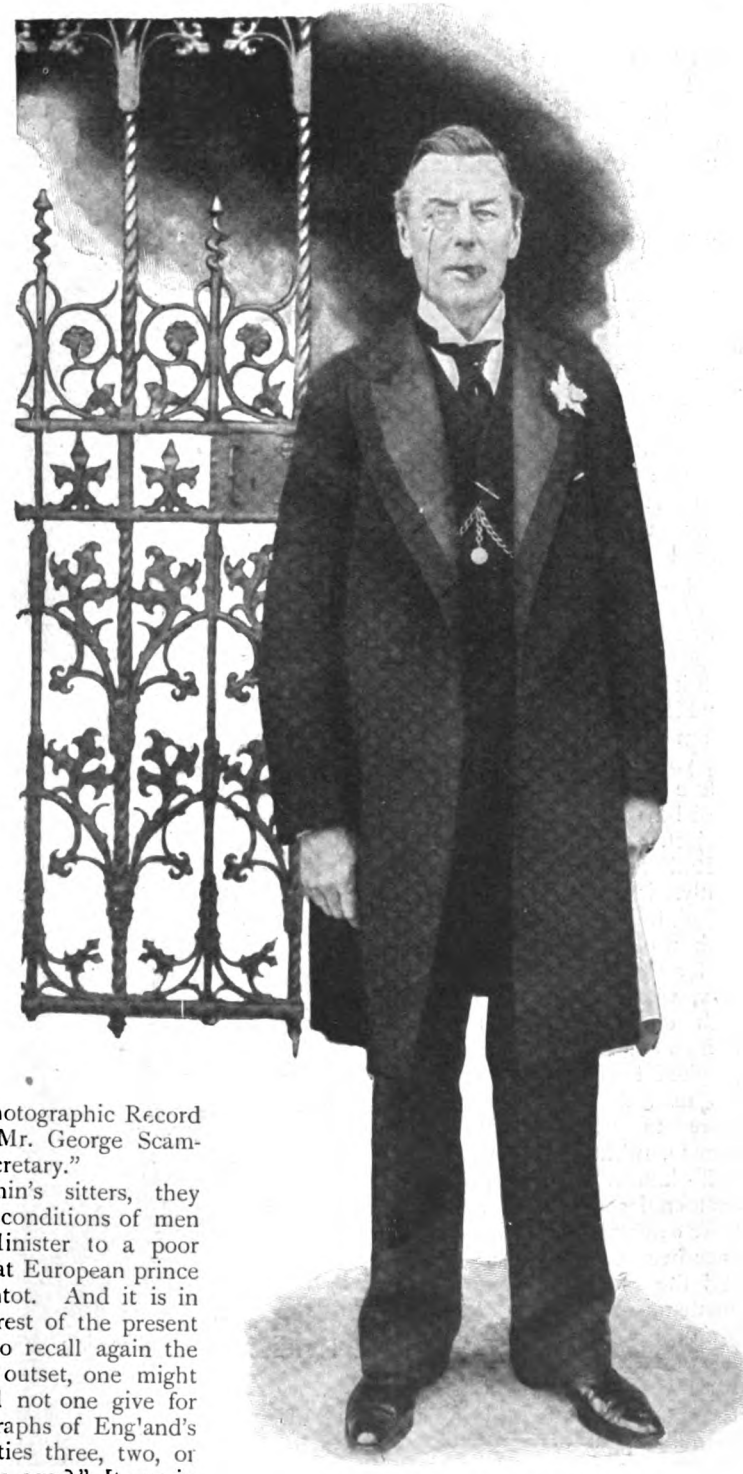
"I have been working for years," remarked Sir Benjamin, "with the object of obtaining and preserving all kinds of current historical events, and I have been instrumental, to a large extent, in inducing some of the English counties—particularly that of Warwickshire—to interest themselves in a photographic survey of their chief points of interest, to be deposited in the central libraries or the



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

Sir Benjamin Stone's first Parliamentary portrait. This gateway, the House of Lords' Terrace entrance, is Sir Benjamin's favourite background.

libraries in the county towns in the form of collections. The idea has been warmly taken up and followed by a good number of the counties in England, and I am glad to say that a very large number of photographic societies have made the work a part of their scheme of operations. Record, or survey work, as it is called, has thus become one of the chief objects of their existence. Seeing how this was, I rather took upon myself to make an effort to show what could be done, and the value of such an undertaking, by personally taking a series of photographs of Westminster, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London, and other objects of interest of such magnitude as those. Out of the series of pictures I have thus taken I have presented many hundreds to the British Museum, and the outcome of this has been the formation of the National Photographic Record Association, of which Mr. George Scammell is the honorary secretary."



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

As to Sir Benjamin's sitters, they embrace all sorts and conditions of men —from the Prime Minister to a poor mendicant; from a great European prince to the humblest Hottentot. And it is in his sitters that the interest of the present article centres. For, to recall again the remark quoted at the outset, one might well say, "What would not one give for a series of such photographs of Eng'and's statesmen and notabilities three, two, or even one hundred years ago?" It was in the Parliament of 1895 that Sir Benjamin

Stone first set up his camera on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Only fifteen years have passed; but what a novelty it was then! Sir Matthew White Ridley (afterwards Lord Ridley), Home Secretary, was his first sitter.

"What have you got there, Stone?" he asked his fellow-M.P.

"A camera," was the reply.

"What! a photographic camera?"

"Exactly. It is the only kind I use."

"But, my dear Stone, such a thing is absolutely unprecedented within the precincts of Parliament. What do you propose to do with it?"

"First of all, I am going to ask you to pose before it. You shall be my first subject."

Rather reluctantly, it must be confessed, the Home Secretary took up his position. It is far less of an ordeal now, when celebrities vie with each other for the honour of being photographed by Sir Benjamin. No man living has done more to popularize the camera, which is now a well-known Royal and aristocratic hobby. But there was and is this difference between Sir Benjamin and the race of itinerant amateurs—the former does not deal in snap-shots. All his work is time exposure, varying from a second to twenty-four hours, and involving the workmanlike apparatus of a photographer.

There are certain celebrities — Parliamentary and otherwise—whose personality is little known to the public concerning whose outward appearance much misconception exists. Many persons when they see a famous public man or popular writer for the first time complain that "they are not a bit like their pictures." No such charge can be brought against the portraits of Sir Benjamin Stone. They show each man "in his habit as he lived." There is "nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice."

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

In looking over these portraits we seem to be gazing upon the very men themselves. Although spread over a term of years they were all taken beneath one of the gateways of St. Stephen's — a gateway that may be destined to become as historic as the portals which served as a background to Holbein. There is no attempt to pose the subject. Whether he be statesman or novelist, or Arctic explorer or successful aviator, he simply takes his stand as if coming to an unpremeditated halt at the doorway of those classic precincts where he is an honoured guest for the time being, and, as it were, pays tribute to his host and the occasion. It would almost seem as if he left a portion of himself—a little fragment of his own personality on the spot. The Chinese objection to being photographed is that some part of the life-force is depleted in the process. One can almost understand this in contemplating some of the examples of Sir Benjamin Stone's work.

One of his frequent sitters has been Mr.

Chamberlain, who, once speaking of his own portrait, said, "It has been remarked that I bear a resemblance to Pitt. I am afraid that my testimony to this resemblance would have little value. But if it could be alleged that any likeness existed between that great statesman, not bodily or mentally, but in his aspirations, in his desire to be of use to his country, then I should be proud indeed." Perhaps the last photograph ever taken of Mr. Chamberlain was that by Sir Benjamin at the notable *fêtes* in Birmingham to celebrate the great statesman's seventieth birthday. At the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain was ever ready to help his colleague; and on one occasion volunteered to go and hunt up the reluctant Mr. Michael Davitt and bring him to the spot for the purpose.

The new Governor of United South Africa, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whose peerage will not obscure his name, proved an agreeable sitter. Sir Benjamin had just returned from Athens, where a memorial to "Mr. Herbert's" distinguished father had been unveiled, and he had much to tell of Greek gratitude to the "G.O.M." There is nothing that will put sitters in a better frame of mind than to sing the praises of their distinguished fathers—provided they have distinguished fathers. Many men have not.

It is difficult for Sir Benjamin to say which is his best individual portrait, but he thinks he has rarely had more success than with the famous American humorist, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain). His leonine head — that white shock of hair — stood out bravely against the dark ground. It is of this photograph that Mark Twain said, on his return to New York: "Amongst other honours heaped upon me by Englishmen was that of being photographed in Parliament. I am not a member of Parliament. But neither am I a member of Congress. Has any fellow-American suggested that I should be photographed in Congress? No. I blush to say that they have not. And yet here is an honour that might without risk be bestowed on any great man. And yet it was not bestowed on Washington, Jefferson, or

"MARK TWAIN."

Lincoln. When I saw that photograph, with the Mother of Parliaments in the background, and realized my advancing years, I said to myself, 'Here are two noble monuments of antiquity—two shining examples of the survival of the fittest.'"

When the Duke of Argyll first posed something happened again which had, alas! often happened before. There had been a crowd of members and their friends on the Terrace, and many necks were craned forward and much edging towards the operator. Two photographs were taken, and Sir Benjamin left his camera for a momentary chat with his noble friend. The temptation was too strong for an adjacent policeman.

"There is nothing," remarked Sir Benjamin to the writer, "more astonishing to a photographer than popular ignorance on the subject of plates, exposure, and development. I have had the greatest trouble in Zululand and amongst barbarous tribes to keep my exposed plates from ruin, but the curiosity and ignorance of a Zulu is not greater than that of many Englishmen. Many a time I have been asked by those I have just photographed if the picture 'looked all right,' 'if it was a success.'"

In this instance the policeman raised the slide and took a peep. There was nothing to reward him. He raised the other slide, with no better result. Then he went away disappointed. When Sir Benjamin duly developed the plates he found the Duke minus his legs. Now, it is well known that one of the Duke of Argyll's ancestors once appeared for a brief moment in public minus his head, but there appeared to some of the Crown lawyers weighty reasons for the decapitation, and there were none at all for the amputation of his successor. There was nothing for it therefore but to sit again.

The portrait of Mr. Lloyd George was taken in the middle of the Budget debate. He showed some signs of the stress, but comforted himself by the thought of bringing his measure safe into port.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

"Mid-stream," murmured Sir Benjamin. "I will photograph you in mid-stream." "Half-seas over," murmured a Parliamentary wit at the photographer's elbow.

A shy, retiring man is Mr. Thomas Hardy. As he took his stand in the House of Lords Terrace gateway, in front of that "vista of shadows," he murmured, "To-morrow I am going back into my shell." He was going back to Wessex to toil at "The Dynasts," and so for a second he lingered beneath the mighty portals of the meeting-place of the nation, and then passed onward with a smile. But that second, fleeting as it was—and all the seconds that other great men had stood there—can never die. It will live for ever, for has not Sir Benjamin Stone immortalized it?

The features of few contemporary statesmen

MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

ought to be better known to the public by this time than those of Mr. Asquith, whose figure also is the constant theme of the snap-shotter and the caricaturist—if, indeed, the former term does not include the latter. But, notwithstanding, Mr. Asquith's real personality constantly eludes both, whereas Sir Benjamin has frequently succeeded in catching it.

Sir Gilbert Parker enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in the House of Commons, being as careful of his attire as certain other members are careless. On one occasion, when the member for Gravesend had taken up his position under the pointed arch and duly been photographed, a member remarked: "Poor Parker! a dreadful shock awaits him. He'll never pass that picture." "Why not? I thought his pose and expression were particularly good." "Oh, I daresay his expression's all right, but didn't you notice that terrible wrinkle in his trousers, just below the left knee?"

According to Sir Benjamin, trousers rarely come out well in a photograph. Perhaps those of M. Blériot are amongst the best. This photograph was taken on the very day the distinguished aviator made his ever-memorable cross-Channel trip. It was on this occasion that a friend remarked to

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

him that he had put Dædalus and Icarus in the shade, but he had not yet succeeded in equalling Elijah. "Yes," said the genial aviator, "I should imitate Elijah if my engines should get ablaze."

An instance of the quaint and rare customs of which Sir Benjamin Stone's camera has preserved a record was a "crypt christening" two years ago at which Archdeacon Wilberforce, Chaplain to the House of Commons, officiated. This christening (by virtue of a privilege granted originally by the Pope to Edward III.) took place in the Parliamentary Crypt Chapel. The infant baptized was the child of Mr. Bradshaw, the resident engineer, and was born within the precincts of the Royal Palace of Westminster. It was this fact which brought the baby within the privileges of the old Papal grant (still preserved in the Record Office) by which His Holiness presented a college of priests for his "new chapel of St. Stephen's," and also a font, in which the children of the Royal Family, as well as any other children born within Westminster Palace, might be baptized. The last case of the kind was a christening in the family of Viscount Selby when he was Speaker; indeed, there have only been three cases within the past century in which the privilege has been exercised by virtue of birth within the precincts of the Parliamentary Palace.

Some of Sir Benjamin's most successful performances have been groups—especially of foreign political visitors—on the terrace of the House of Commons. There was the famous visit of the deputation of the new Russian Duma. It was explained by Mr. Asquith that the distinguished visitors could not consider their reception complete unless they had been photographed by the famous photographing legislator. M. Homiakoff seems for a moment to have regarded this seriously.

"Is it one of your English customs?" he asked. He was greatly interested in the process, and considerably astonished at the liberty granted by the British Legislature even to one of their number to use a camera in the precincts of Parliament, and not less so that a legislator should devote himself to such work. No doubt the deputation took notes, and perhaps in future the appointment of a photographer-extraordinary to the Russian Parliament will be considered imperative. But a camera as yet is regarded as a somewhat dangerous instrument in Russia.

M. BLERIOT.

A further series of Sir Benjamin Stone's Portraits will appear next month.

THE FLUTES OF SPRING

By

WINIFRED GRAHAM

I.

THE Flutes of Spring were sounding over the earth. Armyne, the child with the daffodil hair and hyacinth eyes, heard them—clear, sharp, decisive, or vague, alluring, distant, but always there, haunting the wild country-side. She did not recognize at first the meaning of the sound. She thought it was only the wind, or the patter of raindrops. But suddenly new knowledge came to her—knowledge gained by a wonderful picture in the big fairy-book which was all her own. The picture entitled "The Flutes of Spring" fired her young imagination. In the background trees, wearing soft pale verdure, rocked merrily. The grass below appeared dancing to some mystic melody, setting every blade on wires. In the foreground of the picture two strange figures sat under spreading boughs, piping to the valley and the running brook. One had the face and body of a girl, with the legs and feet of a long-haired goat; her companion, half man, half beast, was similarly fashioned. The girl's hair blew around her with the wild abandonment of spring flowers in a gale.

The scarf which formed her only clothing floated from her waist and shoulders in graceful, sinuous curves.

Of course, the picture had a story. It told how these strange, wild people roamed through the woods, heralding spring with the call of their magic flutes. The nesting birds knew them, while the sleeping soul of Mother Earth woke at the thrill of their music, and burst into budding life. Children were privileged to see and hear these eerie beings —children who sought them with believing hearts.

Armyne at once believed with all the passionate mysticism of youth. She guessed these players must be lurking in the primrose valley, just below Larch Wood.

Miss Osborne, Armyne's governess, was busy on this bright spring morning, arranging flowers for an "at home" to be given by Mrs. Faber that afternoon. The little girl was told to play in the garden alone, instead of taking her usual walk, which formed a part of the day's routine.

No wonder, as the small feet sallied forth, that the flutes rose shrill and persistent from the trees in the Manor House copse. How deliciously they blended with the twitter of amorous birds! A few vague clouds drifted across the sky—clouds full of movement—while shafts of sunlight shot down through the trees, making patterns on the soft carpet of moss.

Armyne ran with light tread and fast-beating pulses till she reached the wood through which a right-of-way led to Primrose Valley. Here the flutes were louder, sighing through the tree-tops and echoing in the ears of the happy, imaginative child.

She was thinking of the big oak with the split trunk. That would make a splendid hiding-place for the weird fluters with the hairy legs. It was quite likely that she would find them in the hollow of that grand old forest king, whose majestic proportions dwarfed the surrounding trees. On tip-toe Armyne approached this hallowed spot, always sacred in her mind to fairy-lore.

A rabbit rustling through the bracken suggested a possible presence, and with widely-extended eyes the eager baby face peered into the dark cavity. As if to guide her, a sunbeam danced merrily across that place of shadow, revealing something white and small. Only a slip of paper with a few faint words pencilled across the page. Yet it filled Armyne with untold rapture. She bent down, seized her prize, and devoured the writing, having mastered the art of reading with characteristic sharpness.

"Here eleven-thirty."

Nothing more, but the message was clear enough, and must surely be from the flute-players — yes, they had written the glorious news, they would be there at half-past eleven that morning.

"THE EAGER BABY FACE PEERED INTO THE DARK CAVITY."

It was now only ten o'clock, and she knew she must not stay away too long. Quickly she decided to return and help Miss Osborne with the flowers, then, when the time drew near, once again she could wander forth, and watch by the old tree — secretly and alone.

Hiding the precious paper in her dress, she positively danced back to the Manor House. How could she be expected to walk or run in the ordinary way after such an adventure? Armyne herself looked like some elf of the wood as she skipped over the waking flowers with fantastic steps. Her cheeks were blooming, her eyes twinkled, her pale gold hair shone in all the glory of the morning sun. Miss Osborne wondered what had come to her charge, and spoke of the

child's excited looks to Mrs. Faber as the quick form flitted from room to room.

"Oh, that's natural enough," replied the young mother. "The spring has got into her blood. I used to be the same at Armyne's age."

The Fates favoured the child, for, soon after eleven, Miss Osborne was sent to the telephone to give an order for Mrs. Faber. The coast being clear, youth strayed away once more through the breezy grounds, to where the wind sighed in the wood and whispered enchanting stories.

Perhaps, she told herself, it would be better to crouch in the bushes near by and watch them arrive unseen. They might be nervous of a human being, even though she wore such very short frocks, and was only quite a little girl.

With a delicious sense of awe-inspired wonder she took up her post near the old oak. Just a few moments of the fearful joy which anticipation brings, and then she heard advancing footsteps. At first she closed her eyes, not daring to look, then peeped between her fingers cautiously. A sigh of disappointment set the bushes trembling. There, by the dark hollow, stood just an ordinary man, peering into the cavity. He turned away with a smile, and walked briskly up and down with the elastic step of an athlete in the prime of life. Looking at his watch, he glanced furtively from left to right, as if expecting someone. Armyne, noting his anxious expression, guessed for whom he waited, for the light of excitement shone in his eyes, and his cheeks burnt red with a strange glow. She could bear solitude no longer, now that she realized another shared her secret. Shyly emerging, she beckoned the astonished young man to her side.

"I think," she said, in a hushed voice, "if you would just kneel down here out of sight, they might come more quickly."

He stared at her in mute amazement.

"Who might come?" he queried, smiling beneath a particularly pleasing moustache.

"Why the people with the pipes," she answered, confidently. "They play the Flutes of Spring, you know, and have goats' legs. They are ever so wonderful, and I am afraid, as you are not a child, you may keep them away unless you hide."

He tried not to laugh as he listened to her earnest prattle, made attractive by its absolute innocence and sincerity.

"But how do you know they are coming?" he asked, once again, casting a longing look down the winding path of moss.

"Because they wrote and told me—the letter was in there this morning."

She pointed to the hollow tree.

For a moment the man stood speechless; then the glow faded from his cheeks and he turned strangely pale.

"You—you found the writing!" he gasped. "You took it away!"

Something in his manner filled Armyne with a sense of guilt.

She drew the slip of paper from its hiding-place in her little brown stocking and held it out with a supplicating gesture.

His eyes devoured the words as if they contained some strange, uncanny power. She fancied she saw the glimmer of something moist beneath his lashes.

"This is my writing," he told her. "Someone came to find it and went away disappointed. Oh, little girl, you don't know what you have done!"

His voice shook. He seated himself on a tree-stump and buried his chin in his hands. Such a figure of silent woe Armyne had never contemplated in her limited list of years. So far sorrow had kept at a respectful distance, avoiding the sunny path of youth. Instinctively she guessed she was face to face with suffering, and, worst of all, suffering caused unconsciously by herself.

A lump rose in her throat. She forgot her fairy-tale fantasy by the light of stern human nature. She watched this very real being, weighed down by some nameless grief beyond her child understanding, and all the pity in her small soul went out to the man she had innocently injured.

She drew nearer on tip-toe and placed an affectionate little hand on his shoulder.

"I'm so sorry!" she whispered, patting him softly. "I wish I could help you—I do, indeed; but I suppose it is something quite secret. I suppose you wouldn't like to tell me why you are so sad?"

He looked up surprised at the wealth of feeling in the child's musical voice. Instinctively it brought a sense of comfort, touching a chord of sympathy, making him ashamed of the cloud he had cast over her sunny face.

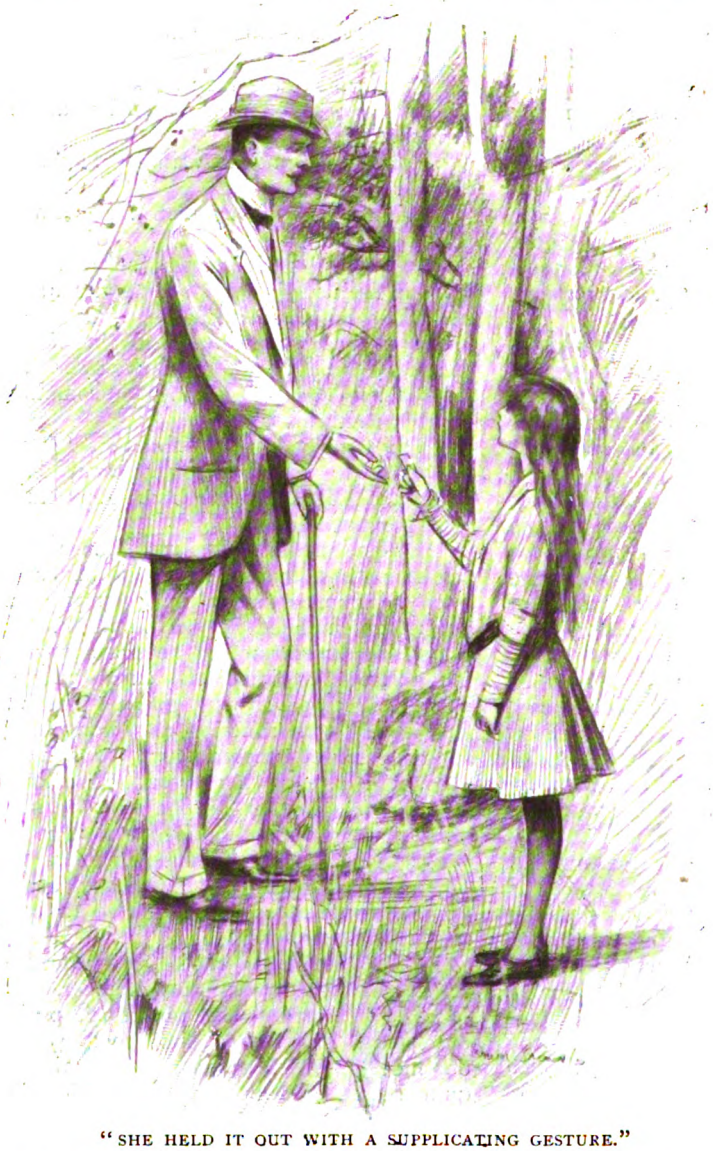
"Why do you care?" he asked, pressing the tiny, dimpled hand. "Who are you?"

Armyne, encouraged by his friendly tone, gave ready information.

"I live at the Manor," she said. "I am Armyne Faber."

Sudden light broke upon the man's face.

"Then Florence is going to your house this afternoon—you know Florence Belhaven?"



"SHE HELD IT OUT WITH A SUPPLICATING GESTURE."

The child nodded.

"Oh, yes, I expect she is coming to mother's party with her old aunt. Mother says it must be dreadful to have an aunt like Miss Maria Belhaven. She is quite cruel to Florence. I've heard lots of people call her a tyrant; and tyrants do awful things, don't they—lock people up and torture them?"

A vague, unmirthful smile flitted over the man's drawn lips.

"Well, it isn't quite so dreadful as that, but it's bad enough. Florence cannot call her soul her own. Even her letters are overlooked. If she wants to marry she will have to run away, for her Aunt Maria would raise objections should a walking angel present himself as a probable husband. Being still single, Maria is furiously jealous if anyone dares to admire her niece. I suppose, little girl, you have heard of people being in love?"

Armyne's eyes grew strangely intelligent. The fairy-books had told her of many a prince and princess who loved each other dearly, and, after thrilling adventures, married, to live happily ever after. She nodded an emphatic "Yes," which set the daffodil locks in merry motion.

"Love is very tiresome—yet very delicious—there's a contradiction for you, Armyne. It devours and enthralls, it plays havoc with the strongest brain. At will it can change the cold earth to heaven, or a summer day to dark night. It is infinitely cruel, infinitely dear. It can kiss or stab in the same breath."

He spoke more to the elements around him than to the child herself; his voice held a strange mixture of bitterness and elation.

"You seem to know a lot about love," said the baby voice, in awed surprise.

The man rose and stretched his arms.

"We learn the secret suddenly, and then we cease to scoff," he said. "If anyone had told me two months ago I should have made a letter-box of a hollow tree, the idea would have seemed absurd. To-day my plans for the future were to take definite shape and form. Florence relied on me so—poor child! Now she will doubt my love; she will think I was afraid. She will believe that I failed her."

He crushed his heels into the mossy earth, and bit his lips with a certain savage vehemence. Yet Armyne was not afraid. She knew, with a child's keen instinct, his heart was kind and tender, despite the wrinkled brow and sombre expression. As she watched him her brain worked quickly. That afternoon, just because she hated grown-up people's parties with all the vehemence of an untrammelled nature, a great joy lay in store. Mrs. Faber had promised she should spend it with a family of tomboy cousins, who lived some miles away in a house by the sea. For Armyne the afternoon held the prospect of innumerable delights—rocky adventures on a wild, free shore, crab hunts, and rambles over vast stretches of damp, shiny sand.

Sternly she was asking herself—Could she give it up? Could she bear to say, "Please, mother, I want to stay at home for the party"?

Such a sacrifice would mean the donning of a flimsy lace frock, which must be worn with caution and respect, and the resigning of bliss untold at Sandsea Bay. But it might also mean that she could help Florence, and console the man who looked into space with those deep, sad eyes of disappointment.

He would never hear of this inward struggle, never guess how much she was giving up to assist the lovers. Armyne felt glad of this. She remembered that those who tried to be good must not let the right hand know what the left hand did. Secret sacrifice alone counted; the heroism of giving up would be tarnished if her lips boasted of the deed.

Very softly she spoke to the stranger.

"I shall see Florence to-day," she said, steadying her voice with an effort and winking hard to keep back the tears which rose against her will. "If you can come to the gate by the shrubbery I will bring her to you. I expect it will be quite easy to lose Miss Maria in the crowd, like a game of hide and seek."

The man appeared staggered by the bold suggestion.

He looked hard at Armyne, as if doubting her words. The clear blue eyes were raised to his with so much sincerity that fresh life, hope, and courage suddenly filled his heart.

"Little brick!" he gasped. "Would you really do that? Why, I believe you are crying. Is it possible you realize how much I have suffered?"

Armyne smiled bravely. The Flutes of Spring were momentarily deadened by the call of the sea, far, far away, with other relinquished dreams, till suddenly they mingled magically with the break of waves. The rustling tree-tops and the sighing tide blended in one song.

"Of course I would do it for you and for Florence," she said, her face brightening with the inward knowledge of a victory over self. Then she added, hopefully, "Perhaps the flute-players will come to-morrow, and make us all happy again."

"Perhaps they will," replied the man, gratefully. "Such a kind little girl should surely hear the fairies play."

He bent and kissed the glossy hair.

II.

MRS. FABER marvelled that Armyne, who disliked wearing her best clothes and facing a crowd of older people, should suddenly implore to stay at home for the reception. It was easy enough to telegraph to her cousins, and as Armyne generally got her own way, plans were changed to please her whim. Neither her parents nor Miss Osborne suspected what that telegram meant to sacrificial youth.

With eager eyes the child waited for the coming of Florence Belhaven. At first she feared the morning's disappointment might prove too severe. The girl would possibly stay at home and mope. After that unfruitful search for a lover's letter, how could the gay throng at the Manor House appeal to so stricken a spirit? But though Florence begged to be spared the ordeal, pleading headache, her aunt refused to go alone.

"It's affectation and nothing more," declared Miss Maria, crossly. "All my friends say that I don't take you about enough, and now you want to give colour to these assertions, just to annoy me. You appeared in the best of health at breakfast this morning, and were not too ill to go out and gather primroses in the wood."

Florence flushed hotly, making no reply. When they reached the Manor, Maria was repeatedly reminded that her niece looked strangely pale.

"Really," she snapped, "one would think I could control Florence's complexion. Everybody talks as if she were a martyr. I can't imagine why."

Miss Maria's temper being well known in the county, many pitying eyes were turned to the beautiful young orphan who shared the spinster's home. In the girl's large, soulful eyes discerning friends could trace unspoken misery and possible revolt.

To Armyne, the tall, graceful figure was the very embodiment of romance. The sight

of her set the child's pulses beating with furious excitement. As the time drew near to act, all the inward struggles of the past were happily forgotten—only the present mattered, and the success of a secret scheme.

Armyne awaited her opportunity. It came at last. Florence, on their way to the tea-room, became separated from her vigilant chaperon. Instantly she felt a tiny, trembling hand in hers, while a child, with blazing cheeks and quivering lips, whispered breathlessly:—

"Come with me! Come away—quickly, quickly!"

Curious to hear what Armyne would say, the girl obeyed, smiling indulgently at her baby guide, thinking it was some game in which she was expected to join.

"Where do you want me to go?" she asked, as the miniature hostess dragged her towards a palm-house, from which an open door led to the Manor grounds.

"You mustn't ask — you must just come. Somebody loves you and wants you. That's why I'm here. I promised him this morning."

The mysterious words brought a vivid flush to Florence Belhaven's ivory skin. She dared not speak again, but hurried away with the child across a lawn, under a pagoda of climbing rose-trees, to where the air was heavy with the scent of spring flowers.

Armyne was not tall enough to reach the latch of a gate by a yew hedge; she just pointed up and gasped:—

"Open it, please, and you'll find him."

Florence obeyed. It all seemed dream-like and unreal. Vaguely she wondered when the scene would change to one of cold awakening.

There stood the man who loved her—waiting—waiting—for what? Armyne did not know or question. She just kissed her hand to the stranger and, turning, fled with swift feet back to the house, where Maria Belhaven sought in vain for the missing girl. Yet instinctively Armyne felt in league with the gods. She had been the willing messenger of instinct; she had unconsciously strayed to the threshold of Paradise; she had seen heaven in a man's and woman's eyes for one brief moment.

"WHO IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

When eventually Florence returned, her face appeared transformed. She did not notice Maria Belhaven's frowns. That lady muttered the words "Disgraceful conduct," and hurried her niece to the carriage. As they drove away Florence waved smilingly to Armyne. But only the child knew why she smiled.

III.

THE following day news of an elopement spread through the village on the swift wings of scandal.

Miss Maria ran to her intimate friends, and graphically described what had occurred. Early that morning Florence left the house, leaving a written statement that a few hours later she would have married the man of her choice. He was of good family, well off, and quite independent. They had met at a London ball, one of the few Aunt Maria allowed her niece to attend, given by some distant relatives of high social standing. For once Miss Maria's arrogant spirit was somewhat crushed. She appeared quiet, tearful, confused at this startling turn of fate.

"I believe it is my own fault," she confessed. "The girl felt afraid to introduce him, I was always so down on men!"

The sudden loss of a fair young face softened the older woman's heart and made her reflect on the wisdom of her iron rule.

Armyne, hearing the news, danced for joy.

"The spring is still in the child's blood," said Mrs. Faber. "She has been strangely excited the last two days."

When the fit of elation subsided Armyne knelt on a low window-seat, gazing out at the hazy landscape. It all looked deliciously vague and fairy-like this morning. Gentle, drifting mists stole fantastically across the moist grass, and the song of birds rose clear and shrill from freshly-budding trees. The

child held her breath, and the blood grew warmer in her veins.

She was thinking of the love that had come to two people. She was listening for the Flutes of Spring. Her eyes held the unspoken triumph of childhood's glorious imagination.

Suddenly a maid came hurrying to the door with an important piece of news.

"Someone on the telephone is asking for you, Miss Armyne," she said.

The little girl sprang to her feet. She had never been honoured before by a telephone call.

To reach the receiver she climbed on a chair, and her pupils grew big with wonder as she asked:—

"Who is it? What do you want?"

"Listen," answered a voice; "listen hard, Armyne, and tell me what you hear."

Her heart beat faster as, with ears alert, she waited in silence. Then a soft sound reached her, the gentle distant playing of a flute. Of course, she knew it at once, it came from the hairy people — the wild folk she sought yesterday in the wood. How strange they should choose this way! What an eerie melody of magic notes! At last the sweet tune died into silence, and the voice spoke again:—

"Could you hear our music, Armyne?"

"Yes," she gasped. "Oh, yes! You were playing the Flutes of Spring. I thought, perhaps, you would come to-day, but I never could have guessed you would know about the telephone."

Once more the flute-player spoke.

"You must not expect to find us, we are near and yet far; we cannot reveal ourselves to you, Armyne. Listen for our voice when the wind sighs, but don't rely on our appearing. We come to-day with a message from Florence. She is so happy, and she thanks you with all her heart for leading her to the gate of happiness—for showing her the way. We shall play a wedding march for her up in the tree-tops of the wood; perhaps you will hear that. Heaven bless you, dear child, for your care of the lovers. They will never, never forget the sweet work, the quick thought of their Mascotte at the Manor."

Armyne's lips opened, but she could not speak. When at last she found sufficient voice to gasp "Are you still there?" no answer came.

Then she stepped down from the chair and stood with clasped hands, thrilled in every fibre, a rapt expression in her glowing eyes, her brain bewildered, her soul uplifted by a wealth of fantasy which age can never know.

"He said I should surely hear the fairies play," she murmured, in an awed whisper. "He was right, but I wonder how he knew!"

"SHE STOOD WITH CLASPED HANDS, THRILLED IN EVERY FIBRE."

Some Unrehearsed Stage Effects.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

THE following unrehearsed effects and startling, if amusing, incidents of the stage are only such as I have either witnessed myself or have heard of personally from those who have. Most of them, to my knowledge, have not so far been described in print.

No more popular figure existed in the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, than Levy, the conductor. He was the father of some very celebrated musicians—one of them was Levy, the cornet-player, who made such a sensation with his cornet and his diamond-rings in the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, under Rivière's direction, twenty-five years ago. Old Levy had a very large family ("Paganini redivivus" was another of his famous sons), and a story is told that when conducting the overture to an opera in the Theatre Royal, a boy jumped up from under the stage and said:—

"Misther Levy! Misther Levy! Your woive has just had a babby!"

"The Lord be praised for all His mercies!" said the conductor, keeping the baton going.

In a few seconds the boy again appeared.

"Misther Levy! Misther Levy!"

"Well, boy, is anything wrong?"

"Missis Levy has had another babby, sor!"

"Thank Heaven! All's well!" And the baton waved with greater vigour, working up the orchestra to a tremendous flourish. Once more he was disturbed by the same messenger.

"Misther Levy! Misther Levy!"

"Git out, boy! What's the matter now?"

"Begorrah, there's another! As y' call 'em, trins!"

The conductor rose and, putting down his baton, said:—

"Gintlemen, it's toime I wint home and put a stop to this!"

Here is another Irish story. The great baritone, Signor Foli, when singing in grand opera in his native city, Cork, had to sing one of his songs from a stage balcony. The arrangements were not very perfect, and the manager, fearing the carpenter had not made the balcony strong enough to sustain the weight of the big man, told off two assistants to hold it up from beneath. The lengthy Signor was only half through his song when one man said to the other:—

"Be jabers, Moike, this Oitalian is moighty heavy!"

"Let's dhrop him, Pat; he's only an Oitalian, afther all!"

Voice from the Signor above: "Will ye, ye divils, will ye?"

"Tare-an'-'ouns! Pat, but he's an Oirishman; hould him up for the loife of yez!"

A friend of mine—one of the most popular authors of the present day—began life, like so many authors, as an actor. "The worst actor that ever trod the boards," he said to me a few days ago. "I could never recollect my part or my 'business,' and without my glasses I am as blind as a bat. My first chance was in a travelling company as the lift attendant in 'Our Flat,' and I walked on the first night with them on. This caused the ire of the principal actor and manager to rise. 'Whoever saw a lift-man in pince-nez?'

"'All right,' I replied. 'I'll take them off to-morrow night, but I will not answer for the consequences.'

"The next evening I entered, and the first thing I did was to knock over a table and fall into a seat I didn't see. When I went off there stood the actor-manager ready to kill me. 'You have spoilt all my business,' he said. '*I* was to knock over that table, you fool, and fall into that chair. The performance is ruined.'"

And so was my friend's career as an actor.

The Kendals went over to America some years ago, I believe for the first time, with the hall-mark of English appreciation strong upon them. The house was crowded to see our cleverest English actress and her talented husband.

It was a society play, and in those days, far more than in the present time, the young men about town, and the old ones too, looked

"A "THIN PART."

upon a theatre as an English education in modern dress, from the curl of the top-hat to the toes of the boots.

Mr. Kendal, the best-dressed man on the stage, was furious when he discovered that his valet, in some indescribable moment of forgetfulness, had folded his trousers wrongly, so that the crease came down the side instead of the front of the leg.

There was no time to alter matters. The curtain was up, the trousers were on, and Mr. Kendal made his *début*.

The following morning the play received a portion of a column, the actor and actress the rest of the column, but the "new fashion in pressing trousers" ran into several columns.

But to return to the Irish. A very different effect was once caused by an actor's clothes. When the late Sir Henry Irving was a young actor and made his first appearance in Dublin in a costume play—what actors would call "a thin part"—he looked the part to perfection so far as the thinness went. Perhaps there was no actor in our time that looked as thin in some costumes as Sir Henry. A new-comer to the famous old Theatre Royal, in which every member of that distinguished stock company was familiar to the man in the gallery, called forth critical scrutiny. So when young Irving walked on in his peculiar mannerized way the dead silence of the house was broken by a man in the gallery calling out to his friend on the other side of the circle, "Tare-an'-'ouns! Phwat's that?"

"That? Whoi, them's clothes. I suppose the man phwat owns them will come on afther them."

I have never come across an account of the contretemps at Liverpool, when Miss Bateman, in the height of her fame, was playing the Jewess in "Leah." The great scene of that once popular drama is that in which Leah returns to the home of her lover to hear of his marriage with another woman, and the effect is piled up in true melodramatic style when a pretty little child runs out of the house. Leah, to slow music, calls the child towards her, and asks, in trembling tones, "What is your name, my little child?"

"My name is Leah."

The effect of this reply upon the actress and upon the audience was sublime. But one day that youthful member of Miss Bateman's company was unfortunately unable to play. A substitute had to be found and rehearsed. The stop-gap happened to be the little daughter of one of the stage-carpenters, hailing from the Emerald Isle. Leah was perfect at rehearsal. "My name is Leah!" Then came the performance. It was a Saturday night and the house was packed. The great scene was begun with its usual intensity. The critical moment arrived. The child ran out; Leah called her. The child was struck with stage-fright.

"MOI NAME IS BIDDY MALONEY, MISS."

"What is your name, my little child?"

Tears.

The all-important question was repeated to slow music.

Pause.

The question was repeated a third time, by which the effect was rather heightened than destroyed.

More tears, and then—

"Moi name is Biddy Maloney, miss."

The effect of this reply upon the actress and upon the audience may be better imagined than described.

There is a well-known farce, "No Song, No Supper!" which for generations has been popular with the public as a curtain-raiser. A meal takes place on the scene, and the author made it a *sine qua non* that a real leg of mutton should be boiled with trimmings and placed on the table every night his piece was played. This leg of mutton was subsequently enjoyed by the "guests" in the scene. The flavour of the joint, rising to the floats, made the poor scene-shifters sitting up aloft both hungry and envious. At last one of them made a bargain with one of the "guests" that if he let down a line with a hook at the end he would attach it to the leg of mutton, and that they, working above, should at least have one night's supper.

THE "STAR" AND THE "STAR-TRAP."

It so happened that the applause on the fall of the curtain, probably on a Saturday night, was greater than usual, and the curtain was rung up at once, when, to the delight of the audience, the leg of mutton was seen rising like a balloon.

The favourite American actress, Mrs. Gilbert, in her "Stage Reminiscences," includes an amusing incident that occurred during the performance of "Faust" in Dublin. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let Mephistopheles down to the lower regions. He stuck halfway, and all the efforts of the stage carpenters failing to move him down to the underwork, the curtain was lowered. A voice from the gallery shouted, "Hurrah, boys! hell's full!"

The "star-trap," too, is responsible for many a contretemps such as the one here to be related. A clever friend of mine, the well-known author, the late Richard Dowling, of Dublin, had his chances as a dramatist ruined by a "star-trap" incident on the first night of his only play in London. His drama was of the most sensational kind, and was produced by a lady who once ran the theatre now known as the Queen's. She played the heroine, a fair young lady, whom, without being ungallant, one might describe as "buxom." The great scene is the attempted murder of the heroine by the villain in a house built on piles over the River Thames. The lady is a somnambulist. There is a trap-door in the centre of the hall, close under which rushed the deep waters of the Thames. To slow music the heroine, like Lady Macbeth—with a clearer conscience certainly, but with as dim a light in her hand—walks down the stairs. The villain opens the trap-door, and the lady walks into it. Ha! ha! she is gone! But, alas! Ha! ha! she didn't go. Not being in Dublin no wit was present to call out "Hurrah, boys! the river's full," neither was it the fault of the "star-trap," but of the "star" herself. Unfortunately she had *not* the figure of a Mephistopheles, and as she had not been measured for the trap, she stuck fast in the opening, and so the curtain and my aspiring dramatic friend's countenance fell simultaneously.

A little incident of the memorable first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is fresh in my memory. Pinero and I dined together at the Garrick Club—or rather I dined and he, like Beau Brummell, "toyed

MR. GLADSTONE IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

with a piece of toast." We drove immediately to the theatre together; before I had time to take a dozen whiffs of my cigarette he "went behind," and I to my seat in the centre of the stalls. The curtain was going up as I entered. The scene on the stage of the finish of the little dinner-party at Tanqueray's was so realistic that I, in my absent-mindedness, actually took a cigarette out of my case and put it in my mouth, and was about to strike a match when my neighbour in the stalls stopped me. So realistic was the scene I really imagined for the moment that I was one of the small dinner-party!

It is pretty well known that Mr. Gladstone actually once appeared in a play at the Lyceum. The Grand Old Man was a great admirer of Sir Henry, and was frequently allowed to sit by the wings during the performance. One night he had strayed from his seat on to the stage during an elaborate setting of a scene in "The Corsican Brothers" —the *bal masqué* — and the curtain had actually rung up with Mr. Gladstone in the middle of the stage. There was nothing to do but to push him into one of the boxes which formed part of the scene, and here, amidst the gay and beautiful throng of nondescript dancers, sat the Premier, looking far happier than he did when in his usual seat in Parliament.

I now come to a first night at the Lyceum when Miss Mary Anderson made her initial performance in the romantic part of Perdita. In the great scene she is wooed by the rough, picturesque lover, on this occasion played by "Handsome Jack Barnes." As she rose to her feet it was perceived, to the delight of us all but to the discomfiture of the actors, that Mr. Barnes's wig had caught in the shoulder-clasp of Perdita, and rose with her, and furthermore refused to be detached for some time.

When Miss Anderson arrived in London she was only known to English people by the art of the camera. Her first appearance, as I have said, was as Perdita, and I thought her the most charming figure I had ever seen on the stage. I was the first artist in England to make a sketch of her; she kindly posed for me after a performance at the Lyceum, and when she asked me the position I would like her to take I mentioned one she had assumed in the second act, in which she stood holding the drapery in her hand, which was resting on her hip.

"Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"Yes; that attitude struck me as the most artistic of all your graceful movements," I replied.

"Well," she said, "as a matter of fact my robes had come unfastened and were falling off, and I was holding them on; but I shall now purposely make them slip in the same way." And that pose was repeated nightly during the run of the play.

Even this popular actress could not escape the chaff of "the gods." She was playing Galatea in Sir W. S. Gilbert's play—and a charming Galatea she made—when, in the

PERDITA AND HER LOVER'S WIG.

critical scene in which she appeals to the gods to enable her to bring Pygmalion and Cynisca together again, the actress held up her arms and, unconsciously looking up at the gallery, cried out, "The gods will help me!" to Miss Anderson's surprise, all the occupants of the gallery, as if by pre-arrangement, called out with one voice, "We will!"

Some of the unrehearsed effects on the stage take place when the curtain is down. As is well known, Mrs. Kendal has a pretty wit, and when at rehearsal has a pleasant way of distributing the fruits of her life-long experience of the stage. A young actor in the cast at His Majesty's, not appreciating the kindliness of the distinguished actress in thus giving her valuable advice, was gently reprimanded by Sir Beerbohm Tree, who said it was the duty of anyone in the profession to defer to the great exponent of the art dramatic, whose opinions were golden. Subsequently, during the rehearsal, the scene arrived in which Falstaff is secreted in a clothes-basket. Mrs. Kendal raised an objection to some of the "business."

"Is it not possible to 'cut' some of this?"

"I fear not," said the actor-manager; "the British public demands that the immortal bard shall be rendered *in toto*."

"So be it," said Mrs. Kendal; "but you must remember that it is long since I acted in pantomime."

Miss Ellen Terry appeared in the same production.

As the two great actresses were walking on the stage a few nights afterwards, a wag standing at the wings said in an audible aside to a friend, "Now then, make way for the stars." Mrs. Kendal, overhearing this remark, turned round and curtsied. "Stars, did you say?" queried she. "I think you ought to say 'ancient lights'!"

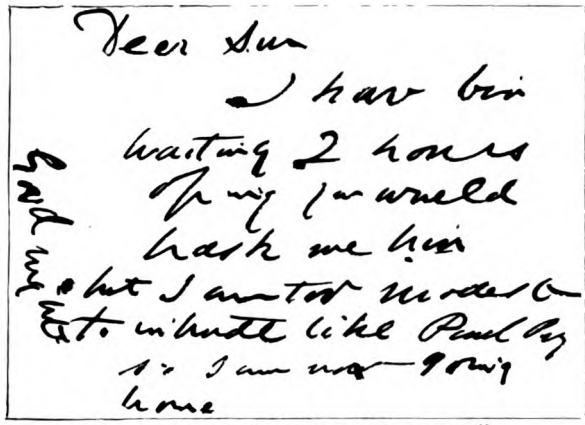
I have already referred to the best-dressed actor and his trousers. Now let me introduce a story related by the worst-dressed actor, our dear friend, the late lamented Johnny Toole, and the very worst trousers that ever appeared on the stage. Toole wore them whenever he played the Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist," which part delighted the theatre-going public for many years. In a way these trousers were historical. They were really old, had never been patched up, and, like much of the glory in the old masters' paintings, time had improved them—at least, for the purpose of the character-actor. They really belonged to Murray, the famous Edinburgh actor, who wore them for some years on the stage in a small part in a play entitled "The Heart of Midlothian." Scott had seen old Murray in the part, and was particularly struck by the trousers. When Charles Dickens saw Toole play the Dodger, and in turn admired the trousers, Toole informed the great novelist that Scott had been also impressed with them; and to use Toole's own words, "Dickens was very much interested; it seemed to make him thoughtful, and he mentioned the name of Scott with something like reverence."

TOOLE'S CELEBRATED TROUSERS.

Well, these historical garments were once the cause of an unrehearsed effect at the door of a theatre, and all but led to a great disappointment to a large audience assembled at a benefit. Toole, who was playing in another theatre, ran round to the one at which he was already due to play the Artful Dodger. The door-keeper was new to his work. He did not know Toole, but only saw these shabby old trousers, and absolutely refused to believe they could be worn by anyone with any pretension to respectability. Toole was in a dilemma; the stage was waiting. "Well," said the witty actor, "you don't understand me. I'm not Mr. Toole, whose name you see on that play-bill. I'm only his dresser."

"Ah, that's a 'oss of another colour; why didn't you say so afore?"

Poor Toole was in the same way denied admittance to his own club. I was giving a dinner-party which, when the theatres were closed, was in full swing. The hall-porter came in to me shortly after eleven to say that my cabman had been waiting. He refused to go, and was trying to force his way into the Garrick. I told him I had no cabman waiting, and to tell the impostor to be off. Shortly afterwards a note was placed in my hands, and in walked a cabman, to the astonishment of the hall-porter and waiters



"A NOTE WAS PLACED IN MY HANDS."

—no other than dear Johnny Toole, coat, whip, trousers and all to the life.

Toole relates a unique unrehearsed effect that happened to him when playing in "Dot," a dramatized version of "The Cricket on the Hearth." The young lady who played Bertha, the blind girl, was suddenly taken ill after the first act. She fainted in her dressing-room, and, all means of restoration proving useless, the manager was forced to ask a lady of the company who was not acting that night, but who was in the theatre, to take the part of Bertha, so that the piece could proceed, Toole assuring her that he would give her the words as the play went on. She refused to accede to this.

"I'll go on and do my best, but I must read the part."

"Great heavens!" Toole replied. "That would never do. You're the blind girl."

"Then I shall not move," she replied. "I'll read the part or nothing."

Irving, who was playing John Peerybingle, went in front of the curtain, and informed the audience that in consequence of the sudden illness of the actress whom they had seen playing the part of Bertha, another lady was going on in her place, but would have to read the lines.

Sympathetic applause showed that the house accepted the peculiar solution of the difficulty. It was prepared to see a blind girl reading.

Toole went on, and in one of the most pathetic parts of the play looked round for the entrance of the blind girl. To his astonishment, he saw two ladies wrestling at the wings. It appears that the two actresses, the lady who had fainted and the other who had agreed to take her part, were at daggers drawn. The fainting lady had recovered in time to hear that her rival was to take her place, and she was determined at all risks to proceed.

This sudden double change was so unrehearsed that in her excitement the real Bertha, who was blind, walked on with a defiant look of triumph and her eyes *wide open*. She remembered her part, but quite forgot, although the audience didn't, that she was blind!

TOOLE AND THE BLIND GIRL.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

MARKS.

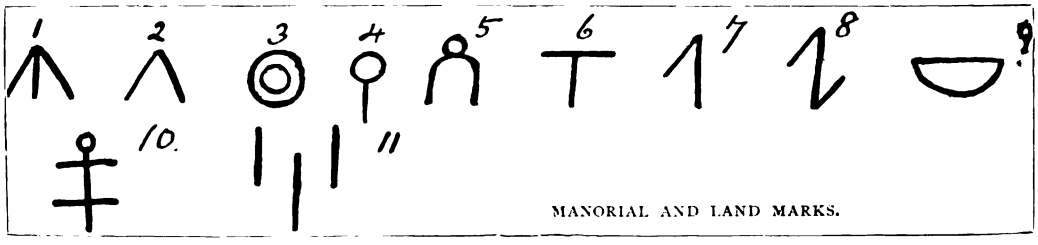
WHEN Mr. Pickwick made his famous discovery of the stone inscribed by Bill Stumps, that worthy's mark upon it took the form of a cross, as, indeed, do the marks still affixed to deeds and other documents attested by illiterate persons.

Nevertheless, the cross was not at all the usual form of mark used in past ages by those who could not write. Not only do old deeds exhibit a vast quantity of marks of different designs, but also the "inquisitions post mortem," extending from the reign of Henry VII. to the reign of Charles II., disclose an enormous variety of yeomen's marks which never took the form of a cross. In ancient times marks were as common as the coats-of-arms and crests of chivalry—co-existed with them, and were even more ancient. Moreover, they constituted an institution analogous to heraldry for those who were not entitled to bear arms, whether they were illiterate or not; and those who were entitled to a crest used a mark as well.

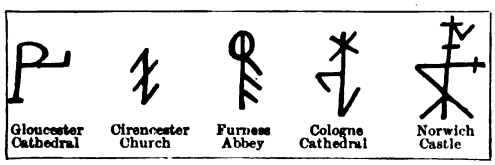
Except in the form of trade-marks, now used for a different purpose, sheep-marks used to differentiate one man's flock from another, and swan-marks made at the annual "uppings," marks have now died out altogether, and, in England at any rate, their lore has been forgotten. Here and there an ancient ring or house, showing a device which was its owner's mark, or an old deed with a cabalistic-looking design affixed to its signature or on its seal, arouses curiosity; but no one seems to remember that these devices were just as hereditary as coats-of-arms, and in many cases quite as significant.

Marks took their origin in the "runes," or secret writing of the Northmen, the knowledge of which was confined to a small class. The word "rune" in Anglo-Saxon means "secret," and these characters, as being magical and used as a means of augury, were at first proscribed by the Church. The runic characters consisted of straight lines parallel one to another, and usually vertical or angular, because, the inscriptions being for the most part cut on wood, horizontal lines ran with the grain. Runic characters survived as landmarks and lots when the hides of a manor were distributed according to custom, and also were used by yeomen in marking their cattle, sheep, and goods. Thus they never died out. Though the marks generally were arbitrary signs—objects for remembrance—and the runes were intended for pictures of objects, yet a survival of the runic idea of pictures can be seen in the customary marks of certain English manors used down to comparatively modern times.

In the first illustration, No. 1 is the "crane's foot"; No. 2, the "bow"; No. 3, the "priest" (evidently a tonsure); No. 4, the "poel" (*i.e.* daughter—the poel was the fillet round a maiden's head); No. 5, the "mother"; No. 6, the "headless" (apparently referred to in the nursery rhyme of "Pat-a-cake" with its injunction to mark it with "T"); No. 7, the "dung-hook"; No. 8, the "pot-hook" (this device constitutes the armorial bearings of the noble house of Von Gegern, in Schleswig); No. 9, the "oven"; No. 10, the "hand-reel"; and No. 11 (with its fine suggestion of uncertainty where to put the strokes) the "drinker."



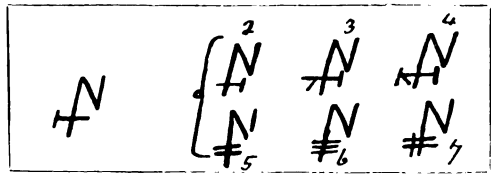
MANORIAL AND LAND MARKS.



BUILDERS' MARKS.

Masons' and builders' marks are often to be found on mediæval buildings, probably with reference to some system of accounts.

On comparing the manorial and masons' marks with the runes on the celebrated "Franks casket" in the British Museum, carved out of the shoulder-blade of a whale, and one of the finest examples of runic writing in existence, their similarity is at once evident. Thus the runes survived as marks, and just as the cultus of arms attained great height in the fourteenth century, so did the cultus of marks. When the mediæval love of colours and decoration is remembered it is remarkable that both should have been conspicuously absent from the marks of the Middle Ages. From first to last they were undecorative, and the number of additional lines to be noticed in them as time went on was only occasioned by the junior members of a family varying and increasing the lines in a mark in order to distinguish themselves from others of the same name. The tiny crosses in them seem to have been occasioned by a desire to avert any suspicion of magic owing to their cabalistic appearance.

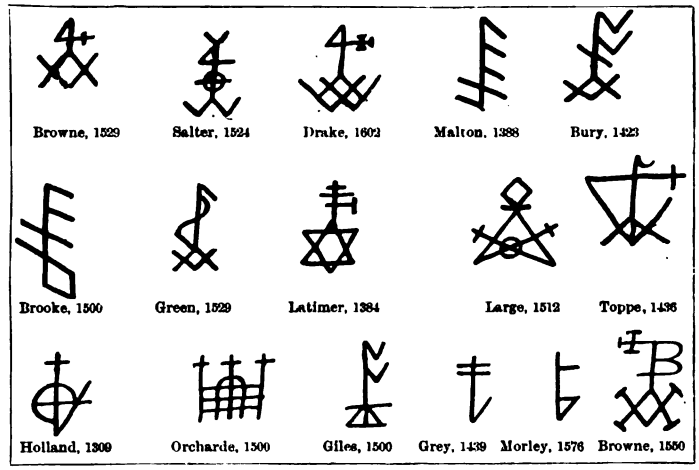


A GERMAN FAMILY'S MARKS (FROM MEYER'S "KONVERSATION LEXIKON").

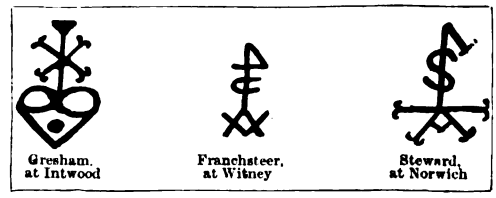
Thus, in the succession of family marks given by a German authority, No. 1 was assumed by the father of a family and his eldest son; No. 2 by the father's younger son; and No. 5 by the younger son of No. 2, each successive younger descendant adding an additional stroke, as exemplified in Nos. 3 and 4 and 6 and 7.

For the typical examples of English family marks, shown below, exact—and in some cases indistinguishable—parallels can be found in Scandinavia and Germany; in fact, wherever the Northmen penetrated in times past. All are alike, all equally colourless and undecorative. In countries whither the Northmen did not go no marks at all seem to have existed.

Builders of houses sometimes placed their marks on a building in addition to, or in substitution for, their coats-of-arms. In England most of these have perished, but some still survive, as at Intwood, where Sir Richard Gresham's mark is to be found. He was the father of the famous Sir Thomas whose crest, the grasshopper, is such a conspicuous feature in London to-day. There are also the marks of Thomas Franchsteer at Witney, the staple in the centre showing him to have been a woolstapler, and of one of the Stewards—Cromwell's cousins—on a house at Norwich.



ENGLISH FAMILY MARKS WITH NAMES AND DATES.



MARKS FROM HOUSES.

BOOK-PLATES.

NO. 1.—W. E. GLADSTONE'S BOOK-PLATE.

If we define the term *book-plate* as a piece of paper stamped or engraved with a name or device and pasted in a book to show the ownership, it will avoid misconception of the nature of the plates shown in these pages, and also the repetition of a remark made by a distinguished man of letters: "I do not know what it is, nor have I ever heard of it."

Ancient book-plates have more interest for the antiquary and for the collector than for the general reader; therefore, we shall now mainly confine our illustrations and remarks to modern plates, which may have an unexpected interest for those who are not aware of the development into a fine art of the study of book-plates—a result mainly due to the Ex Libris Society, established in February, 1891.

A triple interest attaches to these devices; many of them are quite little gems of art, and are therefore intrinsically pleasing; some

NO. 2.—THOMAS CARLYLE'S BOOK-PLATE.

NO. 3.—LORD LEIGHTON'S BOOK-PLATE.

reflect interesting characteristics of those who use them, and this is especially the case as regards modern plates; others, again, have been designed by artists of high standing and ability.

A very fine book-plate is shown in No. 1. It is Mr. W. E. Gladstone's, a gift to him by Lord Northbourne in 1889 on the occasion of the celebration of Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding; the two dates are 23rd July, 1839,

23rd July, 1889. The kites and stones are a rebus on Gledstanes, the original form of the name (*gled* = kite; *stanes* = stones). The helmet is rather prominent, to show—from the heraldic standpoint—that Mr. Gladstone was still a commoner.

The interest of No. 2 rests upon the fact that it is the book-plate of Thomas Carlyle—certainly it has not artistic merit—and that it was copied from the Homer used by Carlyle when at school in 1810, but the book-plate was not pasted in the book until a later date.

There is something which suggests Lord Leighton's own work in his book-plate, shown in No. 3, but which was designed by

NO. 4.—LORD WOLSELEY'S BOOK-PLATE.

R. Anning-Bell in 1894. Mr. Bell has designed many plates, and they are appreciated very highly by art critics; he has put some beautiful work into that now shown, which is one of his best examples.

A splendid piece of work in quite another style is Lord Wolseley's book-plate, No. 4, designed by Mr. C. W. Sherborn, an artist whose productions are probably the best among the armorial designs. The owner has stated that the chief features of this plate are "a very old family armorial bearings, with a number of military crosses and decorations added to the mantling." The

NO. 5.—SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA'S BOOK-PLATE.

numerous details of all these crosses and decorations have been shown by the artist in a wonderfully strong and clear manner.

The numerous figures, etc., in the allegorical book-plate No. 5 of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., relate to the Fine Arts. The easel-like arrangement embodies the initials, "L.A.T.", and a scroll flutters through the whole, bearing the appropriate motto, "As the Sun colours flowers, so Art colours life." This is the work of Mr. Inglis.

A characteristic smack of Mr. Rider Haggard is contained in No. 6, a quaint hieroglyphical device, designed for his use by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, who is a recognized expert in hieroglyphics. The meaning of this plate is "Rider Haggard, the son of Ella, Lady of the House, makes an oblation to Thoth, the lord of writing, who dwells in the Moon." This is certainly a thoroughly characteristic label for the books of the writer of "She," of "King Solomon's Mines," and of "Cleopatra."

NO. 6.
RIDER HAGGARD'S BOOK-PLATE.

THE BEAUTY OF THE POLLEN.

By S. Leonard Bastin. Photographs by Frank R. Himkins.

It is not easy for the modern botanist to accept the dictum that there is a special purpose in form and shape throughout the natural world. Whilst dismissing the old idea that beauty is intended solely to delight the eyes of mankind, one is bound to admit that we cannot advance a practical reason for the formation of everything. There is, perhaps, no better illustration of this than the infinitely varied design to be observed in the pollen of flowers—the golden dust which plays so important a part in the marriage of the plants. To the unaided vision the appearance of the yellow grains is not suggestive of anything very interesting, but with the help of a powerful lens a whole world of hidden loveliness is brought to view.

The grain of pollen is even more complicated than it may appear at first sight, for the strange design is simply formed by the covering which protects the precious contents. Inside the minute case is the fragment of protoplasmic matter—a spot of life—which is destined to bring about the mysterious process of fertilization. The covering of the pollen grain is not of the same thickness all over; here and there may be observed thin places, like little windows, the number varying according to the particular species. The purpose of these is to facilitate the extension of the living matter in the grain, which takes place when the pollen alights on the stigma of the flower.

FIG. 1. MARGUERITE.

Certainly one cannot say that in all cases the strange design of the pollen is entirely without purpose. When the grain is encased in a skin thick with bristles or spines, it is obvious that the adhesive character of the pollen is much enhanced. This is an important point when the flowers depend upon insect agency to distribute the fertilizing powder. The pollen of the marguerite (Fig. 1), typical of a large number of composite flowers, in this respect not only coheres, but clings to any object very readily. The yellow grains of the musk-mallow (Fig. 2),

FIG. 2. MUSK-MALLOW.

although somewhat less formidable in appearance, are not easy to separate, so closely do they stick to one another. Even the beautiful crystalline forms of the dandelion pollen (Fig. 3) are covered with minute hairs, and the small flies which often visit the massed florets of this blossom cannot fail to take away with them a good dusting of grain.

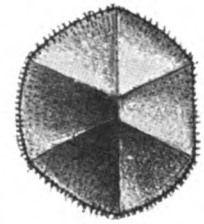


FIG. 3. DANDELION.

There are other means of ensuring that the pollen of flowers shall adhere together. When the rhododendron blooms are at their best the touch of a bristle at one of the anthers will be sufficient to draw away all the grains from a cavity in a stream. An examination under the microscope reveals the fact that the atoms are connected by long

FIG. 4.—RHODODENDRON.

viscid threads. The pollen grains of the rhododendron (Fig. 4) are objects of great beauty, triangular in shape and finely reticulated. In the pollen of the handsome rosebay or garden willow-herb (Fig. 5) we again find the streamers attached to each grain. In this case the contents of the anthers hang from the stamens like torn ribbons. It is impossible

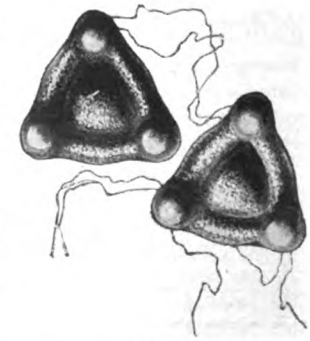


FIG. 5. THE GARDEN WILLOW-HERB.

to overlook the very remarkable shape of the grains in this case, although it is difficult to see what end can be served by this strange pattern. The three projections which stand out so plainly at the corners of the grains represent the "thin places" in the covering skin to which reference has already been made. Two other flowers, which in their pollen take on a more or less triangular shape are the nasturtium (Fig. 6) and the clarkia. In reality, the former of these has grains which are somewhat pyramidical in pattern, although there is a great deal of variety in the design. The example shown must only be taken as one of the more common forms, and not as a type of the whole. The pollen of the clarkia (Fig. 7) is certainly very curious, consisting as it does of a rounded central mass adorned with three equidistant projections.

FIG. 6.
NASTURTIUM.

FIG. 7.
CLARKIA ELEGANS.

In some cases the little windows in the pollen grains are protected with small covers. Quite the strangest of these contrivances is that to be seen in the gourd tribe, a typical example, that of the marrow, being depicted in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 8). It will be noticed that the whole covering of the grain is thickly strewn with spines, whilst at intervals certain excrescences are apparent. Each one of these is provided with a little cap, and at a certain stage in the development of the pollen the lid is raised, allowing the contents of the interior to escape. In the extremely beautiful pollen of the passion-flower (Fig. 9) the thin places are ring-like. When the matter inside commences to swell, the portions of the covering which are encircled come away, leaving three openings for the escape of the fluid within the grain.

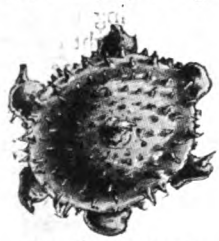


FIG. 8.—MARROW.

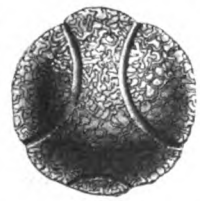


FIG. 9.
PASSION-FLOWER.

With its exquisite markings the pollen of the passion-flower must be regarded as the most handsome of the examples which have come under notice.

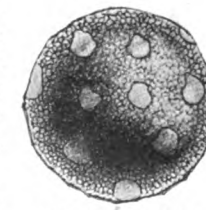


FIG. 10.—PHLOX.

Rounded grains are immensely common among the pollen of flowers. A frequent type is that of the phlox (Fig. 10), a ball devoid of any excrescences, but strongly marked and showing the thin places very plainly. That very handsome flowers do not always produce the most elaborate forms of pollen is well illustrated in the case of the cactus. The example shown (Fig. 11) represents a nearly round grain with longitudinal depressions. A very common formation in the lily tribe (Fig. 12) is that which bears a close likeness to a grain of wheat.

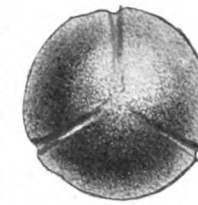


FIG. 11.
THE NIPPLE-CACTUS.

In nearly all the foregoing cases of pollen the flowers which produce it are, to an extent, dependent upon insect agency for their fertilization. In all these instances the pollen is found to be of a clinging nature, such as will readily stick to any object. There is no doubt that one reason for the various sculpturings, which render the grains such pretty objects, is to make them adhesive. Why these groovings should be so elaborate is, of course, a more difficult question to answer.

FIG. 12.—TIGER LILY.

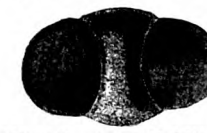


FIG. 13.—SCOTCH PINE.

Opposed to the clinging pollen, we have the dusty pollen, typical of all wind-fertilized plants. Of this nature is the yellow cloud which we can shake from the hazel catkins; the individual grains are quite smooth. Thus each speck floats away alone on the breezes in a manner which would be impossible if the pollen were of a sticky nature. In the case of the pine trees (Fig. 13) an even more interesting provision is made to ensure a wide dispersal of the pollen. Here each grain is provided with a pair of bladder-like wings which act like the sail of a ship, speeding the barque on to its destination.

EVERYDAY NOTIONS UPSET BY SCIENCE.

By Olin Crawford.

Science may not yet be able to convince us that black is white, but it does play surprising tricks with our instinctive ideas concerning some of the most familiar things of everyday life. The average man might absorb a whole library of scientific works, yet the inborn conception would still remain with him that there would be light from a fire even in an unpeopled waste, and that a boiler factory going full blast would make some sound even in a world of deaf-mutes. Anybody who has ever lived next door to a boiler factory would bet his clothes on that last proposition.

But let us dig up a few scientific paradoxes. Strictly speaking, there would be no light from the fire in the unpeopled waste, and there would be no sound from the boiler factory in the world of deaf-mutes.

At Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies, the tourists watch from the parlours of the hotel the snow avalanches that come down the precipice of the glacier-clad peak, two miles away across the water. Usually there is not a soul in all the stretch of lake and wilderness between hotel and mountain. Yet the instinct of the watching tourists tells them that the avalanche must have made a terrific noise in the depths of the canyon, where it has fallen with no one there to hear.

Nonsense! There has been no sound; only the silence of the grave. Sound-waves have been generated, to be sure; the air is filled with them. But sound-waves are silent until they strike an ear-drum. For more than nine seconds the fall of the snow remains as noiseless as the stars. It takes that length of time for the sound-waves to travel the two miles intervening, and then at last there is a sound—a sound like the boom of a cannon—as the waves in the air strike into the ears of the tourists.

What is sound? Your encyclopædia will tell you that it is a sensation produced when vibrations of a certain character, generated by progressive tremors in the atmosphere, are excited in the auditory apparatus of the ear. But those tremors, caused by the jarring of the atmosphere as the snow crashes into the bottom of the canyon, are not sound themselves; they are merely the producers of sound.

In winter the hotel is deserted; there is not a human being within many miles. As the avalanches come tearing down the precipice of the peak and reach their goal, a thousand feet or more below, the tense silence of the wilderness is unbroken, unless some hardy bird or beast that can endure the intense cold which reigns there during the winter months has chanced within hearing distance, for ears of some kind are absolutely necessary for the production of sound. The sound-waves beat against the rocks and trees, and lose themselves in the air as silently as heat-waves, which everybody has seen pour out from a stove. In fact, sound-waves and heat-waves are very much alike, except in their length and in the rapidity of their vibrations.

Even the sound-waves have been made visible. This feat was accomplished a few years ago by a German physicist, Töpler, who employed the snap of an electric spark for the generation of the sound-waves, and then illuminated it by the instantaneous light of a second spark. He was thus not only able to see with distinctness a simple sound-wave, but also to observe its reflection, its refraction, and the interference of two sound-waves.

Now suppose the glacier-clad peak at Lake Louise should prove to have been an extinct volcano; the burned-out crater breaks forth anew; streams of lava pour hissing through the ice and snow; and a dazzling light comes over the lake from a giant pillar of flame.

But for one ninety-two-thousandth of a second the flames have produced absolutely no light. It would take the light-waves that length of time to reach the eyes of the tourists two miles away. The light-waves are not light themselves; they are merely invisible vibrations in the atmosphere, conveying not matter but energy to the eye. Light is merely a sensation within ourselves. If no human or animal eye were in sight of the glare of the volcano's flames, there would be no light. The firs and pines would wither in the heat of the fire, but it would be burning in a world of blackness.

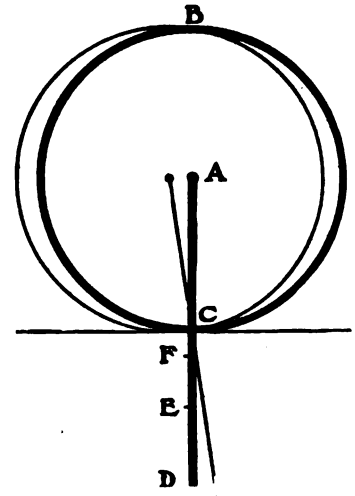
Let us turn from these almost incomprehensible natural conditions to the consideration of an amazing paradox presented by a railroad train. A petulant man, on hearing that a train running at the rate of sixty miles an hour had certain parts of it running in the opposite direction at the rate of ten miles an

hour, might, in his resentful incredulity, feel tempted to look about for a brick. But there is no joke in such an assertion. It is the sober truth.

The best way to make that curious condition of affairs comprehensible is with the help of a large coin, or any hard disc of some thickness. A florin-piece suits the purpose very well.

Take a pin or a knife and scratch a straight line on the coin from centre to circumference. The point in the centre will be known as A. The point at the intersection of the line and the circumference will be C. The point on the circumference directly opposite C will be B.

Then take a thin, flat ruler. Lay the coin flat on the table so that the end C of the line you have drawn touches the edge of the ruler. Roll the coin slightly backward and forward against the ruler so that the point B moves an eighth of an inch or less. The most careful observation will not detect any movement of the point C at the very end of the line. But if the coin be rolled a little farther, so that the point B moves a quarter of an inch or more, the first visible movement of the point C will be sideways from the edge of the ruler. For some time after this has occurred it will be impossible to see any backward or forward movement of this point lengthwise of the ruler.



WHEN THE AXLE "A" MOVES ALONG IN THE DIRECTION OF TRAVEL THE POINT "C" ON THE TYRE IS STATIONARY, AND THE POINTS "F," "E," AND "D" ON THE FLANGE ARE MOVING BACKWARD.

It is true of all wheels, and at all speeds, that the part immediately in contact with the ground has absolutely no movement; so each wheel of a train has at every moment a part that is not moving forward.

Take a bristle twice as long as the line you have drawn on the coin, and paste it on the line with gum, so that half its length extends over the coin's circumference. But, if you have neither bristle nor gum at hand, you will probably be able to comprehend this explanation without putting them into actual practice.

Now the bristle covers the line that has been scratched, and one end of the bristle is the point A, the centre of the coin. The other end of the bristle, lying out over the ruler, will be called point D.

Holding the coin in the same position against the ruler as before, roll it backward and forward very slightly, watching the point D at the outer end of the bristle. You will see, of course, that this point is always moving in the opposite direction to that of the inner end at the centre of the coin. So when A moves along the ruler one-sixteenth of an inch to the right, D moves one-sixteenth of an inch to the left. It isn't much of a strain upon the intellect to comprehend that much, anyway. C is, for the time being, the centre of a circle, of which AD is a diameter, and the ends of the diameter move in opposite directions.

Midway on the half of the bristle extending out over the ruler make another point, which will be called E, half-way between C and D. The new point, E, will move backward only half the distance of the end of the bristle D, and therefore at only half the speed at which point A, at the centre of the coin, moves forward.

Make another point, which will be called F, one-sixth of the distance from C to D. This latest point, F, will move backward at only one-sixth of the rate at which A moves forward.

If, instead of a coin, the disc be the wheel of a railroad-car, and A the centre of the axle, A will, of course, have at all times the same speed as the carriage itself. The point C is stationary at the moment when it is the bottom point of the wheel, and, at the same moment, the point F, below the bottom of the wheel, will move backward at one-sixth of the speed at which the carriage is advancing.

Now every observant person knows that the wheel of a railroad-car, or of engine or tender, has a flange projecting below the surface of the rail to keep it from running off. The limits of this flange will be represented by the points CF. The points BC mark the diameter of the body of the wheel, and the points AC mark the radius of the

body of the wheel. If the radius AC be eighteen inches, and the flange CF be three inches, then that point F of the flange, which is at any moment three inches beneath the top of the rail, is moving backward at one-sixth the speed of the axle at A, and, therefore, at one-sixth of the speed of the train.

So, when the express is rolling forward at the rate of sixty miles an hour, a part of the flange-rim of every wheel on engine, tender, and cars is travelling backward at the rate of ten miles an hour.

There are many mistaken popular notions relating to heat and cold. A woman with a fan has an idea that she is cooling the air. As a matter of fact, her fanning is making the air hotter and hotter, because it is being more rapidly passed over the human body, and is, therefore, absorbing more of the heat of the body. But the woman who is being fanned feels cooler because the heat is being driven out of her into the air.

Everybody realizes that black gloves are unpleasantly hot for summer wear. Black absorbs the solar heat. It is the warmest colour, and white is the coldest. But if you wear a black glove on one hand and a white glove on the other, while you are out in the burning sun of summer, the hand in the cool white glove will be scorched, and the hand in the warm black glove will not be burned a particle. The black glove has protected the hand by absorbing the heat. Yet the hand in that glove will feel much warmer than the one in the white glove.

The laws of perspective cause some peculiar deceptions. Take, for example, a day when clouds lie in streamers along the sky. There is, apparently, one point on the horizon from which all the cloud-lines radiate, some sideways and some upward. Yet, as a matter of fact, the cloud-lines, instead of converging, are running parallel. It is the same deception that is offered by several straight lines of railroad tracks, stretching far into the distance, where they seem to approach each other.

There is nothing more deceptive to the eye than an ocean wave. To all appearances a wave is a wall of advancing water. As a matter of fact, it is not the water itself that is advancing, but only a superficial form which continues to be built up by fresh particles of water. After the Peruvian earthquake of 1868, a wave fifty feet high engulfed many of the low-lying sea-shore towns, swept northward to the coast of Southern California, sweeping westward, completely submerged many of the smaller Sandwich Islands, and not more than twenty-four hours after the earthquake broke on the coast of Japan, ten thousand five hundred miles from its starting-point. But it was not a wave of water that had almost half circled the globe in a day. It was a wave of energy, forcing the water mountain high, yet in its rapid journey leaving every drop behind it.

If a hod-carrier throws a brick up to a bricklayer standing sixteen feet above him he must give the brick a velocity of thirty-two feet a second to reach that height. But suppose he gives twice the speed to the brick, so that it leaves his hand at sixty-four feet a second. The man who has never studied physics, or who, if he has, has forgotten what it has taught him, jumps to the conclusion that the brick will go just twice as high. But it goes four times as high. It is a well-known principle of physics that the height attained is not proportional to the velocity, but to the square of the velocity. Yet it is a principle that is sure to upset our original instinctive impression of what the result would be.

And now, if we leave the hod-carrier and the brick, and turn to the consideration of a rainbow, we shall find just as much to surprise us.

When the clouds opposite the sun are very dark, and the rain is still falling from them, the rays of the sun are divided by the raindrops, as they would be by a prism. Consider, for example, three drops of rain and three rays of the sun. The first sun-ray is divided by the first rain-drop into three colours—blue, yellow, and red—and so are each of the other two rays divided into the three colours. But only one of the colours of each of the rays enters the eye of the spectator.

In each ray two of the colours will be bent at such angles as to fall above or below the eye. In one ray the yellow might strike above the eye, the blue below it, while the red entered it. But, with another spectator, the yellow might be the colour to enter the eye, while the red and the blue would strike below it. To a third person the red might issue from a drop above this one, in which case the first drop would reflect the yellow and a third drop the blue. It is a fact that no two persons see the same rainbow, though they may or may not see the three colours in the same order.

"Rough-Hew Them How We Will."

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

PAUL BOIELLE was a waiter. The word "waiter" suggests a soft-voiced, deft-handed being, moving swiftly and without noise in an atmosphere of luxury and shaded lamps. At Bredin's Parisian Café and Restaurant in Soho, where Paul worked, there were none of these things; and Paul himself, though he certainly moved swiftly, was by no means noiseless. His progress through the room resembled in almost equal proportions the finish of a Marathon race, the star-act of a professional juggler, and a monologue by an Earl's Court side-showman. Constant acquaintance rendered regular habitués callous to the wonder, but to a stranger the sight of Paul tearing over the difficult between-tables course, his hands loaded with two vast pyramids of dishes, shouting as he went the mystic word, "Comingsarecominginamomentsaresteaksareyessarecomingsare!" was impressive to a degree. For doing far less exacting feats on the stage music-hall performers were being paid fifty pounds a week. Paul got eighteen shillings.

"PAUL."

What a blessing is poverty properly considered. If Paul had received more than eighteen shillings a week he would not have lived in an attic. He would have luxuriated in a bed-sitting-room on the second floor; and would consequently have missed what was practically a genuine north light. The skylight which went with the attic was so arranged that the room was a studio in miniature, and, as Paul was engaged in his spare moments in painting a great picture, nothing could have been more fortunate; for Paul, like so many of our public men, lived two lives. Off duty, the sprinting, barking juggler of Bredin's Parisian Café became the quiet follower of Art. Ever since his childhood he had had a passion for drawing and painting. He regretted that Fate had allowed him so little time for such work; but after all, he reflected, all great artists had had their struggles—so why not he? Moreover, they were now nearly at an end. An hour here, an hour there, and every Thursday a whole afternoon, and the great picture was within measurable distance of completion. He had won through. Without models, without leisure, hungry, tired, he had nevertheless triumphed. A few more touches, and the masterpiece would be ready for purchase. And after that all would be plain sailing. Paul could forecast the scene so exactly. The picture would be at the dealer's, possibly—one must not be too sanguine—thrust away in some odd corner. The wealthy connoisseur would come in. At first he would not see the masterpiece; other more prominently displayed works would catch his eye. He would turn from them in weary scorn, and then! . . . Paul wondered how big the cheque would be.

There were reasons why he wanted money. Looking at him as he cantered over the linoleum at Bredin's, you would have said that his mind was on his work. But it was not so. He took and executed orders as automatically as the penny-in-the-slot musical-box in the corner took pennies and produced tunes. His thoughts were of Jeanne Le Brocq, his co-worker at Bredin's, and a little cigar shop down Brixton way which he knew was in the market at a reasonable rate. To marry the former and own the latter was Paul's idea of the earthly paradise, and it was the wealthy connoisseur, and he alone, who could open the gates.

Jeanne was a large, slow-moving Norman girl, stolidly handsome. One could picture her in a De Maupassant farmyard. In the clatter and bustle of Bredin's Parisian Café

she appeared out of place, like a cow in a boiler-factory. To Paul, who worshipped her with all the fervour of a little man for a large woman, her deliberate methods seemed all that was beautiful and dignified. To his mind she lent a tone to the vulgar whirlpool of gorging humanity, as if she had been some goddess mixing in a Homeric battle. The whirlpool had other views—and expressed them. One coarse-fibred brute, indeed, once went so far as to address to her the frightful words, "'Urry up, there, Tottie! Look slippy." It was wrong, of course, for Paul to slip and spill an order of scrambled eggs down the brute's coat-sleeve, but who can blame him?

"A FEW MORE TOUCHES, AND THE MASTERPIECE WOULD BE READY."

Among those who did not always see eye to eye with Paul in his views on deportment in waitresses was M. Bredin himself, the owner of the Parisian Café; and it was this circumstance which first gave Paul the opportunity of declaring the passion which was gnawing him with the fierce fury of a Bredin customer gnawing a tough steak against time during the rush hour. He had long worshipped her from afar, but nothing more intimate than a "Good morning, Miss Jeanne," had escaped him, till one day during a slack spell he came upon her in the little passage leading to the kitchen, her face hidden in her apron, her back jerking with sobs.

Business is business. Paul had a message to deliver to the cook respecting "two fried, coffee, and one stale." He delivered it and returned. Jeanne was still sobbing.

"Ah, Miss Jeanne," cried Paul, stricken, "what is the matter? What is it? Why do you weep?"

"The *patron*," sobbed Jeanne. "He——"

"My angel," said Paul, "he is a pig."

This was perfectly true. No conscientious judge of character could have denied that Paul had hit the bull's-eye. M. Bredin *was* a pig. He looked like a pig; he ate like a pig; he grunted like a pig. He had the lavish embonpoint of a pig. Also a porcine soul. If you had tied a bit of blue ribbon round his neck you could have won prizes with him at a show.

Paul's eyes flashed with fury. "I will slap him in the eye," he roared.

"He called me a tortoise."

"And kick him in the stomach," added Paul.

Jeanne's sobs were running on second speed now. The anguish was diminishing. Paul took advantage of the improved conditions to slide an arm part of the way round her waist. In two minutes he had said as much as the ordinary man could have worked off in ten. All good stuff, too. No padding.

Jeanne's face rose from her apron like a full moon. She was too astounded to be angry.

Paul continued to babble. Jeanne looked at him with growing wrath. That she, who received daily the affectionate badinage of gentlemen in bowler hats and check suits, who had once been invited to the White City by a solicitor's clerk, should be addressed in this way by a waiter! It was too much. She threw off his hand.

"Wretched little man!" she cried, stamping angrily.

"My angel!" protested Paul.

Jeanne uttered a scornful laugh.

"You!" she said.

There are few more withering remarks than "You!" spoken in a certain way. Jeanne spoke it in just that way.

Paul wilted.

"On eighteen shillings a week," went on Jeanne, satirically, "you would support a wife, yes? Why——"

Paul recovered himself. He had an opening now, and proceeded to use it.

"Listen," he said. "At present, yes, it is true, I earn but eighteen shillings a week, but it will not always be so, no. I am not only a waiter. I am also an artist. I have painted a great picture. For a whole year I have worked, and now it is ready. I will sell it, and then, my angel——?"

Jeanne's face had lost some of its scorn. She was listening with some respect. "A picture?" she said, thoughtfully. "There is money in pictures."

For the first time Paul was glad that his arm was no longer round her waist. To do justice to the great work he needed both hands for purposes of gesticulation.

"There is money in this picture," he said. "Oh, it is beautiful. I call it 'The Awakening.' It is a woodland scene. I come back from my work here, hot and tired, and a mere glance at that wood refreshes me. It is so cool, so green. The sun filters in golden splashes through the foliage. On a mossy bank, between two trees, lies a beautiful girl asleep. Above her, bending fondly over her, just about to kiss that flower-like face, is a young man in the dress of a shepherd. At the last moment he has looked over his shoulder to make sure that there is nobody near to see. He is wearing an expression so happy, so proud, that one's heart goes out to him."

"Yes, there might be money in that," said Jeanne.

"There is, there is!" cried Paul. "I shall sell it for many francs to a wealthy connoisseur. And then, my angel——"

"You are a good little man," said the angel, patronizingly. "Perhaps. We will see."

"THOSE WHO DWELL IN DARKNESS AND HAVE GRIMY THUMBS."

Paul caught her hand and kissed it. She smiled indulgently.

"Yes," she said. "There might be money. These English pay much money for pictures."

It is pretty generally admitted that Geoffrey Chaucer, the eminent poet of the fourteenth century, though obsessed with an almost Rooseveltian passion for the new spelling, was there with the goods when it came to profundity of thought. It was Chaucer who wrote the lines:—

> The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
> Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

Which means, broadly, that it is difficult to paint a picture, but a great deal more difficult to sell it.

Across the centuries Paul Boielle shook hands with Geoffrey Chaucer. "So sharpe the conquering" put his case in a nutshell.

The full story of his wanderings with the masterpiece would read like an Odyssey and be about as long. It shall be condensed.

There was an artist who dined at intervals at Bredin's Parisian Café, and, as the artistic temperament was too impatient to be suited by Jeanne's leisurely methods, it had fallen to Paul to wait upon him. It was to this expert that Paul, emboldened by the geniality of the artist's manner, went for information. How did monsieur sell his pictures? Monsieur said he didn't, except once in a blue moon. But when he did? Oh, he took the thing to the dealers. Paul thanked him. A friend of his, he explained, had painted a picture and wished to sell it.

"Poor devil!" was the artist's comment.

Next day, it happening to be a Thursday, Paul started on his travels. He started buoyantly, but by evening he was as a punctured balloon. Every dealer had the same remark to make—to wit, no room.

"Have you yet sold the picture?" inquired Jeanne, when they met.

"Not yet," said Paul. "But they are delicate matters, these negotiations. I use finesse. I proceed with caution."

He approached the artist again.

"With the dealers," he said, "my friend has been a little unfortunate. They say they have no room."

"*I* know," said the artist, nodding.

"Is there, perhaps, another way?"

"What sort of a picture is it?" inquired the artist.

Paul became enthusiastic.

"Ah! monsieur, it is beautiful. It is a woodland scene. A beautiful girl——"

"Oh! Then he had better try the magazines. They might use it for a cover."

Paul thanked him effusively. On the following Thursday he visited divers art editors. The art editors seemed to be in the same unhappy condition as the dealers. "Overstocked!" was their cry.

"The picture?" said Jeanne, on the Friday morning. "Is it sold?"

"Not yet," said Paul, "but——"

"Always but!"

"My angel!"

"Bah!" said Jeanne, with a toss of her large but shapely head.

By the end of the month Paul was fighting in the last ditch, wandering disconsolately among those who dwell in outer darkness and have grimy thumbs. Seven of these in all he visited on that black Thursday, and each of the seven rubbed the surface of the painting with a grimy thumb, snorted, and dismissed him. Sick and beaten, Paul took the masterpiece back to his skylight room.

All that night he lay awake, thinking. It was a weary bundle of nerves that came to the Parisian Café next morning. He was late in arriving, which was good in that it delayed the inevitable question as to the fate of the picture, but bad in every other respect. M. Bredin, squatting behind the cash-desk, grunted fiercely at him; and, worse, Jeanne, who, owing to his absence, had had to be busier than suited her disposition, was distant and haughty. A murky gloom settled upon Paul.

Now it so happened that M. Bredin, when things went well with him, was wont to be filled with a ponderous amiability. It was not often that this took a practical form, though it is on record that in an exuberant moment he once gave a small boy a halfpenny. More frequently it merely led him to soften the porcine austerity of his demeanour. To-day, business having been uncommonly good, he felt pleased with the world. He had left his cash-desk and was assailing a bowl of soup at one of the side-tables. Except for a belated luncher at the end of the room the place was empty. It was one of the hours when there was a lull in the proceedings at the Parisian Café. Paul was leaning, wrapped in gloom, against the wall. Jeanne was waiting on the proprietor.

"HIS ENTIRE NERVOUS SYSTEM SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN STIRRED UP WITH A POLE."

M. Bredin finished his meal and rose. He felt content. All was well with the world. As he lumbered to his desk he passed Jeanne. He stopped. He wheezed a compliment. Then another. Paul, from his place by the wall, watched with jealous fury.

M. Bredin chucked Jeanne under the chin.

As he did so, the belated luncher called "Waiter!" but Paul was otherwise engaged. His entire nervous system seemed to have been stirred up with a pole. With a hoarse cry he dashed forward. He would destroy this pig who chucked his Jeanne under the chin.

The first intimation M. Bredin had of the declaration of war was the impact of a French roll on his ear. It was one of those nobbly, chunky rolls with sharp corners, almost as deadly as a piece of shrapnel. M. Bredin was incapable of jumping, but he uttered a howl and his vast body quivered like a

stricken jelly. A second roll, whizzing by, slapped against the wall, A moment later a cream-bun burst in sticky ruin on the proprietor's left eye.

The belated luncher had been anxious to pay his bill and go, but he came swiftly to the conclusion that this was worth stopping on for. He leaned back in his chair and watched. M. Bredin had entrenched himself behind the cash-desk, peering nervously at Paul through the cream, and Paul, pouring forth abuse in his native tongue, was brandishing a chocolate éclair. The situation looked good to the spectator.

It was spoiled by Jeanne, who seized Paul by the arm and shook him, adding her own voice to the babel. It was enough. The éclair fell to the floor. Paul's voice died away. His face took on again its crushed, hunted expression. The voice of M. Bredin, freed from competition, rose shrill and wrathful.

"The marksman is getting sacked," mused the onlooker, diagnosing the situation.

He was right. The next moment Paul, limp and depressed, had retired to the kitchen passage, discharged. It was here, after a few minutes, that Jeanne found him.

"THE IMPACT OF A FRENCH ROLL ON HIS EAR."

"Fool! Idiot! Imbecile!" said Jeanne.

Paul stared at her without speaking.

"To throw rolls at the *patron*. Imbecile!"

"He——" began Paul.

"Bah! And what if he did? Must you then attack him like a mad dog? What is it to you?"

Paul was conscious of a dull longing for sympathy, a monstrous sense of oppression. Everything was going wrong. Surely Jeanne must be touched by his heroism? But no. She was scolding furiously. Suppose Andromeda had turned and scolded Perseus after he had slain the sea-monster! Paul mopped his forehead with his napkin. The bottom had dropped out of his world.

"Jeanne!"

"Bah! Do not talk to me, idiot of a little man. Almost you lost me my place also. The *patron* was in two minds. But I coaxed him. A fine thing that would have been, to lose my good place through your foolishness. To throw rolls! My goodness!"

She swept back into the room again, leaving Paul still standing by the kitchen door. Something seemed to have snapped inside him. How long he stood there he did not know, but presently from the dining-room came calls of "Waiter!" and automatically he fell once more into his work, as an actor takes up his part. A stranger would have noticed nothing remarkable in him. He bustled to and fro with undiminished energy.

At the end of the day M. Bredin paid him his eighteen shillings with a grunt, and Paul walked out of the restaurant a masterless man.

He went to his attic and sat down on the bed. Propped up against the wall was the picture. He looked at it with unseeing eyes. He stared dully before him.

Then thoughts came to him with a rush, leaping and dancing in his mind like imps in Hades. He had a curious sense of detachment. He seemed to be watching himself from a great distance.

This was the end. The little imps danced and leaped; and then one separated itself from the crowd, to grow bigger than the rest, to pirouette more energetically. He rose. His mind was made up. He would kill himself.

He went downstairs and out into the street. He thought hard as he walked. He would kill himself, but how?

His preoccupation was so great that an automobile, rounding a corner, missed him by inches as he crossed the road. The chauffeur shouted angrily at him as he leapt back.

Paul shook his fist at the retreating lights.

"Pig!" he shouted. "Assassin! Scoundrel! Villain! Would you kill me? I will take your number, rascal. I will inform the police. Villain!"

A policeman had strolled up and was eyeing him curiously. Paul turned to him, full of his wrongs.

"Officer," he cried, "I have a complaint. These pigs of chauffeurs! They are reckless. They drive so recklessly. Hence the great number of accidents."

"CONSCIOUS OF A DULL LONGING FOR SYMPATHY."

"Awful!" said the policeman. "Pass along, sonny."

Paul walked on, fuming. It was abominable that these chauffeurs—— And then an idea came to him. He had found a way.

It was quiet in the Park. He had chosen the Park because it was dark and there would be none to see and interfere. He waited long in the shadow at the roadside. Presently from the darkness there came the distant drone of powerful engines. Lights appeared, like the blazing eyes of a dragon swooping down to devour its prey.

He ran out into the road with a shout.

It was an error, that shout. He had intended it for an inarticulate farewell to his picture, to Jeanne, to life. It was excusable in the driver of the motor that he misinterpreted it. It seemed to him a cry of warning. There was a great jarring of brakes, a scuttering of locked wheels on the dry road, and the car came to a standstill a full yard from where he stood.

"What the deuce——" said a cool voice from behind the lights.

Paul struck his chest and folded his arms.

"I am here," he cried. "Destroy me!"

"Let George do it," said the voice, in a marked American accent. "I never murder on a Friday; it's unlucky. If it's not a rude question, which asylum are you from? Halloa!"

The exclamation was one of surprise, for Paul's nerves had finally given way, and he was now in a heap on the road, sobbing.

The man climbed down and came into the light. He was a tall young man with a pleasant, clean-cut face. He stooped and shook Paul.

"Quit that," he said. "Maybe it's not true. And if it is, there's always hope. Cut it out. What's the matter? All in?"

Paul sat up, gulping convulsively. He was thoroughly unstrung. The cold, desperate mood had passed. In its place came the old feeling of desolation. He was a child, aching for sympathy. He wanted to tell his troubles. Punctuating his narrative with many gestures and an occasional gulp, he proceeded to do so. The American listened attentively.

"So you can't sell your picture, and you've lost your job, and your girl has shaken you?" he said. "Pretty bad, but still you've no call to go mingling with automobile wheels. You come along with me to my hotel, and to-morrow we'll see if we can't fix up something."

There was breakfast at the hotel next morning, a breakfast to put heart into a man. During the meal a messenger dispatched in a cab to Paul's lodgings returned with the canvas. A deferential waiter informed the American that it had been taken with every possible care to his suite.

"Good," said the young man. "If you're through, we'll go and have a look at it."

They went upstairs. There was the picture, resting against a chair.

"Why, I call that fine," said the young man. "It's a cracker-jack."

Paul's heart gave a sudden leap. Could it be that here was the wealthy connoisseur? He was wealthy, for he drove an automobile and lived at an expensive hotel. He was a connoisseur, for he had said that the picture was a cracker-jack.

"Monsieur is kind," murmured Paul.

"It's a bear-cat," said the young man, admiringly.

"Monsieur is flattering," said Paul, dimly perceiving a compliment.

"I've been looking for a picture like that," said the young man, "for months."

Paul's eyes rolled heavenwards.

"If you'll make a few alterations, I'll buy it and ask for more."

"Alterations, monsieur?"

"One or two small ones." He pointed to

the stooping figure of the shepherd. "Now, you see this prominent citizen. What's he doing?"

"He is stooping," said Paul, fervently, "to bestow upon his loved one a kiss. And she, sleeping, all unconscious, dreaming of him——"

"Never mind about her. Fix your mind on him. Willie is the 'star' in this show. You have summed him up accurately. He is stooping. Stooping—good. Now, if that fellow was wearing braces and stooped like that, you'd say he'd bust those braces, wouldn't you?"

With a somewhat dazed air Paul said that he thought he would. Till now he had not looked at the figure from just that view-point.

"You'd say he'd bust them?"

"Assuredly, monsieur."

"No!" said the young man, solemnly, tapping him earnestly on the chest. "That's where you're wrong. Not if they were Galloway's Tried and Proven. Galloway's Tried and Proven will stand any old strain you care to put on them. See small bills. Wear Galloway's Tried and Proven, and fate cannot touch you. You can take it from me. I'm the company's general manager."

"Indeed, monsieur!"

"And I'll make a proposition to you. Cut out that mossy bank, and make the girl lying in a hammock. Put Willie in shirtsleeves instead of a bath-robe, and fix him up with a pair of the Tried and Proven, and I'll give you three thousand dollars for that picture and a retaining fee of four thousand a year to work for us and nobody else for any number of years you care to mention. You've got the goods. You've got just the touch. That happy look on Willie's face, for instance. You can see in a minute why he's so happy. It's because he's wearing the Tried and Proven, and he knows that however far he stoops they won't break. Is that a deal?"

Paul's reply left no room for doubt. Seizing the young man firmly round the waist, he kissed him with extreme fervour on both cheeks.

"Here, break away!" cried the astonished general manager. "That's no way to sign a business contract."

"WITH MASSIVE DIGNITY THE POLICEMAN ENTERED."

It was at about five minutes after one that afternoon that Constable Thomas Parsons, patrolling his beat, was aware of a man motioning to him from the doorway of Bredin's Parisian Café and Restaurant. The man looked like a pig. He grunted like a pig. He had the lavish embonpoint of a pig. Constable Parsons suspected that he had a porcine soul. Indeed, the thought flitted across Constable Parsons' mind that, if he were to tie a bit of blue ribbon round his neck, he could win prizes with him at a show.

"What's all this?" he inquired, halting.

The stout man talked volubly in French. Constable Parsons shook his head.

"Talk sense," he advised.

"In dere," cried the stout man, pointing behind him into the restaurant, "a man, a—how you say?—yes, sacked. An employé whom I yesterday sacked, to-day he returns. I say to him, 'Cochon, va!'"

"What's that?"

"I say, 'Peeg, go!' How you say? Yes, 'pop off!' I say, 'Peeg, pop off!' But he—no, no; he sits and will not go. Come in, officer, and expel him."

With massive dignity the policeman entered the restaurant. At one of the tables sat Paul, calm and distrait. From across the room Jeanne stared freezingly.

"What's all this?" inquired Constable Parsons. Paul looked up.

"I, too," he admitted, "I cannot understand. Figure to yourself, monsieur. I enter this café to lunch, and this man here would expel me."

"He is an employé whom I—I myself—have but yesterday dismissed," vociferated M. Bredin. "He has no money to lunch at my restaurant."

The policeman eyed Paul sternly.

"Eh?" he said. "That so? You'd better come along."

Paul's eyebrows rose.

Before the round eyes of M. Bredin he began to produce from his pockets and to lay upon the table bank-notes and sovereigns. The cloth was covered with them.

He picked up a half-sovereign.

"If monsieur," he said to the policeman, "would accept this as a slight consolation for the inconvenience which this foolish person here has caused him——"

"Not half," said Mr. Parsons, affably. "Look here"—he turned to the gaping proprietor—"if you go on like this you'll be getting yourself into trouble. See? You take care another time."

Paul called for the bill of fare.

It was the inferior person who had succeeded to his place as waiter who attended to his needs during the meal; but when he had lunched it was Jeanne who brought his coffee.

She bent over the table.

"You sold your picture, Paul—yes?" she whispered. "For much money? How glad I am, dear Paul. Now we will——"

Paul met her glance coolly.

"Will you be so kind," he said, "as to bring me also a cigarette, my good girl?"

"BRING ME ALSO A CIGARETTE, MY GOOD GIRL."

THE SECRET OF CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARDS.

BY JOHN ROBERTS.

THE degree of difference between championship billiards and that which can only be described as "good" is something akin to the distinction between genius and ability. This distinction is a sealed book to the vast majority of those who watch first-class billiards, and I hope my article will be the means of enabling thousands of ordinary spectators to appreciate to the full the real champagne of billiards; to understand something of what is passing through the mind of the master cueist when he is at the table in earnest quest of points during a keen struggle for the premier honours of the game.

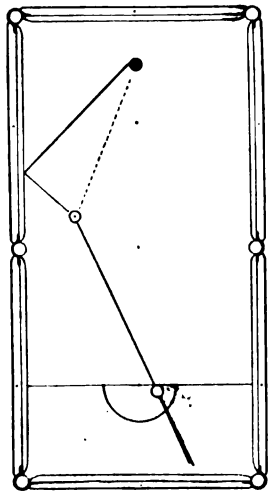
Such a player—and by such I mean one of the select few who are entitled to aspire to championship honours—must plan the whole strategy of his game on lines in harmony with his manipulative skill. He must have one dominant idea pervading his game from beginning to end, and must control the balls in accordance with his "grand plan" as surely and as scientifically as a general manœuvres his troops. Individual strokes of every type can be dealt with as they are presented by the fortune of the game, but at every opportunity the really great player tries to materialize his set plan of action—to give effect to the general idea which underlies the game of billiards as he plays it. Years ago the "spot stroke" was the one thing all the finest exponents tried their best to exploit to the last point, and to obtain the coveted position near the spot was then the billiard ideal. But the "spot stroke" was killed by the dismal monotony of its own wearisome repetition. It was deadly enough as a game-winning agency pure and simple; but, as it was equally deadly to the best interests of the finest billiards, it had to be "barred."

Then the "top of the table game" came into being, and as I may fairly claim to have originated this phase of billiards, I have ventured upon the difficult task of explaining to the uninitiated the most advanced side of billiards; namely, the means whereby the "top of the table" position can be obtained from varied groupings of the balls. This is the real secret of championship billiards. Once well set at the "top," there are quite a number of good players who may reasonably be expected to keep the marker busy for a useful length of time. But I refer to a very select company when I write of those who are skilful enough to attain the "top of the table" position in a variety of ways never fully utilized except by the talented minority who can make "the top" the battleground on which a championship can be won and lost. These exceptional cue-men make the attainment of the desired position the fundamental principle of their game, and it is reasonable to say that the greater the player the more openings at "the top" will he compel the balls to yield him. How this mark of greatness may be recognized is explained in the following text and diagrams.

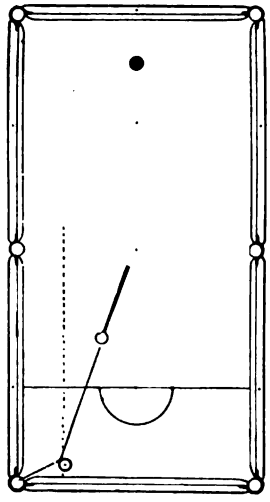
The "drop" cannon played from baulk is the usual method whereby the balls are steered into the prolific scoring area at the "top of the table." This stroke is so well known that a simple diagram illustrating it will suffice, and we will proceed to deal with the way in which the "drop" cannon—the sure approach to the "top"—may be left from diverse positions.

Our first diagram shows a typical "drop" cannon, which brings the balls together to perfection at the "top"; and it follows that to leave the "drop" cannon is the real problem confronting the champion cueist. The second diagram is what may be called an elementary demonstration of how to leave the desired position. Here we have the object white and

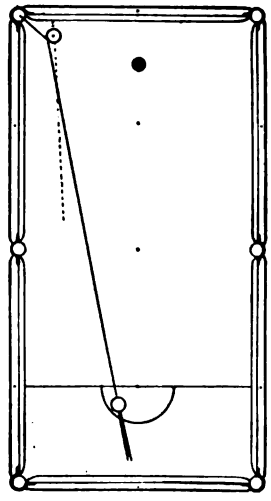
the cue-ball so placed that a losing hazard into the left baulk pocket is quite an easy stroke. It is also easy enough to leave the white below the left middle pocket, and thus "set up" a natural angle loser into



FIRST STROKE.



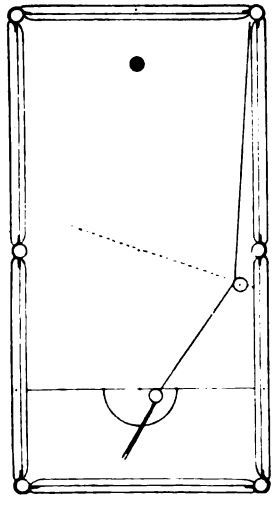
SECOND STROKE.



THIRD STROKE.

that pocket as a means of continuing the break. But the great cueist will have none of this; he makes a well-judged contact with the object-ball, and plays with sufficient strength to bring it up the table above the middle pocket, thus leaving the "drop" in one simple stroke.

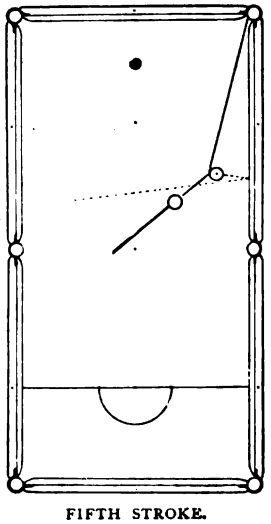
Another direct approach to the same position is shown in our third diagram, which explains itself, but it should be noted that care is taken to keep the white away from both the longitudinal centre of the table and the vicinity of the middle pocket. Quite simple, of course; but the average amateur who cares to make the experiment will be surprised to find how often he will score without getting the required position to a nicety.



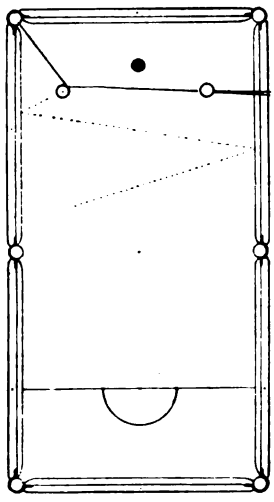
FOURTH STROKE.

Then he will begin to understand something about the difference between his game and championship billiards.

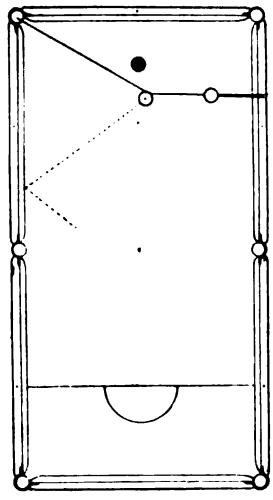
Something far more difficult is shown in the fourth diagram. Here we have a "long jenny" into the right top pocket to manipulate, and it has to be handled by a master to make reasonably certain of leaving the position depicted by the artist. It is a good stroke and sound billiards to leave the object white anywhere in the middle of the table after scoring the "jenny," and it needs all the skill and daring of the best to handle the stroke with the set purpose of getting to work with the "drop" cannon at once. No. 5 is instructive, as nothing is easier than to play the stroke in such a way as to leave a loser into either of the top pockets. But the champion player has the one position to think about; and yet again he handles the stroke with just the right strength to enable him to proceed with the "drop" cannon.



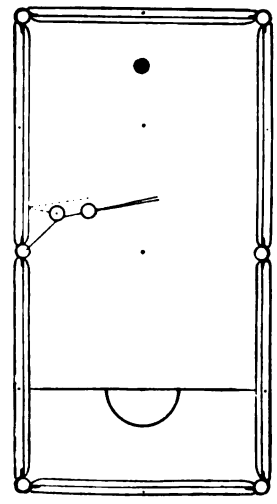
FIFTH STROKE.



SIXTH STROKE.

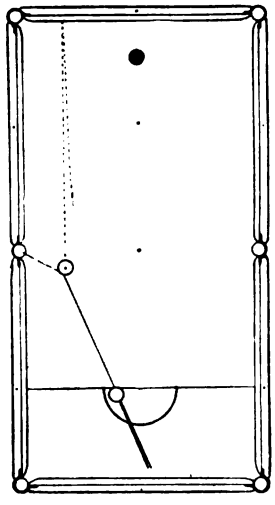


SEVENTH STROKE.

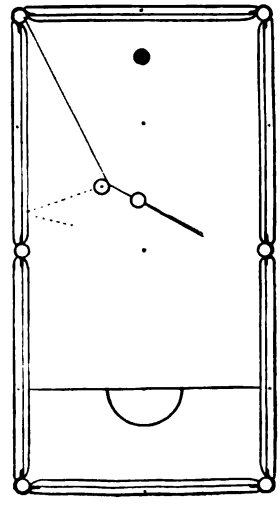


EIGHTH STROKE.

The sixth diagram illustrates a shot which has rather more muscularity attached to it than anything I have yet mentioned. The leave presents a losing hazard into the left top pocket which is a shade "wider" than the half-ball stroke. Consequently the stroke is played just smartly enough to effect the desired change in the course of position the one central idea of leaving the "drop" has always to be thought about. Our eighth diagram is a pretty little stroke, a neat "half run-through" into the left middle pocket: and yet again the secret is the employment of just enough strength to leave the "drop" cannon. Diagram nine depicts the easiest of losers into



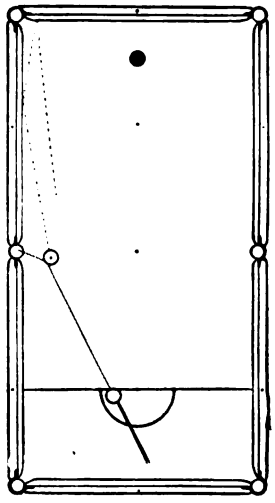
NINTH STROKE.



TENTH STROKE.

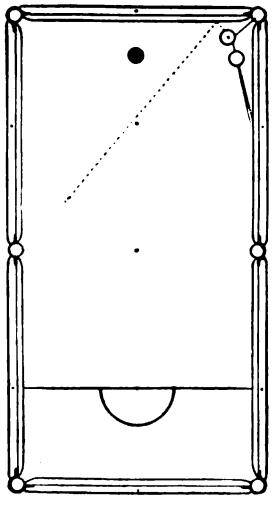
the ball after contact with the side cushion, thus eventually steering it once more into the ideal position.

Diagram seven is a simple half-ball loser into the left top pocket, and I have inserted it just to show that even from the easiest the left middle pocket, a leave from which even an ordinary player could steer with the object-ball almost wherever he liked. But the champion player keeps his game subordinate to the simplicity of his "grand plan," and, ignoring all other positional



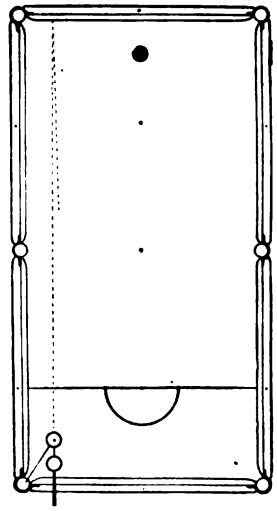
ELEVENTH STROKE.

sequences, he is content to drop the object once more in the same position as before. The tenth stroke is another example of the constantly recurring utilization of simple strokes to bring about the desired approach to the "top" in the most direct manner; but something more complicated is presented by our eleventh diagram. Here we are faced



TWELFTH STROKE.

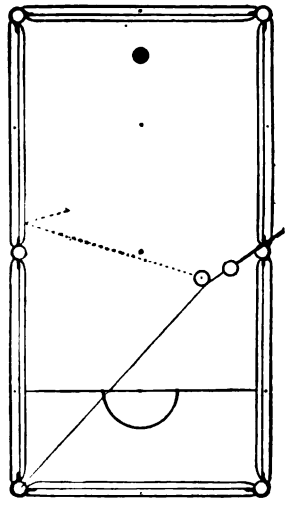
by a stroke which can be handled in quite a variety of ways, but there is only one way of dealing with it the great player cares to adopt. He makes a fairly thick contact with the object-ball, and thus attains the "drop" position *via* the side and top cushions. Our twelfth diagram shows a grouping of the balls from which almost anything can be left by the experienced player, but, impelled by the dictates of his first great principle, the champion cueist elects to make a rather fine contact with, possibly, just a trifle of pocket side on the cue-ball, and thus make the losing hazard into the right top pocket, at the same time



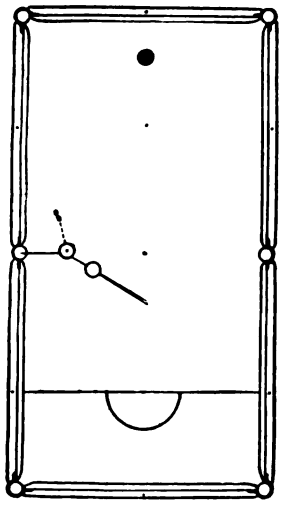
THIRTEENTH STROKE.

bringing the object-ball back into the position he has ever in his mind.

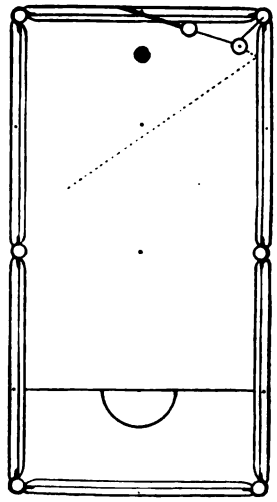
The thirteenth stroke is one demanding the manipulative skill of a champion cueist. As can be seen by the diagram, a screw-back loser into the left baulk pocket is the scoring stroke, and most players would be content to make it and leave the white anywhere out of



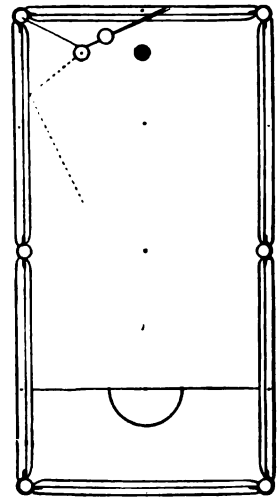
FOURTEENTH STROKE.



FIFTEENTH STROKE.

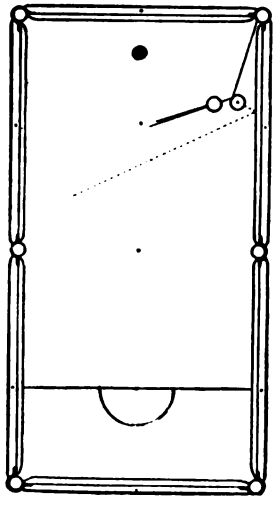


SIXTEENTH STROKE.

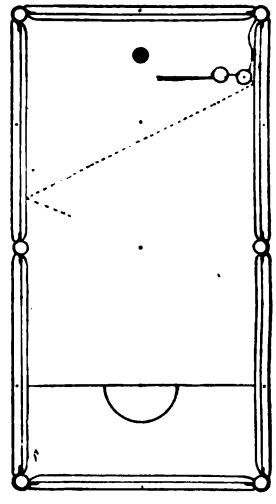


SEVENTEENTH STROKE.

baulk towards the middle of the table. It is only the few, the very few, who would play it deliberately with the idea of leaving the "drop" as shown in the diagram. Another losing hazard into the left baulk pocket supplies us with the fourteenth example of how to master the balls with the object we have in view. A fine contact has the stroke is so simple, just a fine loser into the left middle pocket at short range, that it seems out of the question to mishandle it. Yet how many amateurs would think of giving the nice little tap to the ball which means that the coveted "drop" cannon is left for a certainty? Both sixteen and seventeen are examples of screw losers played to leave the

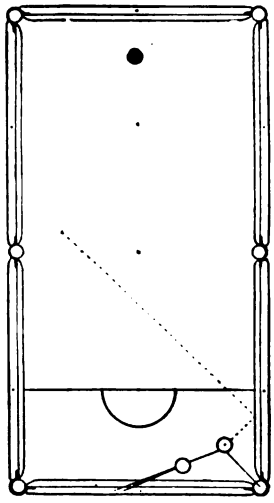


EIGHTEENTH STROKE.

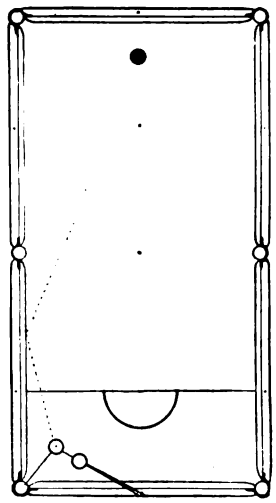


NINETEENTH STROKE.

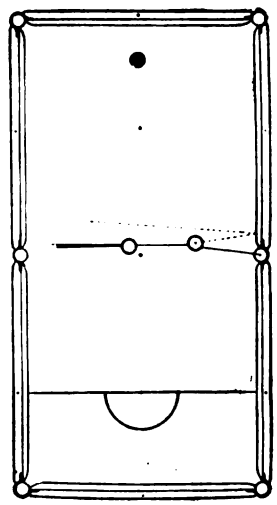
to be made to guide the object-ball clear of the left middle pocket, and the strength must be gauged with extreme accuracy to effect the desired positional result. There is something almost laughably simple about our fifteenth proposition. As the diagram shows, "drop" cannon, and I may say at once that the strokes demand very great cue-power to exploit them in this way. They are much more difficult than they look, either on paper or on the table, and the same may be said of the stroke shown in our eighteenth diagram.



TWENTIETH STROKE.



TWENTY-FIRST STROKE.

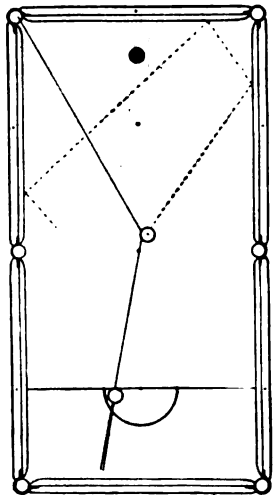


TWENTY-SECOND STROKE.

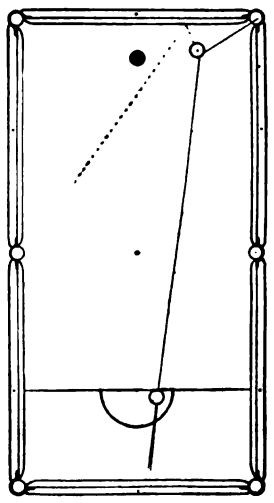
This is played with proper strength and pocket side to leave the position as shown, and is by no means so simple as it may appear at first sight.

Quite a lot of "reverse" side, combined with supreme skill and confidence, is demanded to achieve the score and subsequent position illustrated in our nineteenth diagram. It is difficult in every respect, and the man who handles it with confidence and completes it with accuracy is playing like a real champion. There is nothing very easy about our twentieth and twenty-first propositions. They are further examples of screw shots designed to leave the desired "drop" cannon, but they differ from those shown previously because the cue-ball is brought back into the pocket against the nap of the cloth, and the side employed is changed accordingly. Our twenty-second diagram illustrates an ordinary "run-through" into the right middle pocket, and the only thing to be thought about is the right strength to bring the object-ball over for the "drop." The same principle applies to the twenty-third stroke, an ordinary long loser from hand, played as a rule with a view of bringing the object-ball round the table to leave a loser into the middle pocket. But having the "drop" cannon in his mind the first-class performer plays with rather less strength than usual, and once again effects the object he always has in view. The twenty-fourth and last stroke is an easy loser into the right top pocket. This is played with right-hand side to enable the requisite thinnish contact with the object-ball to be made to bring it across the table once more in readiness for the "drop" cannon.

This exhausts the series of strokes I have room to show at present, but it by no means exhausts the different ways by which the "drop" cannon can be left. Yet it will serve to show well what I set out to illustrate — namely, the fact that a champion billiard-player has only one secret to give away, and that is his continual struggle to bring the balls into the right place for a scoring sequence he can exploit with both certainty and profit.



TWENTY-THIRD STROKE.



TWENTY-FOURTH STROKE.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Philip walked up the domino path and under the vast arch into the darkness beyond, his heart felt strong with high resolve. His legs, however, felt weak, strangely weak, especially about the knees. The doorway was so enormous, that which lay beyond was so dark, and he himself so very, very small.

At last he came right through the hall of silver pillars, and saw beyond the faint glow of the pillars the blue light of day. It shone very brightly through a very little door, and when Philip came to that door he went through it without hesitation. And there he was in a big field. It was rather like the illimitable prairie, only there were great patches of different-coloured flowers. Also there was a path across it, and he followed the path.

"Because," he said, "I'm more likely to meet Lucy. Girls always keep to paths; they never explore."

Ahead of him he saw a great rough building, rather like Stonehenge.

"I'll go as far as that, anyhow," said Philip; "perhaps there'll be a signboard there or something."

There was something. Something most unexpected. Philip reached the building—it was really very like Stonehenge, only the pillars were taller and closer together and there was one high solid towering wall—turned the corner of a massive upright, and ran almost into the arms and quite on to the feet of a man in a white apron and a square paper cap, who sat on a fallen column, eating bread and cheese with a clasp-knife.

"I beg your pardon!" Philip gasped.

"Granted, I'm sure," said the man; "but it's a dangerous thing to do, Master Philip, running sheer on to chaps' clasp-knives."

He set Philip on his feet and waved the knife which had been so often sharpened that the blade was half worn away.

"Why, it's *you!*" said Philip.

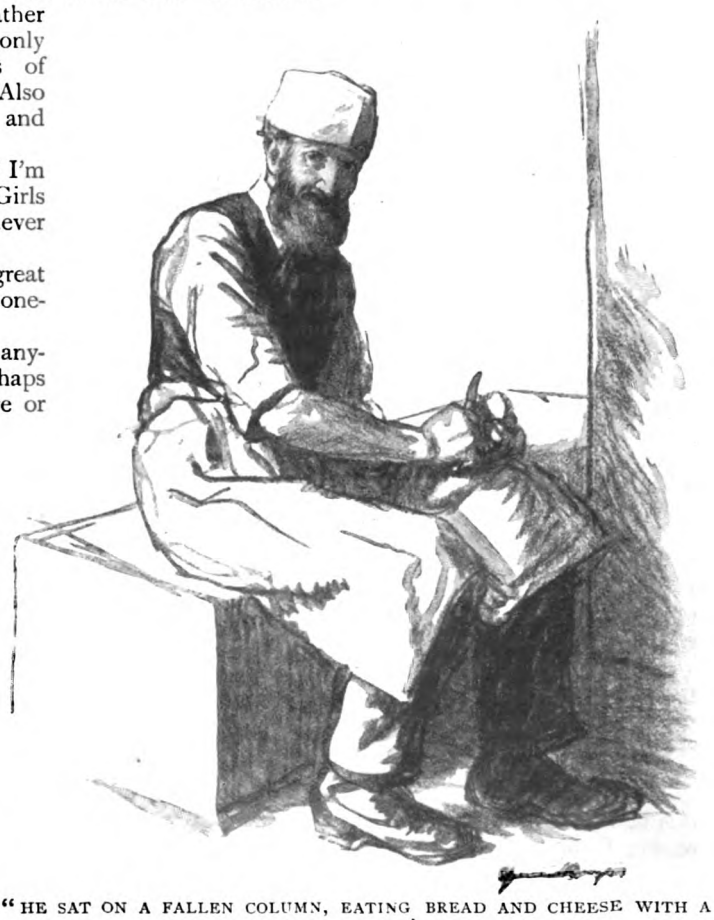
"Course it is. Who should I be if I wasn't me? That's poetry."

"But how did you get here?"

"Ah!" said the man, going on with his bread and cheese while he talked, quite in the friendliest way, "that's tellings."

"Well, tell then," said Philip, impatiently. But he sat down.

"Well, you say it's me. Who be it? Give it a name."



"HE SAT ON A FALLEN COLUMN, EATING BREAD AND CHEESE WITH A CLASP-KNIFE."

Copyright, 1910, by E. Nesbit-Bland.

"You're old Perrin," said Pip. "I mean, of course—I beg your pardon—you're Mr. Perrin, the carpenter."

"And what does carpenters do?"

"You made my wheelbarrow, I know," said Philip, "and my bricks."

"Ah!" said Mr. Perrin, "now you've got it. I made your bricks; seasoned oak, and true to the thousandth of an inch, they was. And that's how I got here. So now you know."

"But what are you doing here?" said Philip, wriggling restlessly on the fallen column.

"Waiting for you. Them as knows sent me out to meet you and give you a hint of what's expected of you."

"Well, what *is?*" said Philip. "I mean, I think it's very kind of you. What *is* expected?"

"Plenty of time," said the carpenter—"plenty. Nothing ain't expected of you till towards sundown."

"I do think it was most awfully kind of you to come," said Philip, who had now thought this over.

"You was kind to old Perrin once," said that person.

"Was I?" said Philip, much surprised.

"Yes. When my little girl was ailing you brought her a lot of pears off of your own tree. Not one of 'em you didn't 'ave yourself that year, Miss Helen told me. And you brought back our kitten—the sandy-and-white one with black spots—when it strayed. So I was quite willing to come and meet you when so told. And knowing something of young gentlemen's peckers, owing to being in business once next door to a boys' school, I made so bold as to bring you a snack."

He reached a hand down behind the fallen pillar on which they sat and brought up a basket.

"Here," he said. And Philip, raising the lid, was delighted to find that he was hungry. It was a pleasant basketful. Meat pasties, red, hairy gooseberries, a stone bottle of ginger-beer, a blue mug with "Philip" on it in gold letters, a slice of soda cake, and two farthing sugar-sticks.

"Now look here," said Philip, through his seventh bite of pasty, "you *must* tell me how you got here. And tell me where we've got to. You've simply no idea how muddling it all is to me. Do tell me *everything*. Where are we, I mean, and why? And what I've got to do? And why? And when? Tell me every single thing." And he took the eighth bite.

"You really don't know, sir?"

"No," said Philip, contemplating the ninth, or last bite but one. It was a large pasty.

"Well, then, here goes. But I was always a poor speaker, and so considered even by friends, at cricket dinners and what-not."

"But I don't want you to *speak*," said Philip; "just tell me."

"Well, then. How did I get here? I got here through having made them bricks what you built this tumble-down, old ancient place with."

Philip looked round at the Stonehenge building and saw that it was indeed built of enormous oak bricks.

"Of course," he said; "only I've grown smaller."

"Or they've grown bigger," said Mr. Perrin; "it's the same thing. You see, it's like this. All the cities and things you ever built is in this country. I don't know how it's managed, no more'n what you do. But so it is. And as you made 'em, you've the right to come to them. If you can get there. And you have got there. It isn't everyone has the luck, I'm told. Well, then, you made the cities, but you made 'em out of what other folks had made, things like bricks, and chessmen, and books, and candlesticks, and dominoes and brass basins and every sort of kind of thing. An' all the people who helped to make all them things you used to build with, they're all here too. D'you see? *Making's* the thing. If it was no more than the lad that turned the handle of the grindstone to sharp the knife that carved a bit of a cabinet or what-not—or a child that picked a teazle to finish a bit of the cloth that's glued on to the bottom of a chessman—they're all here. They're what's called the population of your cities."

"I see. They've got small, like I have," said Philip.

"Or the cities has got big," said the carpenter; "it comes to the same thing. I wish you wouldn't interrupt, Master Philip; you put me out."

"I won't again," said Philip. "Only do tell me just one thing. How can you be here and at Amblehurst too?"

"We come here," said the carpenter, slowly, "when we're asleep."

"Oh!" said Philip, deeply disappointed; "it's just a dream, then?"

"Not it. We come here when we're too sound asleep to dream."

"What do they do?"

"Oh, they just live here. And they buy

and sell and plant gardens and work and play like everybody does in other cities. And when they go to sleep they go slap through their dreams and into the other world, and work and play there. See? That's how it goes on. There's a lot more; but that's enough for one time."

"But they aren't all real people, are they? There's Mr. Noah?"

"Ah, those is aristocracy — the ones that you put in when you built the cities. They're our old families. Very much respected. They're all very high up in the world. Came over with the Conker, as the saying is. There's the Noah family. They're the oldest of all, of course. And the dolls you've put in different times, and the tin soldiers, and of course all the Noah's-ark animals, is alive, except when you used them for building, and then they're statues."

"A CHILD THAT PICKED A TEAZLE."

"Stop," said Philip, suddenly. "I think my head's going to burst."

"Ah!" said the carpenter, kindly. "I felt like that at first. Lie down and try to sleep it off a bit. Eddication does get into your head something crool. I've often noticed it."

And, indeed, Philip was quite glad to lie down among the long grass and be covered up with the carpenter's coat. He fell asleep at once.

An hour later he woke again, looked at the wrinkled-apple face of Mr. Perrin, and began to remember.

"I'm glad *you're* here, anyhow," he said to the carpenter; "it was horribly lonely. You don't know."

"That's why I was sent to meet you," said Mr. Perrin, simply.

"But how did you know?"

"Mr. Noah sent for me early this morning. Bless you, he knows all about everything. Says he: 'You go and meet 'im and tell 'im all you can. If he wants to be a Deliverer, let 'im,' says Mr. Noah."

"But how do you begin being a Deliverer?" Philip asked, sitting up and feeling suddenly very grand and manly, and very glad that Lucy was not there to interfere.

"There's lots of different ways," said Mr. Perrin. "Your particular way's simple. You just got to kill the dragon."

"A *live* dragon?"

"Live!" said Mr. Perrin. "Why, it's all over the place, and green as grass, it is. Lively as a kitten. He's got a broken spear sticking out of his side, so someone must have had a try at baggin' him some time or another."

"Don't you think," said Philip, a little overcome by this vivid picture, "that perhaps I'd better look for Lucy first and be a Deliverer afterwards?"

"If you're *afraid*," said Mr. Perrin, and, on that, stopped short.

"I'm not," said Philip, doubtfully.

"You see," said the carpenter, "what you've got to consider is: are you going to be the hero of this 'ere adventure or ain't you? You can't have it both ways. An' if you are you may's well make up your mind, 'cause killin' a dragon ain't the end of it, not by no means."

"Do you mean that this isn't the only dragon? Are there more dragons?"

"Not dragons," said the carpenter, soothingly—"not dragons exactly. But, there! I don't want to lower your heart. If you kills the dragon, then afterwards there's six more hard things you've got to do. And then they make you king. Take it or leave it. Only if you take it we'd best be starting. And anyhow, we may as well get a move on us, because at sundown the dragon comes out to drink and exercise of himself. You

can hear him rattling all night among these 'ere ruins—miles off you can 'ear 'im on a still night."

"Suppose I don't want to be a Deliverer?" said Philip, slowly.

"Then you'll be a Destroyer," said the carpenter; "there's only these two situations vacant here at present. Come, Master Philip, sir, don't talk as if you wasn't going to be a man, and do your duty for England, Home, and Beauty, like it says in the song. Let's be starting, shall us?"

"You think I ought to be the Deliverer?"

"Ought stands for nothing," said Mr. Perrin. "I think you're a-going to *be* the Deliverer; that's what I think. Come on."

As they rose to go, Philip had a brief, fleeting vision of a very smart lady in a motor-veil disappearing round the corner of a pillar.

"Are there many motors about here?" he asked, not wishing to talk any more about dragons just then.

"Not a single one," said Mr. Perrin, unexpectedly. "Nor yet phonographs, nor railways, nor factory chimneys, nor none of them loud, ugly things. Nor yet advertisements, nor newspapers, nor barbed wire."

After that the two walked silently away from the ruin. Philip was trying to feel as brave and confident as a Deliverer should. He reminded himself of St. George. And he remembered that the hero *never* fails to kill the dragon. But he still felt a little uneasy. It takes some time to accustom yourself to being a hero. But he could not help looking over his shoulder every now and then to see if the dragon was coming. So far it wasn't.

"Well," said Mr. Perrin, as they drew near a square tower with a long flight of steps leading up to it, "what do you say?"

"I wasn't saying anything," said Philip.

"I mean, are you going to be the Deliverer?"

Then something in Philip's heart seemed to swell, and a choking feeling came into his throat, and he felt more frightened than he had ever felt before, as he said, looking as brave as he could:—

"Yes. I am."

Perrin clapped his hands.

And instantly from the doors of the tower and from behind it came dozens of people, and down the long steps, alone, came Mr. Noah, moving with careful dignity and carrying his yellow mat neatly rolled under his arm. All the people clapped their hands till Mr. Noah, standing on the third step, raised his hands to command silence.

"Friends," he said, "and fellow-citizens of Polistopolis, you see before you one who says that he is Lysiphron the Deliverer. He was yesterday arrested as a trespasser, and condemned to imprisonment. He escaped, and you all assumed that he was the Destroyer in disguise. But now he has returned, and of his own free will he chooses to attempt the accomplishment of the seven great deeds. And the first of these is the killing of the great green dragon."

The people, who were a mixed crowd in all sorts of dresses, cheered loudly.

"So now," said Mr. Noah, "we will make him our knight."

Philip opened his mouth and shut it again without saying anything.

"Kneel," said Mr. Noah, "in token of fealty to the Kingdom of Polistarchia."

Philip knelt.

"You shall now speak after me," said Mr. Noah, solemnly. "Say what I say," he whispered, and Philip said it.

This was it: "I, Philip, claim to be the Deliverer of this great nation, and I pledge myself to carry out the seven great deeds that shall prove my claim to the Deliverership and the throne. I pledge my honour to be the champion of this city and the enemy of its Destroyer."

When Philip had said this, Mr. Noah drew forth a bright, silver-hilted sword and held it over him.

"You must be knighted," he said. "Those among my audience who have read any history will be aware that no mere squire or man-at-arms can expect to conquer a dragon. We must give our would-be Deliverer every chance, so I will dub him knight." He tapped Philip lightly on the shoulder and said, "Rise up, Sir Philip."

This was really grand, and Philip felt new courage as Mr. Noah put the silver sword into his hand, and all the people cheered.

But as the cheers died down a thin and disagreeable voice suddenly said:—

"But *I* claim to be the Deliverer."

It was like a thunderbolt. Everyone stopped cheering and stood with his mouth open and his head turned towards the person who had spoken. And the person who had spoken was the smartly-dressed lady in the motor-veil of whom Philip had caught a glimpse among the ruins.

"A trespasser! A trespasser!" cried the crowd. "To prison with it!" And angry, threatening voices began to arise.

"I'm no more a trespasser than he is," said the voice; "and if I say I am the

Deliverer you can't stop me. I can kill dragons or do anything *he* can do."

"Silence, trespasser," said Mr. Noah, with cold dignity. "You should have spoken earlier. At present Sir Philip occupies the position of candidate to the post of King-Deliverer. There is no other position open to you but that of Apolymantes the Destroyer."

"But suppose the boy doesn't do it?" said the voice behind the veil, very disagreeably and contemptuously.

"True," said Mr. Noah. "You may, if you choose, occupy for the present the position of Pretender-in-Chief to the Claimancy of the Deliverership, an office now and here created expressly for you. The position of Claimant to the Destroyership is also," he added, reflectively, "open to you."

"Then, if he doesn't do it," said the veiled lady, "I can be the Deliverer?"

"You can *try*," said Mr. Noah. "There are a special set of tasks to be performed if the Claimant to the Deliverership be a woman."

"What are they?" asked the veiled lady, shortly.

"If Sir Philip fail you will be duly instructed in the deeds required of a Deliverer who is a woman. And now, my friends, let us retire and leave Sir Philip to deal with the dragon. We shall watch anxiously from yonder ramparts," he added, encouragingly, to Philip.

"But isn't anyone to help me?" said Philip, deeply uneasy.

"It is not usual," said Mr. Noah, "for champions to require assistance."

"I should think not indeed," said the veiled lady; "but you're not going the usual way about it at all. Where's the Princess, I should like to know?"

"There isn't any Princess," said Mr. Noah.

"Then it won't be a proper dragon-killing," she said, with an angry shaking of skirts; "that's all I can say."

"I wish it *were* all," said Mr. Noah to himself.

"If there isn't a Princess it isn't fair," said the veiled one, "and I shall consider it's my turn to be deliverer."

"Be silent, woman," said Mr. Noah.

"Woman, indeed!" said the lady. "I ought to have a proper title."

"Your title is the Pretender to the——"

"I know," she interrupted, "but you forget you're speaking to a lady. You can call me the Pretenderette."

Mr. Noah turned coldly from her and pressed two roman candles and a box of matches into Philip's hand.

"When you have arranged your plans and are quite sure that you will be able to kill the dragon, light one of these. We shall then have a Princess in readiness, and, on observing your signal, will tie her to a tree, or, since this is a district where trees are rare and buildings frequent, to a pillar. She will be perfectly safe if you make your plans correctly. And, in any case, you must not attempt to deal with the dragon without first lighting the roman candle."

"But the dragon will see it and go away."

"Exactly," said Mr. Noah. "Or, perhaps he will see it and not go away. Time alone will show. The task that is without difficulties can never really appeal to a hero. You will find weapons, cords, nets, shields, and various first-aids to the young dragon-catcher in the vaults below this tower. Good evening, Sir Phillip," he ended, warmly. "We wish you every success."

And with that the whole crowd began to go away.

"*I* know who you ought to have for princess," the Pretenderette said, as they went. And Mr. Noah said:—

"Silence in court."

"This isn't a court," said the Pretenderette, aggravatingly.

"Wherever justice is, is a court," said Mr. Noah; "and I commit you for contempt of it. Guards, arrest this person, and take her to prison at once."

There was a scuffling and a shrieking, and then the voices withdrew gradually, even the angry voice of the Pretenderette growing fainter till it died away altogether.

Philip was left alone.

His first act was to go up to the top of the tower and look out to see if he could see the dragon. He looked east and north and south and west, and he saw the ramparts of the fort where Mr. Noah and the others were now safely bestowed. He saw also other towers and cities in the distance, and he saw the ruins where he had met Mr. Perrin.

And among those ruins something was moving — something long and jointed and green. It could be nothing but the dragon.

"Oh, crikey!" said Philip to himself. "Whatever shall I do? Perhaps I'd better see what weapons there are."

So he ran down the stairs and down and down till he came to the vaults of the castle, and there he found everything a dragon-killer could possibly need, even to a little red book called "The Young Dragon-Catcher's Vade

Mecum ; or, a Complete Guide to the Royal and Ancient Sport of Dragon-Slaying," and a pair of excellent field-glasses.

The top of the tower seemed the safest place. It was there that he tried to read the book. The words were very long and most difficultly spelt. But he did manage to make out that all dragons sleep for one hour after sunset. Then he heard a loud rattling sound from the ruin, and he knew it was the dragon who was making that sound ; so he looked through the field-glasses, frowning with anxiety, to see what the dragon was doing.

And as he looked he started and almost dropped the glasses, and the frown cleared away from his forehead, and he gave a sigh that was almost a sob and almost a laugh, and then he said :—

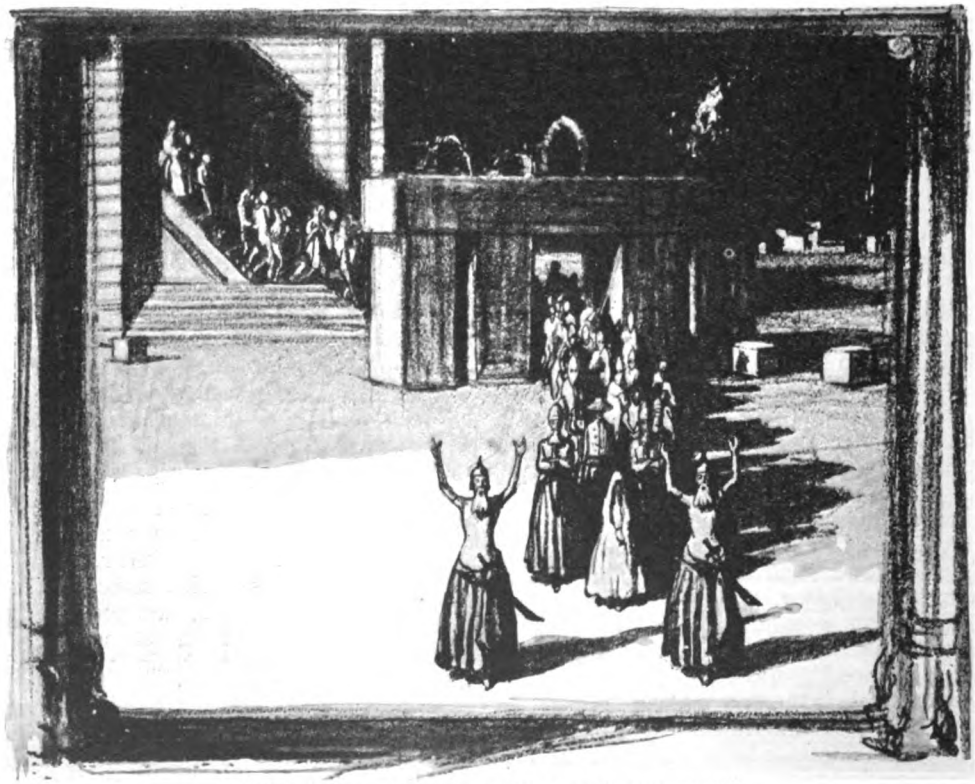
"That old thing!"

Then he looked again, and this is what he saw. An enormous green dragon, very long and fierce-looking, that rattled as it moved, going in and out among the ruins, rubbing itself against the fallen pillars. And the reason Philip laughed and sighed was, that he knew that dragon very well indeed. He had known it long ago. It was the clockwork dragon that had been given him the Christmas before last. And he remembered that he had put it into one of the cities he and Helen had built together. Only now, of course, the dragon had grown big and had come alive like all the other images of live things he had put in his cities. But he saw that it was still a clockwork dragon. And its key was sticking out of its side. And it was rubbing itself against the pillars so as to turn the key and wind itself up. But this was a slow business and the winding was not half done when the sun set. The dragon instantly lay down and went to sleep.

"Well," said Philip, "now I've got to think."

He did think, harder than he had ever done before. And when he had finished thinking he went down into the vault and got a long rope. Then he stood still a moment wondering if he really were brave enough. And then he remembered, "Rise up, Sir Philip," and he knew that a knight simply *mustn't* be afraid.

So he went out in the dusk towards the dragon. There was still plenty of light to find

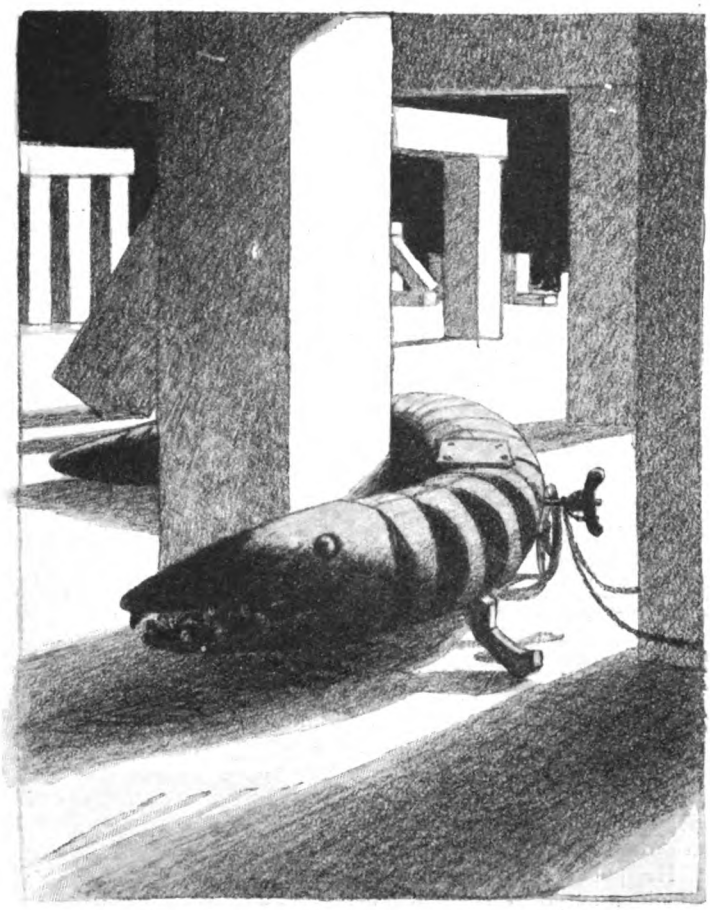


"HE SAW A PROCESSION COME OUT OF THE FORT."

the ruin, and also to find the dragon. There it lay —about ten or twelve yards of solid, dark dragon-flesh. Its metal claws gleamed in the last of the daylight. Its great mouth was open, and its breathing as it slept was like the sound of the sea on a rough night.

"Rise up, Sir Philip," he said to himself, and walked along close to the dragon till he came to the middle part where the key was sticking out, which Mr. Perrin had thought was a piece of an old spear with which someone had once tried to kill the monster.

Philip fastened one end of his rope very securely to the key. How thankful he was that Helen had taught him to tie knots that were not granny-nots. The dragon lay quite still and went on breathing like a stormy sea. Then the dragon-slayer fastened the other end of the rope to the main wall of the ruin, which was very strong and firm, and then he went back to his tower as fast as he could and struck a match and lighted his roman candle. It blazed up gloriously.



"NOW THE DRAGON SAW THE PRINCESS."

You see the idea? It was really rather a clever one. When the dragon woke it would find that it was held prisoner by the rope. It would be furious and try to get free, and in its struggles it would be certain to get free, but this it could only do by detaching itself from its key. When once the key was out the dragon would be unable to wind itself up any more, and would be as good as dead.

It was, as you see, an excellent plan as far as it went. Philip sat on the top of his tower quite free from anxiety, and ate a few hairy red gooseberries that happened to be loose in his pocket. Within three minutes of his lighting his roman candle a shower of golden rain went up in the south, some immense catherine-wheels appeared in the east, and in the north a long line of rockets presented almost the appearance of an Aurora Borealis. Red fire, green fire, then rockets again. The whole of the plain was lit by more fireworks than Philip had ever seen, even at the Crystal Palace. By their light he saw a procession come out of the fort, cross to a pillar that stood solitary on the plain, and tie to it a white figure.

"The Princess, I suppose," said Philip. "Well, *she's* all right, anyhow."

Then the procession went back to the fort, and then the dragon awoke. Philip could see the great creature stretching itself and shaking its vast head as a dog does when it comes out of the water.

"I expect it doesn't like the fireworks," said Philip. And he was quite right.

And now the dragon saw the Princess, who had been placed at a convenient spot about half-way between the ruins and Philip's tower.

It threw up its snout and uttered a devastating howl, and Philip felt with a thrill of

horror that, clockwork or no clockwork, the brute was alive, and desperately dangerous.

And now it had perceived that it was bound. With great heavings and throes, with snortings and bellowings, with scratching and tearing of its great claws and lashings of its terrible tail, it writhed and fought to be free, and the light of thousands of fireworks illumined the gigantic struggle.

Then what Philip had known would happen, did happen. The great wall held fast, the rope held fast, the dragon held fast. It was the key that gave way. With an echoing, grinding, rusty sound, like a goods train shunting on a siding, the key was drawn from the keyhole in the dragon's side and left still fast to its rope like an anchor to a cable.

Left. For now that happened which Philip had not foreseen. He had forgotten that before it fell asleep the dragon had partly wound itself up. And its struggles had not used up all the winding. There was go in the dragon yet. And with a yell of fury it set off across the plain, wriggling its green rattling length towards—the Princess!

And now there was no time to think whether one was afraid or not. Philip went down these tower stairs more quickly than he had ever gone down stairs in his life, and he was not bad at stairs, even at ordinary times.

He put his sword over his shoulder as you do a gun and ran. Like the dragon, he made straight for the Princess. And now it was a race between him and the dragon. Philip ran and ran.

How he did it Philip never knew; but with a last spurt he reached the pillar where the Princess stood bound. And the dragon was twenty yards away, coming on and on.

Philip stood quite still, recovering his breath. And more and more slowly, but with no sign of stopping, the dragon came on. Behind him, where the pillar was, Philip heard someone crying softly.

Then the dragon was quite near. Philip sprang three steps forward, took aim with his sword, shut his eyes, and hit as hard as he could. Then something hard and heavy knocked him over, and for a time he knew no more.

When he came to himself again, Mr. Noah was giving him something nasty to drink out of a medicine glass, Mr. Perrin was patting him on the back, all the people were shouting like mad, and more fireworks than ever were being let off. Beside him lay the dragon, lifeless and still.

"Oh!" said Philip, "did I really do it?"

"You did indeed," said Mr. Noah. "However you may succeed with the other deeds, you are the hero of this one. And now, if you feel well enough, prepare to receive the reward of valour and chivalry."

"Oh!" said Philip, brightening, "I didn't know there was to be a reward."

"Only the usual one," said Mr. Noah; "the Princess, you know."

Philip became aware that a figure in a white veil was standing quite near him; round its feet lay lengths of cut rope.

"The Princess is yours," said Mr. Noah, with generous affability.

"But I don't want her," said Philip, adding, by an afterthought, "thank you."

"ONLY LUCY!"

"You should have thought of that before," said Mr. Noah. "You can't go doing deeds of valour, you know, and then shirking the reward. At present she is waiting for you to take her by the hand and raise her veil."

"Must I?" said Philip, miserably. "Well, here goes."

He took a small cold hand in one of his and with the other lifted, very gingerly, a corner of the veil. The other hand of the Princess drew back the veil, and the Dragon-Slayer and the Princess were face to face.

"Why!" cried Philip, stepping back a couple of paces, between relief and disgust; "it's only Lucy!"

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES.

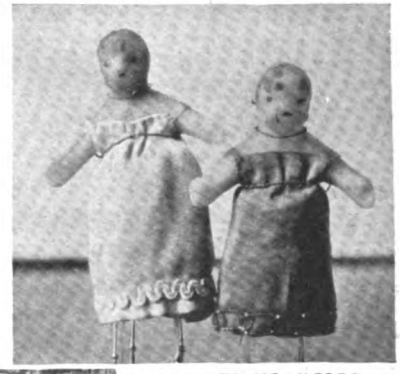
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A REALISTIC MODEL.

THIS is a clay model of the Indian goddess "Davi," or "Kali," the goddess of blood, who in a fit of temper cut off her own head. The model also shows two waiting women who caught the flowing blood in vessels and drank it, while the decapitated head drank some as well.—Mr. W. J. Jones, Assistant Opium Agent, Sitapur, Oudh, India.

MONKEYS AS ACTORS.

I SEND you a photograph of an itinerant Burman showman, his young assistant, and performing monkeys. Doubtless many of your readers have seen monkeys performing tricks, etc., but I do not think many have seen a pair of monkeys performing a play. The photograph shows the male monkey in a handsome costume with a mask on, taking the part of a magician. He also dons the masks and wears the swords and other weapons shown on the left of the photograph when taking other parts. The female does the dancing when the male, in the guise of a prince, comes and makes passionate love to her. She does not wear a mask to hide her beauty. The Burman showman does the singing and his assistant plays the cymbals. Of course, only portions of dramas are performed, but, being a novelty, large crowds are attracted, and the showman earns a good living. The man was quite willing to let me take a photograph of himself and his monkeys, and was, indeed, proud to see his likeness in print and begged for a copy, which I gave him. The monkeys appeared to know they were sitting for their photographs, and sat very still. — Mr. T. E. Oung, Additional Magistrate, Ingabu, Burma.

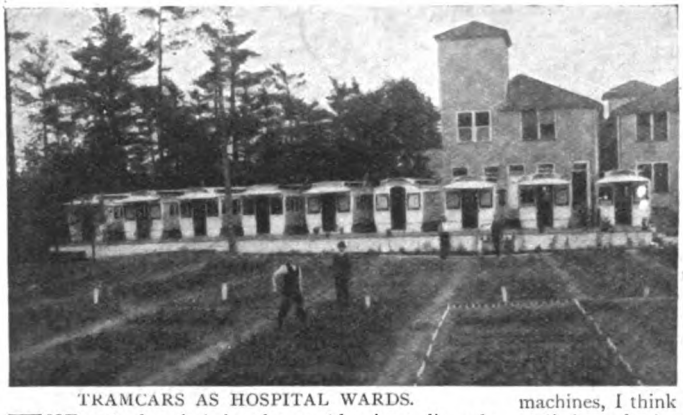


PIANO DOLLS.

THE upper portion of these "piano dolls" is made of wax, and they have a kind of hoop or crinoline of soft wood in which are stuck pins with the heads downwards to serve as "understandings." The dolls are about a hundred years old, and used to be set on a piano while it was being played, the vibration causing them to "dance." They are about two inches high, and are quaint little objects in their Empire frocks, one of green and one of yellow silk.—Miss A. Temple, 26, Kemplay Road, Hampstead, N.W.

INSECTS THAT MIMIC FLOWERS.

IN tropical parts of the earth some curious carnivorous insects, known as mantids, are found. Both in form and colour these insects simulate, with wonderful perfection, the leaves of plants and other objects amongst their surroundings. In this way they are enabled to approach their unsuspecting prey without being seen. In the picture two examples are shown which bear a resemblance to orchids. These insects feed on butterflies, and remain motionless amongst the green leaves until some thirsty butterfly, attracted by their bright colours, approaches to sip the nectar of the apparent flower. Their powerful forelegs are then suddenly unfolded, and the butterfly is caught in a living trap and quickly devoured.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.



TRAMCARS AS HOSPITAL WARDS.

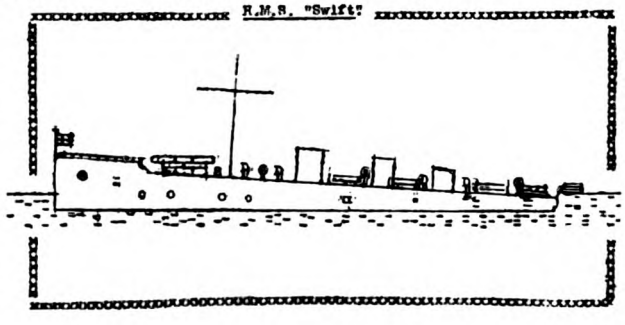
THE only hospital in the world where disused tramcars are utilized as living apartments for patients is, I believe, here in Weston, Ontario. One man resides in each car, and thereby obtains plenty of fresh air while still living indoors. In the foreground is the vegetable garden, which is tended solely by the patients.—Mr. C. J. Gilson, Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives, Weston, Ont., Canada.

NEST IN A PUMP.

A PAIR of blue tits, or willow-biters, have built their nest in a pump at Billingborough, Lincolnshire, and the photograph shows the young birds in their strange home. The iron rod connecting the pump handle with the "sucker" passes through the nest, and the birds are apparently not disturbed when it is moved up and down. The old birds have access to the pump through a small opening in the top, where a piece of the beading is seen broken off at the corner. The door of the pump was opened in order that this photograph might be taken.—Mr. L. G. Hodgkinson, Billingborough, Lincolnshire.

A TYPEWRITTEN TORPEDO-BOAT.

THIS picture of a torpedo-boat was made entirely on a typewriter, and considering the difficulties of picture-making on these machines, I think I may claim that the result is both realistic and pleasing. — Mr. P. McNair, 8, Dundrennan Road, Langside, Glasgow.



PASSENGER-CARRYING BUBBLES.

BUBBLE-BLOWING is an old and favourite pastime of a great many children, but I do not suppose there are many who have tried to turn their bubbles into miniature balloons to carry passengers, as shown in the accompanying sketch. To make an ordinary soap-bubble carry a paper passenger is quite simple, and can be done without fear of breaking the bubble. Cut out, from somewhat thin paper, a man about the same size as shown underneath, and of similar shape as regards the uplifted arm and "hand." Slit the "hand" down, as indicated by the dotted line in the sketch, and bend one side forward and the other backward, at an angle approaching a wide V (thus ⌣). Press the now V-shaped hand gently against the underneath part of an ordinary-sized bubble and then cast bubble off the pipe in the usual manner. It will be found that the paper passenger will cling fast until the bitter end—until the bubble breaks. Quite long flights can be obtained by sending the bubbles off into the open from an upstairs window.—Mr. F. C Maudlin, 15, Godstone Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

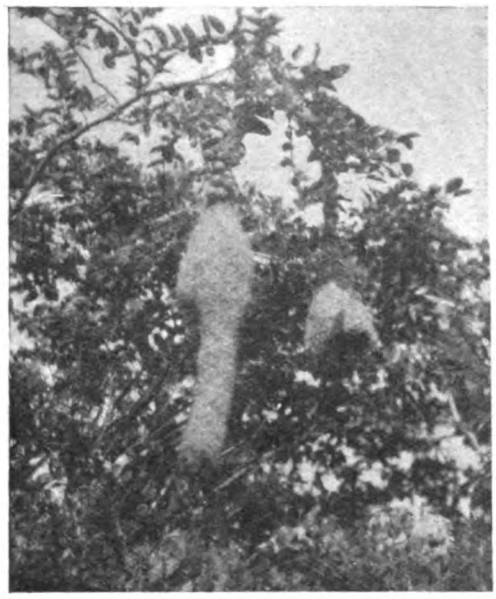
PUZZLE—FIND HIS MASTER.

I AM sending you a photograph taken from a drawing I have made of a dog belonging to my brother. By covering the dog's nose you will easily

see a portrait of his master. This was quite an accident.—Mr. S. J. Miller, 199, King's Road, Reading.

THE WEAVER BIRD'S NEST.

THE weaver bird has, owing to its wonderful nest, a world-wide reputation. In appearance it is rather like a large sparrow, but the cock changes his feathers when the breeding season begins. The feathers of his head turn golden and his breast bright yellow if he is an elderly



bird, or dark red if he is young. Weaver birds are to be found in nearly every part of India. They live almost entirely upon grain of various kinds. The nest is one of the most wonderful things in nature. As seen from my photograph, which was taken in the jungle south of this city, it is of a champagne-bottle shape. The weaver bird makes no attempt to conceal the nest, but suspends it from a tree out of reach of enemies. Both birds work at the nest. It is built of elephant grass, which the birds have first to tear into fine strands, and is studded here and there with small pieces of clay. I have been told that the natives say the weaver birds put fireflies in these pieces of clay and thus illuminate their nursery, but one can hardly credit this. — Mr. William H. Wallace, Disneys Gardens, Kilpant, Madras, India.

HOW ENGLISH IS WRITTEN IN BARCELONA.

HERE is one more example of murdered English to add to the many which have appeared from time to time in the pages of THE STRAND. I obtained it in Barcelona, at a café which evidently caters for a cosmopolitan *clientèle*.—Mr. W. P. Ashton, 8, Eversholt Street, Camden Town, N.W.

Casa de Huéspedes "EL BATURRILLO"

— DE —

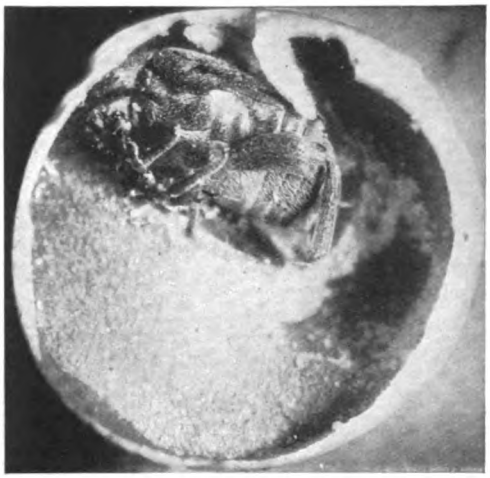
DIONISIO AGUILAR

Mealts at all ors and Drinkg at mortred Prisses and Sleeping Coll and see us
47 St. Arco del Teatro,

Dinneurs à touttes heures et boissons Chammbres pour Couché bon marché
Rue Arco del Teatro. 47

Comidas á todas horas y bebidas Habitaciones para dormir economicas
Calle Arco del Teatro, 47

BARCELONA

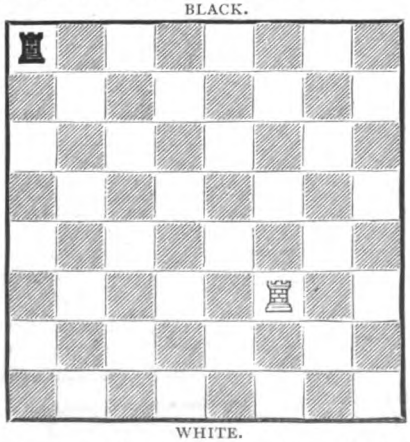


THE PEA-WEEVIL.

PEAS and beans are often found to be tenanted by small beetles of various species or their maggots, the only outward sign of their presence being a shallow depression in the skin of the seed. In spring, when the pea is flowering, a minute egg is laid by the parent beetle in the ovule or young seed. The resulting maggot lives entirely inside the seed, which, as it grows, closes over the hole made for the egg. When the time comes for the change into the pupal state and then into the perfect beetle, the maggot gnaws a tunnel to the outside of the pea, leaving it closed only by a thin skin, which can be bitten through by the beetle. In our example, which is, of course, considerably magnified, the wonderful instinct of the creature has been defeated by the fact that the ripe pea, instead of falling to the ground, has been stored in a drawer; the skin has got so hard that the beetle could not bite through it. Part of the pea has been cut away, showing the insect in the hole where it lived and died.—Mr. A. W. Bawtree, 32, William Road, Sutton, Surrey.

MR. HENRY E. DUDENEY, who in our next issue will start a monthly page of Puzzles for the entertainment of our readers, has sent us the following curious old chess puzzle:—

BLACK.

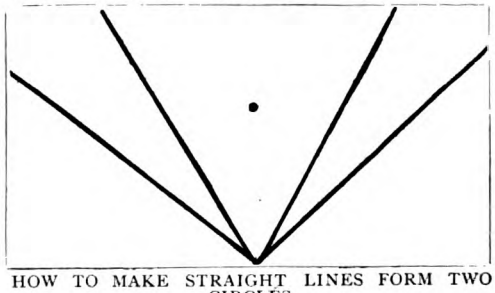


WHITE.

It is really a puzzle game for two players. Each player has a single rook. The first player places his rook on any square of the board that he may choose to select, and then the second player does the same. They now play in turn, the point of each play being to capture the opponent's rook. But in this game you cannot play through a line of attack without being captured. That is to say, if in the diagram it is black's turn to play, he cannot move his rook to his king's knight's square, or to his king's rook's square, because he would enter the "line of fire" when passing his king's bishop's square. For the same reason he cannot move to his queen's rook's seventh or eighth squares. Now, the game can never end in a draw. Sooner or later one of the rooks must fall, unless, of course, both players commit the absurdity of not trying to win. The trick of winning is ridiculously simple when you know it. Can you solve the puzzle?

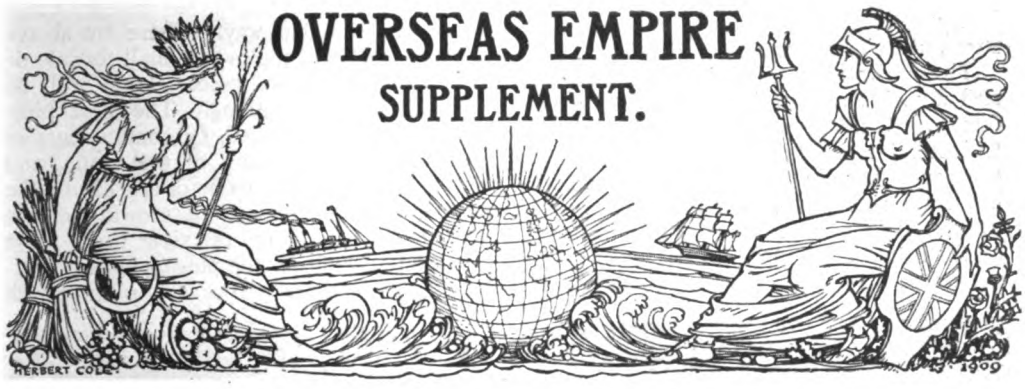
A TOPSY-TURVY COSTUME.

THIS is one of the competitors at a fancy dress competition organized by the Carrickfergus Rowing Club. The man, of course, is standing in the ordinary way, his feet being in large padded gloves to represent hands. The head and upper legs are false. When walking, he waddled as if moving along on his hands.—Mr. John Dean, Irish Quarter West, Carrickfergus, Ireland.



HOW TO MAKE STRAIGHT LINES FORM TWO CIRCLES.

I AM sending you a piece of card marked on one side with a hole in the centre. If the card is spun rapidly on a pin or other sharp point the lines seem to take the shape of two circles. What is the explanation of this phenomenon?—Mr. E. B. Russell, Newtown School, Waterford, Ireland.

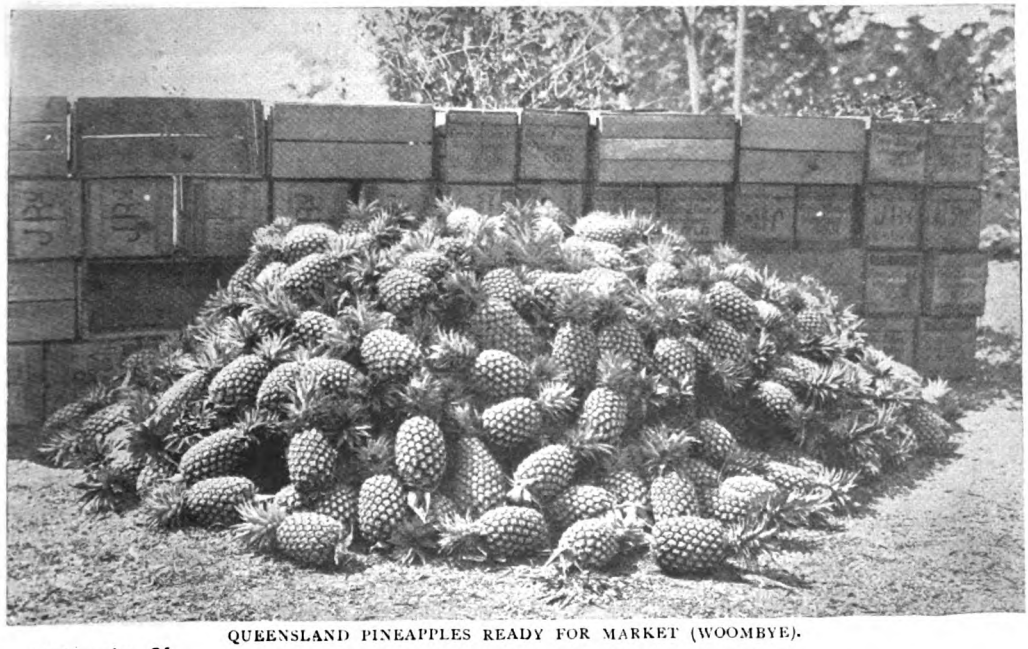


The Empire's Fruit-Garden.

DO you know anything of the fruits of Queensland? Have you ever eaten a Queensland peach, pear, or pine? If you have not you will soon be as familiar with them as with Jamaica bananas. In Queensland are many native fruits, but these are not cultivated to any considerable extent, and, indeed, some of them will flourish only in their native wilds.

In an ordinary fruit shop in Brisbane you may see exposed for sale the fruits of the temperate zone, the sub-tropics, and the tropics.

Generally speaking, fruit-growing represents an important and widely extending industry, and many people wax prosperous by growing pineapples; some devote themselves with equal success to citrus fruits, while others cultivate several varieties of fruits. The most important crops from a commercial point of view are bananas, pineapples, oranges, and grapes. The first-named is chiefly grown on the rich alluvial coastal lands of North Queensland—that is, within the tropical belt. Large plantations are to be seen there on the banks of the rivers, while alongside rough jetties will be moored capacious boats of shallow draught, but good holding capacity, being loaded with the heavy bunches of the fruit. It is the practice to cut the bunches while the fruit is green, so that it will carry better.



QUEENSLAND PINEAPPLES READY FOR MARKET (WOOMBYE).

It ripens on its way to market or in the stores of fruit dealers.

The cultivation is carried on systematically, and it yields substantial profits to the producers. Unfortunately, most of these are Chinese, for the European, though he will grow sugar-cane in the tropics, seems to take but little interest in banana-growing. On what a large scale it is carried on is shown by the fact that the crop of the 1907 season amounted to 1,250,000 bunches. This was the product of 5,163 acres, and the northern trade alone represents a return per year of considerably over £50,000.

BANANA PLANTATION, NEAR BRISBANE.

It is in the districts about the capital of the State that pineapples are principally grown, and the production of late years has increased considerably. Pineapple farming requires very little labour, and a comparatively small area yields a comfortable income. In the whole of the State there are 1,926 acres devoted to this fruit, and the production during 1906 was 601,969 dozen. Two crops are gathered in the year, but the greatest and the most profitable is that of summer. Large quantities are exported to the Southern States, and the surplus is absorbed by canners and jam makers, whose industry is assuming an important place. It is well known that a cider of remarkably fine quality can be made from the fruit, and steps are being taken to utilize what is regarded as the waste produce of the crops in that way. There are always quantities of pineapples too small for sale or canning, and these, before long, will be utilized for cider-making. The best pineapple cider is regarded by connoisseurs as superior to the product of the apple, and scarcely inferior in flavour or sparkle to the best champagne. From a growing and a manufacturing point of view there is a splendid outlook for the pineapple industry.

There are some 3,190 acres planted with orange orchards in different parts of the State, and the total production in 1906 was 3,199,201 dozen. Grapes of excellent quality are grown in many centres in the southern division, but the best come from the drier western country around the town of Roma. Altogether, the acreage of vineyards is 2,044 acres, while the 1906 crop aggregated 3,572,570lb. Wine to the extent of 65,016 gallons and brandy to the amount of 628 gallons represented the manufacturing side of this industry. The great proportion of the crops goes into consumption as fresh fruit. Experiments have proved that a raisin grape can be grown with success in the central-western district of Barcaldine, and Gordo Blanea and Sultana grapes are being planted there for that purpose.

There are many ways of making a living in Queensland, and fruit-growing is one which many industrious settlers find both congenial and profitable.

QUEER INDIAN TRIBAL CUSTOMS.

TOTEMS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A PAIR OF GROTESQUE CARVED AND PAINTED WOODEN TOTEMS.

ONE of the most interesting and curious objects which will strike the tourist in British Columbia are those occasional relics of Indian tribal customs known as totems.

In the first picture, taken by Colonel Anderson, chief engineer to the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries, we are shown the totems now extant at Alert Bay, B.C., two somewhat horrifying and grotesque figures. One is apparently a hawk and the other a man-bear. The next photograph was taken by Mr. Barrow, of Hayward's Heath, and represents a totem over a grave in the burial-ground near the Indian Rancherie, Campbell River. It is erected over the tombstone of one of the Indian chiefs.

AN EAGLE TOTEM OVER A CHIEF'S GRAVE.

Fetish-worship was at one time prevalent among many of the tribes, and there was scarcely any adult of those races who was not the possessor of a charm, which was known as his sulia. This might consist of a piece of wood, a stone, tooth, shell, basket, or animal, bird, fish, grain, and sometimes even a human being. It often happened that the sulia was identified with some adventure or event in the life of the owner, but the event or adventure was more or less mythical. Thus there is a fable of an Indian who, becoming lost one day in the forest, lived for some years with a bear, and had grown so like a bear when he at last returned to his

A VERY ELABORATELY CARVED TOTEM-POLE.

people that they were frightened at his appearance. By a miracle, the brave regained his ordinary features, but whenever he was in straits after that adventure he would go to the forest and find his friend the bear, who always, according to the story, helped him out of his difficulties. The Indian would, in consequence of this assistance, take the bear as his sulia.

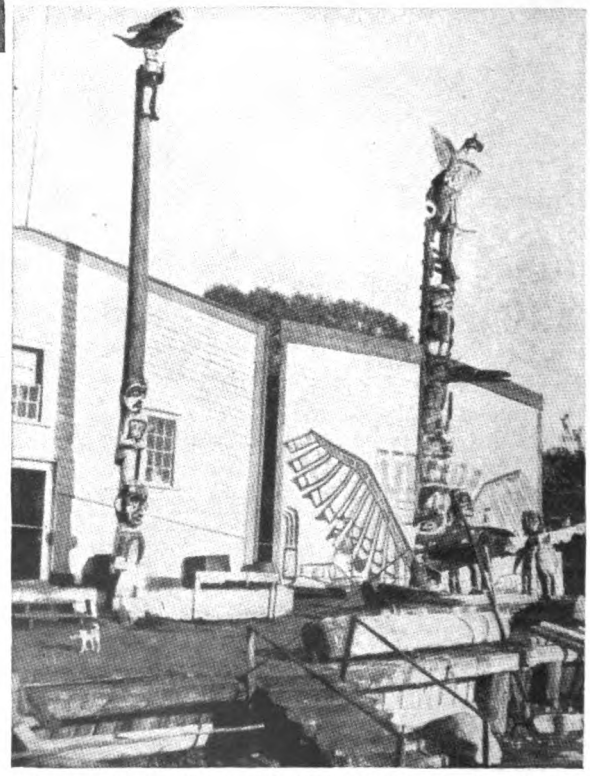
These sulia came in course of time to be represented by plastic or pictorial art. Besides the sulia of living persons, there were also the sulia of ancestors, carved or painted on family vaults, on the posts of houses, and in similar places.

These extraordinary specimens of savage art came gradually to be regarded by the tribes as family crests, and the lineage could often be traced through the various totems. In all other cases, however, the representation of the sulia was merely of a decorative character.

The two illustrations on this page are of totem-poles — the most elaborately finished on the whole coast. The houses are communal dwellings, the ceremonial entrance to the one in the bottom picture being through the lowest beak, which falls open for the purpose.

There was another use to which the poles were put, but of a more gruesome character. They were sometimes erected over graves to show to which tribe the deceased had belonged.

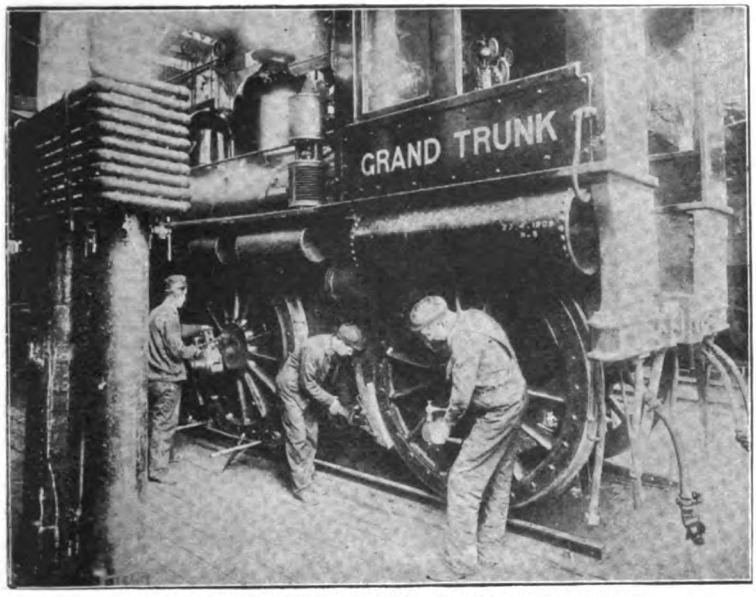
There were some strange burial customs observed by the Indians. There is one which is particularly interesting, but which is now almost obsolete. The dead were embalmed and hoisted on scaffolds, or placed on the top of some lofty rock, where, wrapped in buffalo robes or blankets, the warriors remained for years the objects of influence and veneration to all their tribesmen.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE COMMUNAL DWELLING IS THROUGH THE LOWEST "BEAK" OF THE POLE.

The Manning of a Canadian Railway.

By A. B. TUCKER.

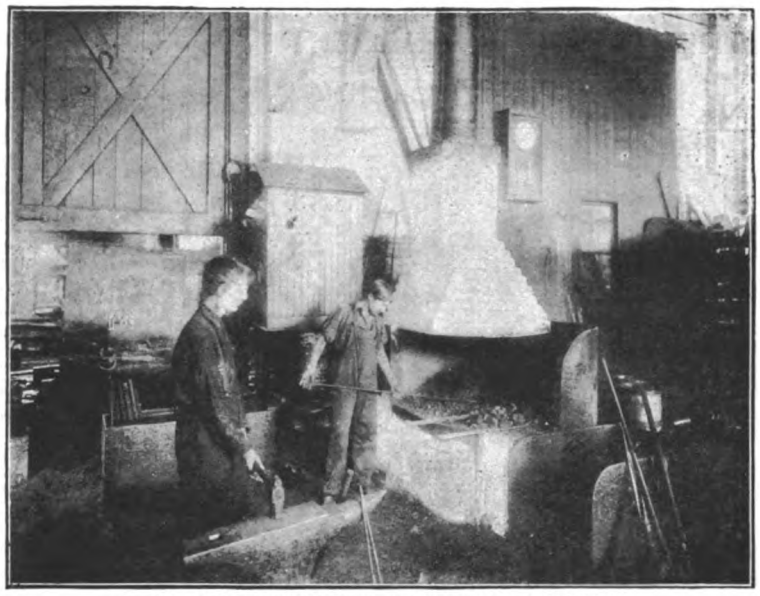


MACHINIST APPRENTICES AT WORK IN ERECTING SHOP.

IN older countries railways are built to connect towns, and not until such towns exist is a railway deemed necessary. In Canada the process is reversed. The railway is built first and the towns spring up alongside it. It is not too much to say that the development of Canada is due to her great railways. These vast enterprises, beside which our English lines seem like toys, are not only wonderful as covering so many thousands of miles, but they are admirable as examples of perfect organization. If you travel on any one of the three great railways in Canada you cannot fail to be impressed with the efficient management of the lines, the highly-trained staff, and the fine rolling-stock.

Time was when Canada had to import engines, etc., for her railways; but that era has long since passed. There are now in the Dominion as fine a set of railway mechanics as are to be found anywhere. Each of the great railways has a system of training its men in its own schools. The Grand Trunk Railway, the oldest of the Canadian railways, was the pioneer in this movement. Some years ago that company, realizing the need of effectually supplying the ever-increasing demand for skilled and thoroughly trained mechanics—a source of constant anxiety to the company—started a class for its apprentice boys.

PATTERN-MAKER APPRENTICE, PATTERN SHOP—MONTREAL.

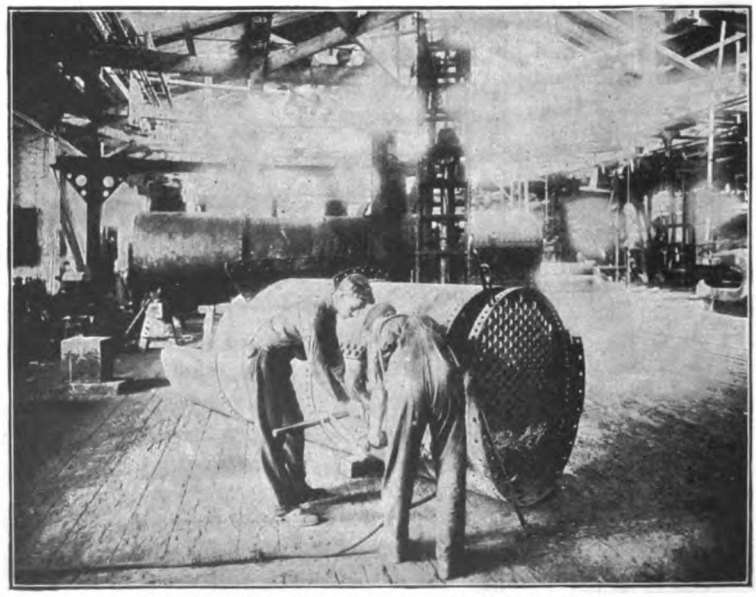


BLACKSMITH APPRENTICES, SMITH SHOP—MONTREAL.

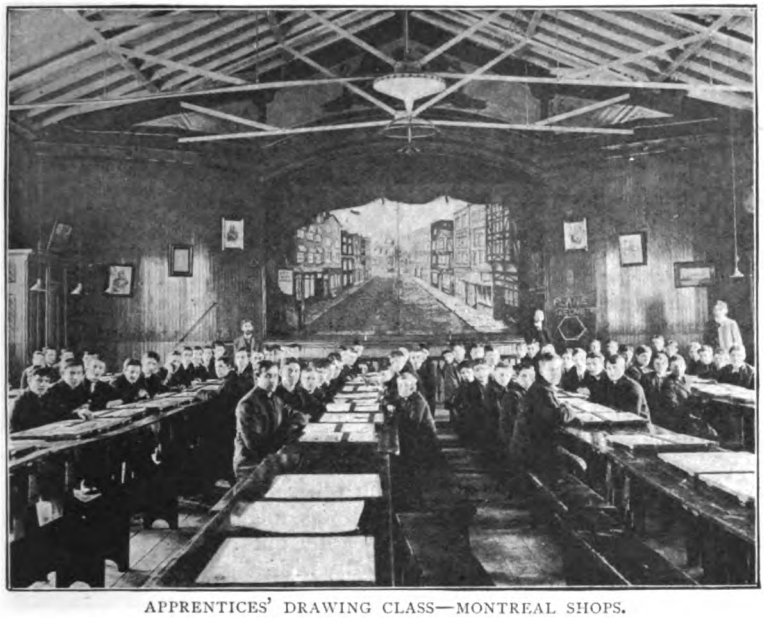
These lads eagerly took advantage of the chance offered them. In a surprisingly short time, so keen were the lads for knowledge, it was found necessary to increase the scope of teaching. The boys' ambition was aroused, and they saw within their grasp the highest positions of responsibility in the management and operation of the road. Was it not Napoleon who said that every soldier carried in his knapsack a field-marshal's *bâton?* Something of this sentiment animated the apprentice lads when they found put before them an opportunity of obtaining an education little short of a college course.

From very small beginnings the system of training apprentices has grown year by year, until at present there are technical schools at all the important centres throughout the entire Grand Trunk system, and there are hundreds of pupils attending them. So successful has the movement been that there is not a large railway system in North America in which there are not to be found a certain number of ex-pupils from the Grand Trunk technical schools. The other big railway companies in Canada and the United States have followed the example thus set them, and all have their own schools.

The subjects taught in the Grand Trunk schools comprise a course ranging from simple arithmetic to higher mathematics, mechanics, machine design, and mechanical construction. The entire cost of education at these training schools is borne by the Grand Trunk Railway, who furnish all the equipments. Encouragement is given to the boys by a large number of prizes, which are open to competition to all classes on the system. These prizes include free



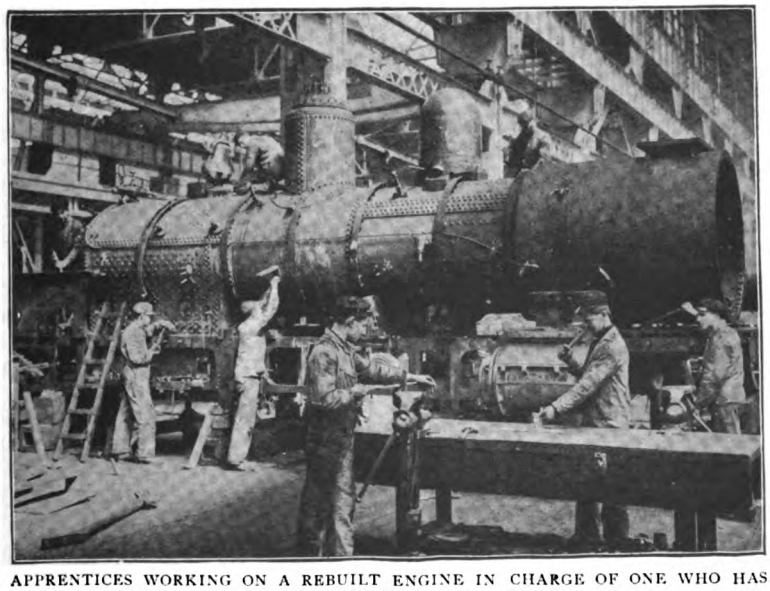
BOILER-MAKER APPRENTICES TACKLING A BOILER.



APPRENTICES' DRAWING CLASS—MONTREAL SHOPS.

scholarships in engineering at McGill University.

Boys are taken on by the company as apprentices between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, and undergo examination for the purpose of finding out whether they are morally and physically capable of filling the requirements of a mechanic. All apprentices are indentured to the machinist's trade for five years, or to the blacksmith's, boilermaker's, or other trades for four years. An apprentice receives the following respective rates of pay during his five years of service: 8 cents, 10 cents, 12 cents, 15 cents, and 17 cents an hour; and before he is granted each year's advance he has to pass an examination. This system of indentured apprenticeship has proved to be most satisfactory; and the training afforded by the schools has raised the standard of education among the men who take up railway work. Grand Trunk apprentices are much in demand, and can always command good berths. The company can boast not only of being the pioneer railroad in Canada, but can also pride itself on being a pioneer in technical education in the Dominion.



APPRENTICES WORKING ON A REBUILT ENGINE IN CHARGE OF ONE WHO HAS JUST COMPLETED HIS APPRENTICESHIP—STRATFORD SHOPS.

Overseas Wit and Humour.

A VISITOR who had but a few hours to spend in one of the West Indian Islands strolled into the Botanical Gardens, hoping to pick up some information about the plants and trees. He found no one but an old gardener pottering about, to whom he addressed some inquiries.

"I can't say too punctually, myself, sir," was the response; "but if you will wait a moment I will telephone to the creator."

AN AMERICAN, in conversation with a prominent Canadian, demanded:—

"Why don't you fellows here in Canada get something living for your national emblem—an animal or a bird, instead of a blamed old maple leaf?"

"We have the beaver," was the reply, "the emblem of industry."

"The beaver!" the American snorted. "Say, do you know what some fellows in the States call the beaver? A musk-rat with a swelled tail!"

"Is that so?" said the Canadian, quietly. "Do you know what some fellows here in Canada call the American eagle? *A jay with a swelled head!*"

A SIMPLE-MINDED youth was driving along a bush road with a cart piled high with hay. Just opposite a house by the roadside a wheel came off, and the load of hay toppled over on to the track. The owner of the house came out to see what was the matter.

"That's a bad job," said he to the driver, who was sadly surveying the mess.

"Yes," said he, and added, "Pa will be mad."

"Never mind," said the other. "Come in and have a drink, and we will fix it up."

The young man hesitated, but at last went in, remarking once more, "My! Pa will be mad."

After a few drinks and a smoke they sallied forth to put matters right, the youth ejaculating once more, as he gazed at the wreck: "My word! Pa *will* be mad."

"Oh, never mind pa," said the other; "he isn't here."

"Dunno so much about that," said the son. "He was riding on top."

THE farmers of Manitoba adopted a very unfriendly attitude towards the automobile when it was first introduced into that province, and great was their rejoicing when any breakdown occurred.

One day a farmer, jogging along in his buggy, espied a man bending down over a machine near the roadside; so, thinking it was a broken-down automobile, he drove up hastily, and cried, derisively:—

"Halloa, is that your automobile?"

Now, the other man was merely a farmer himself, and was mending his mower, which had got slightly out of order. He turned round quietly, with a grin on his face, and said:—

"No, it's not my automobile: it's my ought-to-mow-hay. But it won't."

A LADY living in Madras was going to a hill-station on a short visit, so left her pony in the charge of her native horsekeeper. A few days after arriving at her destination she received the following letter from her horsekeeper:—

"HONOURED MADAM,—The little horse you left in my custody yesterday assumed a devil-me-care attitude and eloped from my custody. It is most annoying."

HE was motoring from the capital of Victoria to Sydney, when his car broke down near the little mining village of Lawrenceville. Darkness had fallen, and he was obliged to seek shelter in the little inn.

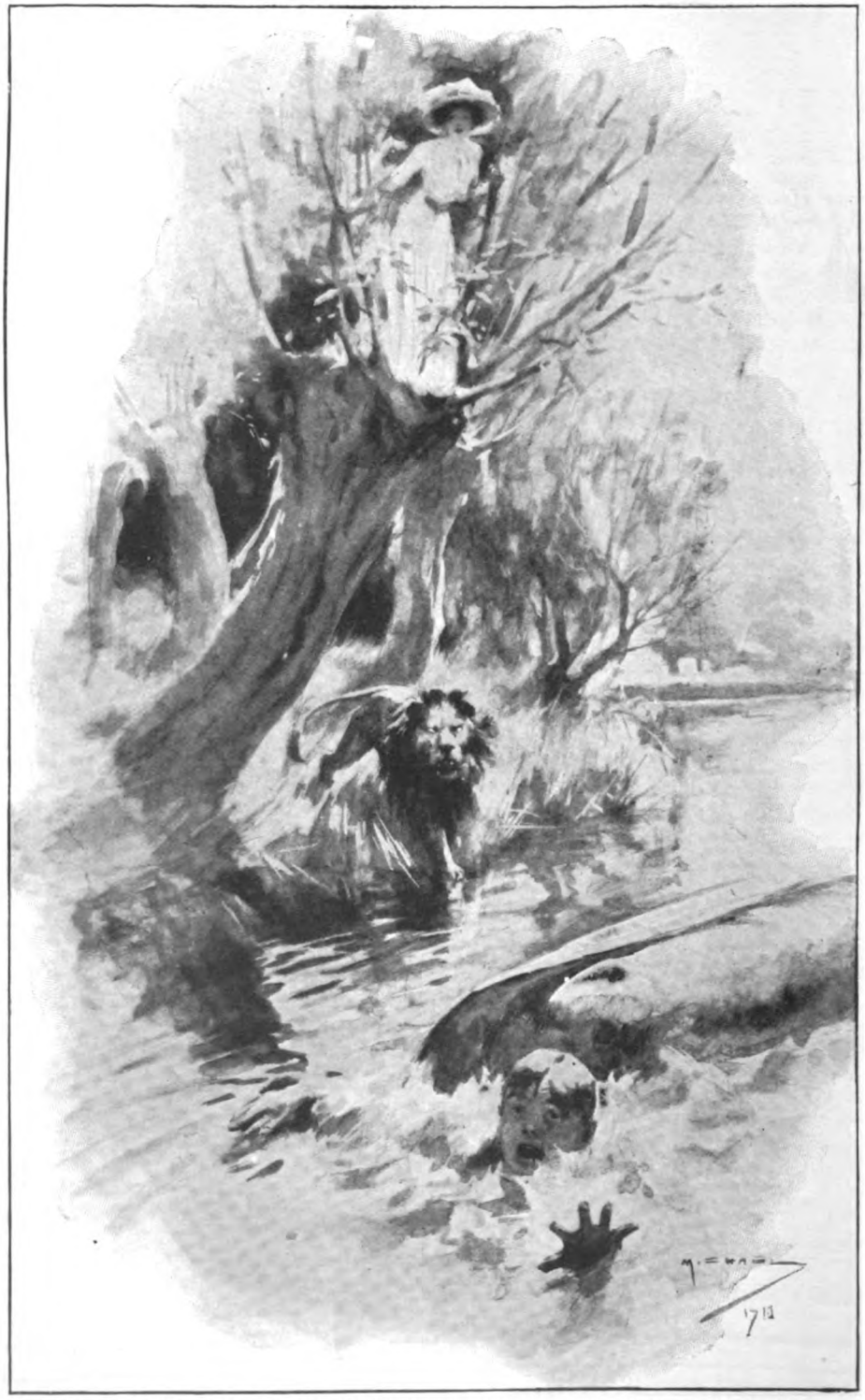
After seeing his car safely put in an old stable he went into his new quarters for his supper; but this he only looked at and went upstairs to bed. A moment later he was leaning over the balustrade.

"Landlord!" he yelled. "Landlord! Do you think I am going to clean my own boots?"

"What's up?" called back the surly host.

"What's up? Why, what's the boot-polishing pad on my bed for?"

"Polishin' pad!" roared the landlord. "That's not a polishin' pad, mister; that's the pillow!"



"HE SWAYED AND THEN PITCHED BODILY OVER, CANOE AND ALL."

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxix. No. 233.
MAY, 1910.

THE LION HUNTER.

By FRANK SAVILE.

"IF Mr. Jackson and Captain Stanwick are going to fish this evening, why not make a picnic of it?" asked Mrs. Durrant.

"Where?" demanded her son.

"At Fairlawn. There's the island pool—one of the best rises on the river. And your father can motor up with the tea by road in five minutes."

The plan seemed to have no flaw in it. Stanwick, for one, said so, pointing his remarks by a hopeful glance in Miss Laura Durrant's direction. Mrs. Durrant noted the glance and the smile which answered it, and made her own reflections. And these had result an hour later, when the party stood upon the landing-place looking at a double-sculling skiff and a basswood canoe.

"If Mr. Jackson will paddle you, Laura," she remarked, "Captain Stanwick and Tom will bring me along." She smiled explanatorily at the soldier. "I don't want to miss a minute of the dear boy's leave," she said.

Stanwick, while admiring the natural dictates of a parent's heart, did not follow the argument. Certainly Tom ought to row his mother; but why was his fellow-oarsman not to be Arthur Jackson, whose figure would obviously benefit by a little manual exercise? Stanwick, in fact, was surprised and nonplussed by the arrangement.

Relief came from another quarter.

"Tom will take *you* in the canoe, mother," decided Laura. "Then you can have him all to yourself. I want to row, and Captain Stanwick will coach me. Mr. Jackson will steer. You're great at steering, aren't you?" she added, turning to confront that gentleman's fat and rather dissatisfied countenance.

The proposal did not fit in with Jackson's desires, but at the same time it did not run counter—as it might have done—entirely to them. He allowed that steering might be considered one of his strong points, and settled back upon the stern cushions. Skiff and canoe passed out into the centre of the river.

"Old Jackson must scale something like three hundredweight," meditated Tom Durrant, eyeing the stern of the skiff, which, indeed, showed very little free-board.

Mrs. Durrant sighed.

"Poor fellow!" she deplored. "It handicaps him most unfortunately."

Tom grunted.

"He does nothing and eats—everything," he criticized. "*Anyone* would be fat, living such a life. Now, look at Stanwick!"

The subaltern's eyes shone with admiration as he looked at the well-knit figure which

swung to and fro with the bow oar in the other boat.

Mrs. Durrant sighed again.

"He's a dear fellow," she agreed. "I, too, like everything about him except his income. But *that* won't do, Tom."

Tom sat with his paddle poised in the air, looking the picture of stolid amazement.

"You mean to say——?" he began.

"That was all that I meant to say," interrupted his parent; "but if you must have an explicit statement I may as well tell you that your father and I wish to see your sister engaged to Arthur Jackson. His income is large, and likely to be larger."

Tom smote the water with his paddle.

"I'd as soon see Laura marry a sack of flour!" he declared, eyeing the skiff's steersman vindictively. "And instead of Stanwick, too! Good heavens! He's the best all-round fellow I know—he's almost—almost *perfect!*"

"He's a famous athlete and a renowned big-game shot, I know," said Mrs. Durrant. "But athletics don't pay the rent, and you can't live entirely on game—even if you have the means to shoot it. I hope, my dear Tom, that you will be sensible and show no partiality."

Tom growled.

"You've spoilt my afternoon!" he affirmed, indignantly, and relapsed into silence.

In the other boat the coxswain was lavish in his admiration of stroke's ability and skill. "It's perfectly wonderful how you feather!" he assured her. "I see no possibility of any improvement!"

She smiled and stopped rowing to look over her shoulder at bow.

"Do you endorse that?" she asked, demurely, and Stanwick, who was a very truthful man, gave a little flush.

"You have improved a great deal," he commended; "but finish out a little more, drop your hands, and get your blade in not *quite* so deep. It's all a matter of practice."

She nodded and resumed rowing. The fat man frowned.

"One would think you were picked for the 'Varsity Eight," he grumbled. "We're out to enjoy ourselves, Stanwick."

The soldier looked at him sympathetically.

"Let me pass you another cushion," he pleaded; but Jackson grunted with most ungrateful emphasis.

The sound seemed to be taken up by a stupendous echo — if echo is the apposite word. For as the woodland banks tossed it to and fro it was magnified a hundred times. It was a hoarse, menacing rumble, thrilled as from a throat of brass; and it came from some unseen source on the high road which ran some twenty feet above the river's brim. Stanwick made a startled exclamation and halted in the middle of his stroke. His concern was so manifest that Jackson's ruddy cheeks went a perceptible shade paler.

"What is it?" he faltered, staring across the river with wondering eyes. And then Stanwick lay back on his seat and laughed till the tears came. In the middle of a cloud of dust a cavalcade had come into view.

It was headed by a pair of camels. Behind these an elephant waddled ponderously along, and at his heels followed an endless procession of yellow wagons. They were covered with fantastic lettering, which proclaimed that Eisenburger's world-famed menagerie lived and moved and had its being behind the gaily-panelled boards. Stanwick continued to laugh with whole-hearted enjoyment.

"It's a wild-beast show!" he exclaimed, between paroxysms. "I thought I must be suffering from hallucination! I thought the lion was loose and roaming an English countryside!"

Miss Durrant looked at him with shining eyes.

"You've heard the sound before—often?" she questioned.

Stanwick made an indifferent gesture.

"Oh, in East Africa, of course. One could hardly help it."

"Did you shoot any?"

"One or two. It was all in the day's work." He dropped his sculls into the water. "Hadn't we better get along?" he suggested. "They'll smother us with dust if we don't quicken up a bit."

She hesitated. Then she, too, bent forward to her work.

"You must tell me about that some other time," she said, quietly; and Jackson assumed an air of gloom. He turned the prow resolutely away from the sights and sounds with which he himself had no romantic associations, and urged on his crew with forced jocularity to efforts which soon left the procession of wagons far behind. A few minutes later the skiff grounded on the pebbled beach of Fairlawn, a narrow strip of sloping turf which divided the river from the road.

As the canoe drew up alongside it, Mrs. Durrant looked at her watch.

"Your father won't be here for another half-hour," she informed Tom. "That will

give you plenty of time to start a fire to boil the kettle."

Tom felt first in one pocket and then in another. With a sudden instinct of anxiety, Stanwick followed his example. It was not long before the epidemic spread to Jackson, but with the same disappointing result. Among three smokers there was not so much as a single match!

"The governor won't have one—it's ten to one on that," groaned Tom, "for he doesn't smoke. Well, there's nothing for it. I must trot back home. It's only half a mile across the park."

"You poor dear!" sympathized his mother. "But perhaps it would be as well." She turned to her daughter. "Suppose you take Mr. Jackson down to the island in the canoe; it's only just round the bend. Then he can have an hour at that famous pool, and you'll find tea waiting when you get back. Captain Stanwick can throw a line here from the boat. I'll look after him, and it's a pity to waste any of a lovely fishing afternoon like this."

An expression of discontent rose to Laura's face, but her mother's eyes grew suddenly

"'COME ALONG, MR. JACKSON,' SHE SAID."

pleading. The girl hesitated, shrugged her shoulders, and then strolled towards the canoe.

"Come along, Mr. Jackson," she said, quietly. "Come and catch a fish—if you can."

She looked over her shoulder as she dwelt on the last three words—a look which brought an expression of anxiety upon her mother's placid features. Stanwick, on the other hand, received the glance with an air of gratitude and—if Mrs. Durrant read it aright—comprehension. Her own features grew hard.

As the canoe passed out of sight around the bend Stanwick made his first cast. Trout were rising well—a dozen tiny ripples dappling the surface were evidence of that. Mrs. Durrant, wife and mother of sportsmen, grew interested in spite of her distractions, for her companion showed himself an adept. His fly touched the surface light as swansdown, and within two minutes a sprightly two-pound trout had paid the penalty of his own inquisitiveness and his captor's skill. Five minutes later a comrade had joined him.

"You *are* wonderful!" sighed Mrs. Durrant. "I only hope Laura—and Arthur—are doing as well."

Stanwick flinched and missed his cast. It was the first time he had heard Jackson spoken of in the Durrant family by his Christian name.

Mrs. Durrant saw and understood the movement and pursued her advantage.

"He isn't a *great* fisherman, I fear," she went on, alluding inferentially to the absent gentleman. "But *such* a good fellow! I think Laura is *much* to be congratulated, don't you?"

Stanwick kept silence for some seconds.

"*Is* she to be congratulated?" he asked at last, in a curiously dry voice.

Mrs. Durrant made a gesture which seemed to banish definite information to a decently nebulous background. She looked, indeed, almost shocked.

"Of course, nothing is *settled*—Laura is so young," she deprecated. "The matter has practically grown up with the two young people. We look for the usual termination with confidence—both her father and I."

The fisherman nodded.

"Oh!" he said, and then looked round with suddenly aroused interest. A great creaking had become audible on the high road. For the second time the camels, the elephant, and the wagons rolled into view.

Stanwick made an exclamation of disgust as the procession halted above them, sending down thick clouds of dust.

"Are they going to *stick* there?" he asked, wrathfully. "What on earth are they up to?"

They—or, to be accurate, a couple of wagon horses—seemed to be up to mischief. One—and his spirit infected his neighbour—had taken a violent dislike to a bough which stretched low across the road from one of the woodland pines. The pair strained in their harness, plunging wildly. They backed till one of the wheels protruded out from the road into space above the slope of grass. Stanwick threw down his rod and thrust out his hand.

"We must get out of this!" he cried, and Mrs. Durrant needed no explanation. If the wagon left the road it would thunder down the slope towards the point at which the skiff was moored. She skipped with alacrity ashore.

Half-a-dozen men were wrestling now with the struggling nags. And from the wagon boomed the sound which had aroused Stanwick's surprise a half-hour back. A painted scroll confirmed the theory that this was the lion-house. Within, it announced, was "Saladin the Black-Maned, Captured Full Grown in the Fastnesses of Equatorial Africa!"

Suddenly one of the men, losing his temper, struck at the horses with his closed fist. The frightened animals reared. At the same time a new sound came echoing down the road—the hoot of an approaching motor. The next instant Mr. Durrant's big red touring car swung into view, under the very noses, as it were, of the excited brutes.

It was all that was needed to make the disaster complete!

With a huge bound the near horse leaped sideways—away from his companion—away from those who endeavoured to restrain him—away most particularly and especially from the red monster which snorted in his very face! The impetus of his leap carried the wheels, which were already perilously near the edge, completely over it. The heavy wagon rocked off the road and plunged backward down the slope!

With tremendous force it hit the willow stump to which the skiff was moored. The branch to which the painter was attached was flung into the water.

Nor was this the only object which the shock dislodged. The panels of the lion-house were rent from top to bottom, and the splintered boards fell away, to disclose a cage whose bars were twisted and bent and *broken!* And through a hole which a door of steel should have closed—a door now

hanging idly back from broken hinges—a huge, tawny yellow bulk was shot, to fall with a resounding thump upon the footboards of the lately-vacated skiff! The boat went spinning out into the current!

And with what a passenger!

Crouched between the seats, his eyes rolling wildly, went Saladin the Black-Maned, an African lion adrift upon a peaceful English river!

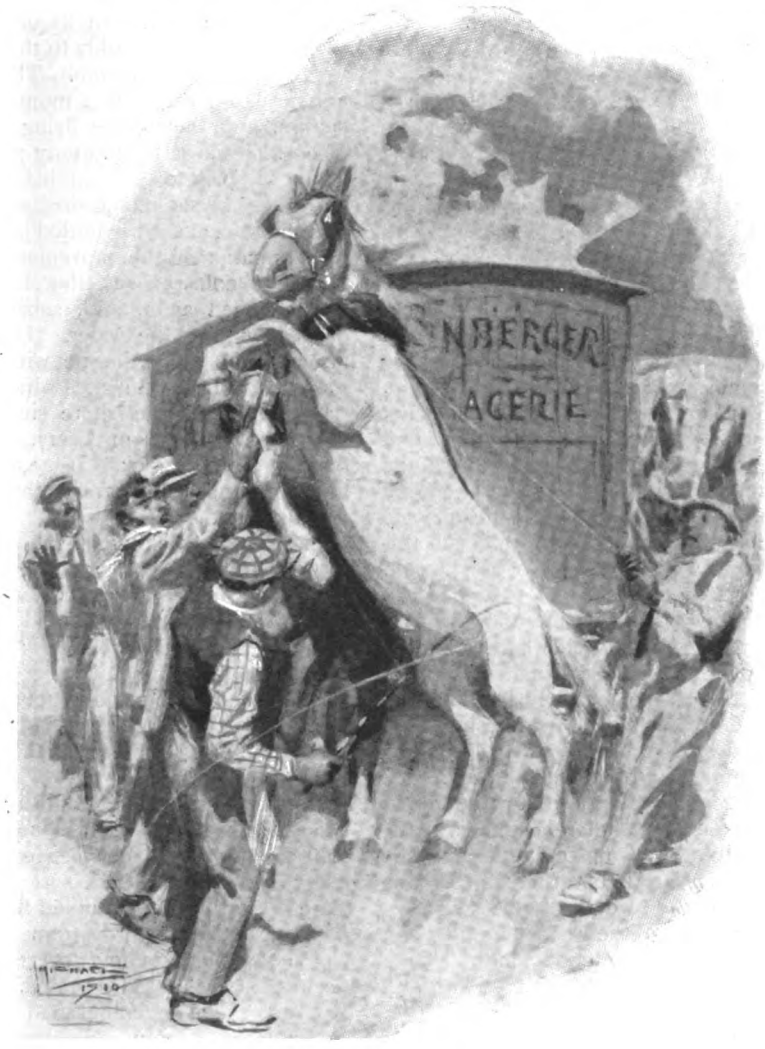
For a moment surprise kept the onlookers to a stupefied silence. Then a chorus of objurgations woke the echoes, the menagerie attendants directing the full force of the blame at the innocent driver of the motor.

Mr. Durrant stared from the lion to the wagons, and from the wagons to the raging keepers, with an air of petrified incredulity Stanwick threw back his head, and for the second time that afternoon laughed with gusto.

"Oh!" he panted. "Look at him! Look at him! A lion on a boating excursion! It beats creation! It's—it's unique!"

Suddenly, violently, Mrs. Durrant began to shake him by the arm. Her voice was shrill with horror.

"Look—yes, look!" she cried. "Look where he's going — straight towards the island!"



"THE FRIGHTENED ANIMAL REARED."

Stanwick's face grew suddenly grave. He stared keenly at the drifting boat.

There was no doubt about it; the current was sweeping it round the bend. A couple of hundred yards beyond the curve, just hidden from their sight, was the destination to which the canoe had set out. There, absorbed in their fishing, were Jackson—and Laura.

Stanwick made an emphatic gesture towards the car.

"Get help!" he shouted. "Get men—guns! If we don't look out he'll be loose over the countryside. As quick as you can! I'll see to—this!"

He pointed down the river and turned and ran at speed along its banks.

Mr. Durrant began hurriedly to back the car upon the narrow road. The next instant, with a roar and a rush, he was flying towards the park gates.

Meanwhile upon the island matters were not proceeding to Mr. Jackson's satisfaction. As Mrs. Durrant had deplored, he was not much of a fisherman. A rod was as good an excuse as any for lounging through the warmer hours of an early summer afternoon if you could get a companion—of the opposite sex, of course—to share it with you. But this point of view did not appeal to Miss Durrant.

She, she explained, was out to catch fish. If Mr. Jackson was not in the mood for this, he had better betake himself where he would not, at any rate, disturb her chances. No—she did not wish to talk. Fish were proverbially keen of hearing. And he must not fidget. Stones and bits of earth dropping into the water could not be allowed. He had better take his rod and try the upper pool. She would stay where she was, in the shadow of this decaying pollard, and she would be prepared to bet the sum of one penny that her catch would double his.

A suggestion that the wager should pivot on something of a more tender nature than a mere coin of the realm met with a frown and a quick movement of aversion. Cupid, Mr. Jackson decided, was not in a propitious frame of mind that afternoon. He moved grudgingly away to his appointed station and began to put his rod together. He had made about a dozen ineffectual casts and was silently anathematizing his luck when a shout made him look up.

Stanwick, covering the ground with tremendous strides, was racing down the far bank. He was making violent motions towards the centre of the river which swelled round the bend on Jackson's left.

The fisherman followed the direction of the gesticulating finger.

He gasped. A yell, in which surprise and terror mingled, burst from his lips. He flung down his rod and started with a rush towards the canoe, which was stranded on a little beach fifty yards away, and the same distance from the pollard under which Laura was fishing. The skiff, with its crouching occupant, was drifting steadily to this very point.

He shouted as he ran. The girl looked up, hesitated through a moment of stupefaction, and then came flying towards him. The skiff was a bare twenty yards from the bank as Jackson fell on his knees beside the canoe, raised it, splashed with it through the shallows, and fairly hurled himself aboard. The impetus of the movement almost sent him into collision with the skiff.

He yelled again, and, seizing a paddle, dashed it into the water. He was blind, unreasoning, almost insane with fright. He was deaf, too, to the cries which came from the island and the shore simultaneously—cries of entreaty from Laura, of stern command from Stanwick. It was not until he found himself in mid-stream that he ventured to look round.

Saladin was walking solemnly ashore.

Desperation goading her, Laura was wrenching her way up the willow boughs, to gain what safety was offered by the lopped stump of the pollard. This was some fifteen feet above the ground.

She called to him impetuously, beckoning him towards her.

"Come in! Come in!" she cried. "I'll jump—I'll jump!"

He used his paddle half-heartedly once or twice, but the great green eyes ashore seemed to fascinate him as they met his and followed every movement with a sort of calculating stare. And a snarl rumbled from the throat of brass. Twenty yards from the shore the canoe halted, swaying to and fro as its occupant's resolution wavered.

Every shade of colour had left Jackson's ruddy face. He turned terror-stricken eyes towards the figure on the pollard head.

"I can't—I can't!" he shouted. "He'll spring—he'll spring!"

Leisurely the lion paced along, to come to a halt at the pollard foot. He stared slowly upwards, and then stretched out his great pads and drew them down the roots, sharpening his claws as the cat sharpens hers before she sets out on foray after the nesting birds. The rotten wood crumbled—the decaying trunk shook.

Jackson made another stroke. At the sound Saladin whirled round with sudden suspicious alertness. His haunches bent, his elbows flattened, his body thrilled as if wires strung themselves within it. He made, in fact, all the preluding motions of a spring.

Jackson yelled for the third time and dashed his blade at the water. He overreached. He swayed, through one horrible moment tried to right himself, and then pitched bodily over, canoe and all!

The lion raised himself into an attitude of incredulity and surprise. The fat man had been there and now he was not! The great beast looked with an injured air at the ripples. Prospects of a most appetizing lunch had melted into nothing more substantial than a fountain of foam. He looked debatingly up the willow again, and then, with an air of hope, towards the river. For another splash had caught his ear. What a splash had snatched away, a splash, he seemed to argue, might restore. He forgot to give any further attention to the dripping head which rose beside the overturned canoe, or the arms which clutched it convulsively. His attention had found a new interest.

Another member of the human kind had come into the picture, and one, it seemed, who was in no haste to avoid him. For this swimmer was facing in his direction, coming along with powerful, wrenching strokes. With an air of complacent resignation Saladin sat down and awaited events.

These moved quickly. A moment later Stanwick had found footing on the shallows, and his whole strength was being applied to thrust the stranded skiff out into the stream.

The lion rose to his feet and ran forward. This was an enemy whose movements must be watched.

And then he roared—he lashed his tail menacingly. For the skiff was gone. It had slidden away from the beach, and the man was already aboard and using one of the sculls to pole it towards the pollard. Saladin, still snarling, cantered along the shore to meet it at the point to which it was being propelled. He stood, like some great watch-dog, at the tree foot.

Stanwick still came on slowly. As the distance between him and the bank narrowed he measured it carefully with his eye. He shook his head as he brought the boat to a halt. It was beyond a leap from the pollard head. But how about a lion's spring? A sudden inspiration seized him. He stood up on the seat and waved his arms aggressively. He made preposterous motions; he used every possible gesture of aggravation to goad the already angry brute into action.

He succeeded only too well.

The great brute crouched, poised himself through what seemed an eternal moment of hesitation, and then sprang!

So did Stanwick, far out into the river. Saladin came down with tremendous force upon the bottom of the empty boat. It cracked from end to end as an egg-shell cracks, though the shock carried it, half full of water and foundering fast, out into the current. And so Stanwick, as he rose from his dive and dashed the water from his eyes, found himself swimming alongside a huge, tawny mass which was making choked efforts to turn and reach the shore which it had so inadvisedly left. Lions are poor swimmers. Stanwick was quick to remember and take advantage of the fact. Unhesitatingly, he stretched out a hand and gripped a mass of hair in the tawny flank.

Saladin tried to snarl, but the result was only a bubbling gasp. He tried to turn, but

"SURELY SUCH A MATCH WAS NEVER SEEN OUTSIDE THE ROMAN ARENA."

only churned the water to foam as he sank below the level of his eyes. His foe seemed all about him—eluding him, snatching here his tail and there his mane, and all the time drawing him farther into the power of the current and farther away from the shore. Surely such a match was never seen between man and beast outside the Roman arena since Nero's day of blood. And this was no battle for glory or gold. A life was at stake—two lives, and one dearer to Stanwick than his own!

Grimly, resolutely, the fight went on. Farther and farther the combatants drifted out into the eddies; slower and slower grew the movements of the bewildered brute, and higher rose hope in Stanwick's heart. Another ten minutes of this—even another five—and victory was surely won. The fierce breaths came fainter; the rage-brimmed eyes were glazing. A sudden recklessness of elation gripped the man. He flung himself sideways across the yellow back and gripped the dark, floating mane. He thrust the whole of his weight upon the great head to sink it below the surface. That hold maintained for thirty seconds and the end was come.

In all the agonies of suffocation the drowning brute heaved himself upwards and rolled upon his side. One huge pad, striking aimlessly into the air, met and buried its claws deeply in Stanwick's shoulder and arm. A crimson ripple circled towards the shore, and in its centre Stanwick floated helpless. The current, which had been his salvation, was now becoming a sudden peril. It was sweeping both man and beast relentlessly towards the farther shore.

There was a jerk and the rustle of reeds. Labouredly, amazedly as it seemed, Saladin touched solid earth. He swayed unsteadily and then drew his dripping flanks from the water. He stood panting, tottering, the spasms of his overtaxed lungs working in his throat.

And then his eyes fell upon the faintly-moving figure in the rushes which endeavoured with one unwounded arm to beat back against the current into the safety of deep water again.

The great pupils dilated, focused, grew wide with rage.

Fear had no part in Stanwick's emotions. Only a feeling of inevitable circumstance—and apathy. His senses were still dead to outside influences. He did not see the motor which came whirling down the road behind him in a cloud of dust. He did not hear the shouts of those who leaped from it and ran towards him. He saw only two green discs which had become the very eyes of Fate. He heard only those sinister pants which grew fiercer and yet more fiercely steady. He only understood that those wire-like muscles were being tautened for a spring——

And then the spell was broken—and with a vengeance.

The roar of two shots fired as one thundered in his ears. The bitter taste of powder-smoke floated against his lips. And Saladin? That yellow, shapeless mass, dabbled with red streams which sank into the shallows—was that the living terror of a moment back? Stanwick's brain refused to grapple with the problem. The night, for him, had suddenly become very, very dark.

If the night of unconsciousness had been such an impenetrable veil, how bright were the contrasts of returning day! Whose arms pillowed his head? Whose voice was in his ears? Whose tears wet upon his cheek?

Stanwick, looking up to read what was plain in Laura Durrant's eyes, gave a sigh of entire satisfaction. He stirred—he made an effort to rise.

But those two soft arms were still chains which refused to be unlocked.

"Please—please!" said their owner's voice. "For my sake, *please* lie still."

Stanwick considered—slowly.

"I'd like to do as you tell me—*always*," he said, and emphasized the last word with a meaning look of inquiry.

Laura bent her face to him.

"Always," she agreed, softly. "For ever and ever . . . if you like . . . Dick."

His smile became a glory of content and then suddenly disappeared. Concern, tinged by a sort of shamefaced amusement, replaced it. He looked at Tom Durrant this time—Tom, who stood beside his father, gun in hand, staring down at his friend with a glance which told of nothing short of idolatry.

"Jackson?" queried Stanwick, weakly. "Did—did he *float?*"

Tom's countenance underwent an abrupt change. He flung a glance over his shoulder in the direction of the figure in a dripping blazer which stood in a discomfited attitude at Mrs. Durrant's side.

"Jackson?" repeated Tom, in a growl of which the dead Saladin would have had no reason to be ashamed. "As if *he* was born to be drowned!"

"MY REMINISCENCES."

XVIII.

By MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

I CAN never see that reminiscences of a boy's schooldays can be of any particular interest to anyone except himself, his parents, and those contemporaries for whom he used to fag, or who used to fag for him, as the case may be. I will, therefore, out of pure thoughtfulness for the patience of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, pass over those days of long ago when it was my delight to spend my pocket-money on ices, fiercely indigestible cakes embroidered with gaily-coloured sugar, and other unwholesome luxuries which almost every healthy-minded lad with a keen appetite would seem to regard as delicacies.

So suffice it to say that of ancestors mainly military I was born, and spent most of my life up to the age of seventeen in North Lincolnshire. When I reached this rather dangerous period of a boy's life—I say "rather dangerous" because, as a rule, it is from seventeen for the next five years or so that the average young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sowing wild oats—I was dispatched to London to cram for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, which is, perhaps, better known in military circles as the "Shop." My studies were pursued—or perhaps I ought to say should have been pursued—under the watchful eye of a certain Mr. Johns, a well-known military coach of those days. Like many other lads who "cram" or pretend to "cram" for the Army, I did not live in my coach's house, but resided with the family of an exceedingly clever young barrister, whose pleasant duty it was—or, rather, whose pleasant duty it was supposed to be—to imbue me with some knowledge of English literature in the evenings.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

I hope it will not be thought for an instant that the use of the word "supposed" is intended to cast any aspersion on the manner in which that youthful barrister carried out his part of the bargain, for such is very far indeed from my intention; but, at the same time, I think I may safely express what actually happened in this way, for I am sure my good friend and tutor, Sir Forrest Fulton, Recorder of London, will bear me out when I state that those lessons in English literature were sometimes not only subjected to severe interruption, but also not infrequently underwent permanent postponement.

Anyway, judging from a worldly standpoint, I am sure most people will agree with me when I say that there was ample reason for

this irregularity, as we were both intensely fond of music; in fact, whenever music was "entered in the race" England's leading literary lights were relegated into second place, as the sporting writers say, and even the prospect of spending an evening with our one and only William Shakespeare did not strike either of us as nearly so alluring as passing a few hours in the gallery at the opera. Truth to tell, I am inclined to think that neither of us could afford this lavish expenditure, for coin of the realm was none too plentiful with us in those days of long ago. Still, our passion for music had to be satisfied, even though indulgence in the gallery at the opera meant that we should have to deny ourselves in other directions, and, in consequence, we grudged not a little bit the expenditure of those many half-crowns. This reminds me that I have often thought since that I wish to-day I could get as much real pleasure out of spending many times this sum as I did out of those half-crown jaunts in the gallery.

But I need scarcely say that, carried on in this rather fitful manner, my studies did not proceed in quite so satisfactory a manner as they ought to have done, and, therefore, when I eventually went up for my examination I felt no great surprise at finishing number forty-two in the list of candidates. A few years ago, when competition for the Army was very keen, this would perhaps not have been thought an altogether indifferent effort, but as, at the time to which I refer, there were only forty vacancies, the performance did not materially assist my efforts to become a soldier bold. So I think I may safely say that it is largely due to my affection for music in general, and the opera in particular, that I am to-day what I am, instead of having prefixed to my name "Major," "General," or "Colonel." Still, I make no complaint on this score, for if it were allowed me to have to start life all over again I think that I should most certainly steer for my present profession in preference to any other. And on this account I bear the opera no suspicion of a grudge.

However, undeterred by this first failure, I was just about to settle down to make another strenuous effort to get into the "Shop" when a cousin of mine, Mr. Michael Gunn, of Dublin, who was financially interested in things theatrical (and, by the way, was also associated with D'Oyly Carte in his younger days), dropped me a line to ask me to call on him. That letter changed the whole of my future, for it was through it that I learned that the acting-manager of one of Mr. Gunn's companies had unostentatiously vanished, taking a good deal away with him of property not his own. My cousin thereupon suggested that I should join the company at Leicester and take up the late acting-manager's duties for a week or so.

This project struck me as a most fascinating notion, though, between ourselves, I may tell you that I knew just about as much of an acting-manager's duties as does a racehorse of the precise difference between Tariff Reform and Free Trade. Still, the idea appealed to me as a most promising one, and, accordingly, I bundled my few possessions into a trunk and hied myself at top speed to Leicester. And that is precisely how I first became associated with the management of theatres, a business with which I have since been closely connected. How long ago was it? Well—let me see! Yes, reluctant though I am to confess it, a love of the truth compels me to acknowledge that it was on the wrong side of thirty years ago that I first arrived at Leicester to take up temporarily the acting-managership of one of my cousin's touring companies.

My first chance as an acting-manager in London came when, through an introduction given by my cousin, Mr. D'Oyly Carte engaged me in that capacity at the Savoy, where, I hasten to say, I spent some of the happiest years of my life, learning the business under the most able and kindly employers, and receiving training which I have since found of incalculable value. Yes, without any doubt at all, I gladly acknowledge that it was through the ever-encouraging instrumentality of Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte that I owe the foundations of whatever success I may have attained on my own account.

To Mrs. Carte, in particular, I feel that I am very greatly indebted, for she taught me *how* to work. Never before or since have I encountered anyone who has worked more conscientiously than did Mrs. D'Oyly Carte in those good old days at the Savoy. Work? Gad, she did indeed work! I can see her now, arriving at eight in the morning and working away, merrily and cheerily, until twelve o'clock at night—setting an example of cheerfulness, tact, and all-round ability to everyone who was privileged to meet her in the course of the day's work.

However, I am sure space is too valuable to make it possible for me to express the great gratitude I feel for all that Mr. and

Mrs. D'Oyly Carte did for me in those days when, for the first time in my life, I occupied the position of an acting-manager in a London theatre.

On my own account the first play that I launched on the troublous seas of theatricalism was "Little Jack Sheppard" at the Gaiety Theatre. The late Mr. John Hollingshead was associated with me in this venture, but, to all practical intents and purposes, he was more or less a sleeping partner; and, as nearly all the capital put up was mine, I think I am justified in saying that "Little Jack Sheppard" was my first venture in management. And by the same token it was my first success. The exhilaration I felt when the box-office—which, after all, is nothing more nor less than the pulse of the theatre—pointed to its having "made good" I will leave to the imagination of those who have had practical experience of the ups and downs of play-producing, for I feel certain that the lay mind cannot adequately realize the thousand and one troubles which beset the path of a theatrical manager, and the million and one difficulties that have to be overcome before a success is fairly launched.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES AND HIS DAUGHTER.
From a Photograph.

However, although, happily for me—I say happily, because a good start is a most encouraging factor to further successes in any walk of life—my initial production turned up trumps, the run of luck was not destined to continue for any length of time, as my next venture proved a failure. And what do you think it was? I am certain that when I mention the name of this piece you will say, "But surely that was a colossal success!" The name of the piece was "Dorothy." But, alas! "Dorothy," although it ran for nearly six months at the Gaiety Theatre under my management, never helped to increase the balance of my banking account, for, between ourselves, I may tell you that, week by week, we were losing money—not a great deal of money, to be sure—but still we were losing.

Perhaps I should have kept it on in a vain hope that it would have taken a turn for the better. I was, however, deterred from doing this owing to the fact that "Ruddigore" was just about to be produced at the Savoy. Of the prospects of "Ruddigore," the most encouraging accounts had been going the rounds for some time; indeed, it seemed to be accepted as an axiom that the play would develop into a colossal success, for every person one met in and out of theatrical circles was assured that it would grow into one of the biggest successes of all time.

For my own part, too, I acknowledge at once that I was one of those who entertained the most sanguine notions as to the success of "Ruddigore," and I also felt that this success would almost certainly bring about the unpleasantly early demise of "Dorothy." I, therefore, decided to dispose of my second production as a manager in London to my accountant, although I must tell you I had, before finally resolving to do so, introduced such promising features as "Queen of My Heart" and other songs into the play. Still, at the time I transacted the change I had not received sufficient encouragement from playgoers to cause me to form the belief that, despite its then lack of success, "Dorothy" might, nevertheless, one day

soon grow into a money-making concern. In consequence I disposed of the play, which, you probably remember, afterwards took London, and later on most of the other corners of the world, by storm; while such is the whimsical mood of Dame Fortune, and such are the results which quite often fall upon the heads of those who endeavour to anticipate her future movements, "Ruddigore" proved a comparative failure.

Which reminds me, by the way, that although the general public, as a rule, will persist in failing to digest the notion, it is none the less a fact—a fact which experience has proved to me bang up to the hilt—that there is a great similarity between play-production and racing; and at no time is this more apparent than on the first night. And, by the same token, at no time was the truth of this rather trite saying impressed upon me in a more convincing manner than when I disposed of my rights in "Dorothy" for really no other reason than that I felt sure that its prospects of eventually "making good" would, to all financial intents and purposes, be effectually marred by what I thought then were the superior attractions of "Ruddigore."

Yes; speculating in plays—and especially in light operas—must always be more or less—generally more—of a gamble. In other words, one backs one's opinion, believing that there is a sound and solid foundation on which to base this opinion. But is there? Time alone can prove. And Time and the box-office provide the only convincing proof of a problem, the solution of which is expressed in the best possible way when I say that if one's opinion is right, one wins money; but if it is wrong, one loses—and, alas! in most cases, one loses very heavily.

It has often struck me during my career that a manager's feelings on a first night are almost identically the same as those of a racehorse owner's during a big race. Even the merest tyro must be able to appreciate an owner's feelings as he watches his horse going great guns and, holding a place well up with the leaders, coming into the straight looking all over a winner. Stride by stride he gains on the second favourite; at the distance he gets his head in front, and for a few yards looks like "strolling home on his lonesome," as they say in the racing world. But, stay—the horse evidently doesn't—suddenly, fifty yards or so from the judge's box, he stops and eventually finishes a bad third.

So it is with a musical play. It goes off with a flourish of trumpets. The audience seems delighted; the applause is evidently genuine and assuredly most encouraging; for a time everything seems to be spinning merrily along towards a successful finish. But, alas! eventually, when the curtain goes down, one remarks that the audience file out in most gloomy, icy, Arctic manner. Cheers? There aren't any. A bad third again—a bad third act.

Still, I must confess that experience has taught me that it is almost impossible to judge from a play's reception on the first night as to whether it will grow into a success or not. Thus, let me cite the case of "The Cingalee," which, I may tell you, presented the strangest extremes I have ever experienced during the whole of my theatrical career. Its reception on the first night was positively overwhelmingly enthusiastic; but the fact remains that the play eventually proved a financial failure.

On the other hand, plays that had the worst first night of any productions of mine that I can remember were "San Toy" and "The Country Girl," both of which were—from the point of view of finance—two of the greatest of our successes.

I am sure, however, that you do not wish to read about a list of successes and failures, retailed in chronological order, for, after all, these must necessarily be items largely of ancient history. Let me, therefore, rather discuss matters theatrical from a personal point of view, for the ultimate fate of plays at the various theatres with which I have been connected is probably a matter of common knowledge to that section of the public interested in theatres and doings theatrical.

I may as well tell you, therefore, although it is more or less of a professional secret, which has hitherto been very closely guarded by theatrical managers, that it is very, very seldom that a musical play, however popular it may be, pays its producer in London alone. The expenses are so enormous in the Metropolis—"stars'" salaries, costly staff, and, above all, the expense of keeping up a West-end theatre—that even if the house is filled every night for a period running into months, there is, nevertheless, more often than not a loss incurred in London.

Naturally enough, there are exceptions to this rule—for example, "The Merry Widow" paid, and paid well, but that was because of the great length of its run; but it is none the less a solid, unpleasant, and indisputable fact that in the majority of cases the real money-making enterprise is provided by the provincial, Colonial, and American tours which invariably succeed "a hit" in London.

All the same, from remarks I have often heard made, and from statements which have appeared in the Press, it would seem that I am generally credited with making a financial success with every play I put on. I can honestly assure readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, however, that, so far as London is concerned, no theatre produces a sequence of profitable musical comedies except one, and that one is the Gaiety. For example, "A Country Girl," at Daly's, played to good houses for a long time, but it nevertheless showed a loss for several weeks of from two to three hundred pounds.

True, it made money for months and months, but those early profits went to pay for the cost of production. And it is the same with most musical comedies. After a year or fifteen months business falls off and the margin of profit is lost, for it is impossible to reduce one's expenses by the changing of principals or curtailing the number of the orchestra. What can a manager do? He has to pay his rent and other expenses when the theatre is closed; therefore I, like other managers, often keep a piece going at a loss until I think the proper time has arrived for producing a new play.

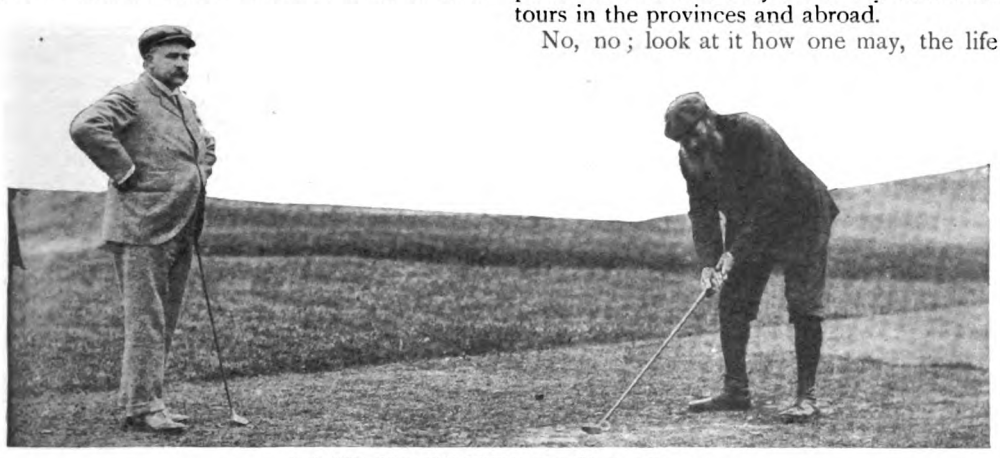
Talking of the expenses of producing a play reminds me that "The Lady Dandies," or "Les Merveilleuses," cost me ten thousand pounds to put on alone. That is to say, I had to spend that sum before the curtain went up. Then the theatre's expenses amounted to sixteen hundred pounds a week; but at the end of the run, though we played to crowded houses every night, I was actually a very large sum out of pocket over the London production. So that you can easily understand that the producing of plays is not the easy road to the making of fortunes which many people, unfamiliar with the actual working of theatres, would seem to believe it to be.

But, as I have said, of course it pays to produce in London, because the advertisement given to the piece by people who have seen it is obviously an enormous help to the companies that I send to the provinces, America, Africa, and Australia. There are thus many instances of plays that did not pay in London which, nevertheless, made money elsewhere. For instance, "The Girl from Kay's," which drew capital audiences in town for quite a long time, showed us a loss of two thousand pounds on the year in London, which loss, happily, was amply compensated for later on by the many successful tours in the provinces and abroad.

No, no; look at it how one may, the life of a theatrical manager is very, very far indeed removed from a sinecure, and I can assure you that the strain imposed upon one before a new production is no laughing matter; and though, with a long experience, comes a keen perception of the humour that is in them, I can remember the time when I felt that the whims and foibles of artistes were distinctly trying.

You see, nearly every actor and actress has some dislike to his or her part; and this feeling is often shared by the chorus too. The chorister, male or female, does not think he or she is on the stage enough, and the principal is harassed with doubting fears as to whether he or she will suffer in reputation, and whether, on the whole, it would not really be better not to play at all.

As an instance of this I may tell you that Mr. Coyne, who made his first and biggest



A GAME OF GOLF WITH MR. W. G. GRACE.
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

"hit" over here as Danilo in "The Merry Widow," thought that he would be an awful "frost," as he was convinced that the part would not suit him, and more than once he prayed me to let him off playing the character. But, naturally, I in my turn begged that he would stick to it, which he did, with the success that hundreds and thousands—nay, I should say millions and millions—of theatre-goers now remember.

From a Photograph by] CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL. *[Illustrations Bureau.*

I have often noticed, by the way, that the generality of artistes have a way of wanting to do something that they cannot do, while they are also determined not to do those particular things that they excel in. For instance, Kate Vaughan—who, by the way, was the first dancer to wear lace petticoats on the stage, which she did in "The Forty Thieves" at the old Gaiety, over thirty years ago—would persist in wanting to sing, and positively wouldn't play unless she was given two or three songs. Of course, her dancing was superb, but she simply couldn't sing a note—but there it was. The idiosyncrasies of artistes would seem to vary in reverse ratio to their particular ability.

However, although in the course of my career I have had to deal with a very large number of artistes, I feel bound to say that I have usually found that the greatest artistes are the most amenable. Poor Fred Leslie—what a fine actor he was, and what a great following he had!—never gave me the slightest trouble, and at all times he was the personification of good temper and amiability.

This, however, is certainly not the case with quite a number of members of the profession. I remember one actor in "Esmeralda" at the old Gaiety who on one occasion was very obstreperous. This artiste was a donkey, who came on dragging a cart. At rehearsals he was positively lamb-like in his amenability, but, as Luck and the Fates would have it, on the first night he stubbornly refused to go off, and eventually had to be half dragged, half carried, from the stage. This *contretemps*, of course, rather upset the even tenour of the performance; but the situation was saved by Arthur Williams, as he gazed at the jibbing moke, remarking, in nonchalant tones, "that he was not the only ass who wouldn't go off when he wasn't wanted."

By the way, talking of "Esmeralda" reminds me of a rather curious incident that occurred during my production of that play. When it had been running for some time the idea crossed my mind that it would be no bad thing to give away a souvenir. In those long-past days of the dear old Gaiety I must

tell you that we could not afford to give away a great deal, so I accordingly had some hundreds of little tambourines made and distributed them among the audience.

This notion struck me as quite a good one, and I thought, indeed, that the souvenir idea was going to be a big success until, at the fall of the curtain, the audience began shaking their tambourines and calling loudly for me. But when I appeared before the curtain, brimful of confidence that I was about to receive the congratulations of a crowd of grateful theatre-goers, and instead received a volley of tambourines, I felt fairly certain that my souvenir idea had not "caught on," especially as several raucous voices shouted out, in unblushing frankness, "We came here for a souvenir, not a penny tambourine!"

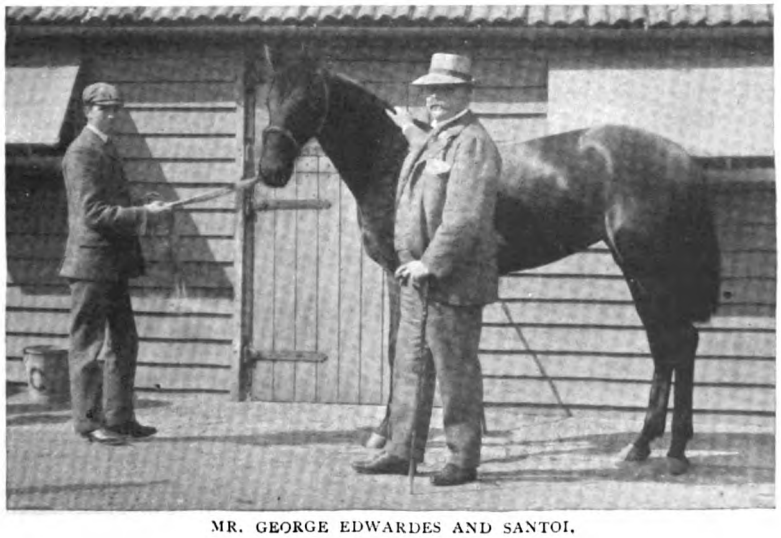
But to revert to artistes and their little peculiarities. Another not unamusing story occurs to me. On one occasion I was reading a part to a well-known comedian—a great Gaiety favourite. This comedian has a very notable lisp, which, though he, perhaps, does not realize it, has nevertheless earned for him many a laugh on the stage. Accordingly, the character for which he had been cast had been purposely endowed by the author with a pronounced lisp, and I paid careful attention to this in reading over the part.

When I had finished I asked, "How do like it?"

"Very much indeed, guv'nor," he answered. "I think it's a great part. But"—and he was very earnest about this point—"I think one thing about it is rather silly. Surely it isn't necessary to play the part with a lithp, is it?"

And now I am sure I've tried your patience to the utmost. Let me, therefore, "pull up" by saying that a lengthy experience of matters theatrical has taught me that, beyond all manner of doubt, there is as much "glorious uncertainty" about play-production as there is about racing; and it is, maybe, on account of this "element of chance" that, if I were starting life over again, I have a strong notion that I should not choose any other than my present profession, for, while the theatre has provided me with a business career in which I have made and lost more than one fortune, have known countless disappointments, and have received many a severe reverse, racing has given me many days of the greatest enjoyment.

Which reminds me, by the way, that I have frequently been asked which, of all the horses I have owned, I consider is entitled to be called "the best." It may be of interest to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, therefore, if I say that I think that Santoi (by Queen's Birthday — Merry Wife) is quite deserving of "top weight" in the list of horses that have carried my colours—turquoise, with white chevrons. Santoi, at one time and another, put up some very smart performances indeed; but I think that his "star" effort was when he gave the winner of the Manchester Spring Cup two stone seven pounds, got left a hundred yards at the starting-post, and finally won by a hundred yards. Something like a good race, eh?



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES AND SANTOI.
From a Photograph.

AT GLORIANI'S.

I.—SEMOLINO.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

IF you do not believe this story to be true, ask Gloriani himself. Take the trouble to order his fritto misto and a semolina pudding, with a bottle of red Capri, then you will be sure to hear the story with corroborative detail. Of course you know Gloriani, the padrone of the Cosmopolis Restaurant. Possibly you are not a Londoner. In that case a word of description will enable you to recognize this great man whenever you have the honour of meeting him. He strongly resembles Napoleon I. and Caruso, and he combines in one personality the great qualities of the Corsican and the Neapolitan. To see him upon the night of some festival, marshalling his army of waiters is to realize the presence of a conqueror upon the field of battle. At such a moment only the thoughtlessly brave would dare to engage him in talk irrelevant to the conduct of his campaign. But, happily, there are other moments when the illustrious man is more approachable. Seek him then, and a reward will be yours. Ask, as a special grace, to be permitted the favour of glancing at his autograph album, in which grateful clients, whose names are household words in kingdoms and republics, have testified their appreciation of the Cosmopolis Restaurant and its incomparable padrone.

Gloriani employs waiters of the Latin race only. Possibly he shares with our most eminent soldier and the present scribe the conviction that a Teuton invasion of England is impending. For my own part, I confess that the German waiter, apart from his moustache, fills me with apprehension. To me, he represents the invasion itself. I am obstinately of the opinion that every man carries in his pocket a phial of some deadly vegetable alkaloid, which, at the wave of an imperial hand, will be popped into our national soup! Given a hundred thousand German waiters with a gilt-edged opportunity of destroying swiftly and painlessly (for their autocrat is admittedly a humane man) fifty persons apiece—a modest estimate—and we start the war of the world with a loss of five million British subjects. A Zeppelin airship, in wireless communication with Potsdam, would accomplish what was left to do in a few hours. As a first-class Power we should be—to quote the language of the ring—down and out before the Territorial Army had kissed its wives and sisters good-bye!

I have now stated, as briefly and convincingly as possible, my reason for selecting the Cosmopolis in preference to other restaurants where the food may be as good, but certainly not better.

I used to lunch there when I was rehearsing a play at an adjacent theatre. I dine there frequently. I sup regularly. As a rule, a small table in a corner of the room downstairs is assigned to me, and invariably the same waiter ministers to my simple wants. The first of them was a charming fellow, a Sicilian, quiet and quick as a cat, with truly remarkable powers of divination. Sated, as a man must be at times, with ordinary food, I felt as secure in leaving myself in Agostino's hands as a man negotiating a new country upon the back of a tried and veteran hunter. With the smile which St. Michael craved and obtained from the Creator, he would whisper into my ear the name of some *plat* which at once restored my appetite and a proper sympathy with my fellow-diners.

But he was not perfect. Who is?

He had a chronic cough—a churchyard cough—and a hectic flush in his thin, olive cheeks. Gloriani listened to that cough for nearly six months, frowned, and shook his head. One day Agostino said to me:—

"Signore, I'm off to Sicily; the sunshine will cure my cough—nothing else."

"You ought to have gone before, 'Tino."

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, palms uppermost.

"I had not the money, signore." Then he added: "The padrone has been very good. He has engaged my young brother without a premium. He will keep my place warm. Unhappily, he is inexperienced. If he should

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make blunders, perhaps the signore will speak a word for him to the padrone, who holds the signore in such high esteem."

"Of course," I replied. "Rest easy, 'Tino! I'll keep an eye on your brother. Va bene!"

"The signore is the kindest of men."

Next day a strange waiter presented himself at my table.

"I am Bartolomeo, signore, the brother of Agostino. He has gone to Sicily. Perhaps he will not come back."

I was so overcome that I ordered a cut from the joint and a semolina pudding, which, at the Cosmopolis, is no ordinary nursery sweet. The fact that it is made with eggs laid by Italian hens in Italy at once differentiates it from the common or garden British variety. Agostino's brother was handing the pudding to me, when it struck me suddenly that his name was absurd. Bartolomeo! What a mouthful!

"Why do you call yourself by such a name? It is an intolerable waste of time."

"Si, signore."

He had his brother's disarming smile. And he looked about eighteen. There was a humorous sparkle in his velvety brown eyes.

"For practical purposes you might just as well call yourself—Semolino."

"Si, signore."

"I rechristen you Semolino. Do you hear? I called your brother 'Tino, for short. I shall call you 'Lino."

"Si, signore."

"If you are half as capable as 'Tino I shall be satisfied."

"The signore may rest assured that I shall do my best to please him. My brother will rejoice to hear that I'm waiting upon the signore."

He pleased me and he pleased others, notwithstanding the fact that he was inexperienced. At the beginning of our friendship a catastrophe happened. A passing client jogged his elbow at the moment when he was serving me with a purée of artichokes. My new dress-coat was flooded! I might have gone to a Covent Garden ball as our one and only sauce—melted butter! I hesitated before bursting into speech, because my sense of what was fitting told me that the right choice of expletives was a serious matter. Semolino burst into tears!

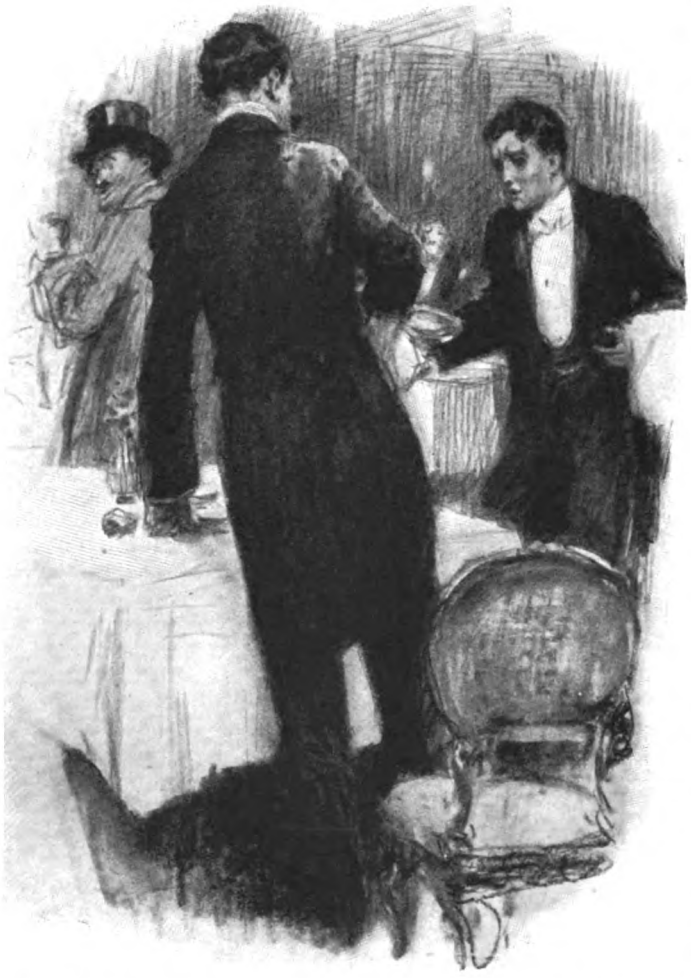
"GLORIANI."

I assured him that the matter was of no consequence, and that we must console ourselves with the reflection that we had afforded much amusement to a room full of my compatriots, who enjoy nothing quite so much as the spectacle of somebody else being made supremely ridiculous. I retired with Gloriani, removed my coat, slipped into my overcoat, and returned to my table.

After this, Semolino became my faithful slave.

And within a month he was the most popular person in the restaurant, always excepting the padrone. Perhaps I should have mentioned before that he was amazingly handsome; he had the grace of a Neapolitan fisher-lad and the features of an Antinous. And when he smiled you believed in the legend of St. Michael. Everybody called him "'Lino."

About this time—I omit dates—Stella



"I ASSURED HIM THAT THE MATTER WAS OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

Maris was captivating London as a dancer. Mystery attached itself to her. She spoke English fluently, but with a slight accent. Obviously, she was a daughter of the Latin race, who danced with a fire and passion which demoralized hard-working, respectable fathers of families. And against her, oddly enough, was not a word of scandal. On account of this, country parsons justified themselves in coming to see her performance.

I met her first in company with a critic. We were shown into a dressing-room, where Stella received our compliments and introduced us to a formidable lady with a beard, her aunt and watch-dog. My friend began to talk "shop." Stella made a perceptible gesture of impatience. Obviously, "shop" bored her. I turned to the aunt, divining the subject nearest to her heart.

"What does the signora think of our English food?"

The signora gave a snort.

"I do not permit myself to think of it at all," she replied, grimly. "It is good, yes, at your great restaurants; but the cost! Santa Madonna!"

She added with a fat sigh: "I think of the time when I shall eat once more a fish soup and a fritto misto."

"Is it possible," said I, "that you have not eaten a fritto misto at Gloriani's?"

"We have never heard of Gloriani," the ignorant old woman replied.

"Dio mio!" I exclaimed. "In that case, my dear lady, I am going to place you for ever under an immeasurable obligation. If you will do me the honour of eating breakfast to-morrow chez Gloriani, I promise you fish soup in perfection, a fritto misto which I shall not dare describe, and a bottle of Capri vecchio—not to mention other things."

"Stella, do you hear?"

"Every word," said the signorina. "We are engaged, but we will cancel our engagement."

"Are you Italian?" asked my friend.

"We are Sicilians."

"So much the better! I shall have the honour of presenting to you a waiter, Semolino, with the sunshine of your enchanted island upon his lips and the fires of Etna in his heart."

"Semolino?"

"'Lino, for short. His real name is Bartolomeo."

"Bartolomeo?" repeated the signorina, in melting tones. "Of all names in the calendar, it is the sweetest."

"Then it is understood? At one—chez Gloriani, Cosmopolis Restaurant."

"At one. Va bene!"

"To the re-seeing!"

"To the re-seeing!"

II.

EARLY next morning I had a word with the padrone. At the mention of Stella's name his eyes sparkled with the light of genius.

"Ecco!" he whispered, pressing my arm. "You will leave everything to me. I feel myself inspired. It is foolish to anticipate, but the collazione shall be worthy of—of—*us!*"

"A star luncheon?"

"Ma!"

Gloriani uplifted hands and eyes in a gesture that Salvini never surpassed. Then, in a tone of real concern, he asked: "What has the signore had for his first breakfast? Eggs and bacon—no?"

"A cup of coffee and a slice of bread!"

"Heaven be praised! When I had the honour of meeting the signore for the first time, I said to myself, 'He is not as these others!'"

He bowed and excused himself. Time was too precious to be wasted.

At one punctually I received my guests—Stella, her aunt, and my friend. Our entry, under the escort of Gloriani, caused a ripple of excitement. Stella was quietly dressed, and as demure as a French girl just out of a convent, but her face was known to three-fourths of those present. Moreover, Gloriani's manner, his profound bow, his expanded chest—these indicated a momentous occasion.

The table was decorated with maidenhair and allamandas. Each lady found a flower in her napkin. These, in my brutal ignorance, I deemed not quite the right thing. I did not recognize the flower, asphodel, which, for the rest, is not conspicuously beautiful in colour or form. But instantly, with a cry of appreciation, Stella seized the asphodel and pressed it to her lips, with a glance of gratitude at me which positively flamed.

"Signore," she exclaimed, "you are adorable!"

I blushed.

"To think—of this!"

"And *this*," added the aunt, gloating over the menu. "Ecco!"

My head was whirling, for I perceived that the signorina's aunt was considering the propriety of embracing me. I stammered out:—

"You must thank Gloriani."

"For the asphodel—no!" said the great man. He pointed to the flower already tucked into Stella's bosom. "That was the happy thought of 'Lino."

'Lino, napkin upon arm, smiled sweetly. As he met the dancer's glance, he added, with a sigh:—

"I brought the plant from Sicily. It has just flowered."

"I am in Sicily," said Stella.

We attacked the zuppa di pesce alla Stella Maris, but it is not my intention to describe the gastronomic triumph of Gloriani, nor the appetites which we brought to the collazione. Take it from me that the breakfast was a star performance upon the part of all who assisted at it. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for mentioning that the good aunt had four helpings of the fritto misto. We chattered gaily; Gloriani hovered round us, presenting the appearance of a stout, wingless guardian angel; Semolino waited with incomparable grace and suavity.

And then a delicious silence encompassed us when we lighted our cigarettes, while the reek of the most aromatic coffee in London ascended into the high heaven of our content.

Stella spoke first.

She addressed me, and some curious inflexion of her voice, some subtle play of mouth and eyes, told me that she was expressing in the simplest words a simple fact.

"I am in love with Bartolomeo!"

"Signorina!"

"He is a Sicilian. And he is the most beautiful boy I have ever seen. And his name is Bartolomeo."

The vowels dropped like Hybla honey from her red lips.

"Also," said I, rather shortly "he is a waiter."

"A waiter? Ebbene! What of it? Once I danced, barefoot, in the streets of Palermo."

"It is a privilege to be a waiter in this ristorante," murmured the good aunt.

"Shush-h-h-h!" said I.

The most beautiful boy was approaching with a bottle of Gloriani's oldest brandy in his hand. Stella stared at him impudently, but her voice was like the coo of a dove when she said:—

"Bartolomeo, have you seen me dance?"

"No, signorina."

"You must."

"The signorina is too kind, but I am a waiter."

My own words!

"And I am a peasant—I!" She spoke proudly. "I was telling the signore just

now that I have danced, barefoot, in the streets of Palermo."

"The signorina doesn't understand. I am on duty, here, when the signorina is enchanting all London."

"I shall speak to your padrone. Va bene! And I shall send you a seat—a good seat."

Five minutes later the affair was arranged with Gloriani, and with a discretion and cleverness humiliating for a Briton to witness. Stella made a speech which proved that her tongue was as nimble as her feet. Those who had assisted at the collazione—Gloriani first and foremost, the *chef*, and Bartolomeo—must give

"HER VOICE WAS LIKE THE COO OF A DOVE WHEN SHE SAID, BARTOLOMEO, HAVE YOU SEEN ME DANCE?'"

"Two seats," murmured I. "Then he will bring his best girl."

"Have you a best girl?" asked Stella.

"A best girl, signorina? Certainly not."

"It is quite incredible," said the aunt.

"You are faithful to your fidanzata in Sicily, is it not so?"

"Signorina, I have no fidanzata either in Sicily or here."

"You will come to see me dance to-night. It is settled."

to a grateful girl the opportunity of thanking them in her own way, after a fashion which only artists could understand. A box was at Gloriani's disposition; two stalls awaited the *chef's* acceptance; a seat in the dress-circle should be reserved for Bartolomeo.

Gloriani bowed like an archduke. The signorina's kind thoughts for those who had ministered to her were like raindrops falling upon a parched podere. There were difficulties—yes; but he and the *chef*—ah, what

an artist that one!—and the little Bartolomeo would be at the signorina's lovely feet that night. Surely? But—surely!

The restaurant was nearly empty when the party broke up. The good aunt squeezed my hand with fervour.

"The poverina loves Bartolomeo," she whispered, "but I, signore, I love you." She beamed at me out of her black, beady little eyes.

"To the re-seeing!"

"To the re-seeing!"

III.

WITHIN a week I knew that the affair was serious. Oh, these Sicilians! Stella and her aunt became *habituées* of the Cosmopolis. Gloriani beamed rapturously, for London was beginning to discover that Stella Maris might be seen eating spaghetti or risotto some time between the hours of one and three at his restaurant. After twelve it became impossible to get a table. To quote a sage: "Sweet are the uses of advertisement!"

You will understand, therefore, that when I took upon myself to speak a word to Gloriani concerning Agostino's brother, that word was not received in quite the right spirit. I had suggested the propriety of sending Semolino away for a holiday.

"Stella Maris comes here to see *him*," I said, with acerbity.

It was not a tactful remark, but Gloriani only shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"For that reason," he said, "we must keep the boy here. You cannot ask a fisherman to throw away his bait."

"She would come anyway, to eat your risotto," I added, alas! too late.

Gloriani's eyes twinkled.

"After what the signore has said I dare not run risks. Never have I done such business! Never!"

But I am an obstinate man, and my pledge to Agostino festered. At all hazards I was determined to rescue his brother from a siren, likely to destroy a good fellow, body and soul. For Stella had become brazen. The few, who never fail to scatter scandal broadcast over London, were muttering to each other that the dancer was infatuated with a waiter! The star—regarded as coldly distant—had fallen, blazing, into the middle of a restaurant. A roseate paper published the following:—

"Does your grandmamma like macaroni?"

"No; but the lovely niece of my stout aunt adores—Semolino!"

That night, after supper, I spoke like a father to 'Lino.

"You are playing with fire—I mean fire is playing with you."

"Si, signore."

"You will be burnt up."

"No, signore. Have no fear."

"But I tell you there will be trouble. Don't say 'Ebbene' and smile! It exasperates me. I promised Agostino to look after you. When is he coming back?"

"Next week, signore."

"Thank Heaven! Meanwhile, be very careful. Can't you get the chicken-pox or mumps—something infectious?"

Semolino laughed gaily.

"The signore is wonderful—and of a resource. But," he laughed again, "if I fall ill the signorina has promised to nurse me."

"Dio mio!" said I.

"It is a bore," said this amazing youth, gravely; "but what would you? It brings good gold to the ristorante."

"Hang the ristorante! Look here, 'Lino. Are you really and truly fireproof?"

"Si, signore."

"Your heart remains cold?"

"Si, signore."

"'Pon my soul, I can't understand it. She'd melt asbestos. Do you meet her outside the restaurant?"

"No, signore; always I refuse to give the signorina my address."

"By the way, where do you live?"

The young rascal at once exhibited confusion. I made certain he had been lying. After a moment's hesitation he said:—

"Agostino and I used to live in Soho, but now——"

"Well?"

"I board with a cousin on Eyre Street Hill. My cousin is an ice-cream seller—of the most respectable."

"Eyre Street Hill. And your number?"

He answered with reluctance: "Thirty-seven bis."

"I am going to visit your cousin."

"That is as the signore pleases."

IV.

I WALKED to Eyre Street Hill upon the following afternoon. It is hard by Hatton Garden, where in days of yore Sir Christopher entertained the Virgin Queen and her Court in a pleasance which still bears his name, and in which to-day diamonds sparkle instead of wits. The quarter, for the most part, is inhabited by Italians: organ-grinders, plaster of Paris figure-sellers, models, and the venders of what is euphemistically called—ice-cream. The quarter has an air, an atmosphere, quite its own. Girls, with a fazzolletto upon their

black pates, pop in and out of low doors. Through the windows, bordered by gaily-painted shutters, you catch glimpses of heads seldom seen in our chilly latitudes, the heads which Andrea del Sarto and Raphael placed upon canvas, heads with low, broad brows, great velvety eyes, and the nobly-cut features of the Latin race.

The door of thirty-seven bis was opened by a very handsome girl.

"I want to see the cousin of Bartolomeo, who is waiter at the Cosmopolis Restaurant."

"Si, signore. I am his cousin. Will the signore deign to enter?"

"You are his *cousin?*" said I.

"Si, signore."

I pride myself upon seeing farther into a stone wall than some people. This girl was hardly out of her teens and quite charming. I understood why 'Lino had been able to withstand the wiles of the dancer. And I interpreted at the same moment his embarrassment, his confusion, when I proposed to visit his cousin.

"Oh, ho! You are married!" said I, with a glance at her left hand.

"Si, signore."

"And Bartolomeo is married, too."

She stared at me in astonishment. Then she threw back her glorious head and laughed.

"The signore knows our little secret?"

"I do," said I; "and I'm very much relieved. I was getting anxious, very anxious."

"About Stella Maris?"

"Just so."

"As if she counted!" Her voice melted into a whisper. "Why, Stella comes from here."

"From—*here?* Dio!"

"She is proud now. She never visits the quarter. But her own mother was one of the posari. Che canaglia!"

Let it be understood that the models are at the very lowest rung of the social ladder in Eyre Street Hill. No ice-cream seller, for example, would mate with one of the despised posari. Stella Maris might be a star of the first magnitude in Leicester Square; on Eyre Street Hill she was regarded as canaglia!

"She does not come here now," continued the speaker. "But wait till her husband arrives."

"Her husband?" I gasped.

"He is of the quarter, too. He is not proud, that one. He will make her come."

"Stella Maris is married?"

"Why, of course. I thought the signore knew. We marry young; it is, perhaps, wisest. You see, we are flesh and blood. It is better to marry, as the Saint Apostle says. The signore is married?"

"I am not," said I.

"Of course," continued Bartolomeo's cousin, in a lower tone, "the signore understands that Stella must not have an inkling of the truth."

"But why not?"

"Ecco! She brings gold to the ristorante."

"I perceive that all is said. Addio, signora!"

"A rivederci, signore."

I was so upset that I took a hansom back to my flat. I tried to look at this astounding affair through Latin eyes, and saw nothing but a blurred image. Perhaps out of the mirk the figure of Stella's husband, who was of the quarter, bulked largest. What would he have to say when he joined his wife?

That question was destined to be answered sooner than I expected.

I supped that night at the Cosmopolis. 'Lino waited upon me as usual, but Stella Maris did not appear. As I was leaving the restaurant Gloriani touched my arm and led me aside. I could see that he was perturbed. This in itself pricked my curiosity, for always, even upon the night of the 'Varsity Boat Race, he allowed nothing to ruffle his Napoleonic imperturbability.

"The signore was right. I beg his pardon."

"Eh?"

"It seems that the signorina is a signora."

"Of course."

"If the signore had mentioned it I should have dismissed 'Lino, temporarily."

"Well?"

"The signorina's husband is in London—a terrible man!"

I have a strain of Scots blood in me. I said, with exasperating indifference, "Indeed!"

"Signore, you speak with the cold blood of your great nation, but I—I, Gloriani, tremble."

He spoke in a basso-profundo which stirred my marrow. I had a vision of a swarthy Sicilian, black-bearded, carrying a naked knife in a huge hand, and running amok through a saloon panelled in pink brocade.

"If there should be a scene in my restaurant——"

To cheer him I said, with feigned enthusiasm, "What an 'ad' for you—even if the carpet were ruined!"

Gloriani turned eyes of reproach upon mine.

"The signore doesn't imagine that I want an 'ad' of that kind?"

I hastened to offer my apologies.

"It is nothing. The signore likes his joke. But I propose that we speak together with 'Lino. It is my business, you understand, to know nothing sometimes. But how far, I ask myself, has this affair gone?"

"'Lino," said I, "must be a lineal descendant of Joseph. He despises Stella Maris."

"*Despises*—Stella Maris!"

"Stella once lived near Hatton Garden. That's why she speaks English so well. Her mother was a model. Her father—well, nobody knows anything about him."

"Which, under the circumstances, is not surprising. Of the posari! Testa della Madonna!"

"The husband, it seems, is in the higher walk of life: a plaster-cast seller."

"Of the figurista? Dio!"

"It is all very surprising."

"Stella is a great artist," said Gloriani, reverently. "As artist I bend my knee to her; as woman—I spit. Ma!"

"Meantime," said I, "we both think that a holiday would do 'Lino a lot of good. And the sooner we tell him so, the better."

"The signore reads my mind like an open book."

By this time the restaurant was half empty. 'Lino was summoned. But, to my amazement, when it was suggested that a short rest might benefit his health, he said obstinately: "I have done nothing. Why should I go?"

"This man is three times your size. He could eat you without making a grimace. I pay your wages just the same. You shall be no loser."

"I wish to remain."

"Thou art an obstinate fool!"

"I wish to remain!"

"And if I dismiss you now, and tell you never to come back, never, never, never!"

"In that case, of course, I must go. But my padrone will not dismiss a faithful servant. He is a just man. Agostino told me to keep his place warm. Ecco! I have done so."

"Warm! It's warm enough. It's likely to become red-hot," I interposed.

"You hear what the signore says?"

"I hear; and I reply that you are my kind friends, and you consider everything except my—honour."

If he had been Bertrand du Guesclin confronting Pedro the Cruel of Castile he could not have spoken with greater dignity or pride.

"Your—honour?" said I, stupefied.

"Certainly. If I run away, everybody will say that I am afraid."

Gloriani's hair, worn *à la* Pompadour, positively bristled.

"Corpo di Bacco! And aren't you?"

"Not the least in the world. I am from Sicily."

"And he is from Sicily, too. Va bene! Be reasonable."

"It is impossible for me to run away."

Gloriani wiped the perspiration from his brow with a gesture of despair.

"Honour"—he declaimed the phrase—"is the last and greatest tyranny of civilization!"

"Gloriani," said I, "let us smoke one of your best together and discuss that phrase. We can do nothing with 'Lino. And, after all, he is safer here, amongst his friends, than elsewhere."

'Lino bowed.

"The signore is wise and kind and a man of honour. Shall I fetch the cigars?"

Gloriani and I sat down. At midnight, and not till then, he would on rare occasions sit down in his own restaurant. We had hardly lighted our cigars when Stella came in, alone. She joined us and sat down.

"I am famished!"

"But, signorina, it is after hours."

"I can eat as your guest. Ecco! Bartolomeo!"

She smiled upon him, openly, brazenly, and the audacious little wretch smiled back. At this interesting moment the husband entered.

How, you ask, did I know that he was the husband?

To a man of any powers of observation, knowing what I already knew, he could be nobody else. I divined exactly what had happened. He had waited for his wife at the stage-door; she had eluded him; he had followed her. When I add that he was precisely what we expected him to be—a big, coarse, swarthy brute—and that he came into the restaurant after midnight, with eyes gleaming and rolling like a man-eating tiger seeking his "kill," you will be inclined to give me small credit for any particular perspicacity. He padded up to his wife, stood still, crossed his huge arms, and stared at her.

"What do you want?" said Gloriani.

"Who are you?"

"I am the padrone of the restaurant. It is after hours. What do you want?"

"I want my wife," he said, grimly.

Stella sprang to her feet. She faced him superbly.

"Yes," she cried, in ringing tones; "this—this animal is my husband. I have paid him good money to keep away from me. How dare you come and disgrace me here? How dare you?"

"Ma che!" he growled. "I heard you were disgracing yourself. And so—I came. Now—march out with me, or I'll pull you out by the hair of the head!"

All this in Sicilian, with gestures and oaths untranslatable.

Stella never took her great eyes from his face. When he paused to gather breath, she said, calmly: "I have not disgraced myself." Then she added, without a quiver: "Dear Gloriani, please send for the police!"

I could not help smiling at this ingenuous demand. Send for the police! A restaurateur, who prided himself upon the fact that his restaurant was one of the quietest in London, was invited to send for the police!

Gloriani, already on his feet, addressed the infuriated husband. I never admired the great man so much. He spoke naturally, almost genially, with a smile upon his lips, and his cigar between his fingers.

"Come, come," he murmured. "Is not all this a little unnecessary? I, too, am a married man. I know what is due to my wife; she knows what is due to me. These domestic matters should be arranged at home, not in restaurants!"

"Is she coming with me?"

"No," said Stella, stamping her foot. "Certainly not."

"I venture to suggest," continued Gloriani, in the same mellifluous tones, "that the signore retires. I myself will escort the signora to her hotel. To-morrow, my friends, you will meet in a private room and discuss, amicably, the future."

I said, perhaps indiscreetly, "Bravo, Gloriani!"

"Why will you not come with me?" said the husband, thickly. At first I had supposed that he was drunk; I perceived now, with clearer vision, that the man was sober, although hoarse with emotion and passion. I perceived also that he really loved his wife.

"I do not come with you," she said, coldly, "because I do not love you. I am honest. I refuse to live with a man I have ceased to love."

"You love somebody else?"

"Possibly. What then?"

You must try to realize the effect of these words upon an audience almost entirely composed of English people of the better class—of the class which strangles every emotional impulse, which, from the cradle to the grave, makes a fetich of "good form" and that particular manifestation of the unwritten law enjoining both man and woman to perish rather than exhibit passion in public.

"I have not been misinformed. You love a man in this restaurant."

Very slowly and deliberately his fierce glance wandered from face to face till it rested savagely upon the slender figure of poor 'Lino.

"It is—he!"

"Yes," said Stella.

Immediately the waiters closed round 'Lino. I breathed again. Then, to my dismay, I saw the boy wave them aside. He approached the man glaring at him and said, in his soft voice:—

"It is time to speak very plainly. The signora pays me a great compliment in loving me. It is an honour of which I am sensible. And love is something which cannot be controlled. Ecco! It comes; it goes—pouf-f-f! Like the tramontana! The signora cannot help loving me. Ebbene! I do not love her."

The most astonished person present was undoubtedly Stella herself. Into her velvet eyes crept an expression too subtle to be interpreted. I read shame surely, and anger, and incredulity.

"You do not love me, Bartolomeo?"

Her wonderful pronunciation of his name would have been commended by the divine who brought tears to the eyes of the most hardened sinner whenever he murmured, "Mesopotamia!"

"I cannot help it, signora. I do not love you."

It is impossible for a Briton to forget his nationality. I felt that it rested with me to put an end to this un-English situation.

"'Lino," said I, very distinctly, and speaking in Italian, "is married."

A buzz of incredulity greeted my authoritative statement.

"I don't believe it," said Stella.

"It is true, signora. I am very happily married."

'Lino spoke so simply, with a smile so disarming, so deprecating, that the same thought surged into the mind of every man present, Latin and Anglo-Saxon alike. We envied 'Lino and we envied his wife.

Stella's husband stretched out a vast arm and grasped the boy's shoulder, drawing the

light, graceful figure close to his immense chest.

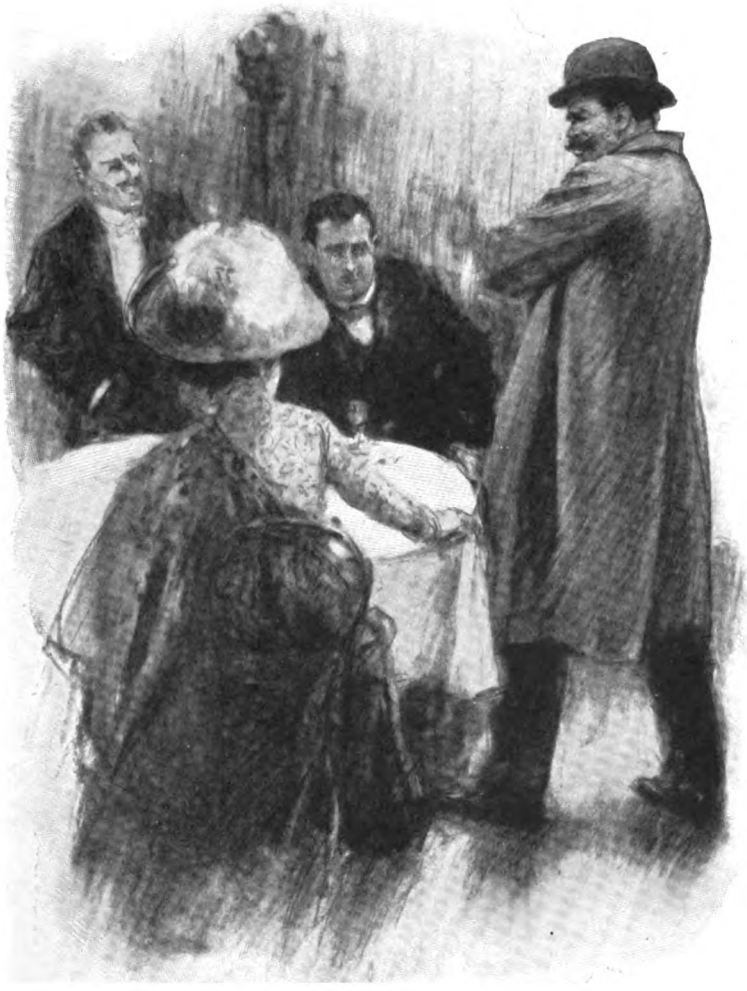
"You love your wife? Swear it, by the head of the Madonna, and I will go—quietly."

Gloriani permitted himself the luxury of a smile. The police seemed far away. And then, to our horror and dismay, the wretched

"I do not love *your* wife, brutta bestia that you are! That is enough for you."

"Then, by God, I kill you here and now."

At that moment I saw that he carried a knife in his sleeve. The boy must have seen it also, for, in a different voice, he said, nervously: "Ebbene! Let go, and I will swear."



"HE PADDED UP TO HIS WIFE, STOOD STILL, CROSSED HIS HUGE ARMS, AND STARED AT HER."

youth cried out, pettishly, "Let me go! You are hurting my shoulder! Animal!"

"Swear!"

"No. This is an infamy."

Everybody began to talk at once. But above the chorus boomed the bass of the Sicilian: "Say it after me. 'By the head of the Madonna, I love my wife and nobody else.'"

With an oath the giant released him. The boy stood apart, the centre of a circle in which each face reflected faithfully, for once at least in a lifetime, its inmost feeling. 'Lino lifted his head, glanced at Stella, at Stella's husband, at Gloriani, and finally at me.

"The signore will understand," he said, gently. "I swear by the head of the Blessed

Madonna that I love truly and devotedly my—husband, Agostino, and, for his sake, I have tried to play the man. We were very, very poor, and Sicily is so far off. But I have earned the money which has saved his dear life."

"EBBENE! LET GO, AND I WILL SWEAR."

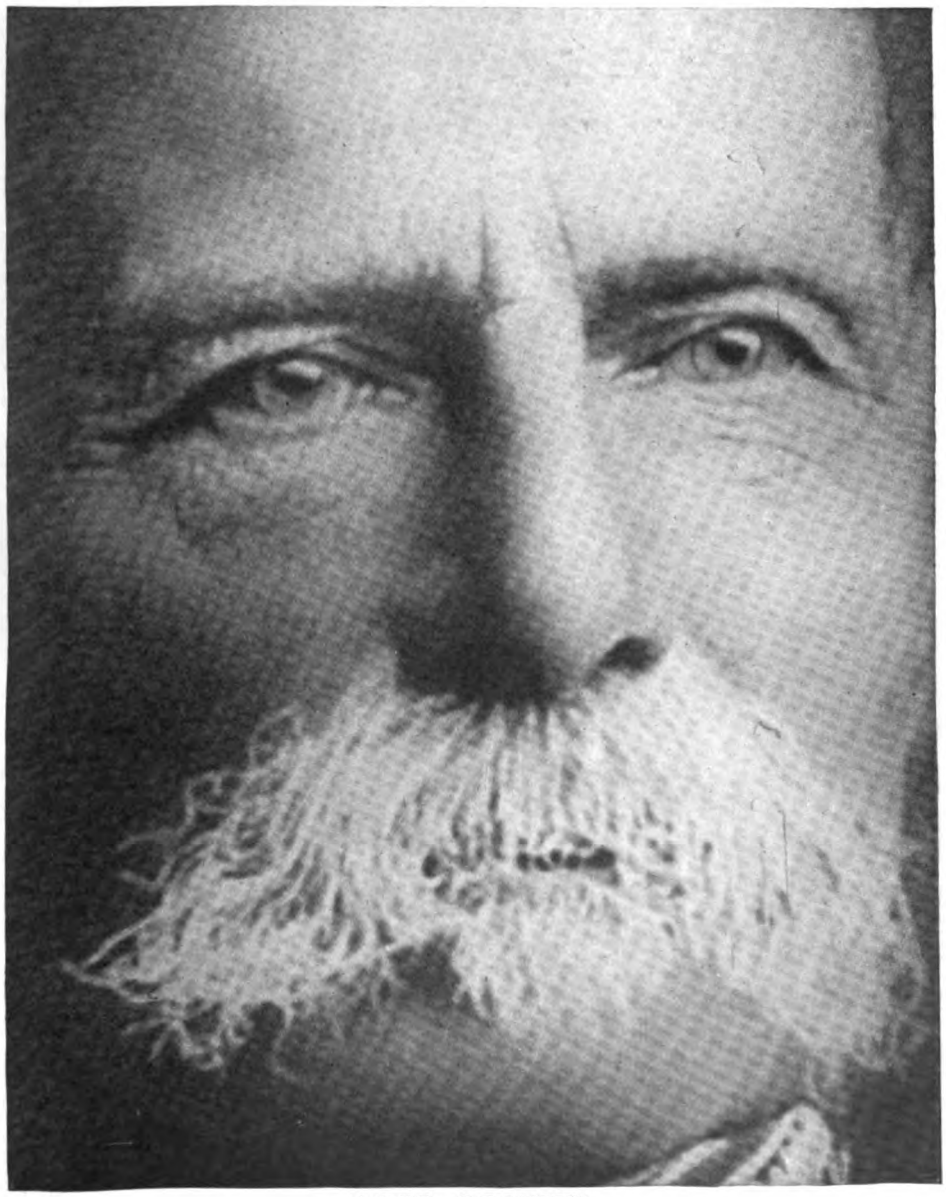
As the words died away there was a silence that thrilled. And then from every throat burst a triumphant cheer, the thundering acclaim of those high qualities which link together all nations and all races—fidelity, loyalty, pluck, and love.

Gloriani flung his arms about the waiter's neck, and embraced her twice on each cheek. And then—mind you, this is a faithful transcript of life—perhaps the most amazing and appropriate thing of all took place. Stella rushed, sobbing, into the arms of her husband.

We left Gloriani's about an hour later, after much champagne had been consumed at the padrone's expense. As we went out a fellow-Briton murmured to me: "Rum 'uns, these foreigners, eh?" And I answered, snappishly: "Not at all!"

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS.

A novel and striking experiment in Magazine Portraiture, showing the eminent persons represented exactly as if the reader stood face to face with them in real life.



LORD ROBERTS.

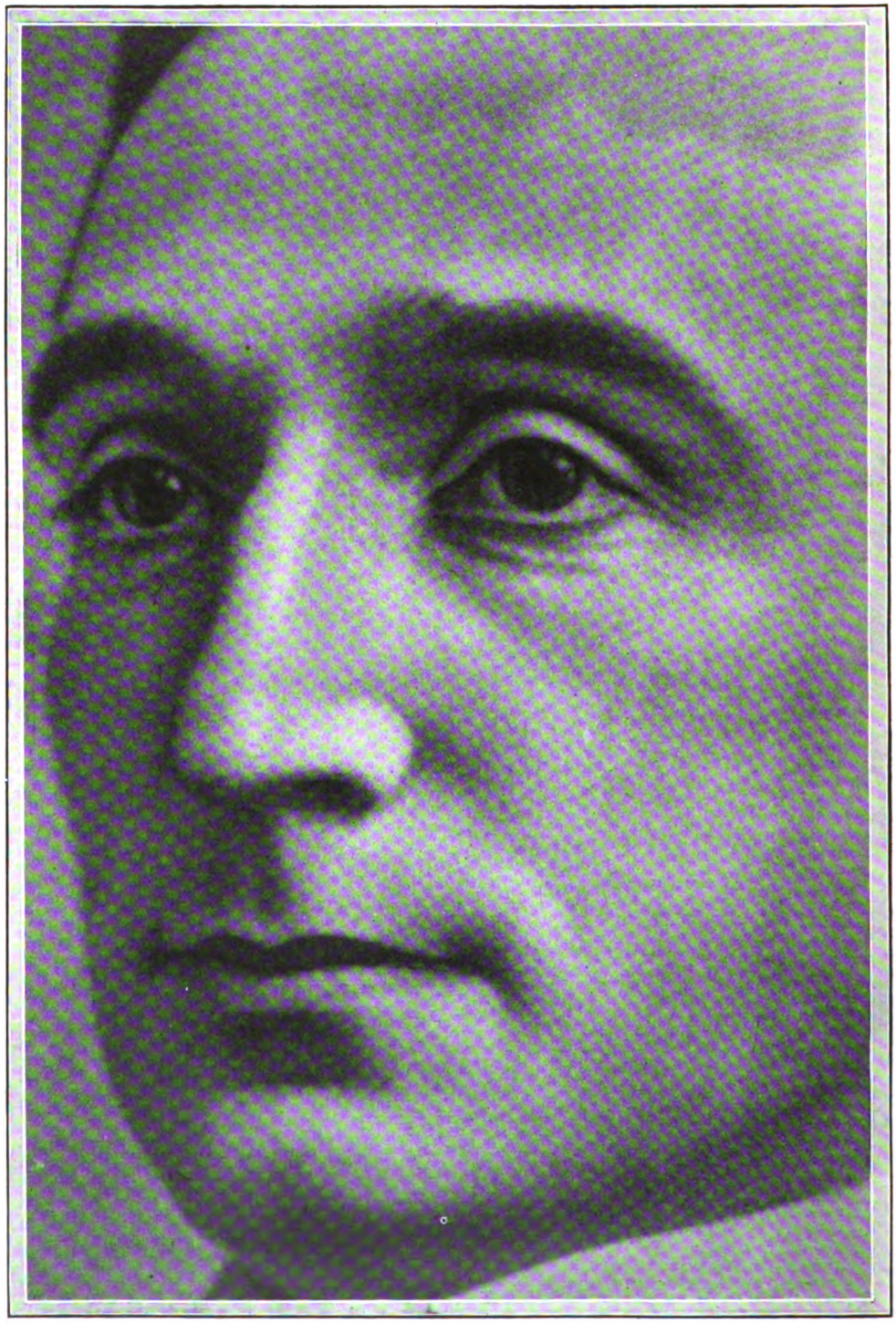
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

MISS MARIE LÖHR.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.



SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE by A. E. W. Mason

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE HOUSE AT GENEVA.

T was well, Mr. Ricardo thought, that someone understood. For himself, the first principles of reasoning seemed to be set at naught. It was obvious from the solicitude with which Celia Harland was surrounded that everyone thought her innocent. Yet how could she be to anyone who bore in mind the eight points he had tabulated against her? He was not allowed, however, to reflect upon this remarkable problem. He had too busy a time of it. At one moment he was running to fetch water wherewith to bathe Celia's forehead. At another, when he had returned with the water, he was distracted by the appearance of Durette, the inspector from Aix, in the doorway.

"We have them both," he said. "Hippolyte and the woman. They were hiding in the garden."

"So I thought," said Hanaud.

Lemerre turned to one of the officers.

"Let them be taken with old Jeanne in cabs to the depôt." And when the man had gone upon his errand Lemerre spoke to Hanaud.

"You will stay here to-night to arrange in the morning for the transfer to Aix?"

"I will leave Durette behind," said Hanaud. "I am needed in Aix." He was kneeling by Celia's side and awkwardly dabbing her forehead with a wet handkerchief. He raised a warning hand. Celia Harland moved and opened her eyes. She sat up on the sofa, shivering, and looked from one to another of the strangers who surrounded her with dazed and wondering eyes. She searched in vain for a familiar face.

"You are amongst good friends, Mlle. Célie," he said, with great gentleness.

"Oh, I wonder! I wonder!" she cried, piteously.

"Be very sure of it," he said, heartily, and she clung to the sleeve of his coat with desperate hands.

"I suppose you *are* friends," she said. "Else why——?" and she moved her numbed limbs to assure herself that she was free. She looked about the room. Her eyes fell upon the sack and widened with terror.

"They came to me a little while ago—Adèle and Jeanne. They made me get up. They told me they were going to take me away. They brought my clothes and dressed me in everything I wore when I came, so that no trace of me might be left behind. Then they tied me." She tore off her gloves and showed them her lacerated wrists. "I think they meant to kill me—horribly." And she caught her breath and whimpered like a child. Her spirit was broken.

"My poor child, all that is over," said Hanaud. And he stood up.

But at the first movement, she cried incisively, "No," and tightened the clutch of her fingers upon his sleeve.

"But, mademoiselle, you are safe," he said, with a smile. It seemed the words had no meaning for her. She would not let him go. It was only the feel of his coat within the clutch of her fingers which gave her any comfort.

"I want to be sure that I am safe," she said, with a wan little smile.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, what have you had to eat and drink during the last two days?"

"Is it two days?" she asked. "I was in the dark there. I did not know. A little bread, a little water."

"That's what is wrong," said Hanaud. "Come, let us go from here!"

"Yes, yes!" Celia cried, eagerly. She rose to her feet and tottered. Hanaud put his arm about her. "You are very kind," she said in a low voice, and again doubt looked out from her face and disappeared. "I am sure that I can trust you."

Ricardo fetched her cloak and slipped it on her shoulders. Then he brought her hat and she pinned it on. She turned to Hanaud; unconsciously familiar words rose to her lips.

"Is it straight?" she asked. And Hanaud laughed outright, and in a moment Celia smiled herself.

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Supported by Hanaud she stumbled down the stairs to the garden. As they passed the open door of the lighted parlour at the back of the house Hanaud turned back to Lemerre and pointed silently to the morphia-needle and the phial. Lemerre nodded his head, and going into the room took them away. They went out again into the garden. Celia Harland threw back her head to the stars and drew in a deep breath of the cool night air.

"I did not think," she said, in a low voice, "to see the stars again."

They walked slowly down the length of the garden, and Hanaud lifted her into the launch. She turned and caught his coat.

"You must come, too," she said, stubbornly.

Hanaud sprang in beside her.

"For to-night," he said, gaily, "I am your papa!"

Ricardo and the others followed, and the launch moved out over the lake under the stars. The bow was turned towards Geneva, the water tumbled behind them like white fire, the night breeze blew fresh upon their faces. They disembarked at the landing-stage, and then Lemerre bowed to Celia and took his leave. Hanaud led Celia up on to the balcony of the restaurant and ordered supper. There were people still dining at the tables, and Hanaud said in a low voice:—

"Mademoiselle, if I may suggest it, it would be as well if you put on your gloves; otherwise they will notice your wrists."

Celia ate some food and drank a glass of champagne. A little colour returned to her cheeks.

"You are very kind to me, you and monsieur your friend," she said, with a smile towards Ricardo. "But for you——" and her voice shook.

"Hush!" said Hanaud. "We will not speak of that."

Celia looked out across the road on to the trees, of which the dark foliage was brightened and made pale by the lights of the restaurant. Out on the water someone was singing.

"It seems impossible to me," she said, in a low voice, "that I am here, in the open air, and free."

Hanaud looked at his watch.

"Mlle. Célie, it is nearly ten. M. Ricardo's car is waiting there under the trees. I want you to drive back to Aix. I have taken rooms for you at an hotel, and there will be a nurse from the hospital to look after you."

"Thank you, monsieur," she said.

"And to-morrow," he added, gently, "you will perhaps be able to tell us what happened on Tuesday night at the Villa Rose?"

Celia covered her face with her hands for a few moments. Then she drew them away and said, simply:—

"Yes, monsieur, I will tell you."

They went downstairs and entered Ricardo's motor-car.

"I want to send a telephone message," said Hanaud, "if you will wait here."

"No!" cried Celia, decisively, and she again laid hold of his coat, with a pretty imperiousness, as though he belonged to her.

"But I must," said Hanaud, with a laugh.

"Then I will come, too," said Celia, and she opened the door and set a foot upon the step.

"You will not, mademoiselle," said Hanaud, with a laugh. "Will you take your foot back into that car? That is better. Now you will sit with your friend, M. Ricardo, whom, by the way, I have not yet introduced to you. He is a very good friend of yours, mademoiselle, and will in the future be a still better one."

Ricardo felt his conscience rather heavy within him, for he had come out to Geneva with the fixed intention of arresting her as a most dangerous criminal. Even now he could not understand how she could be innocent of a share in Mme. Dauvray's murder. But Hanaud evidently thought she was. So he sat and talked with her while Hanaud ran back into the restaurant. It mattered very little, however, what he said, for Celia's eyes were fixed upon the doorway through which Hanaud had disappeared. And when he came back she was quick to turn the handle of the door.

"Now, mademoiselle, we will wrap you up in M. Ricardo's spare motor-coat and put you between us, and then you can go to sleep."

The car sped through the streets of Geneva. Celia Harland, with a little sigh of relief, nestled down between the two men.

"If I knew you better," she said to Hanaud, "I should tell you—what, of course, I do not tell you now—that I feel as if I had a big Newfoundland dog with me."

"Mlle. Célie," said Hanaud, and his voice told her that he was moved, "that is a very pretty thing which you have said to me."

In a few minutes she fell asleep, and when she was aroused she found that the car had stopped before the door of an hotel, and that a woman in the dress of a nurse was standing in the doorway.

"SHE CLUNG TO THE SLEEVE OF HIS COAT WITH DESPERATE HANDS."

"You can trust Marie," said Hanaud. And Celia turned as she stood upon the ground and gave her hands to the two men.

"Thank you! Thank you both!" she said, in a trembling voice. She looked at Hanaud and nodded her head. "You understand why I thank you so very much."

"Yes," said Hanaud. "But, mademoiselle" —and he bent over the car and spoke to her quietly, holding her hand—"there is *always* a big Newfoundland dog in the worst of troubles—if only you will look for him. I tell you so—I, who belong to the Sûreté in Paris. Do not lose heart!" And in his mind he added: "God forgive me for the lie." He shook her hand and let it go, and gathering up her skirt she went into the hall of the hotel.

Hanaud watched her as she went. She was to him a lonely and pathetic figure.

"You must be a good friend to that young girl, M. Ricardo," he said. "Let us drive to your hotel."

"Yes," said Ricardo. And as they went the curiosity which all the way from Geneva had been smouldering within him burst into flame.

"Will you explain to me one thing?" he asked. "When the scream came from the garden you were not surprised. Indeed, you said that when you saw the door open and the morphia-needle on the table you thought Adèle and the man Hippolyte were hiding in the garden."

"Yes, I did think so."

"Why? And why did the publication that the jewels had been discovered so alarm you?"

"Ah!" said Hanaud. "Did not you understand that? Yet it is surely clear and obvious. There was always just one chance that the girl would be kept alive in Geneva. From the first I knew that. What was the one chance? Why, this! She might be kept alive on the chance that she could be forced to tell what, by the way, she did not know —namely, the place where Mme. Dauvray's valuable jewels were secreted. Now, follow this. We, the police, find the jewels and take charge of them. Let that news reach the house in Geneva, and on the same night Mlle. Célie loses her life, and not—very pleasantly. So I take my precautions—never mind for the moment what they were. I take care that if the murderer is in Aix and gets wind of our discovery he shall not be able to communicate his news."

"The Post Office would have stopped letters or telegrams," said Ricardo. "I understand."

"On the contrary," replied Hanaud. "No, I took my precautions, which were of quite a different kind, before I knew the house in Geneva or the name of Rossignol. But one way of communication I did not think of. I did not think of the possibility that the news might be sent to a newspaper which, of course, would publish it and cry it through the streets of Geneva. The moment I heard the news I knew we must hurry. The garden of the house ran down to the lake. A means of disposing of Mlle. Célie was close at hand. And the night had fallen. As it was, we arrived just in time and no earlier than just in time. The paper had been bought, the message had reached the house, Mlle. Célie was no longer of any use, and every hour she stayed in that house was, of course, an hour of danger to her captors."

"What were they going to do?" asked Ricardo.

Hanaud shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not pretty—what they were going to do. We reach the garden in our launch. At that moment Hippolyte Tacé and Adèle, who is most likely Tacé's wife, are in the lighted parlour on the basement floor. Adèle is preparing her morphia-needle. Hippolyte is going to get ready the rowing boat which was tied at the end of the landing-stage. Quietly as we came into the bank, they heard or saw us. They ran out and hid in the garden, having no time to lock the door, or, perhaps, not daring to lock it lest the sound of the key should reach our ears. We find the door open; on the table lies the morphia-needle. Upstairs lies Mlle. Célie—she is helpless, she cannot see what they are meaning to do."

"But she could cry out," exclaimed Ricardo. "She did not even do that!"

"No, my friend, she could not cry out," replied Hanaud, very seriously. "I know why. She could not. No living man or woman could. Rest assured of that!"

Ricardo was mystified; but since the captain of the ship would not show his observation, he knew it would be in vain to press him.

"Well, while Adèle was preparing her morphia-needle and Hippolyte was about to prepare the boat, Jeanne upstairs was making her preparation, too. She was mending a sack. Did you see Mlle. Célie's eyes and face when first she saw that sack? Ah! She understood! They were going to give her a dose of morphia, and, as soon as she became unconscious, they were going to sew her up in that sack, row her well out across the lake,

fix a weight to her feet, and drop her quietly overboard. She was to wear everything which she had brought with her to the house. Mlle. Célie would have disappeared and left not even a ripple upon the water to trace her by!"

Ricardo clenched his hands.

"But that's horrible!" he cried; and as he uttered the words the car swerved into the drive and stopped before the door of the hotel.

"'ARRESTED!' HE CRIED. 'ARRESTED! BUT WHAT FOR?'"

Ricardo sprang out. A feeling of remorse seized hold of him. All through that evening he had not given one thought to Harry Wethermill, so utterly had the excitement of each moment engrossed his mind.

"He will be glad to know!" cried Ricardo. "To-night, at all events, he shall sleep. I ought to have telegraphed to him from Geneva that we and Miss Celia were coming back." He ran up the steps into the hotel.

"I took care that he should know," said Hanaud, as he followed in Ricardo's steps.

"Then the message could not have reached him, else he would have been expecting us," replied Ricardo, as he hurried into the office where a clerk sat at his books.

"Is Mr. Wethermill in?" he asked.

The clerk eyed him strangely.

"Mr. Wethermill was arrested this evening," he said.

Ricardo stepped back.

"Arrested! When?"

"At twenty-five minutes past ten," replied the clerk, shortly.

"Ah," said Hanaud, quietly. "That was my telephone message."

Ricardo stared in stupefaction at his companion.

"Arrested!" he cried. "Arrested! But what for?"

"For the murders of Marthe Gobin and Mme. Dauvray," said Hanaud. "Good night."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. RICARDO IS BEWILDERED.

RICARDO passed a most tempestuous night. He was tossed amongst dark problems. Now it was Harry Wethermill who beset him. He repeated and repeated the name, trying to grasp the new and sinister suggestion which, if Hanaud was right, its sound must bear. Certain recollections became vivid in his mind—the luncheon at the Villa Rose, for instance. Hanaud had been so insistent that the woman with the red hair was to be found in Geneva, had so clearly laid it down that a message, a telegram, a letter from Aix to Geneva would enable him to lay his hands upon the murderer in Aix. He was isolating the house in Geneva even so early in the history of his investigations, even so soon he suspected Harry Wethermill. Brains and audacity—yes, these two qualities he had stipulated in the criminal. Ricardo now for the first time understood Hanaud's talk at that luncheon. He was putting Harry Wethermill upon his guard, and he was doing it deliberately to save the life of Celia Harland in Geneva. Now, again, it was Celia Harland, a tragic and a lonely figure, who held Ricardo's thoughts as he tossed upon his bed. He recalled the look of tenderness upon her face when her eyes met Harry Wethermill's across the baccarat table in the Villa des Fleurs. He gained some insight into the reason why she had clung so desperately to Hanaud's coat-sleeve yesterday. Not merely had he saved her life. She was lying with all her world of trust and illusion broken about her, and Hanaud had raised her up. She had found someone whom she trusted—the big Newfoundland dog, as she expressed it. Mr. Ricardo was still thinking of Celia Harland when the morning came. He fell asleep, and awoke to find Hanaud by his bed.

"You will be wanted to-day," said Hanaud.

Ricardo got up and walked down from the hotel with the detective. It has been said that the drive from the front door curves round the hotel and joins the road which then runs down to Aix past the garden at the back. A flight of steps from the garden makes a short cut to the road, and at the steps Hanaud stopped.

"Do you see?" he said. "Opposite there are no houses. There is only a wall; behind the wall the ground falls steeply to the road below. There's a flight of steps leading down. Usually there's a *sergent-de-ville* stationed on the top of the steps. But there was not one there yesterday afternoon at three. Behind us is the supporting wall of the hotel garden. Look about you. Even now there's not a soul in sight—yes, there's someone coming up the hill, but we have been standing here quite long enough for you to stab me and get back to your coffee on the veranda of the hotel."

Ricardo started back.

"Marthe Gobin!" he cried. "It was here, then!"

Hanaud nodded.

"As we entered the hotel from your motor-car we passed Harry Wethermill sitting upon the veranda. He had news yesterday that Marthe Gobin was on her way. He received a telegram, carefully worded, from Geneva. That telegram was sent off from Geneva Station five minutes after Marthe Gobin's train left for Aix, and it was sent off by a man strongly resembling Hippolyte Tacé. No doubt my advertisement had roused their suspicion in Geneva. No doubt Marthe Gobin, the busybody who was always watching her neighbours, was watched that day herself. When Wethermill received the message he ran to your room to verify it. I had taken our telegram away. No doubt he only looked for a telegram. Fortunately he did not search your letters."

"Are you sure that he came to my room?" asked Ricardo.

"He left a glove behind. He saw us come back from the station in the motor-car and go up to your room. We were alone. Marthe Gobin then was following. There was his chance. Marthe Gobin must not reach us, must not tell her news to us. He ran down the garden steps to the gate. No one could see him from the hotel. Very likely he hid behind the trees whence he could watch the road. A cab comes up the hill; there's a woman in it, not quite the kind of woman who stays at your hotel, M. Ricardo. Yet she must be going to your hotel, for the road ends. The driver is nodding on his box, refusing to pay any heed to his fare lest again she should bid him hurry. His horse is moving at a walk. Wethermill puts his head in at the window and asks if she has come to see M. Ricardo. Anxious for her four thousand francs, she answers, 'Yes.' Perhaps he steps into the cab, perhaps as he walks by the side he strikes, and strikes hard and strikes surely. Long before the cab reaches the hotel he is back again on the veranda."

"Yes," said Ricardo, "it's the daring of which you spoke which made the crime possible—the same daring which made him seek your help. That was unexampled."

"No," replied Hanaud. "There's an historic crime in your own country, monsieur. Cries for help were heard in a by-street of a town. When people ran to answer them, a man was found kneeling by a corpse. It was the kneeling man who cried for help, but it was also the kneeling man who did the murder. I remembered that when I first began to suspect Harry Wethermill."

Ricardo turned eagerly.

"And when—when did you first begin to suspect Harry Wethermill?"

Hanaud smiled and shook his head.

"That you shall know in good time. I am the captain of the ship." His voice took on a deeper note. "But I prepare you. Listen! Daring and brains, those were the property of Harry Wethermill—yes. But it is not he who is the chief actor in the crime. Of that I am sure. He was no more than one of the instruments."

"One of the instruments? Used, then, by whom?" asked Ricardo.

"By my Normandy peasant-woman, M. Ricardo," said Hanaud. "Yes, there's the dominating figure—cruel, masterful, relentless—that strange woman, Hélène Vauquier. You are surprised? You will see! It is not the man of intellect and daring; it's my peasant-woman who is at the bottom of it all."

"But she's free!" exclaimed Ricardo. "You let her go free!"

"Free!" repeated Hanaud. "She was driven straight from the Villa Rose to the depôt."

Ricardo stared in amazement.

"Already you knew of her guilt?"

"Already she had lied to me in her description of Adèle Rossignol. Do you remember what she said—a black-haired woman with beady eyes; and I only five minutes before had picked up from the table —this."

He opened his pocket-book, and took from an envelope a long strand of red hair.

"But it was not only because she lied that I had her taken to the depôt. A pot of cold cream had disappeared from the room of Mlle. Célie."

"Then Perrichet after all was right."

"Perrichet after all was quite wrong—not to hold his tongue. For in that pot of cold cream, as I was sure, were hidden those valuable diamond earrings which Mlle. Célie habitually wore."

The two men had reached the square in front of the Établissement des Bains. Ricardo dropped on to a bench and wiped his forehead.

"But I am in a maze," he cried. "My head turns round. I don't know where I am."

Hanaud stood in front of Ricardo, smiling. He was not displeased with his companion's bewilderment. It was all so much of tribute to himself.

"I am the captain of the ship," he said.

His smile irritated Ricardo, who spoke impatiently.

"I should be very glad," he said, "if you would tell me how you discovered all these things. And what it was that the little salon on the first morning had to tell to you? Why Celia Harland ran from the glass doors across the grass to the motor-car and again from the carriage into the house on the lake? Why she did not resist yesterday evening? Why she did not cry for help? How much of Hélène Vauquier's evidence was true and how much false? Oh! and a thousand things which I don't understand."

"Ah, the cushions, and the scrap of paper, and the aluminium flask," said Hanaud; and the triumph faded from his face. He spoke now to Ricardo with a genuine friendliness. "You must not be angry with me if I keep you in the dark for a little while. I, too, Mr. Ricardo, have artistic inclinations. I will not spoil the remarkable story which I think Mlle. Célie will be ready to tell us. Afterwards I will willingly explain to you what I read in the evidences of the room, and what so greatly puzzled me then. But it is not the puzzle or its solution," he said, modestly, "which is most interesting here. Consider the people. Mme. Dauvray, the old, rich, ignorant woman, with her superstitions and her generosity, her desire to converse with Mme. de Montespan and the great ladies of the past, and her love of a young, fresh face about her. Hélène Vauquier, the maid, with her six years of confidential service, who finds herself suddenly supplanted and made to tend and dress in dainty frocks the girl who has supplanted her. The young girl herself; that poor child, with her love of fine clothes; the Bohemian who, brought up amidst trickeries and practising them as a profession, looking upon them and upon misery and starvation and despair as the commonplaces of life, keeps a simplicity and a delicacy and a freshness which would have withered in a day had she been brought up otherwise. Harry Wethermill, the courted and successful man of genius. These people are the interesting problems in this story. Let us hear what happened on that terrible night. The puzzle —that can wait." In Mr. Ricardo's view

Hanaud was proved right. The extraordinary and appalling story which was gradually unrolled of what happened on that night of Tuesday in the Villa Rose exceeded in its grim interest all the mystery of the puzzle. But it was not told at once.

The trouble at first with Mlle. Célie was a fear of sleep. She dared not sleep—even with a light in the room and a nurse at her bedside. When her eyes were actually closing she would force herself back into the living world. For when she slept she dreamed through again that appalling night of Tuesday and the two days which followed it, until at some moment endurance snapped and she woke up screaming. But youth, a good constitution, and a healthy appetite had their way with her in the end.

She told her share of the story—she told what happened. There was apparently one terrible scene when she was confronted with Harry Wethermill in the office of the magistrate, and on her knees, with the tears streaming down her face, besought him to confess the truth. For a long while he held out. And then there came a strange and human turn to the affair. Adèle Rossignol—or, to give her real name, Adèle Tacé, the wife of Hippolyte—had conceived a veritable passion for Harry Wethermill. He was of a not uncommon type, cold and callous in himself, yet with the power to provoke

"SHE BESOUGHT HIM TO CONFESS THE TRUTH."

passion in women. And Adèle Tacé, as the story was told of how Harry Wethermill had paid his court to Celia Harland, was seized with a vindictive jealousy. Hanaud was not surprised. He knew the woman-criminal in his country—brutal, passionate, treacherous. The anonymous letters in a woman's handwriting which descend upon the Rue de Jerusalem, and betray the men who have committed thefts, had left him no illusions upon that figure in the history of crime. Adèle Rossignol ran forward to confess, so that Harry Wethermill might suffer to the last possible point of suffering. Then at last Wethermill gave in and, broken down by the ceaseless interrogations of the magistrate, confessed. The one, and the only one, who stood firmly throughout and denied the crime was Hélène Vauquier. Her thin lips were kept contemptuously closed, whatever the others might admit. With a white, hard face, quietly and respectfully she faced the magistrate week after week. She was the perfect picture of a servant who knew her place. And nothing was wrung from her. But without her help the story became complete. And Ricardo was at pains to write it out.

CHAPTER XV.

CELIA'S STORY.

THE story begins with the explanation of a circumstance which had greatly puzzled Mr. Ricardo—Celia's entry into the household of Mme. Dauvray.

Celia's father was a Captain Harland, of a marching regiment, who had little beyond good looks and excellent manners wherewith to support his position. He was extravagant in his tastes, and of an easy mind in the presence of embarrassments. To his other disadvantages he added that of falling in love with a pretty girl no better off than himself. They married, and Celia was born. For nine years they managed, through the wife's constant devotion, to struggle along and to give their daughter an education. Then, however, Celia's mother broke down under the strain and died. Captain Harland, a couple of years later, went out of the service with discredit, passed through the bankruptcy court, and turned showman. His line was thought-reading; he enlisted the services of his daughter, taught her the tricks of his trade, and became "The Great Fortinbras" of the music-halls. Captain Harland would move amongst the audience, asking the spectators in a whisper to think of a number or of an article in their pockets, after the usual fashion, while the child, in her short frock, with her long fair hair tied back with a ribbon, would stand blind-folded upon the platform and reel off the answers with astonishing rapidity. She was singularly quick, singularly receptive.

The undoubted cleverness of the performance, and the beauty of the child, brought to them a temporary prosperity. The great Fortinbras rose from the music-halls to the assembly rooms of provincial towns. The performance became genteel, and ladies flocked to the *matinées*.

The Great Fortinbras dropped his pseudonym and became once more Captain Harland.

As Celia grew up, he tried a yet higher flight—he became a Spiritualist, with Celia for his medium. The thought-reading entertainments became thrilling séances, and the beautiful child, now grown into a beautiful girl of seventeen, created a greater sensation as a medium in a trance than she had done as a lightning thought-reader.

"I saw no harm in it," Celia explained, without any attempt at extenuation. "I never understood that we might be doing any hurt to anyone. People were interested. They were to find us out if they could, and they tried to and they couldn't. It was just my profession. I accepted it without any question. I was not troubled about it until I came to Aix."

A startling exposure, however, at Cambridge discredited the craze for Spiritualism, and Captain Harland's fortunes declined. He crossed with his daughter to France and made a disastrous tour in that country, wasted the last of his resources in the Casino at Dieppe, and died in that town, leaving Celia just enough money to bury him and to pay her third-class fare to Paris.

There she lived honestly but miserably. The slimness of her figure and a grace of movement which was particularly hers obtained her at last a situation as a mannequin in the show-rooms of a modiste. She took a room on the top-floor of a house in the Rue St. Honoré and settled down to a hard and penurious life.

"I was not happy or contented—no," said Celia, frankly and decisively. "The long hours in the close rooms gave me headaches and made me nervous. I had not the temperament. And I was very lonely—my life had been so different. I had had fresh air, good clothes, and freedom. Now all was changed. I used to cry myself to sleep up in my little room, wondering whether I would

ever have friends. You see, I was quite young —only eighteen—and I wanted to live."

A change came in a few months, but a disastrous change. The firm of modistes failed. Celia was thrown out of work, and could get nothing to do. She pawned what clothes she could spare; and then there came a morning when she had a single five-franc piece in the world and owed a month's rent for her room. She kept the five-franc piece all day and went hungry, seeking for work. In the evening she went to a provision shop to buy food, and the man behind the counter took the five-franc piece. He looked at it, rung it on the counter, and, with a laugh, bent it easily in half.

"See here, my little one," he said, tossing the coin back to her, "one does not buy good food with lead."

Celia dragged herself out of the shop in despair. She was starving. She dared not go back to her room. The thought of the concierge at the bottom of the stairs, insistent for the rent, frightened her. She stood on the pavement and burst into tears. A few people stopped and watched her curiously and went on again. Finally a *sergent-de-ville* told her to go away.

"'SEE HERE, MY LITTLE ONE,' HE SAID, TOSSING THE COIN BACK TO HER, 'ONE DOES NOT BUY GOOD FOOD WITH LEAD.'"

The girl moved on with the tears running down her cheeks. She was desperate, she was lonely.

"I thought of throwing myself into the Seine," said Celia, simply, in telling her story to the Juge d'Instruction. "Indeed, I went to the river. But the water looked so cold, so terrible, and I was young. I wanted so much to live. And then —the night came, and the lights made the city bright, and I was very tired and—and——"

And, in a word, the young girl went up to Montmartre in desperation, as quickly as her tired legs would carry her. She walked once or twice timidly past the restaurants, and, finally, entered one of them, hoping that someone would take pity on her and give her some supper. She stood just within the door of the supper-room. People pushed past her — men in evening dress, women in bright frocks and jewels. No one noticed her. She had shrunk into a corner, rather hoping not to be noticed, now that she had come. But the novelty of her surroundings wore off. She knew that for want of food she was almost fainting. There were two girls

engaged by the management to dance amongst the tables while people had supper, one dressed as a page in blue satin, and the other as a Spanish girl. Both girls were kind. They spoke to Celia between their dances. They let her waltz with them. Still no one noticed her. She had no jewels, no fine clothes, no *chic*—the three indispensable things. She had only youth and a pretty face.

"But," said Celia, "without jewels and fine clothes and *chic*, these go for nothing in Paris. At last, however, Mme. Dauvray came in with a party of friends from a theatre, and she saw how unhappy I was and gave me some supper. She asked me about myself and I told her. She was very kind and took me home with her, and I cried all the way in the carriage. She kept me a few days, and then she told me that I was to live with her, for often she was lonely too, and that if I would she would some day find me a nice, comfortable husband and give me a marriage portion. So all my troubles seemed to be at an end," said Celia, with a smile.

Within a fortnight Mme. Dauvray confided to Celia that there was a new fortune-teller come to Paris, who, by looking into a crystal, could tell the most wonderful things about the future. The old woman's eyes kindled as she spoke. She took Celia to the fortune-teller's rooms next day, and the girl quickly understood the ruling passion of the woman who had befriended her. It took very little time then for Celia to notice how easily Mme. Dauvray was duped, how perpetually she was robbed. Celia turned the problem over in her mind.

"Madame had been very good to me. She was kind and simple," said Celia, with a very genuine affection in her voice. "The people whom we knew laughed at her, and were ungenerous. But there are many women whom the world respects who are worse than ever was poor Mme. Dauvray. I was very fond of her, so I proposed to her that we should hold a séance, and I would bring people from the spirit world. I knew that I could amuse her with something much more clever and more interesting than the fortune-tellers. And at the same time I could save her from being plundered. That was all I thought about."

That was all she thought about, yes. She left Hélène Vauquier out of her calculations, and she did not foresee the effect of her séances upon Mme. Dauvray. Celia had no suspicions of Hélène Vauquier. She would have laughed if anyone had told her that this respectable and respectful, middle-aged woman, who was so attentive, so neat, so grateful for any kindness, was really nursing a rancorous hatred against her. Celia had sprung from Montmartre suddenly; therefore, Hélène Vauquier despised her. Celia had taken her place in Mme. Dauvray's confidence, had deposed her unwittingly, had turned the confidential friend into a mere servant; therefore Hélène Vauquier hated her. And her hatred reached out beyond the girl and embraced the old, superstitious, foolish woman, whom a young and pretty face could so easily beguile. Hélène Vauquier despised them both, hated them both, and yet must nurse her rancour in silence and futility. Then came the séances, and at once, to add fuel to her hatred, she found herself stripped of those gifts and commissions which she had exacted from the herd of common tricksters who had been wont to make their harvest out of Mme. Dauvray. Hélène Vauquier was avaricious and greedy, like so many of her class. Her hatred of Celia, her contempt for Mme. Dauvray, grew into a very delirium. But it was a delirium she had the cunning to conceal. She lived at white heat, but to all the world she had lost nothing of her calm.

"SHE HAD SHRUNK INTO A CORNER, RATHER HOPING NOT TO BE NOTICED, NOW THAT SHE HAD COME."

Celia did not foresee the hatred she was arousing; nor, on the other hand, did she foresee the overwhelming effect of these spiritualistic séances on Mme. Dauvray.

Celia had never been brought quite close to the credulous before.

"There had always been the row of footlights," she said. "I was on the platform; they were in the hall; or, if it was at a house, my father made the arrangements. I only came in at the last moment, did my share, and went away. It was never brought home to me that some amongst these people really and truly believed. I did not think about it. Now, however, when I saw Mme. Dauvray, so feverish, so excited, so firmly convinced that great ladies from the spirit world came and spoke to her, I became terrified. I had aroused a passion which I had not suspected. I tried to stop the séances, but I was not allowed. I had aroused a passion which I could not control. I was afraid that Mme. Dauvray's whole life—it seems absurd to those who did not know her, but those who did will understand—yes, her whole life and happiness would be spoilt if she discovered that what she believed in was all a trick."

Thus Celia's reluctance to multiply her experiments, which Hélène Vauquier in her evidence had attributed to a desire to make the most of her wares, grew really out of her recognition for the first time that the séances were things of danger.

"It was a revelation to me," she explained. "I did not know what to do. Mme. Dauvray would promise me everything, give me everything if only I would consent when I refused. I was terribly frightened of what would happen. I did not want power over people. I knew it was not good for her that she should suffer so much excitement. No, I did not know what to do. And so we all moved to Aix."

And there she met Harry Wethermill on the second day after her arrival, and proceeded straightway for the first time to fall in love. To Celia it seemed that at last that had happened for which she had so longed. She began really to live as she understood life at this time. The day, until she met Harry Wethermill, was one flash of joyous expectation; the hours when they were together a time of contentment which thrilled with some chance meeting of the hands into an exquisite happiness. Mme. Dauvray understood quickly what was the matter, and laughed at her affectionately.

"Célie, my dear," she said, "your friend, M. Wethermill—'Arry, is it not? See, I pronounce your tongue—will not be as comfortable as the nice, fat, bourgeois gentleman I meant to get for you. But, since you are young, naturally you want storms. And there will be storms, Célie," she concluded, with a laugh.

Celia blushed.

"I suppose there will," she said, regretfully. There were, indeed, moments when she was frightened of Harry Wethermill, but frightened with a delicious thrill of knowledge that he was only stern because he cared so much.

But in a day or two there began to intrude upon her happiness a stinging dissatisfaction with her past life. At times she fell into melancholy, comparing her career with that of the man who loved her. At times she came near to an extreme irritation with Hélène Vauquier. Her lover was in her thoughts. As she put it herself:—

"I wanted always to look my best, and always to be very good."

Good in the essentials of life, that is to be understood. She had lived in a lax world. She was not particularly troubled by the character of her associates; she was untouched by them; she liked her fling at the baccarat tables. These were details, and did not distress her. Love had not turned her into a Puritan. But certain recollections plagued her soul. The visit to the restaurant at Montmartre, for instance, and the séances. Of these she thought to have made an end. There were the baccarat rooms, the beauty of the town and the neighbourhood, to distract Mme. Dauvray. Celia kept her thoughts from séances. There was no séance as yet held in the Villa Rose. And there would have been none but for Hélène Vauquier.

One evening, as Harry Wethermill walked down from the Cercle to the Villa des Fleurs, a woman's voice spoke to him from behind.

"Monsieur!"

He turned and saw Mme. Dauvray's maid. He stopped under a street lamp and said:—

"Well, what can I do for you?"

The woman hesitated.

"I hope monsieur will pardon me," she said, humbly. "I am making a great impertinence. But I think monsieur is not very kind to Mlle. Célie."

Wethermill stared at her.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked, angrily.

Hélène Vauquier looked him quietly in the face.

"It is plain, monsieur, that Mlle. Célie loves monsieur. Monsieur has led her on to love him. But it is also plain to a woman with quick eyes that monsieur himself cares no more for mademoiselle than for the button on his coat. It is not very kind to spoil the

happiness of a young and pretty girl, monsieur."

Nothing could have been more respectful than the manner in which these words were uttered. Wethermill was taken in by it. He protested earnestly, fearing lest the maid should become an enemy.

"Madame, it is not true that I am playing with Mlle. Célia. Why should I not care for her?"

Hélène Vauquier shrugged her shoulders. The question needed no answer.

"Why should I seek her so often if I did not care?"

And to this question Hélène Vauquier smiled—a quiet, slow, confidential smile.

"What does monsieur want of Mme. Dauvray?" she asked. And the question was her answer.

Wethermill stood silent. Then he said, abruptly:—

"Nothing, of course; nothing." And he walked away.

But the smile remained on Hélène Vauquier's face. What did they all want of Mme. Dauvray? She knew very well. It was what she herself wanted. It was money—always money. Wethermill was not the first to seek the good graces of Mme. Dauvray through her pretty companion. Hélène Vauquier went home. She was not discontented with her conversation. Wethermill had paused long enough before he denied the suggestion of her words. She ventured a few days later a second and more open attempt. She was shopping in the Rue du Casino when he passed her. He stopped of his own accord and spoke to her. Hélène Vauquier kept a grave and respectful face. But there was a pulse of joy at her heart. He was coming to her hand.

"Monsieur," she said, "you do not go the right way." And again her strange smile illuminated her face. "Mlle. Célie sets a guard about Mme. Dauvray. She will not give to people the opportunity to find madame generous."

"Oh," said Wethermill, slowly. "Is that so?" And he turned and walked by Hélène Vauquier's side.

"Never speak of Mme. Dauvray's wealth, monsieur, if you would keep the favour of Mlle. Célie. She is young, but she knows her world."

"I have not spoken of money to her," replied Wethermill; and then he burst out laughing. "But why should you think that I — I, of all men — want money?" he asked.

And Hélène answered him again enigmatically.

"Because, monsieur, you can help me too," she said, in her submissive voice. And she passed on, leaving Wethermill rooted to the ground.

It was a bargain she proposed—the impertinence of it! It was a bargain she proposed—the value of it? In that shape ran Harry Wethermill's thoughts. He was in desperate straits, though to the world's eye he was a man of wealth. A gambler, with no inexpensive tastes, he had been always in need of money. The rights in his patent he had mortgaged long ago. He was not an idler; he was no sham foisted as a great man on an ignorant public. He had really some touch of genius, and he cultivated it assiduously. But the harder he worked, the greater was his need of gaiety and extravagance. Gifted with good looks and a charm of manner, he was popular alike in the great world and the world of Bohemia. He kept, and wanted to keep, a foot in each. That he was in desperate straits now probably Hélène Vauquier alone in Aix had recognized. She had drawn her inference from the simple fact that he was in Aix without a valet. And he was the kind of man, according to her keen judgment, who would never have moved without a valet so long as there was money enough to pay his wages.

On the next occasion that the two met, it was Harry Wethermill who sought Hélène Vauquier. He talked for a minute or two upon indifferent subjects, and then he said, quickly:—

"I suppose Mme. Dauvray is very rich?"

"She has a great fortune in jewels," said Hélène Vauquier.

Wethermill started. He was agitated that evening, the woman saw. His hands shook, his face twitched. Clearly he was hard put to it. For he seldom betrayed himself. She thought it time to strike.

"Jewels which she keeps in the safe in her bedroom," she added.

"Then why don't you——?" he began, and stopped.

"I said that I too needed help," replied Hélène, without a ruffle of her composure.

It was nine o'clock at night. Hélène Vauquier had come down to the Casino with a wrap for Mme. Dauvray. The two people were walking down the little street of which the Casino blocks the end. And it happened that an attendant at the Casino, named Alphonse Ruel, passed them, recognized

them both, and—smiled to himself with some amusement. What was Wethermill doing in company with Mme. Dauvray's maid? Ruel had no doubt. Ruel had seen Wethermill often enough these recent days with Mme. Dauvray's pretty companion. Ruel had all a Frenchman's sympathy with lovers. He wished them well, those two young and attractive people, and hoped that the maid would help their plans.

But as he passed he caught a sentence spoken suddenly by Wethermill.

"Well, it is true. I must have money," and the agitated voice and words remained fixed in his memory. He heard, too, a warning "Hush!" from the maid. Then they passed out of his hearing. But he turned and saw that Wethermill was speaking volubly. What he was saying he was saying in a foolish burst of confidence.

"You have guessed it, Hélène—you alone." He had mortgaged his patent twice over—once in France, once in England—and the second time had been a month ago. He had received a large sum down which went to pay his pressing creditors. He had hoped to pay the sum back from a new invention.

"But, Hélène, I tell you," he said, "I have a conscience." And when she smiled he explained. "I mean a scientific conscience. There is a flaw in that new invention. It can be improved; I know that, but as yet I do not see how, and I cannot help it. I must get it right; I cannot let it go imperfect when I know that it's imperfect. That is what I mean when I say I have a conscience."

Hélène Vauquier smiled indulgently. Men were queer fish. Things which were really of no account troubled and perplexed them and gave them sleepless nights. But it was not for her to object, since it was one of these queer anomalies which was giving her her chance.

"And the people are finding out that you have sold your rights twice over," she said sympathetically. "That is a pity, monsieur."

"They know," he answered. "Those in England know."

"And they are very angry?"

"They threaten me," said Wethermill. "They give me a month to restore the money. Otherwise there will be disgrace, imprisonment."

Hélène Vauquier walked calmly on. No sign of the intense joy which she felt was visible in her face, and only a trace of it in her voice.

"Monsieur will, perhaps, meet me to-morrow in Geneva," she said. And she named a small café in a back street. "I can get a holiday for the afternoon"; and as they were near to the villa and the lights, she walked on ahead.

Wethermill loitered behind. He had tried his luck at the tables and had failed. And—and—he must have the money.

He travelled, accordingly, the next day to Geneva, and was there presented to Adèle Tacé and Hippolyte.

"They are trusted friends of mine," said Hélène Vauquier to Wethermill, who was not inspired to confidence by the sight of the young man with the big ears and the plastered hair. As a matter of fact, she had never met them before they came this year to Aix.

The Tacé family, which consisted of Adèle and her husband and Jeanne, her mother, were practised criminals. They had taken the house at Geneva deliberately in order to carry out some robberies from the great villas on the lake side. But they had not been fortunate; and a description of Mme. Dauvray's jewellery in the woman's column of a Geneva newspaper had drawn Adèle Tacé over to Aix. She had set about the task of seducing Mme. Dauvray's maid, and found a master, not an instrument.

In the small café on that afternoon of July Hélène Vauquier instructed her accomplices, quietly and methodically, as though what she proposed was the most ordinary stroke of business. Once or twice, subsequently, Wethermill, who was the only safe go-between, went to the house in Geneva, altering his hair and wearing a moustache, to complete the arrangements. He maintained firmly at his trial that at none of these meetings was there any talk of murder.

"To be sure," said the judge, with a savage sarcasm. "In decent conversation there is always a reticence. Something is left to be understood."

And it is difficult to understand how murder could not have been an essential part of their plan, since—— But let us see what happened.

(To be continued.)

The Art of the British Working Man.

[In publishing, in our February number, an article entitled "The Soul of the Workman," we extended the following invitation to bona-fide British workmen:—

"A wonderful exhibition of pictures by men who work hard for their daily bread has been brought together in Berlin by a Political Economist, Dr. Levenstein, whose method of getting at the inner consciousness of the working man has convinced him that there is an artistic spark in almost everyone which only needs to be awakened. It is obvious that this conclusion does not apply to German working men only. We are persuaded that there are quite as many in this country who are capable of producing art-work of at least equal quality. We hope, therefore, that any bona-fide working man among our readers who has ever devoted his leisure to drawings of the kind published in these pages will send us specimens of his work, as we should like to produce an article of this kind not 'made in Germany.'"

The following article is the outcome of their ready response, and we think our readers will agree with us that the "home-made article" is at least equal in merit to the foreign.]

PROOF of the widespread interest aroused by our article on "The Soul of the Workman" is afforded by the hundreds of paintings and drawings sent in to us by British working men. Dozens of trades were represented, including such diverse occupations as gardener, house-painter, lighterman, paperhanger, compositor, railway porter, weaver, coal-miner, waiter, boot-riveter, chair-maker, upholsterer, shoemaker, clerk, carpenter, tailor's cutter, baker, printer, tailor's machinist, stevedore, labourer, detective officer, hairdresser, French polisher, pier toll-collector, and many others. Many of these, we have been compelled to decide, could hardly come within the definition of a working man, so that a good deal of elimination has been necessary.

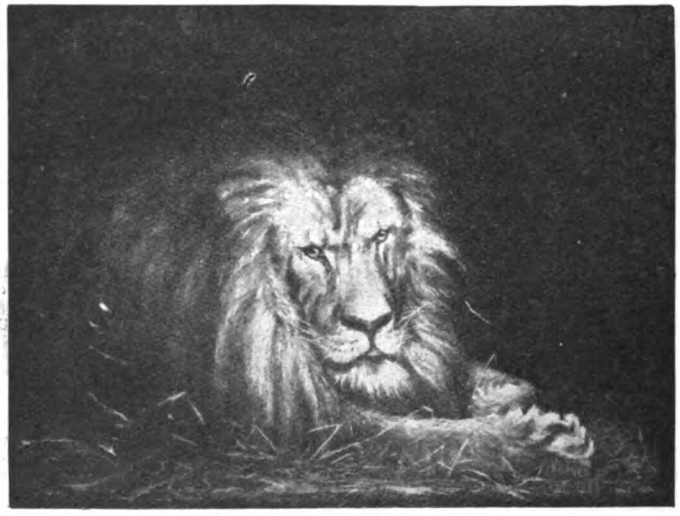
NO. 1.
Drawn by H. W. Ford, earning twenty-two shillings a week as a bottle-washer.

Mr. H. W. Ford, one of whose initial letters is reproduced at the beginning of the article, shows great ingenuity in the designing of ornamental letters, which seems to be a speciality of his. This particular letter, which is exceedingly graceful, bears a certain resemblance to the work of Walter Crane. "For the last eight years and until quite recently I was employed," he tells us, "by a firm of wine and spirit merchants in the West of England. My duties were bottle-washing, bottling, and handling casks of beer. I received twenty-two shillings per week. My age is thirty-five. I have never had an opportunity to learn a trade, but have always

NO. 2.—THE VILLAGE OF COSTESSEY, NEAR NORWICH.
By Robert Mallett, a shoemaker, earning on an average twenty-two shillings a week.

had a leaning towards anything artistic. I read a good deal when I have the leisure, and I am nearly always speculating as to the reasons why certain colours, forms, sounds, etc., please the eye and ear and others do not. Whenever I discover a book like Burke's 'Sublime and Beautiful' at the lending library I reckon life's worth living. But you don't get much sympathy. Some people imagine that artistic cellarmen, bricklayers' labourers, etc., are simply wasting their time. Keeping pigeons or poultry, or canvassing for insurance companies in one's spare time, would, according to them, be much more sensible. But they are narrow-minded, that is all."

Mr. Robert Mallett's contribution (No. 2) shows a good sense of landscape composition and considerable truth in the delineation of tree forms. It is, perhaps, a little lacking in variety of colour; for instance, the green of the grass is of the same tint as the trees; but it is certainly one of the best landscapes sent in.



NO. 3.—A STUDY OF A LION.

Painted by Frank Joynes, employed for twenty-nine years as a sign-writer by the Gas Light and Coke Company at Beckton Station.

"I always had a passion for painting," Mr. Mallett writes, "but not till I was twenty-four did I really begin to take seriously to it. I have had some tuition at drawing, but never at painting, being quite self-taught with regard to the latter.

"I am forty years of age and a shoemaker by trade, and my average wage is about twenty-two shillings per week. I have five children, so you will see that mine is not a very easy lot.

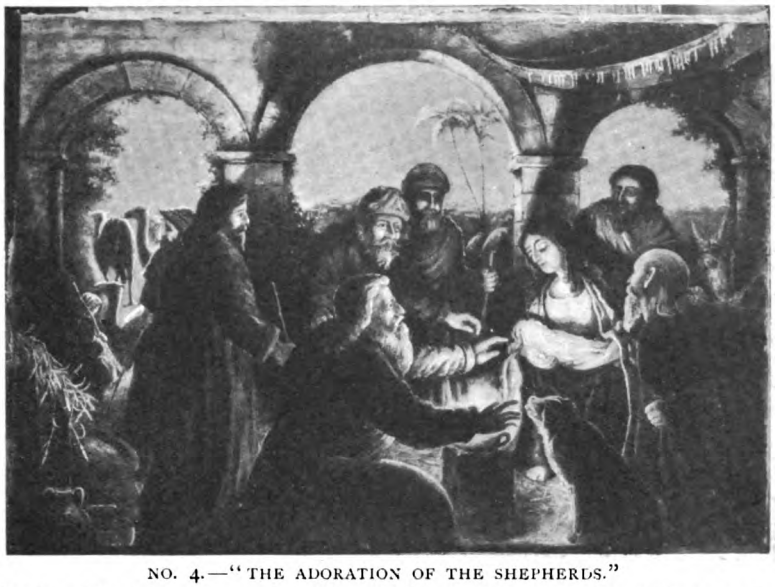
"I have always felt that I have never been able to do justice to myself, inasmuch as I have great difficulty in finding the wherewithal to purchase my canvases and accessories. I am very fond of Nature, and my very limited leisure time is spent amongst the various beauty spots about my native city. Costessey (pronounced Cossey), about three miles from Norwich, the subject of my picture, is one of my favourite haunts, and I consider it one of the prettiest villages in England."

Though Mr. Joynes's striking study of a lion (No. 3) has not come out very well in the reproduction, it is very expressive in the original, and displays a good sense of leonine character. The artist shows, moreover, keen observation in the attitude of the lion's paws. It might be advisable for him to use a little more variety of colour, and his background is rather too dense in colour.

Mr. Joynes, for twenty-nine years employed as a sign-writer at the Gas Light and Coke Company's works at Beckton Station, is very modest about his work, but we understand that he won first prize at an art exhibition held at the Vicarage, Barking, some years ago.

Mr. Alfred Bonheur deserves great praise for his painting, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (No. 4). While it has some defects, attributable to lack of experience, great praise is due for the admirable spirit in which the scene is conceived. The types, too, are unmistakable, and the composition and lighting show a sense of truth as well as of the dramatic needs of the scene.

This is Mr. Bonheur's first attempt at a subject of this nature, and he feels that under better conditions he could produce finer work. He is a house-painter, twenty-four years of age, earning twenty-eight shillings a week. "I took up art," he says, "from natural love for it, as from my earliest youth I had a passion for painting. All my friends tried to discourage me, but I stuck hard at it. I have never had a lesson from a master, but have found Ruskin my greatest help."



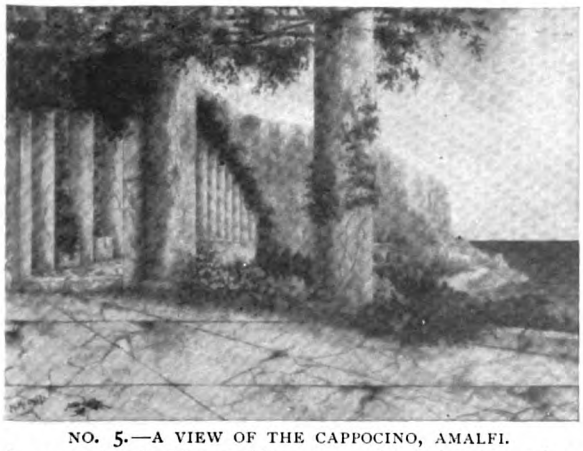
NO. 4.—"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."
By Alfred Bonheur, a house-painter of twenty-four, earning twenty-eight shillings a week.

Mr. Mathew Mooney sends us a view of the Cappocino, Amalfi (No. 5). Being employed as an assistant electrician, at a weekly salary of thirty shillings, at the Strand Palace Hotel, his only leisure for painting is between 9 p.m. and 1 a.m. His thoughts were first turned towards art through enjoying fugitive glimpses of scenery painted by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Caney at Drury Lane Theatre, where he was employed some years ago as timekeeper in the stage department. Mr. Mooney, who is forty-three, and has never had a drawing-lesson of any kind, was at one time in the service of the late Cardinal Vaughan as valet, and the travelling he enjoyed gave him opportunities for observation denied to less fortunate aspirants. After leaving the Cardinal he went to South America in the Royal Mail service, touching such beauty spots as Teneriffe, Rio Janeiro, and others. His impressions of these scenes bore good fruit some years later, when, as already stated, the work of the scene-painters at Drury Lane led him to see whether he could not transfer some of these impressions to canvas.

Mr. John Leach, Junior's, portrait of his brother (No. 6) loses very considerably in reproduction, as its colour is one of its chief charms. With the exception of a slight heaviness in the shadow on the left cheek, the colouring of both flesh tones and garments shows great sense of beauty. This is decidedly one of the best pictures sent in.

"I am twenty years old," says Mr. Leach, "and am employed in a cotton-weaving mill as a 'cloth-looker' at a weekly wage of about twenty-five shillings. I was always passionately fond of drawing and used to copy nearly every picture I saw, and people often said how good they were and advised me to take lessons. Before I had any lessons, though, I painted some small pictures, and I still have the first pair I ever painted. Now that I have started to paint portraits I mean to give my mind to them, as there are many people who can paint landscapes, flowers, fruit, etc., with the utmost care, skill, and accuracy, who cannot paint a portrait which will favour the sitter."

"For some years past," says Mr. James Hill, "I have resided at Twickenham and have been a kind of handyman, but at present I am caretaker of the Teddington



NO. 5.—A VIEW OF THE CAPPOCINO, AMALFI.
A water-colour by Mathew Mooney, an assistant electrician, whose salary is thirty shillings weekly

NO. 6.—PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

By John Leach, Junior, a "cloth-looker" in a cotton-weaving mill, earning about twenty-five shillings a week.

Baptist Church and Sunday Schools—salary about twenty-seven and sixpence per week. I am quite self-taught, and have gained what little I know of painting by studying pictures at the galleries, especially William Hunt's and John Sherrin's."

Mr. Hill sends us a flower and bird's-nest picture (No. 7), which is painted with a fidelity and truth of observation almost photographic in its exactness.

The amusing sketch which forms our next illustration (No. 8) shows that Mr. Hubert Gray, by paying a little more attention to the requirements of line process work, would in a short time probably develop into a very admirable illustrator. In his drawing he has very happily suggested the contrast between the two types of men. Mr. Gray, it should be added, is a bookbinder by trade, earning thirty-five shillings a week.

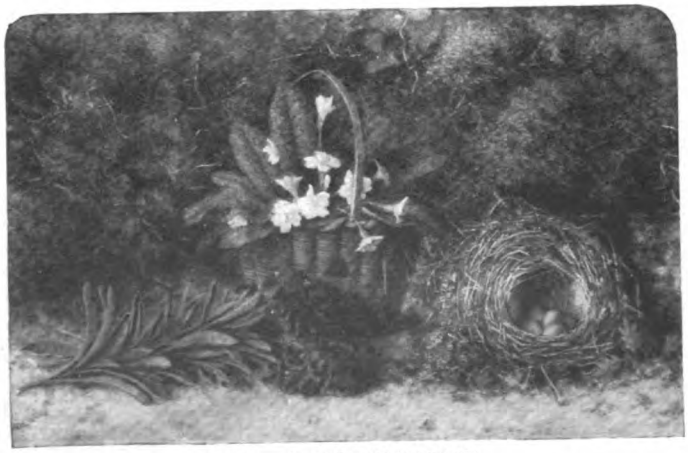
After working all day, taking out coal, coke, etc., Mr. Ernest Dignum employs what

NO. 8.

Geologist: "I suppose you have plenty of quartz about here?"

Stonebreaker: "Quarts! Why 'arf pints is rare, and I 'as to go three miles for that."

By Hubert Gray, a bookbinder, earning thirty-five shillings a week.



NO. 7.—A STILL-LIFE STUDY.

By James Hill, a caretaker, earning twenty-seven shillings and sixpence a week.

remains of the day — or night — in drawing and painting. He is twenty-five years of age, and has not received the benefit of any lessons in drawing since he left school at the age of fourteen. When we remember the effect that his rough work must have on the hands, it seems extraordinary that such a delicate sketch as that shown in No. 9 could have been done by any-one following Mr. Dignum's trade. Indeed, this remark may be said to refer in more or less degree to

NO. 9.

This delicate pencil sketch was drawn by Ernest Dignum, who works all day taking out coal and coke.

most of those whose work we are reproducing. Mr. Dignum's sketch is extremely pretty and effective, reminding us of some of the graceful masters of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Frederick Cornick, a carpenter and joiner with an average weekly wage of thirty-five shillings, is twenty-three years of age. Starting off to his work at six o'clock in the morning, he does not reach home again till seven in the evening—hours which leave but little leisure for the indulgence of his hobby. Drawing has always appealed to him more than anything else, and almost every spare minute he spends in sketching. For a long time, he tells us, he has been hoping and trying hard to do something which should find sufficient favour to achieve his great ambition — publication. Mr. Cornick's humorous and topical drawing of a lady in a Chantecler hat (No. 10) shows that he possesses the requisite technical skill to give all necessary point to a good idea.

Though only thirty-three years of age,

NO. 11.—BUSY AT HIS OWN TRADE!

By Leonard Ashman, who has been a paper-boy, cabinet-maker, gardener, Royal Marine, valet, etc.

NO. 10.

Wife: "How do you like my Chantecler hat?"
Husband: "Great Scot! you would be all right if you had some wire netting round it."

Drawn by Frederick Cornick, a carpenter and joiner, with an average wage of thirty-five shillings.

Mr. Leonard Ashman has had a decidedly varied experience. He has been a paper-boy, cabinet-maker, gardener (for five years), Royal Marine (for seven years), sick attendant, and valet. "I have only taken to drawing during the last four years," he says, "as I have a good bit of time on my hands, and could not take to any of the ordinary hobbies, as I wanted one that was quite quiet and would not annoy other people. I left school when I was twelve, and

NO. 12.
A time-sketch by H. Devey, earning about two pounds a week at the P.O. Telegraph Factory.

have not received any school education since, but have been about the world a good deal in the Navy. I practise drawing—nearly always comic—for three or four hours every day, and, although not very good at it yet, my ambition is to become a comic artist."

Mr. Ashman's little sketch of a loafer (No. 11) is somewhat reminiscent, at a distance, of the work of Phil May, but it has very distinct merits of its own.

Mr. H. Devey, a working mechanic employed in the Post Office Telegraph Factory, and earning on an average two pounds per week, is represented by a really brilliant little character study in pen and ink (No. 12), showing, apparently, a street actor or reciter.

Mr. Devey, who is thirty-two years of age, has always had a great fondness for drawing, literature, and music. "My father," he says, "had not much faith in art as a livelihood, so I was apprenticed to a firm of surveying-instrument makers, it being one of my father's sayings that you could always get bread and butter if you had a trade. Well, the bread is pretty safe, but the butter is getting doubtful. While with this firm I joined the Regent Street Polytechnic Art Class, but as I was then at work till seven o'clock I had to give it up, as the strain was too much.

"On starting at the P.O. Telegraph Factory, the shorter hours—eight to five-thirty—gave me the opportunity I had waited nine years for, and I joined the Working Men's College, going from there to the Hornsey School of Art. Caricature has always appealed to me, and on one occasion I caricatured a boy who was lengthening almost as fast as the days of spring. His elbows were showing through the sleeves of his coat, the bottom of his jacket was half-way up his back, while his trousers were well up his legs. His mother saw the drawing, and next week he appeared in a brand-new, full-sized suit and presented me with an orange as commission."

"My one great and ever-present desire is to become a poster and decorative artist. To this end I have educated myself as far as my means would allow in matters relating to advertising and business problems. I recognize that to-day commercial art is the soul of publicity, just as much as publicity is the life of business." These words, from a long letter written by Mr. H. Mather, a

NO. 13.—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.
This amusing design is the work of H. Mather, a weaver, whose weekly wage is from twenty-five to thirty shillings.

Huddersfield weaver, epitomize a record of hard work and a determination to achieve better things which certainly deserve to succeed. Mr. Mather, who is a married man with three children, works eleven hours a day (on piecework) for an average of twenty-five to thirty shillings a week. He has never received any art lessons, with the exception of the very elementary work of the Board School, but as a child drawing was his chief pleasure and pastime.

Mr. Mather's drawing (No. 13) shows very distinctly the influence of Mr. John Hassall, and is a striking representation of tearful babyhood. The expression on the child's face is unmistakable—indeed, one of the strong points of this drawing is that it requires no legend to describe it.

A striking instance of success rewarding long-continued effort is afforded by the case of Mr. George H. Jones, whose most interesting experiences are best told in his own words. "I am an ordinary painter in the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway workshops at Faversham, where I have been employed for about fourteen years—hours, 6 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.; wages, thirty shillings a week. Previously I worked in a brewery, bottling and cleaning vats. I started work at fourteen years of age, and am now thirty-one. I have never had a lesson in the art classes, and cannot exactly say what induced me to take up this branch of work except that from my school days I always had a liking for painting pictures, which I kept up when I started work. Since that time I have progressed and have had my work published in many papers. All these have been drawn after my day's duty, and I have been sketching sometimes until nearly twelve o'clock."

NO. 14.—GOOD PROOF.

Sprouter: "Ah, my boy, there's nothing like hockey to make a fellow look handsome and manly."

Stodger: "Yes, since I've taken to it, I'm twice the man I was before."

By George H. Jones, a painter on S.E. & C. Railway, who earns thirty shillings a week.

Mr. Jones's drawing (No. 14) is evidently the work of an experienced hand, and shows great breadth of treatment, simplicity, and directness. It also evidences a full understanding of the essentials of typographical illustration.

Mr. Dan McCarthy, a bricklayer earning ninepence an hour, sends us the following interesting details: "I was apprenticed to the bricklaying trade at Penarth, and have been at it continuously since. I have worked on some of the largest buildings in Cardiff, including the new City Hall, the Law Courts, and University College. At an early age I took a great liking to drawing, but have not received a drawing-lesson of any kind since I left school at thirteen years of age. Being greatly interested in the drawings in the humorous papers, I decided to try sketching with pen and ink, and have sent to a few papers, but without success. I have, however, had a couple of jokes published in *Punch*."

NO. 15.—EXPLAINING HER MEANING.

Billy Smith (who has just been reprimanded by his best girl on his 'slovenly ways): "It's all very well for you to talk, but who can swank on five bob a week?"

Matilda Jenks: "I don't mean for you to swank exactly, but the leastest you could do when you're walking out with me is to shove on a bit of side."

By Dan McCarthy, a bricklayer, earning ninepence an hour.

Mr. McCarthy's drawing (No. 15), if considerably less accomplished in handling than No. 14, yet shows a great deal of feeling for the humorous side of character.

"TERRY."

By MARGARET WESTRUP.

THE first time I became aware of Terry was when he threw a stone at my head. Fortunately I was wearing a large hat, which received the impact of the stone and saved my head. When I felt the stone bounce on the brim of my hat I, startled, looked up and around, and caught a flash far above over the balusters of a mop of red hair. When I reached the place where it had been it had vanished. I stood a moment and ruminated. Finally, having reasoned that it was only too natural that a child living in that dingy house in that dingy street should need some outlet for pent-up spirits, I went on up to my own room, which was on the floor above. I thought to myself as I went: "I hope next time the outlet will be received by someone else." I do not know whether it was, or whether the stick cutting across my ankles was the next outlet. Anyhow, it was received by me as I passed a mute little figure sitting on the stairs beneath a mop of red hair.

I stopped and remonstrated. A pair of pale blue eyes stared up from under the hair at me with a curious warlike expression. I wound up by remarking that I thought he ought to beg my pardon. His expression told me plainly that he thought I was a fool to expect it.

I went on up the stairs, firing a parting and forlorn shot on my way:—

"It's a cowardly way to behave." Glancing down when I reached my room at the very diminutive back under the mop of red hair, it seemed a somewhat grandiloquent and rather ridiculous thing to have said.

For two afternoons when I came in from my work I did not see him; then on the third I found him on that dreary staircase. This time when I reached his side he spoke.

"There aren't any *men*, you see," he said.

He had a curious subdued way of speaking that seemed unnatural, and not the least in accordance with his two previous assaults.

"Any men where?" I said.

He pointed a thin finger up above his head.

I looked up thoughtfully. No, there were no men up there, only myself and little old Miss Hilkes on the opposite side of the passage. He was eyeing me interestedly.

"Do you think she'd have stericks if I whacked *her?*" he asked, gently.

I had a vision of Miss Hilkes being cut across her poor little old ankles, and involuntarily I smiled.

He stared at me gravely, and slowly nodded the mop of red hair. "All right," he said, quietly; "I'll do it to her."

I was startled; I spoke sternly. "You are a very naughty little boy! If you do anything of the sort I will tell your father."

"You can't," he argued. "They wouldn't let you in; he's in prison."

I stood staring down at him in horror; at the refined, peaky little pale face; at the carefully-brushed hair and clothes. I searched for feeling of some sort in the serious eyes raised to mine, and found nothing but a thoughtful interest.

I could think of no reply; at last I said, feebly:—

"You must not hit poor Miss Hilkes; it would be very naughty. She is old and little and not very strong; she——"

He interrupted me with a little gesture of

unutterable weariness. "Oh, you do talk a lot!" he said.

And silenced, feeling ridiculously ashamed, I went on upstairs to my room. The door of the room opposite to mine was open; through the aperture I caught sight of Miss Hilkes, standing before her little mirror, patting the straggling grey curls on her high brow. She spoke to me in her prim little voice, turning about with her queer, old-fashioned little flutter.

"Have you seen that exceedingly pathetic little boy who lives with his mother in the room below yours, dear Miss Trafford?"

I signified that I had, wondering what she would say could she know his fell designs upon her demure ankles.

"Such a very sweet little boy," she purred. "So very sweet, so very gentle."

On the next afternoon he was there again—on the same stair, in the same attitude. He was in an exceedingly aloof mood. He returned my smile with a grave stare. When I made some trivial remark he said:—

"I wish you would go away."

"'IT'S A COWARDLY WAY TO BEHAVE,' I SAID."

He said it quite politely, in the subdued voice that seemed habitual to him.

I went with my head held high, and the parting remark that he was a very rude little boy.

A few afternoons later he was there again; I passed him in a dignified silence. When I reached my room I looked down and met a

white face tilted back, framed in red hair, and two wide eyes staring up at me. A sudden shame of myself seized me; I felt before that wistful gravity that I had been petty and unkind. I smiled down into the serious face. He lowered his head without giving me a smile in return. It struck me then that I had never seen him smile. But on the next afternoon when I came up the stairs he greeted me with a little seraphic beam.

"She squealed," he said.

I stared austerely over his red head, striving not to see a vision of Miss Hilkes having her ankles whipped. I heard a little subdued chuckle.

"She hopped, too," he said.

I looked down into his face and strove for words; finally, I did not say what I meant to say at all. I asked, quite amiably:—

"Will you tell me why you want to whip Miss Hilkes and me?"

"There aren't any *men*, you see," was his response.

I strove patiently.

"Would you like to come up to my room, and then we can talk it over?"

"No, thank you," he responded, politely.

I said:—

"Very well, but if you—er—whip Miss Hilkes again you will have to be punished."

He did not answer, but when I had gone up a few stairs I heard a movement behind me, and turned to find him close.

"Well?" I said.

"I'll wait for *you* next time," he whispered.

"What—to whip me?"

He shook his head.

"No; you shall see her hop and squeal—next time." He slipped away silently down the stairs and into the room beneath mine. I sat that evening racking my brains for some adequate excuse to enter that room myself. I felt that the excuse must be quite adequate. I had seen the mother of that exceedingly pathetic little boy; and I did not fancy intruding upon her with any excuse at all inadequate. Finally, I decided that I was pining for a French dictionary, and I went downstairs and knocked at the door of the room beneath mine. There was no response, and I stood there feeling ridiculously nervous. Then a voice, which I recognized, said at my waistbelt:—

"It's her, mother."

I bent down and met a blue eye through the keyhole.

"May I come in for a moment?" I asked.

The voice said: "May she, mother?"

There was a murmur; then the voice at the keyhole:—

"I won't let her talk a lot, and she's got black hair."

Mystified, but absurdly gratified at his evident wish to have me in, I waited till a pretty, weary voice said:—

"Open the door, Terry."

I went in, explaining my urgent need of a French dictionary to Terry's mother, who lay back in a big chair, and looked at me with beautiful, absent eyes, obviously not listening to my excuses for my appearance. I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable, and was grateful when Terry came to my relief.

"Is the French dictionary the book without any real words in it?" he asked.

I said I expected it was, and he went over to a little bookcase and selected the dictionary. I took it rather uncertainly, glancing across at his mother. She met my eyes and gave me a little smile. It was a very charming smile, and I immediately forgave her her lack of politeness. I thanked her and went back to my room.

That other room — it rose before me again, bare, comfortless, hopelessly landladyish, the little bookcase the only alleviation. And the girl in the chair—she hardly looked a woman, in spite of Terry—with her white face and dusky hair, her long, slim figure, and her white, nervous hands. And that peculiarly charming smile, it was like Terry's, and most probably just as rare. . . . The girl—the room—Terry—haunted me; I could not get them out of my mind. And that night I had a horrible dream about them. I dreamt that I was sitting writing at my table when I felt a cold draught of air about my head. I moved my chair, but still felt terribly cold, and then I dreamt that I rose to my feet and went slowly, impelled by something that filled me with terror, down the stairs and into the room beneath mine, and all the while I was cold from head to foot. In the room I saw Terry lying back in the big chair, his thin legs dangling a long way from the floor, and on the lounge his mother lay. They were both horribly white and still, and as I entered she opened her eyes and stared up at me with death in her face.

"I killed him first," she said, gently. "It is better so."

I woke then, shaking with terror. I could not get that picture out of my mind—Terry, with his red head lying back against the cushions, and his mother looking up at me with her tragic eyes. . . . So that I felt a

wild longing to hug him when he came up to my room that afternoon. He opened the door a little way and put his head in.

"I could come now," he said.

"Come along in, then," I responded, cheerfully.

He came in, closed the door, and walked across the room to my side. "How do you do?" he said. "I won't shake hands, 'cause I've just washed them."

I professed astonishment and a liking for clean hands.

He shook hands, watching my face seriously the while. Then he explained:—

"Mother always jumps when I touch her when I've just washed, 'cause the water's cold and makes my hands cold, too, you see."

I said I quite understood, and asked him to sit down.

"Of course," he said, "mother is very delicate."

I said I had been afraid that she was.

"She gets very scared sometimes. Do you get scared?"

I thought of my dream.

"Sometimes," I admitted.

"But mother is very beautiful," he said, his eyes on my face.

"She is lovely," I said, smiling.

He heaved a queer sigh, and his face broke into his mother's fascinating smile.

"May I sit in that chair?"—he pointed to one near my own. "Mother's out this afternoon. I mostly go with her to take care of her; the roads are so dangerous for ladies to cross, aren't they? But she didn't want me this afternoon. I 'spect she's gone to see dad in prison, don't you?"

I experienced the same shock as before when he had mentioned the word "prison." Fortunately he did not wait for an answer, but went on:—

"Miss Hilkes was afraid to come up the stairs to-day. She wouldn't come till I promised not to whip her legs. You see, I had promised you that you should be there next time, and you were out."

I asked:—

"Terry, will you tell me why you whip me and poor Miss Hilkes?"

He gave me the old answer with the same patient politeness.

"There aren't any *men*, you see."

"Well, why do you want to whip men?"

He slipped to the floor and held out a puny little arm to me. "Feel my muscle," he said, and his eyes devoured my face with a terrible intentness, while he doubled his arm for me to feel the muscle which was not there.

"It's—not bad, is it?" he asked, anxiously.

I lied cheerfully, my fingers pressing the soft little stick of an arm.

"Very good," I said.

He nodded and sighed with relief.

"But you have to *practise*, you see, or you get *soft*," he explained.

I began to understand.

"So you practise on Miss Hilkes and me?"

"Yes. There aren't any men, you see, so you have to do instead."

"And the stone you threw at me?"

"I was practising aiming straight."

"I see."

It was so obvious that Miss Hilkes and I were to him mere targets that I found myself laughing instead of moralizing. He watched me seriously.

"I have to do it 'cause of mother, you see."

"Oh, I see. And no one counts except mother?"

His expression said plainly that such a ridiculous question needed no answer, and he gave it none.

"Mother hates red hair," he said, bringing out his little facts with a manner of grave import. "I poured the ink-pot over mine one day to make it black."

"Was your mother cross?"

"Yes," he said, curtly.

Presently, beneath the softening influence of a piece of cake, he told me that he kept a store of stones beneath his pillow at night, and a stick on his counterpane, in case burglars got into the house.

I saw suddenly a whole tragedy spread itself out before me. I saw it from the nervous gleam in his eyes when he spoke of burglars—in the quick, involuntary glance over his shoulder at the dark corner by my bookcase.

"Mother's awful scared in the night," he said, and he laid a cold little hand on mine.

I picked him up and sat him on my lap, and I talked a good deal of rubbish about burglars never coming to a house where so many people lived, and great, big policemen always walking up and down outside to keep everything safe and sound.

After that he gave me no more confidences. He had suddenly retired into himself, with the reserved instinct of a child who has lived much alone. Soon after he left me, with the ingenuous remark:—

"I want to go now."

I asked, innocently:—

"Do you think your mother is back, then?"

He shook his head. I probed curiously.

"Why do you want to go, then?"

His brow creased in a worried little frown.

"You talk such a lot, you see," he said.

He left me pondering.

I met his mother the next day; I came up behind her on the stairs. Terry was with her, holding her arm, his anxious little voice encouraging her.

"There's only *'leven* stairs more now, mother—now there's only *ten*——"

I came up and took her arm on the other side; she was very white; I could see that she was almost fainting.

"It's so—hot!" she said, petulantly.

I saw Terry glance back through the window in the passage at the falling sleet, and I pondered pitifully on the unnaturalness of his not making any remark. When I had got her comfortably on the lounge I looked round for some sal volatile; finding none, I asked her where I could get some. She glanced round wearily.

"I don't think there is any," she said, indifferently. "I finished it weeks ago."

I fetched some from my own room and gave her a dose. Then I asked her if she had had any tea.

"Yes—no—have we, Terry?"

"No," he said.

"I'm going to make some upstairs and bring it down to you."

She tried to rouse herself.

"It's awfully good of you, but I really don't care about it. Oh, well, if you will give Terry a cup——"

She drank the cup I prepared for her, but refused to eat anything. When I tried to make her eat she grew very irritable, and Terry came up to me with a frown.

"I think you'd better go now," he said.

To my surprise she gave a little sudden laugh.

"He doesn't mean to be rude; he thinks you are worrying me. Please don't go."

Again, as when she had first smiled upon me, I realized her charm. I sat down and talked a little to her and Terry.

"'FEEL MY MUSCLE,' HE SAID."

I could see that she was very ill, and that her nerves were in a pitiable state. Sometimes she did not hear when I asked a question, sometimes she roused herself in an absently polite sort of way and listened, more or less. When I suggested that she ought to have sal volatile near, in case she needed it, she replied, indifferently:—

"Oh, what does it matter?"

"It would possibly keep you from fainting," I returned, dryly. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps."

"It would frighten Terry to have you faint," I said, sternly.

She tightened her arm about him.

"Poor little man," she said, tenderly. But his eyes glared at me.

"I'm *not* frightened! You'd better go now. Oh, I do *wish* you'd go!"

"Don't be rude, sweet," she said, carelessly.

I rose to go. Terry turned to her with a touch of his hand on her hair. She gave a sudden angry ejaculation and flung his hand from her.

"Oh, go away! Don't stand so close!"

He drew back behind her chair.

"Shall I go out of the room, mother?" he asked, in his quiet little voice. She did not answer; she was gazing out sombrely before her, her hands working restlessly with a piece of her frock.

When I went she thanked me in her pretty absent way, and I spent the rest of the evening thinking of nothing but her and Terry! I tried to read, but her delicate white face with its tragic eyes got between me and the print. I tried to write letters, but Terry's patient little face looked up at me inquiringly; his quiet voice, with his unconventional and unintentional rudeness, bade me go away. My brain worked round and round the tragedy of their lives, beginning and ending always with the father in prison.

When I found him on the stairs again, sitting there with his stick beside him, I asked him why he so often sat there.

"It's when mother doesn't want me," he said.

I looked down on him thoughtfully.

"Do you mean when you are naughty?"

He did not reply at once; he sat and thought it over.

"Is it naughty to sing 'God Save the King'?" he asked at last.

I replied that I should not have thought so.

"That's what it was to-day," he said.

"I suppose you kept on singing it when you were told not to?" I observed, tartly.

"Oh, no," he said, gravely.

Then he added, in an explanatory tone:—

"You see, I get on mother's nerves."

I suggested that they had two rooms, and asked why he did not go into the second room.

He explained, patiently:—

"Mother likes to walk right through the door; she keeps on walking up and down sometimes."

I went up a few stairs, then paused and looked back at the small figure there all alone.

"Terry," I said, "haven't you any toys?"

"Some; but I mostly play with the balusters, you see."

I looked at the dingy balusters.

"That one's Nelson, 'cause he's only got one eye." He pointed to scratches and dents in the paint that could, by an imaginative mind, be construed into a sort of one-eyed face. "That," to a dejected baluster with a large splinter forlornly hanging, "is Wellington, 'cause he's got such a big nose."

He further told me that a baluster broken off short half-way down was a mean little Frenchman, and that lots of the others were burglars and thieves and creeping enemies from which he had to protect his mother.

I said:—

"Wouldn't you like to come and have tea with me to-day? I've got muffins and crumpets to toast."

He lifted his head and looked at me uncertainly.

"Mother's *very* delicate to-day," he said, longingly.

"I'll go and ask her," I said.

He rose to his feet hurriedly.

"Oh, *no!* You *mustn't* get on her nerves to-day!"

I felt a rush of anger at her selfishness.

"I won't hurt her nerves," I said, and turned to her door.

And when I saw the desperately weary face and feverish eyes she lifted upon my approach my anger melted at once.

"How tired you look!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

She raised her arms and let them fall with a little weary gesture.

"Oh," she said, "I'm tired to death—all over, from my head to my feet. If one could sleep—on and on—without dreams——"

"You don't sleep at night?"

"No."

Suddenly she turned to me.

"That's the one thing I do for him—for Terry. If it weren't for him——" She paused. "Oh, to sleep!" she muttered. "Sleep without dreams!"

I read the story of a battle waged daily—hourly—read it in her longing eyes, her eager hands.

"I'm cruel to him sometimes," she burst out. "Oh, I know it! But I do that for him! I daren't go out now — I am afraid. Something drags me towards the chemist's——" Suddenly, the tears pouring down her face, she held out her arms to me like a tired child. "Help me," she whispered. "Oh, help me to resist drugs!"

I took her beautiful head on my shoulder and hushed her as if she really were a child. And presently she fell asleep. I stole from the room and found Terry sitting on the stairs, patiently waiting. We had tea in my room; he did not eat much and he was very quiet, but I think he enjoyed it. He asked me, after tea, in a very casual voice, whether I knew Walter Simmonds. I replied that I knew him slightly.

He said:—

"He's very *big!*"

I agreed.

He eyed me anxiously.

"He's older than me. I 'spect he's just *awful* strong, don't you?"

I, thinking of Walter Simmonds's sturdy frame, his great muscle and bones, replied, to the unmistakable envy in his quiet little voice, and with mendacity, that I expected he was not really very strong, and that it was not by any means always the big boys who were the strongest.

I watched a smile dawn in his eyes.

"*I'm* not *very* big, but I'm just *awful* strong," he said, earnestly.

I looked away from the thin little figure and said I dared say he was.

After a while he said, very tentatively:—

"I s'pose Walter Simmonds would never be afraid of *any*thing?"

"I don't know."

"I—I s'pose he'd just *love* the dark?"

"He may."

"And burglars—if *two* burglars came creeping and crawling into his room *in the dark*, he wouldn't be afraid, would he?"

"Perhaps not."

He laid a cold hand on mine, and I saw that quick glance over his shoulder at that dark corner. . . .

"If—if *fifty-three* burglars came all creeping and crawling and snarling—all in the dark—with *knives*, he wouldn't be afraid, I s'pose?"

I looked down into the anxious face; I bent and drew him up close; I cried out heartily, and regardless of Walter Simmonds's fame and character:—

"I expect he would be *terrified!* Those big boys are often nothing more nor less than great, big cowards!"

Oh, the joy in his face! Oh, the ecstatic chuckle, the deep content of the big sigh he heaved up from the very depths of his small body!

"Would you like me to sit in your lap?" he said.

"A BURGLAR'S GOT IN AND KILLED MOTHER DEAD!"

That evening, later on, when I was writing my weekly article for the *Shimmer*, my door-handle was suddenly seized from outside and twisted and rattled despairingly. I called "Come in," and rose; at that moment the door was opened and Terry put his head round it. His face was dead white, his eyes wide and scared, he looked almost out of his wits with some terror.

"A burglar's got in and killed mother dead!" he said, in a loud whisper.

I ran to him and picked him up; he was shaking all over.

"What do you mean? Try to tell me what you mean!"

"He came—creeping and crawling in—and—he had a knife—and he killed her—I saw him—and then he went away—mother's dead—quite dead."

I put him in the big chair by the fire.

"You stay there, and I'll run down and see if I can make her well. I expect she has fainted—that's all."

I tried to speak firmly, tried to reassure him, but my heart was beating painfully as I ran down the stairs to the room beneath mine. And suddenly I grew cold all over, for there was the door flung wide, just as in my horrible dream, and that long, still figure on the lounge.

A terror seized me—I dared not go in—unreasoningly for a moment I felt that I should see that other little form in the big chair.

I chid myself angrily and went in, but involuntarily, knowing as I did that Terry was upstairs in my room, I glanced at that chair, and I drew a long breath of relief when I saw that it was empty. But it was horribly like my dream, and when she opened her eyes I almost expected to hear:—

"I killed him first. . . . It is best so."

But she moaned:—

"Don't let him—come—near me! Promise you—won't let him come—near me!"

"No—no," I assured her. "He shall not come near you. You are quite——"

A piercing scream rang out from overhead—a horrible scream in Terry's voice. I forgot all about his mother; I just turned and tore up those stairs and into my room. At first I thought it was empty, then I caught a gleam of red hair beneath the lounge in the corner; he was cowering there, his face hidden in his hands.

"They're coming—after me—heaps of

them—with big knives—all creeping and crawling," he sobbed, clinging to my neck.

I took him across the passage into Miss Hilkes's room. She was nodding in a chair before her fire.

"Someone—called out—I believe," she said, sleepily, as I entered.

I told her that Terry had had a bad dream, that his mother was ill, and asked her to look after him. I left him, worn out and half asleep, sobbing drearily in her arms. As I hurried down to his mother again I wondered what it was that had prompted me to suppress all mention of the burglar. She was still lying on the lounge, but now she was crying into the cushions, shaking and shivering, hardly conscious.

"STILL LYING ON THE LOUNGE, BUT NOW SHE WAS CRYING INTO THE CUSHIONS."

"Don't let him come near me," she moaned, hysterically. "Oh, God, why didn't I die before they released him? His hair was cropped close."

Suddenly she lifted her head and looked up at me with the most terribly tragic eyes I had ever seen.

"I will never live with him!" she cried. "Do you understand? You are wasting your time trying to persuade me. Do you think I don't know what a wicked woman I am? He is alone—wretched. He loves me. Oh, God, I love him! I love him!"

I managed to soothe her a little. Presently she turned to me, pushing up her wet hair from her forehead.

"Has he gone?" she asked, wearily.

"Yes."

"Where is the boy?"

I told her.

"Did I faint?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it curious how difficult it is to die?" she said, in a dull sort of speculative tone.

She looked up at me.

"What made you come down?"

"Terry fetched me." I added, tentatively, "He said a burglar had—had been here."

"It was his father. He had not warned me. His sentence has been shortened." She added, wildly, "I wish it hadn't!"

I asked her gently if she would like me to bring Terry down to her. She caught at my arm and held me in a grip that hurt.

"No, no! I could not bear him to-night! Keep him away. He looks at me with *his* eyes! His ways are the same! He drives me mad! Some day he will steal too! I wish he were dead! Oh, the peace of it—to be dead—he and I——" Her fingers tightened still more about my wrist. "Do you know what it is to live in a torment of dread? To count day by day the hours that must elapse before that dread is fulfilled? To almost pray that the man you love may be kept in prison—chained there—because you dread his coming out? To live through it with him—the torture of the confinement—the

shame—to understand what it means to him—and yet to wish that——"

She sank back suddenly, her fingers relaxing their grip, almost fainting again. She murmured brokenly to herself.

"Their hair is so alike—and their eyes—their way of speaking—no ear for music——" She looked up at me again. "Isn't it curious that the only tune he ever knew was 'God Save the King,' and it is Terry's only tune too?"

I remembered an earnest little face; the query, "Is it naughty to sing 'God Save the King'?" and I understood more keenly the tragedy of these two lives.

"I am quite cruel to him," she said, in a suddenly level voice. "Cruel to a baby like that! Sometimes I hate him!"

The eyes that stared sombrely up at me had almost a mad gleam in them.

"I hate his little red head—his blue eyes!" Suddenly her voice broke, and the tears rained down her cheeks. "Oh, I love him! My baby—my poor little baby!" She looked up at me piteously. "Let me have him here—close—in my arms," she pleaded.

I went up to Miss Hilkes's room and brought him down asleep and gave him to her. He stirred as her arms tightened about him.

"Don't—you be—scared—mother—*I'm* here——"

She liked me to come and sit with her, and I worked hard to try and help her. She was in such a terrible state of nervous breakdown that she was capable of seeing nothing from a sane point of view.

"It was the thing one reads of in magazine stories," she said one day. "The thing that one thinks could never come near one—he used money that wasn't his. Of course he meant to pay it back, but the speculation failed. It was to buy me pretty frocks and hats. It seems inadequate, doesn't it?"

"At least it was not for himself that he—he——"

"Stole it," she said. "You needn't try to spare my feelings. I have grown quite callous."

She really believed she had, when every nerve was quivering with shrinking sensitiveness.

"I called it out before Terry one day," she said, staring at me. "That is what I'm like. I think I'm mad sometimes. I told him that his father was in prison. It was the one thing I had left—the striving to keep that knowledge from him. I had worked so hard for that—and I just called it out!"

She went on, unburdening herself mercilessly.

"I'm not fit to be left with a child. I've lost all my self-control. I ought to be shut up." She rose, and began to pace the room wildly. "And yet you want me to go back to my husband! To go back to him and let him read my thought when he kisses me! To live with him with that memory always between us! Striving till I go mad, to hide my want of trust in him! Could I ever trust him again? Could I hide that I didn't?" She stopped in front of me and held out her hands in a wild appeal. "It is killing me! Oh, I am cruel—wicked! But I should shrink from him. My God, I should shrink from him!"

She flung herself down on her knees.

"Help me! Oh, you are a woman—help me! He is such a boy—he was always a boy—not much older than Terry. He used to come to me with every joy and sorrow, but it was nearly always joy with us. We were always laughing together, he and I. Oh, he is so sensitive; it must have killed him every minute—the shame. I want to comfort him—to help him! But I should hurt him every day, every hour—crucify him."

It was a few days later that I thought of an argument that helped her. She was better in health, because I had induced her to eat and drink and had managed to make her sleep.

I said to her:—

"You have got it out of all proportion; can't you see? You say he was always a boy. Look at that photograph. It's a good face, a charming face—but it's not a strong one. Oh, if Terry does something wrong, don't you forgive? And understand? And pity? Can't you see? Oh, get it less tragic! It was a terrible thing, but it is over now. He did something wrong—and he was punished very heavily—he is sorry—he needs comforting now."

She was crying, crying quietly and listening. I drew her to me and I cried out:—

"Oh, he's only a bigger Terry. Don't you feel it—*know* it? You had got him into a god—and huge—but he's only a bigger Terry."

When I went to see her in her new home she met me smiling, and she looked very beautiful.

"This," she said, gently, "is—the other Terry."

Terry said:—

"He helps me look after mother, you see."

He added, jubilantly:—

"It would be a pretty foolish burglar who'd dare come to our house *now!*"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

AN ARTIST IN FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

NO. 1.—A BEAUTIFULLY-DESIGNED BASKET OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS, CARVED FROM A COMMON PUMPKIN.

THE following article deals with an ex-sculptor of unpretentious fame, but great originality of mind, whose work is the production of caricatures and artistic objects, made out of fruit and vegetables.

Our friend is the proprietor of a restaurant in Gracia, a district in the busy and cosmopolitan town of Barcelona. Having abandoned the sculptor's art as the principal means of gaining his livelihood, this gentleman, in his new avocation, devotes much of his leisure time to the curious hobby of carving out of fruit, vegetables, and the like, strange humorous or artistic objects. These articles, weekly exhibited in a side-window of his establishment, have gained him considerable popularity in the town.

Upon making known the object of our visit to the courteous master of the establishment he readily acceded to our desires.

Invited to choose from a vast collection of photographs, we selected a few suitable for reproduction. For want of a better name we have styled the author of these exhibits "An Artist in Fruit and Vegetables," but so varied and capricious are the fancies of this ingenious gentleman that other material is often used by way of variety. The constant demand for such articles as hairpins, matches, bright buttons, corks, toothpicks, and such articles would exhaust the stock and perhaps the patience of the average housekeeper.

Much in the same manner as the student in clay modelling first prepares the structure of his figure, so does our artist commence to bend wire, join wood, or simply carve directly out of the fruit or vegetable, as the nature of the work requires. This is done in a masterly manner, and with the deft manipulation of fingers and a sharp penknife forms are rapidly created, from the ridiculous to the sublime.

NO. 2.—THIS CARICATURE OF A SPANISH BEGGAR IS MADE ENTIRELY OF VEGETABLES.

NO. 3.—A VEGETABLE MOOR—ONE MIGHT IMAGINE HIM, WITH UPLIFTED BEAN-ARM, URGING ON HIS FICKLE FOLLOWERS.

Our readers will acknowledge that the beautifully-designed basket of fruit and flowers (No. 1), carved from a common pumpkin or gourd, is truly a work of art.

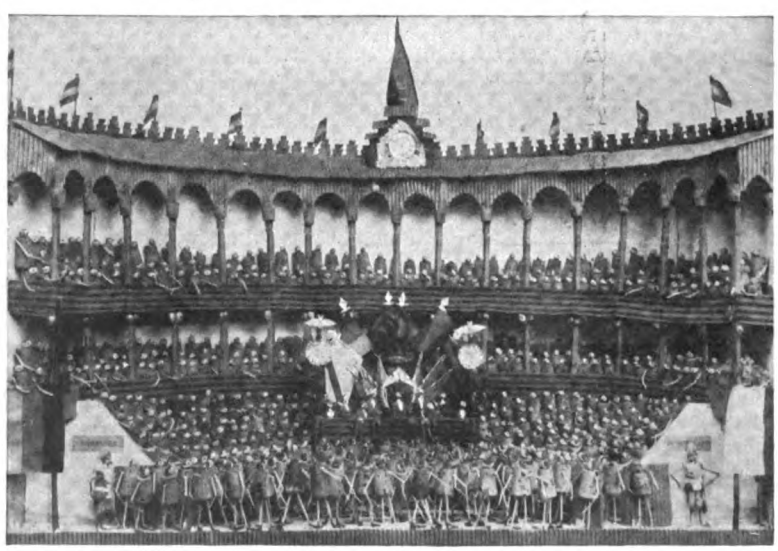
Caricature is perhaps one of the favourite studies of our artist, and political and social types prove a constant source of supply. As seen in our photograph (No. 2) the amusing caricature of a Spanish "mendigo" (beggar) is posed in a simple but natural attitude, and although the head is carved out of a carrot and the body out of a prosaic potato, yet there gleams out of the black-headed pin eyes a look of knowing intelligence. With a view, perhaps, of helping to evade the inevitable policeman, the legs are appropriately made out of scarlet runners; and so well are they planted in their turnip shoes that, in this warm climate, fear might be felt of their taking root on the spot.

Residents in Barcelona will have little difficulty in recognizing "Gerona pobre" (poor Gerona) in this quaint little effigy, so named after a wealthy and famous gentleman of this city.

As a striking contrast, "El Rogi," of Morocco fame, forms the subject of our next picture (No. 3). Framed in a dark background, how well his brilliant toga of red chilli might offer a target to a distant enemy! A small swede, well covered with the appropriate colour, serves to bring into prominence the large eyes and brilliant teeth of this vegetable Moor. One might imagine the uplifted bean arm accompanying a stirring call to arms of his fickle followers, or a showman's invitation to enter and inspect the treasures of the establishment.

There is a touch of Nature in these studies which cannot but impress the observer with their true merit. Either in pose or expression, local colour or general arrangement, one rapid glance is sufficient to conjure up a smile, to draw forth a hearty laugh or well-merited applause for some pretty design or more elaborate composition.

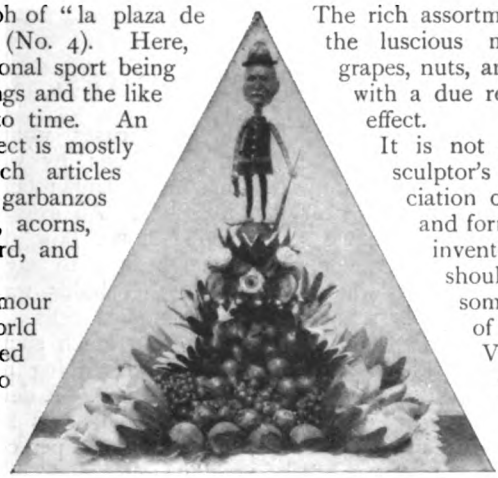
Excellent models are made from a wide range of subjects; especially popular are those exhibited during Christmas or holiday weeks. As a good example of these we may



NO. 4.—A POLITICAL MEETING IN A BULL-RING—IN THIS MODEL A LARGE NUMBER OF CORKS, TOOTH-PICKS, PEAS, AND ACORNS HAVE BEEN USED.

examine the photograph of "la plaza de toros" (the bull-ring) (No. 4). Here, in addition to the national sport being played, political meetings and the like are held from time to time. An exceedingly realistic effect is mostly obtained by using such articles as corks, tooth-picks, garbanzos (a kind of large pea), acorns, the necessary cardboard, and so forth.

"One touch of humour makes the whole world *gay*" might be suggested as a fitting phrase to quote when giving the finishing touches to a table. Most of us possess some good-natured member of the family who would not take it amiss were he to behold his pleasant, welcome face amongst the viands. The humorous effect can in part be judged by the well-designed fruit-centre.



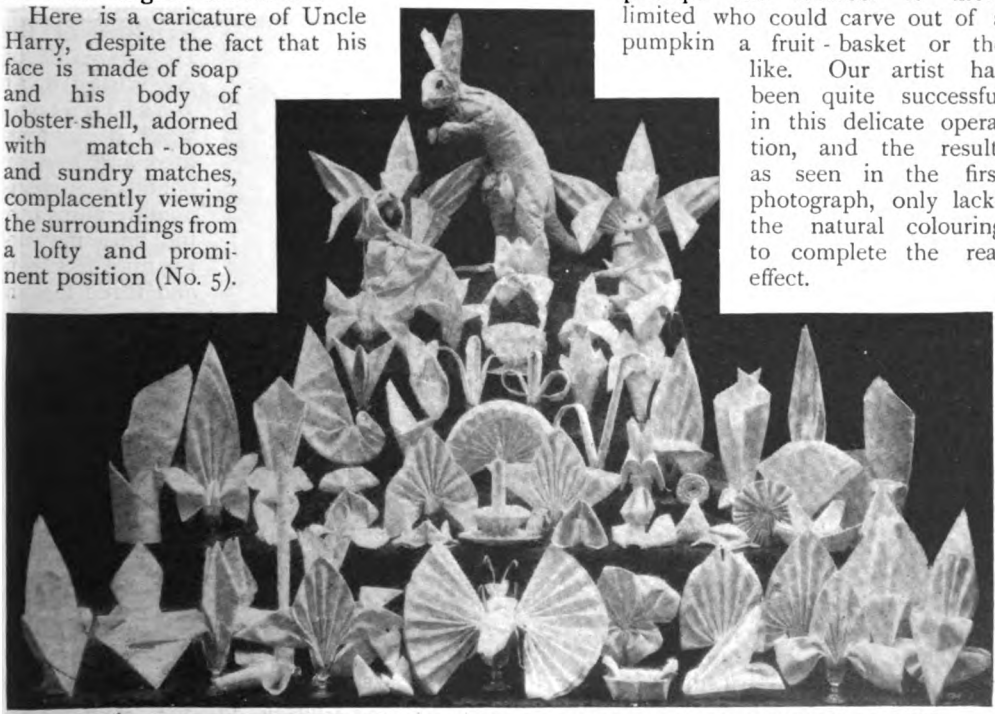
NO. 5.—THE LITTLE FIGURE SURVEYING THE WORLD FROM THIS FRUIT-CENTRE IS MADE OF SOAP, LOBSTER-SHELL, AND MATCHES.

The rich assortment of fruit, comprising the luscious melon, golden russets, grapes, nuts, and the like, is arranged with a due regard for their general effect.

It is not surprising that with a sculptor's knowledge and appreciation of the beautiful in line and form, added to a naturally inventive faculty, our friend should be able to teach us something new in the art of adorning the table. Very cleverly are demonstrated the many different ways in which a serviette may be folded so as to produce a pretty effect (No. 6). From these numerous examples many of our readers may be induced to imitate, or invent new and novel designs.

This is within the reach of many; but perhaps the number is more limited who could carve out of a pumpkin a fruit-basket or the like. Our artist has been quite successful in this delicate operation, and the result, as seen in the first photograph, only lacks the natural colouring to complete the real effect.

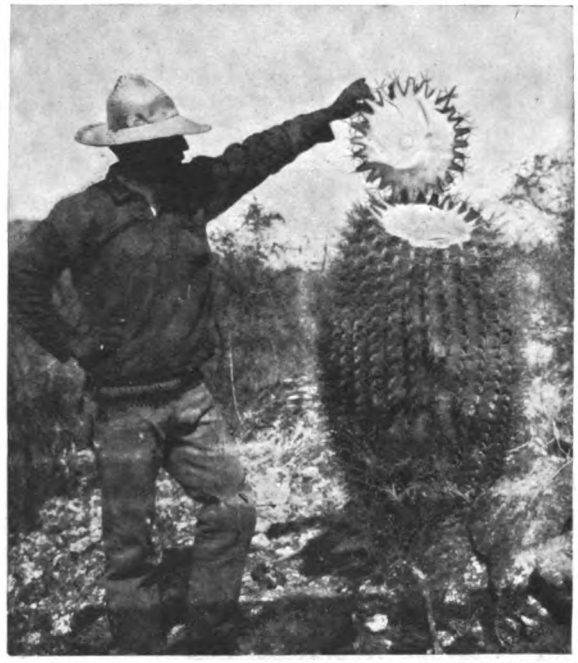
Here is a caricature of Uncle Harry, despite the fact that his face is made of soap and his body of lobster-shell, adorned with match-boxes and sundry matches, complacently viewing the surroundings from a lofty and prominent position (No. 5).



NO. 6.—SOME OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH A SERVIETTE MAY BE FOLDED TO PRODUCE A PRETTY EFFECT.

A PLANT THAT QUENCHES THIRST.

THE schoolboy who defined an oasis as "a prickly plant which grows in the Dessert" was quite beside the truth. Yet, so funny are the twists in language, he was very near it. After all, what is an oasis but a fertile spot in the desert where the weary traveller may get rest and drink—a refuge to which the camel, who, according to another schoolboy, "goes fifteen days without water and eats his hump," looks forward with the longing born of continued thirst? But where, one asks, does the "prickly plant" come in? That, of course, is what places the schoolboy near the truth. Evidently, his "oasis" got mixed up with "cactus," and it is one of the purposes of this brief article to show that a well-known prickly plant, found in the sun-burned deserts of Mexico, is, in one sense at least, a veritable oasis. It gives to the traveller drink, it waters his horse, it saves innumerable habitants of the desert from death by thirst, and, so far as we can judge of Nature's doings, was placed with bountiful hand in the desert, to be used for an express purpose by those who know the secrets of the plain.



A PAPAGO INDIAN LIFTING THE TOP OF A BARREL-CACTUS, SHOWING THE WHITE, WATERY PULP.

Strangers left alone in the desert often die; native animals and native races do not. This comes of knowledge or the lack of it. For the native animals and men know what the stranger knows not—that there is water in all deserts, and that the receptacles for this water are plants which, by means of their roots, absorb water from the soil when the rains come and store it up, like reservoirs, for use in time of drought. The methods by which this absorption is carried on are, in many cases, wonderful. Equally so are the methods by which Nature works to make the plants retain water after it has been absorbed. An examination with the microscope shows how this is done, but it is enough here to say that the interior of a plant that holds water consists of myriad water-storage cells. The amount of water, moreover, which such a plant as the cactus we are describing holds in its interior is extraordinary. A determination of the water in a sample of its storage-tissue has shown over ninety-six per cent.

The common name of this veritable "spring of the desert" is the barrel-cactus, or bisnaga (*Echinocactus Emoryi*), one specimen of which, recently kept in the conservatory of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. A specimen weighing one ton and measuring nine feet high and three feet in diameter was once received at Kew, but soon died owing to injuries in transit. Its ordinary size may be judged from the photographs which we reproduce, by comparing the cactus with the figure of the man beside it.

Some years ago, when Mr. Frederick V. Coville, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in company with Mr. D. T. MacDougal, of the New York Botanical Garden, was in Mexico seeking a location for a desert botanical laboratory for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he made a special study of the barrel-cactus. Mr. MacDougal at the same time

took several interesting photographs of the method by which a Papago Indian extracted the water from that remarkable plant, and two of these we are permitted to reproduce by courtesy of the Carnegie Institution. The locality in which these investigations took place was in the State of Sonora, Mexico, about eight miles from the railway station of Torres, a region in which the bisnaga abounds.

Happily for the investigations, there was at hand, in the person of Mr. Coville's guide —an intelligent Papago Indian—one who from old-time practice was able to show how deftly and quickly the traveller in the desert may quench his thirst. He first picked out a cactus a little over three feet high and twenty inches in diameter. He then sliced off the top and exposed the white interior, just as we see it in our first illustration, raising the top from the rest of the plant as if it were a lid on hinges. Inside could be seen a pulpy structure, evidently saturated with water, although it was noticeable that the water did not exude from the pulp when the cut was made. The guide then cut a stake about three inches in diameter at the blunt end, and began to mash the flesh of the cactus into a pulp. By this means he made in the top of the cactus a sort of bowl, and soon had collected a suitable quantity of this pulp. Then taking it up handful by handful he squeezed out the water into the bowl and tossed the useless pulp away. The flavour of the water was slightly saltish.

STIRRING THE PULP OF A BARREL-CACTUS IN ORDER TO PROCURE WATER.

Our second illustration shows the guide in the act of stirring up the pulp, and it is to be noted that care was taken to select for this purpose a piece of wood which had no bitter, resinous, or poisonous qualities. The guide also explained that the water from the barrel-cactus produces no evil effects upon the system, unless one takes immediately afterwards any violent physical exercise. When the natives need water at any time they use it from this cactus, even for mixing their bread. It often happens that in this arid region the water supply completely fails.

The younger the barrel-cactus is, the more palatable is its liquid. But, it may be asked, why should such a gift of Nature to man be covered with such formidable armour? The barrel-cactus contains on its surface many thousands of extraordinarily fine spines, of which the Mexicans themselves make needles, and of which one alone is sufficient to make a sharp and lasting wound. Well, this is another of Nature's doings. If the dangerous armour were not upon the plant, it would be doomed to extinction by grazing animals, who are notoriously fond of securing their sustenance in the easiest and quickest way. Hence they avoid the spiny cactus and look elsewhere.

WILD SQUIRRELS AS FRIENDS.

By John Bushby.

There are possibly many who will decry my suggestion of encouraging these graceful animals around their houses on the plea of damage that they may do to the young plantations; but, whilst I cannot fight their battles on this score, my observation of their habits leads me to believe that other accusations, such as eating eggs, young fledgelings, and fruits, are grossly exaggerated—in fact, must be quite exceptional.

When I came to live in Cumberland some years ago it was a rarity to see a squirrel about the grounds, and then it was only a flitting glance. In the autumn I first noticed two coming to a yew tree, which is close to the dining-room window, for the sake of the berries, of which they are very fond, but the sight of anyone would send them scampering away. By degrees they became bolder, when the idea suggested itself to me to tame them by laying a train of Barcelona nuts. Before very long they were eating out of a flower-pot on the window-sill, whilst I stood inside.

"FUZZY."

The next step was to hold the flower-pot in my hand; this necessitated the greatest amount of patience, and was really the crucial point in the subsequent taming. It was fatal to move an inch, and repeatedly I sat motionless for five and ten minutes whilst the little beasts would screw up their courage, whisking their tails violently. But jealousy of each other finally was my great help.

After this they took the nuts out of my hand, and gained confidence in me so that they would come into the room, and from that would climb on to my knee, and, finally, would climb all over me, going deep into my pockets amongst keys and tobacco-pouches hunting for nuts, and I can fairly say that two or three of the boldest, and especially "Fuzzy" and "Greytail," look upon me as a friend and to be implicitly trusted.

I may here mention that whilst I allow them to play any tricks on me, even so far as to climb on to my head, which, owing to lack of hair, is painful, I have never attempted to catch them, the most I have ever done being to rub the back, and on one occasion, when one had damaged its foot, to hold it in my fingers.

There are four regular attendants at meals, besides, at any rate, one family not yet launched on the world, but my song shall be of my greatest friend, "Tommy" (Tommy is a lady, but was christened before the fact was known).

Some years ago I returned after a six months' absence, the house having been shut up, and one of my first inquiries of the gardener, who had had orders to feed the squirrels regularly, was as to their condition. He replied that they were quite well, but that he had never been able to get them near him. Yet I had not been in the house two hours when Tommy found me out and came into the room, climbing up me for nuts. This certainly argues memory of the individual.

On wet days they are particularly persistent in their demands, and Tommy will scratch at the window, and, failing admittance, will run round the house until he finds an open window; then along the passage to the door of the room where I am sitting. The hardest heart cannot resist this appeal!

"GREYTAIL."

Nuts are kept in tins in various places, but at one time in the morning-room a square tin tobacco-box with hinged lid was used. This was repeatedly found on the floor and the room strewed with shells. One afternoon at tea Tommy turned up. We took no notice of him, so up he jumped on to the table and, putting his teeth under the lid, jerked it open, and taking a nut went off to eat it. During his absence I shut the lid down tight; on his return he tried his old tactics, fought hard, and whisked his tail, but the lid would not budge, so he

"TOMMY" DISCOVERS NUTS.

AND, NO ONE LOOKING—

deliberately caught hold of the lid, dragged the box to the edge of the table, dropped it over, and was on the floor almost as soon as the box, making his selection of the spilt nuts. This sounds rather after the style of Munchausen, but I am glad to say other people witnessed this extraordinary reasoning.

In the winter, to feed the tits cocoa-nuts are hung up, but Tommy and friends make short work of them, and so I hit upon the plan of boring a hole in the nuts and hanging them up by a piece of string. This did not stop them for long, as they would slide down the string and then drop to the ground. I put it higher from the ground, and they solved the question by biting the string through at the top.

Tommy is sociable and is not at all abashed by company. He will jump on to the luncheon-table and eat his nut unconcernedly with a table full of people so long as no rapid movement is made.

One spring Tommy was seen with a half-grown young one, evidently fallen out of the nest. She was in an awful state, trying to coax it to follow her up the tree. She then shoved it against the tree, and tried to force it to climb. Finally, she caught it in her mouth, seemed to wrap it round her neck, and with a mighty effort succeeded in carrying the baby up to the nest.

SAYS, "HERE GOES!"—

RESOLVING TO "DO OR DIE."

"EUREKA!"

As to the eating-of-eggs accusation, I have taken thrushes' and blackbirds' eggs with a view to testing the question, and, though left for days where the squirrels are fed, never one was touched. Again, as to fruit. I have placed strawberries, raspberries, apples, etc., and never saw one touched. I do not for a moment say that they never do it, but my tests go to prove that they are not very serious sinners.

It is usually stated that the squirrel makes large stores for winter. My observations are that they have no regular *cache* for *my* nuts, but they bury here, there, and everywhere in the lawn, and I am confident half are never found again.

There have been times when I have thought that they have deserted me altogether, but this has been in the summer. One year they were absent for probably two months.

The photographs herewith are portraits of my friends. In conclusion, I am sure anyone will be repaid for the time and patience given in taming these engaging animals.

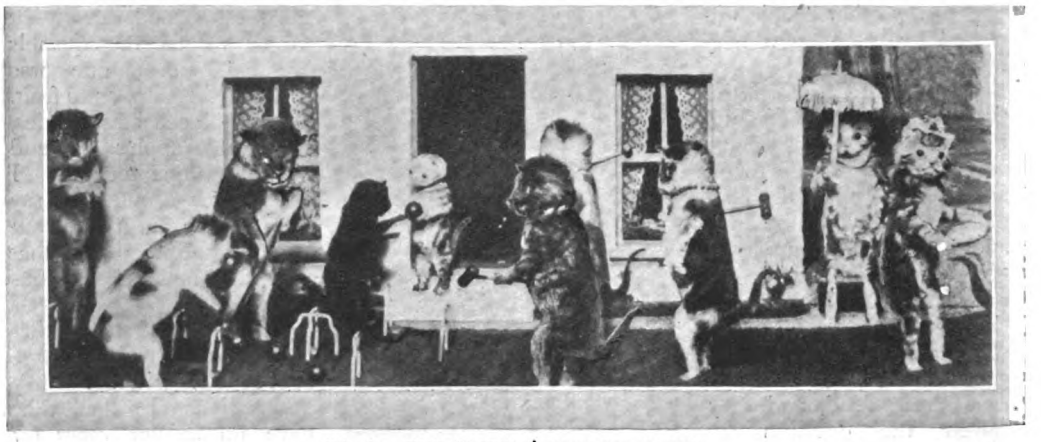
HOW A HUMORIST STUFFS ANIMALS.

By Henry Walker.

Beneath the shadow of the ruined castle at Bramber, in Sussex, there is a novel and interesting museum, well worthy of the attention of all who find themselves in that prettiest of South Down villages. The exhibits displayed therein are principally examples of the art of the taxidermist, but the subjects are treated in such a humorous manner as to render the museum unique in England. From a child's point of view it is a veritable Wonderland, reminiscent of the strange sights seen by Alice when she made her journey into that delectable country. It is not, however, only the juvenile who is captivated with the exhibition; the adult is none the less amused and agreeably surprised at the wonderful ingenuity there displayed.

The idea of thus combining the art of the taxidermist with that of the humorist was generated in the brain of the veteran proprietor, Mr. W. Potter. In 1861 Mr. Potter set to work to construct his first set piece, illustrating the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin." The work was done in Mr. Potter's spare time, and was not completed until seven years had elapsed. The nursery rhyme is too well known to repeat here. The whole of the incidents in the story are graphically portrayed, and, as evidencing the patience and perseverance exercised by Mr. Potter, it may be stated that no fewer than one hundred specimens of British birds are included in the setting. In addition to the birds which figure in the story there are the cuckoo, nightingale, goldfinch, hawkfinch, bramble-finch, wryneck, etc. Considerable ingenuity is displayed in the arrangement of the "fish with his dish," the "fly with his little eye," the owl, the bull rendered in miniature, the rook, and the mourning birds all a-sighing and a-sobbing.

This initial attempt at something out of the ordinary line in taxidermy met with the success it deserved, and induced Mr. Potter to extend his operations. In another case is depicted "The Kittens' Croquet Party," which forms a very interesting set (No. 1). Eight kittens are shown playing croquet, to the delight of a number of spectators who look down upon them from the windows of a cottage. Here it may be noted that Mr. Potter is solely responsible for the construction of all the miniature articles of furniture and other accessories used in depicting the varied scenes.



NO. 1.—THE KITTENS' CROQUET PARTY.

The next set (No. 2) introduces us to high life amongst the squirrels. Here the "Upper Ten" are enjoying a game at cards, whilst other members of the "club" are reading the newspapers, smoking, taking wine, etc.

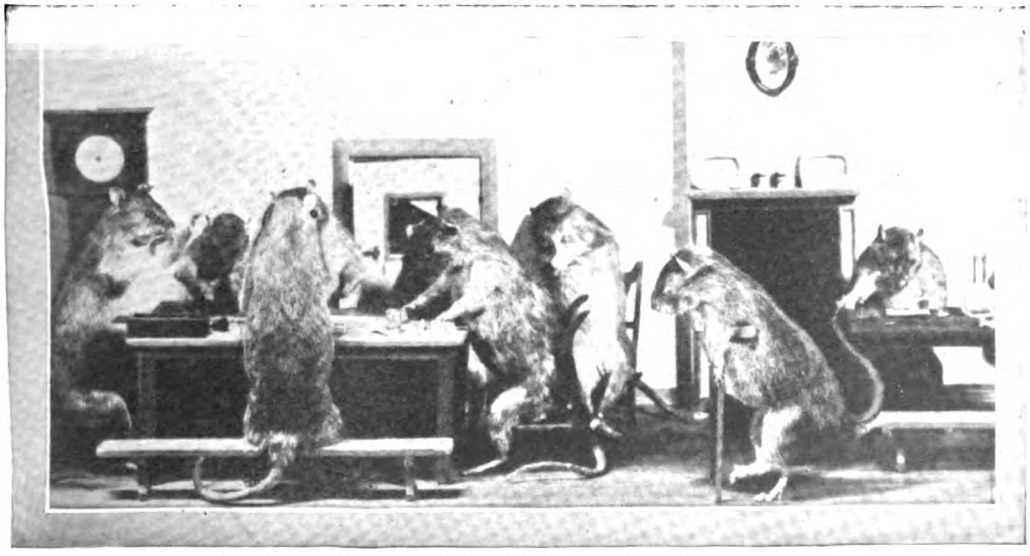
In another scene we descend the social scale and see the "Lower Five" (No. 3), a party of rats, enjoying themselves by playing dominoes, smoking, etc.

"The Rabbits' Village School" (No. 4) contains a large number of young rabbits, all of which were alive in 1888. Some of these are engaged in writing in their copy-books, one in disgrace is standing on a form at the rear, others are busy with arithmetic, reading, etc., whilst the master stands in front watching the proceedings.

NO. 2.—A GAME OF CARDS IN THE "SQUIRRELS' CLUB."

"The House that Jack Built" depicts the well-known story, and here are seen the dog, the cat, and the rat, the "maiden all forlorn," the "man all tattered and torn," the "cock that crowed in the morn," the "cow with the crumpled horn," and all the other features of the rhyme. It is interesting to note that the cow in this scene has been cleverly executed in miniature by the proprietor.

"The Guinea Pigs' Cricket Match," in which thirty-five of these curious little animals take part, is sure to excite risibility in the spectator. Not only are the cricketers engaged in their match, but there is a band of thirteen performers in attendance, whilst the spectators may be seen enjoying themselves in the refreshment tent quite like the "humans" they counterfeit. One of the daintiest pieces in the collection is "The

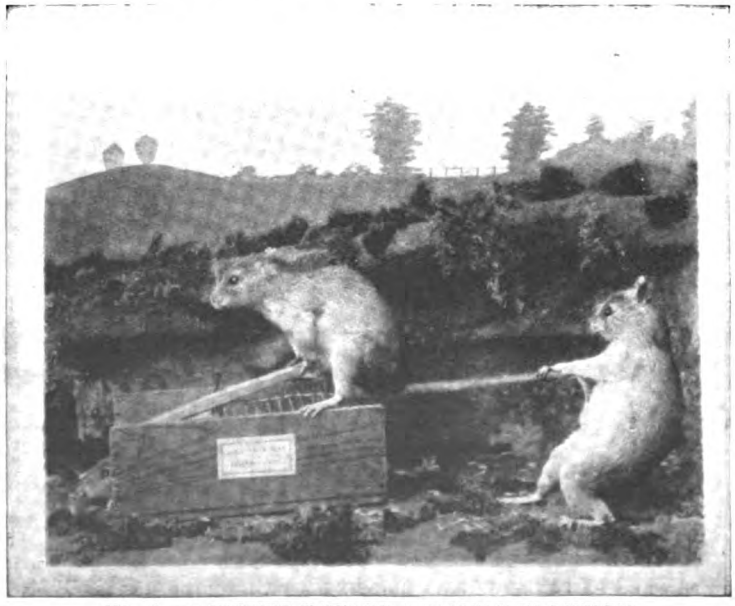


NO. 3.—A PARTY OF RATS ENJOYING A GAME OF DOMINOES.

NO. 4.—THE RABBITS' VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Kittens' Wedding," in which twenty beautiful little kittens take part in a wedding ceremony.

The remaining exhibits in the museum are of a miscellaneous character, comprising a kingfisher's nest containing seven eggs, a rarity seldom seen in any museum. There are also a goat with a monkey on its back, a rat vigorously endeavouring to release its mate from a trap (No. 5), and a variety of ornithological exhibits in excellent taste and execution.



NO. 5.—A HELPING HAND TO A BROTHER IN DISTRESS.

F

By W. W. JACOBS.

MR. JOBSON awoke with a Sundayish feeling, probably due to the fact that it was Bank Holiday. He had been aware, in a dim fashion, of the rising of Mrs. Jobson some time before, and in a semi-conscious condition had taken over a large slice of unoccupied territory. He stretched himself and yawned, and then, by an effort of will, threw off the clothes and, springing out of bed, reached for his trousers.

He was an orderly man, and had hung them every night for over twenty years on the brass knob on his side of the bed. He had hung them there the night before, and now they had absconded with a pair of red braces just entering their teens. Instead, on a chair at the foot of the bed was a collection of garments that made him shudder. With trembling fingers he turned over a black tail-coat, a white waistcoat, and a pair of light check trousers. A white shirt, a collar, and tie kept them company, and, greatest outrage of all, a tall silk hat stood on its own band-box beside the chair. Mr. Jobson, fingering his bristly chin, stood regarding the collection with a wan smile.

"So that's their little game, is it?" he muttered. "Want to make a toff of me. Where's my clothes got to, I wonder?"

A hasty search satisfied him that they were not in the room, and, pausing only to drape himself in the counterpane, he made his way into the next. He passed on to the others, and then, with a growing sense of alarm, stole softly downstairs, and, making his way to the shop, continued the search. With the shutters up the place was almost in darkness, and in spite of his utmost care apples and potatoes rolled on to the floor and travelled across it in a succession of bumps. Then a sudden turn brought the scales clattering down.

"Good gracious, Alf!" said a voice. "Whatever are you a-doing of?"

Mr. Jobson turned and eyed his wife, who was standing at the door.

"I'm looking for my clothes, mother," he replied, briefly.

"Clothes!" said Mrs. Jobson, with an obvious attempt at unconcerned speech. "Clothes! Why, they're on the chair."

"I mean clothes fit for a Christian to wear—fit for a greengrocer to wear," said Mr. Jobson, raising his voice.

"It was a little surprise for you, dear," said his wife. "Me and Bert and Gladys and Dorothy 'ave all been saving up for it for ever so long."

"It's very kind of you all," said Mr. Jobson, feebly—"very, but——"

"They've all been doing without things themselves to do it," interjected his wife. "As for Gladys, I'm sure nobody knows what she's given up."

"Well, if nobody knows, it don't matter," said Mr. Jobson. "As I was saying, it's very kind of you all, but I can't wear 'em. Where's my others?"

Mrs. Jobson hesitated.

"Where's my others?" repeated her husband.

"They're being took care of," replied his wife, with spirit. "Aunt Emma's minding 'em for you—and you know what she is. *H'sh!* Alf! *Alf!* I'm surprised at you!"

Mr. Jobson coughed. "It's the collar, mother," he said at last. "I ain't wore a collar for over twenty years; not since we was walking out together. And then I didn't like it."

"More shame for you," said his wife. "I'm sure there's no other respectable tradesman goes about with a handkerchief knotted round his neck."

"P'r'aps their skins ain't as tender as what

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"I MEAN CLOTHES FIT FOR A GREENGROCER TO WEAR."

mine is," urged Mr. Jobson; "and besides, fancy me in a top-'at! Why, I shall be the laughing-stock of the place."

"Nonsense!" said his wife. "It's only the lower classes what would laugh, and nobody minds what they think."

Mr. Jobson sighed. "Well, I shall 'ave to go back to bed again, then," he said, ruefully. "So long, mother. Hope you have a pleasant time at the Palace."

He took a reef in the counterpane and with a fair amount of dignity, considering his appearance, stalked upstairs again and stood gloomily considering affairs in his bedroom. Ever since Gladys and Dorothy had been big enough to be objects of interest to the young men of the neighbourhood the clothes nuisance had been rampant. He peeped through the window-blind at the bright sunshine outside, and then looked back at the tumbled bed. A murmur of voices downstairs apprised him that the conspirators were awaiting the result.

He dressed at last and stood like a lamb—a red-faced, bull-necked lamb—while Mrs. Jobson fastened his collar for him.

"Bert wanted to get a taller one," she remarked, "but I said this would do to begin with."

"Wanted it to come over my mouth, I s'pose," said the unfortunate Mr. Jobson. "Well, 'ave it your own way. Don't mind about me. What with the trousers and the collar, I couldn't pick up a sovereign if I saw one in front of me."

"If you see one I'll pick it up for you," said his wife, taking up the hat and moving towards the door. "Come along!"

Mr. Jobson, with his arms standing out stiffly from his sides and his head painfully erect, followed her downstairs, and a sudden hush as he entered the kitchen testified to the effect produced by his appearance. It was followed by a hum of admiration that sent the blood flying to his head.

"Why he couldn't have done it before I don't know," said the dutiful Gladys. "Why, there ain't a man in the street looks a quarter as smart."

"Fits him like a glove!" said Dorothy, walking round him.

"Just the right length," said Bert, scrutinizing the coat.

"And he stands as straight as a soldier," said Gladys, clasping her hands gleefully.

"Collar," said Mr. Jobson, briefly. "Can I 'ave it took off while I eat my bloater?"

"Don't be silly, Alf," said his wife. "Gladys, pour your father out a nice, strong, 'ot cup o' tea; and don't forget that the train starts at ha'-past ten."

"It'll start all right when it sees me," observed Mr. Jobson, squinting down at his trousers.

Mother and children, delighted with the success of their scheme, laughed applause, and Mr. Jobson, somewhat gratified at the success of his retort, sat down and attacked his breakfast. A short clay pipe, smoked as a digestive, was impounded by the watchful Mrs. Jobson the moment he had finished it.

"He'd smoke it along the street if I didn't," she declared.

"And why not?" demanded her husband. "I always do."

"Not in a top-'at," said Mrs. Jobson, shaking her head at him.

"Or a tail-coat," said Dorothy.

"One would spoil the other," said Gladys.

"I wish something would spoil the hat," said Mr. Jobson, wistfully. "It's no good; I must smoke, mother."

Mrs. Jobson smiled, and, going to the cupboard, produced, with a smile of triumph, an envelope containing seven dangerous-looking cigars. Mr. Jobson whistled, and taking one up examined it carefully.

"What do they call 'em, mother?" he inquired. "The 'Cut and Try Again Smokes'?"

Mrs. Jobson smiled vaguely. "Me and the girls are going upstairs to get ready now," she said. "Keep your eye on him, Bert!"

Father and son grinned at each other, and, to pass the time, took a cigar apiece. They had just finished them when a swish and rustle of skirts sounded from the stairs, and Mrs. Jobson and the girls, beautifully attired, entered the room and stood buttoning their gloves. A strong smell of scent fought with the aroma of the cigars.

"You get round me like, so as to hide me a bit," entreated Mr. Jobson, as they quitted the house. "I don't mind so much when we get out of our street."

Mrs. Jobson laughed his fears to scorn.

"Well, cross the road, then," said Mr. Jobson, urgently. "There's Bill Foley standing at his door."

His wife sniffed. "Let him stand," she said, haughtily.

Mr. Foley failed to avail himself of the permission. He regarded Mr. Jobson with

"PRESENTED AN ENORMOUS PAIR OF HOB-NAILED SOLES."

dilated eyeballs and, as the party approached, sank slowly into a sitting position on his doorstep, and as the door opened behind him rolled slowly over on to his back and presented an enormous pair of hob-nailed soles to the gaze of an interested world.

"I told you 'ow it would be," said the blushing Mr. Jobson. "You know what Bill's like as well as I do."

His wife tossed her head and they all quickened their pace. The voice of the ingenious Mr. Foley calling piteously for his mother pursued them to the end of the road.

"I knew what it 'ud be," said Mr. Jobson, wiping his hot face. "Bill will never let me 'ear the end of this."

"Nonsense!" said his wife, bridling. "Do you mean to tell me you've got to ask Bill Foley 'ow you're to dress? He'll soon get tired of it; and, besides, it's just as well to let him see who you are. There's not many tradesmen as would lower themselves by mixing with a plasterer."

Mr. Jobson scratched his ear, but wisely refrained from speech. Once clear of his own district mental agitation subsided, but bodily discomfort increased at every step. The hat and the collar bothered him most, but every article of attire contributed its share. His uneasiness was so manifest that Mrs. Jobson, after a little womanly sympathy, suggested that, besides Sundays, it might be as well to wear them occasionally of an evening in order to get used to them.

"What 'ave I got to wear them every Sunday?" demanded the unfortunate, blankly; "why, I thought they was only for Bank Holidays."

Mrs. Jobson told him not to be silly.

"Straight, I did," said her husband, earnestly. "You've no idea 'ow I'm suffering; I've got a headache, I'm arf choked, and there's a feeling about my waist as though I'm being cuddled by somebody I don't like."

"I'M ARF CHOKED."

Mrs. Jobson said it would wear off and, seated in the train that bore them to the Crystal Palace, put the hat on the rack. Her husband's attempt to leave it in the train was easily frustrated and his explanation that he had forgotten all about it received in silence. It was evident that he would require watching, and under the clear gaze of his children he seldom had a button undone for more than three minutes at a time.

The day was hot and he perspired profusely. His collar lost its starch—a thing to be grateful for—and for the greater part of the day he wore his tie under the left ear. By the time they had arrived home again he was in a state of open mutiny.

"Never again," he said, loudly, as he tore the collar off and hung his coat on a chair.

There was a chorus of lamentation; but he remained firm. Dorothy began to sniff ominously, and Gladys spoke longingly of the fathers possessed by other girls. It was not until Mrs. Jobson sat eyeing her supper, instead of eating it, that he began to temporise.

He gave way bit by bit, garment by garment. When he gave way at last on the great hat question, his wife took up her knife and fork.

His workaday clothes appeared in his bedroom next morning, but the others still remained in the clutches of Aunt Emma. The suit provided was of considerable antiquity, and at closing time Mr. Jobson, after some hesitation, donned his new clothes and, with a sheepish glance at his wife, went out. Mrs. Jobson nodded delight at her daughters.

"He's coming round," she whispered. "He liked that ticket-collector calling him 'sir' yesterday. I noticed it. He's put on everything but the topper. Don't say nothing about it; take it as a matter of course."

It became evident as the days wore on that she was right. Bit by bit she obtained the other clothes — with some difficulty —from Aunt Emma, but her husband still wore his best on Sundays and sometimes of an evening; and twice, on going into the bedroom suddenly, she had caught him surveying himself at different angles in the glass. And, moreover, he had spoken with some heat —for such a good-tempered man—on the shortcomings of Dorothy's laundry work.

"We'd better put your collars out," said his wife.

"And the shirts," said Mr. Jobson.

"SURVEYING HIMSELF AT DIFFERENT ANGLES IN THE GLASS."

"Nothing looks worse than a bad got-up cuff."

"You're getting quite dressy," said his wife, with a laugh.

Mr. Jobson eyed her seriously.

"No, mother, no," he replied. "All I've done is to find out as you're right, as you always 'ave been. A man in my persition has got no right to dress as if he kept a stall on the kerb. It ain't fair to the gals, or to young Bert. I don't want 'em to be ashamed of their father."

"They wouldn't be that," said Mrs. Jobson.

"I'm trying to improve," said her husband. "O' course, it's no use dressing up and behaving wrong, and yesterday I bought a book what tells you all about behaviour."

"Well done!" said the delighted Mrs. Jobson.

Mr. Jobson was glad to find that her opinion on his purchase was shared by the rest of the family. Encouraged by their approval, he told them of the benefit he was deriving from it; and at tea-time that day, after a little hesitation, ventured to affirm that it was a book that might do them all good.

"Hear, hear!" said Gladys.

"For one thing," said Mr. Jobson, slowly, "I didn't know before that it was wrong to blow your tea; and as for drinking it out of a saucer, the book says it's a thing that is only done by the lower orders."

"If you're in a hurry?" demanded Mr. Bert Jobson, pausing with his saucer halfway to his mouth.

"If you're in anything," responded his father. "A gentleman would rather go without his tea than drink it out of a saucer. That's the sort o' thing Bill Foley would do."

Mr. Bert Jobson drained his saucer thoughtfully.

"Picking your teeth with your finger is wrong, too," said Mr. Jobson, taking a breath. "Food should be removed in a—a—un—undemonstrative fashion with the tip of the tongue."

"I wasn't," said Gladys.

"A knife," pursued her father—"a knife should never in any circumstances be allowed near the mouth."

"YESTERDAY I BOUGHT A BOOK WHAT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT BEHAVIOUR."

"You've made mother cut herself," said Gladys, sharply; "that's what you've done."

"I thought it was my fork," said Mrs. Jobson. "I was so busy listening I wasn't thinking what I was doing. Silly of me."

"We shall all do better in time," said Mr. Jobson. "But what I want to know is, what about the gravy? You can't eat it with a fork, and it don't say nothing about a spoon. Oh, and what about our cold tubs, mother?"

"Cold tubs?" repeated his wife, staring at him. "What cold tubs?"

"The cold tubs me and Bert ought to 'ave," said Mr. Jobson. "It says in the book that an Englishman would just as soon think of going without his breakfus' as his cold tub; and you know how fond I am of my breakfus'."

"And what about me and the gals?" said the amazed Mrs. Jobson.

"Don't you worry about me, ma," said Gladys, hastily.

"The book don't say nothing about gals; it says Englishmen," said Mr. Jobson.

"But we ain't got a bathroom," said his son.

"It don't signify," said Mr. Jobson. "A washtub'll do. Me and Bert'll 'ave a washtub each brought up overnight; and it'll be exercise for the gals bringing the water up of a morning to us."

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," said the bewildered Mrs. Jobson. "Anyway, you and Bert'll 'ave to carry the tubs up and down. Messy, *I* call it."

"It's got to be done, mother," said Mr. Jobson, cheerfully. "It's only the lower orders what don't 'ave their cold tub reg'lar. The book says so."

He trundled his tub upstairs the same night and, after his wife had gone downstairs next morning, opened the door and took in the can and pail that stood outside. He poured the contents into the tub, and, after eyeing it thoughtfully for some time, agitated the surface with his right foot. He dipped and dried that enduring member some ten times, and after regarding the damp condition of the towels with great satisfaction, dressed himself and went downstairs.

"I'm all of a glow," he said, seating himself at the table. "I believe I could eat a elephant. I feel as fresh as a daisy; don't you, Bert?"

Mr. Jobson, junior, who had just come in from the shop, remarked, shortly, that he felt more like a blooming snowdrop.

"And somebody slopped a lot of water over the stairs carrying it up," said Mrs. Jobson. "I don't believe as everybody has cold baths of a morning. It don't seem wholesome to me."

Mr. Jobson took a book from his pocket, and opening it at a certain page, handed it over to her.

"If I'm going to do the thing at all I must do it properly," he said, gravely. "I don't suppose Bill Foley ever 'ad a cold tub in his life; he don't know no better. *Gladys!*"

"Halloa!" said that young lady with a start.

"Are you—are you eating that kipper with your fingers?"

Gladys turned and eyed her mother appealingly.

"Page—page one hundred and something, I think it is," said her father, with his mouth full. "'Manners at the Dinner Table.' It's near the end of the book, I know."

"If I never do no worse than that I sha'n't come to no harm," said his daughter.

Mr. Jobson shook his head at her, and after eating his breakfast with great care, wiped his mouth on his handkerchief and went into the shop.

"I suppose it's all right," said Mrs. Jobson, looking after him, "but he's taking it very serious—very."

"He washed his hands five times yesterday morning," said Dorothy, who had just come in from the shop to her breakfast; "and kept customers waiting while he did it, too."

"It's the cold-tub business I can't get over," said her mother. "I'm sure it's more trouble to empty them than what it is to fill them. There's quite enough work in the 'ouse as it is."

"Too much," said Bert, with unwonted consideration.

"I wish he'd leave me alone," said Gladys. "My food don't do me no good when he's watching every mouthful I eat."

Of murmurings such as these Mr. Jobson heard nothing, and in view of the great improvement in his dress and manners, a strong resolution was passed to avoid the faintest appearance of discontent. Even when, satisfied with his own appearance, he set to work to improve that of Mrs. Jobson, that admirable woman made no complaint. Hitherto the brightness of her attire and the size of her hats had been held to atone for her lack of figure and the roomy comfort of her boots, but Mr. Jobson, infected with new ideas, refused to listen to such sophistry. He went shopping with Dorothy; and the Sunday after, when Mrs. Jobson went for an airing with him, she walked in boots with heels two inches high and toes that ended in a point. A waist that had disappeared some years before was recaptured and placed in durance vile; and a hat which called for a new style of hair-dressing completed the effect.

"You look splendid, ma!" said Gladys, as she watched their departure. "Splendid!"

"I don't feel splendid," sighed Mrs. Jobson to her husband. "These 'ere boots feel red-'ot."

"Your usual size," said Mr. Jobson, looking across the road.

"And the clothes seem just a teeny-weeny bit tight, p'r'aps," continued his wife.

Mr. Jobson regarded her critically. "P'r'aps they might have been let out a quarter of an inch," he said, thoughtfully. "They're the best fit you've 'ad for a long time, mother. I only 'ope the gals'll 'ave such good figgers."

His wife smiled faintly, but, with little breath for conversation, walked on for some time in silence. A growing redness of face testified to her distress.

"I—I feel awful," she said at last, pressing her hand to her side.

"You'll soon get used to it," said Mr. Jobson, gently. "Look at me! I felt like you do at first, and now I wouldn't go back to old clothes—and comfort—for anything. You'll get to love them boots."

"If I could only take 'em off I should love 'em better," said his wife, panting; "and I can't breathe properly—I can't breathe."

"You look ripping, mother," said her husband, simply.

His wife essayed another smile, but failed. She set her lips together and plodded on, Mr. Jobson chatting cheerily and taking no notice of the fact that she kept lurching against him. Two miles from home she stopped and eyed him fixedly.

"If I don't get these boots off, Alf, I shall be a 'eipless cripple for the rest of my days," she murmured. "My ankle's gone over three times."

"But you can't take 'em off here," said Mr. Jobson, hastily. "Think 'ow it would look."

"I must 'ave a cab or something," said his wife, hysterically. "If I don't get 'em off soon I shall scream."

She leaned against the iron palings of a house for support, while Mr. Jobson, standing on the kerb, looked up and down the road for a cab. A four-wheeler appeared just in time to prevent the scandal of Mrs. Jobson removing her boots in the street.

"Thank goodness," she gasped, as she climbed in. "Never mind about untying 'em, Alf; cut the laces and get 'em off quick."

They drove home with the boots standing side by side on the seat in front of them. Mr. Jobson got out first and knocked at the door, and as soon as it opened Mrs. Jobson pattered across the intervening space with the boots dangling from her hand. She had nearly reached the door when Mr. Foley, who had a diabolical habit of always being on hand when he was least wanted, appeared suddenly from the off-side of the cab.

"Been paddlin'?" he inquired.

Mrs. Jobson, safe in her doorway, drew herself up and, holding the boots behind her, surveyed him with a stare of high-bred disdain.

"I see you going down the road in 'em," said the unabashed Mr. Foley, "and I says to myself, I says, 'Pride'll bear a pinch, but she's going too far. If she thinks that she can squeedge those little tootsy-wootsies into them boo——'"

The door slammed violently and left him exchanging grins with Mr. Jobson.

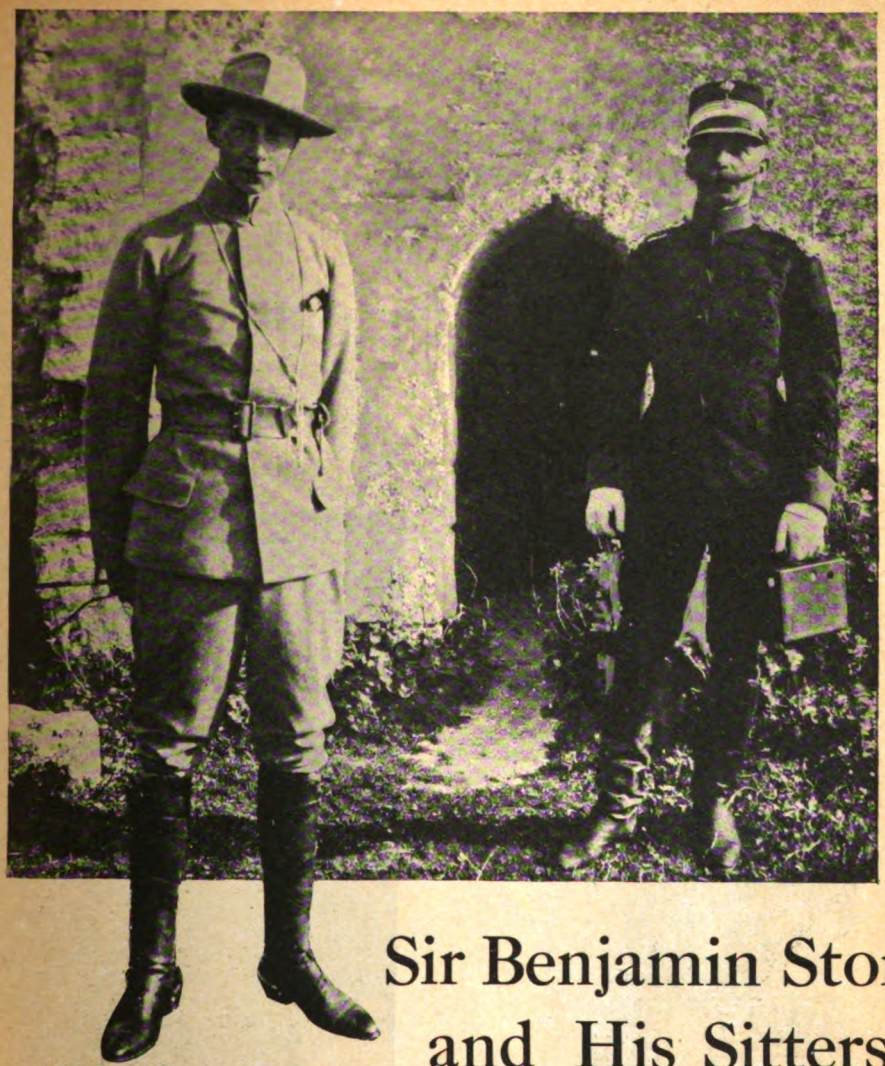
"How's the 'at?" he inquired.

Mr. Jobson winked. "Bet you a level 'arf-dollar I ain't wearing it next Sunday," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

Mr. Foley edged away.

"Not good enough," he said, shaking his head. "I've had a good many bets with you first and last, Alf, but I never won one yet. So long."

"'BEEN PADDLIN'?' HE INQUIRED."



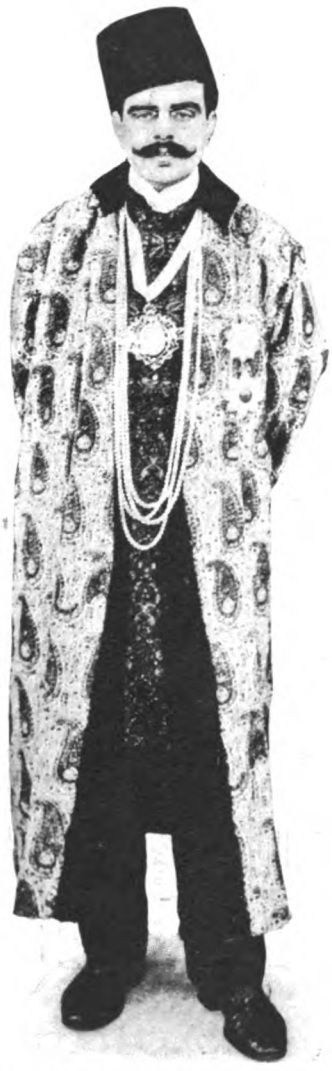
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND LT.-COL. SOUTZO, OF ATHENS, AT THE ACROPOLIS OF CORINTH.

Sir Benjamin Stone and His Sitters.

II.

WHOLE volumes would be required to discuss the pictorial records of Sir Benjamin Stone's travels, even on their human side. But few units of his vast collection would command a more direct and vivid interest than the photograph of the future ruler of the German Empire, taken a year or two ago at Athens. The circumstances under which the likeness was secured are odd enough. Camera in hand, Sir Benjamin was making the round of the ancient capital of Hellas, pausing before this building or that, posing this figure or that. Before one picturesque ruin he became aware that a young stranger was standing, who would make a very serviceable human accessory to his picture.

"Good morning," he said to this pleasant-looking youth. "I am going to take this building. Perhaps you wouldn't mind sitting down a moment?" "With pleasure!" was the rejoinder, in such excellent English as to lead his auditor to suppose he was addressing a fellow-countryman. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he proceeded to arrange himself on the ground, his long legs thrust out before him in free and easy fashion. "Would you mind," said Sir Benjamin, "withdrawing your feet a little?



H.H. SIR SULTAN MOHAMMED, THE AGA KHAN.

In that pose they will come out too large." "Really!" said the young man, laughing; "and I always thought they were so small." But he doubled them up just the same. At this moment a companion made his appearance, obviously a soldier, and obviously concerned. The shutter snapped. "All right?" asked the "human accessory." "All right," was the reply; "and thank you very much." "Good day," called out the young man, cheerily. "Good day," replied Sir Benjamin, and hardly troubled to look as the two men strode off together. Then there was a touch upon his arm. "Do you know who that is?" "I haven't an idea." "That's the Crown Prince of Germany." A quarter of an hour later he again encountered the young Crown Prince accompanied by a Greek officer.

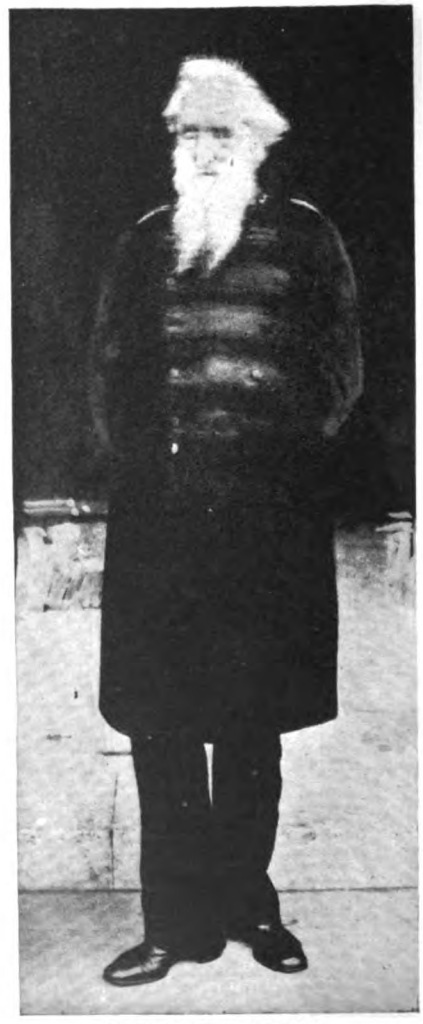
"Excuse me, your Royal Highness, but would you mind posing to me again for your picture?" The Prince laughed.

"Certainly, Sir Benjamin. You see, I have found out who you are."

They shook hands, and the Prince said: "Now place me in any position you like. Will this do?" Whereupon he struck the attitude recorded in the picture at the head of this article.

The Greek officer instantly took up his place alongside, as if still apprehensive for the safety of the Prince.

It is a far cry from the German Crown Prince to His Highness Sir Sultan Moham-



GENERAL BOOTH.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

med, the Aga Khan. This distinguished personage, about whom we have heard so much of late, is the head of the Ismali Mohammedans, and has many religious followers in East Africa, Central Asia, and India. There are some strange legends connected with his ancestry, which is full of singular romance. But the Aga Khan himself might be a quiet, courteous, unassuming English gentleman. He is a great personal friend of Sir Benjamin's, and has frequently posed before his camera.

How fantastic the divergence between this Prince and the head of another religious sect, the Rev. William Booth, General and Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army! One can imagine centuries hence, in some remote and, perchance, unenlightened quarters (if any such there be then), that strange legends will also have arisen about General Booth. How did this obscure Methodist minister come to control the spiritual destinies of hundreds of thousands of Christians in all parts of the globe? Might he not be regarded as a sort of nineteenth-century Mohammed? And when martial armies are no more and the drum-beat rolls no longer, the Boothites—as they

MR. KEIR HARDIE.

may then be called—may number millions from China to Peru. On this occasion General Booth was taken standing by the side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and there is a story that as the two men passed out on the Terrace of Parliament someone said, slyly:—

MR. BALFOUR AND SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

"General Booth has come here to get tips from Lloyd George!"

"Don't you believe it," was the rejoinder. "Lloyd George is getting tips from General Booth how to conduct his next campaign."

It is a curious juxtaposition, that of the two celebrities of the same name (though spelt differently), Hardy the novelist, and Hardie the politician. What could be more contrasting at first sight than the characters and careers of the two men? Oddly enough, on the day that Thomas Hardy was photographed beneath the Terrace gateway at Westminster Mr. Keir Hardie had been making himself particularly conspicuous. A visitor on the Terrace asked a policeman who was standing for his portrait, and, on being told that it was Mr. Hardy, went away very much astonished. "To think of that mild, shy gentleman being a Socialist and Labour member!" he told Colonel Lockwood. "But I suppose one ought to expect these things. And look at his clothes!

When these kind of men get on in the world they always overdo it!" It was not here, but elsewhere, that Mr. Keir Hardie was pointed out as the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," to a gushing young American lady.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy, I have admired your delightful work so much. How well you know Dorset!"

"Dorset's all right," murmured the gentleman addressed, "but not equal to your American butter, ma'am!" A capital retort.

Mr. Balfour and Sir Ernest Shackleton were photographed together. The Opposition Leader has sat (or rather stood) often to Sir Benjamin Stone. On this last occasion—when, indeed, the member for Birmingham was about to give up political life—Mr. Balfour and the South Polar explorer were entertained to luncheon, and the former made one of those charming little speeches which have endeared him personally to members of all persuasions. "Years have elapsed," said he, "since I first sacrificed myself upon the altar of photography, of which my honourable friend is one of the chief priests. Each time I am filled with a new hope that by some miracle I shall emerge from the ordeal transfigured to the multitude. The high priest duly performs his incantations — chiefly of a chemical nature, I believe—but each time the result is as disappointing as ever. Each annual picture is only a reminder that I am another year older, another shade greyer, with a few more lines where once was juvenile smoothness."

SIGNOR AND MRS. MARCONI.

Standing beside the boyish figure of Sir Ernest Shackleton, it must be owned that the Conservative Leader does look somewhat older than the familiar presentments of him in the newspapers. It was on this occasion that the Polar hero was introduced to a Scottish member, who was not aware of his identity, as having just got back from the Pole. The other looked surprised. "I wasn't aware," he said, "that there had been any by-election!"

The name of Mr. Marconi is of world-wide celebrity, and, of course, on his visit to the House of Commons with his charming wife (who is Lord Inchiquin's daughter) they received a cordial greeting. The inventor was introduced to a well-known Committee chairman with the remark, "You two should know each other, for your objects have much in common. Mr. Blank is a reformer in Parliamentary procedure—you are an electrician. He desires zealously to abolish wire-pulling—you, Mr. Marconi, wish to abolish wires." Someone being told of this studied pleasantry afterwards remarked that perhaps it might account for the pained expression on the famous inventor's face as he confronted the camera.

Not often are the Bar and the quarter-deck seen in conjunction—still more rarely, one would say, when their representatives have attained each to the summit of his profession.

LORD HALSBURY AND ADMIRAL LEYGUE.

In looking upon Lord Chancellor Halsbury and Admiral Leygue together, no wonder that one M.P. said he could understand Lord Halsbury singing:—

> When *I* was a lad I served a term
> As office-boy in an attorney's firm,

and—continuing the refrain:—

> And *I* am a ruler in the French Navee.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

I have already related how the first portrait of the Duke of Argyll was ruined by a Terrace policeman incautiously lifting the slide which held the plate in order to see how the picture of his Grace was "getting on," and so amputating the Duke's legs. Nothing daunted by this mishap, the Duke cheerfully stood again, with the above result.

Sir Benjamin's portrait of "Dr. Jim" is as if we were actually gazing at his advancing figure out of a window, so life-like is it. "I would sooner face one of old Kruger's guns than a camera," was one of the sayings formerly attributed to the late Premier of Cape Colony, and, perhaps, the future Premier of South Africa. But Sir Benjamin has so humanized the process that on last being asked if he would mind standing for his photograph, he went so far as to say, "Mind? No; I should rather like it"—striking testimony to the veteran camerist's assuaging persuasiveness.

DR. JAMESON.

The Courting of Miss Steggles.

By ARTHUR E. ASHFORD.

IVEN to patronage of neither bar nor pool-room, Mr. Stewart Calvin McLean found the waiting for the east-bound trans-Canadian express a singularly unenlivening proceeding. Four hours, five hours, six hours, steadily the train lost ground. When the station agent, composedly chewing a peculiarly big and rank cigar, strolled out of his office and substituted a seven in place of the six on the company's notice-board, it seemed to Mr. McLean that the last thing in the way of straws was attained. Buttonholed by him, the agent had the unedifying felicity of hearing a stalwart and elder of the Presbyterian church speak his mind in a manner properly permissible only to the lax and unregenerate. Incidentally he learnt, with provoking calmness, that the management of the trans-Canadian was in the hands of an organized gang of unprincipled and predatory persons, whose conduct of it was the abhorrence of the places above the earth and the scandal of the regions beneath. With the same calmness he accepted the thankless office of scapegoat which Mr. McLean unjustly thrust upon him.

"Fifteen hundred dollars th' hoose cost me," cried Mr. McLean, violently enlarging upon his theme. "An' it worth no more than a thir-rd o' th' price doon east. A thoosand dollars right into th' pocket o' ye, ye shameless, black-hearted rogue!"

"Ah! You always were generous, Mr. McLean," murmured the agent, and patted his breast-pocket appreciatively.

"An' ye're no contentit wi' robbing a body straightforrit, but ye rob him o' his wor-rking hoors, too! Here's me, wasting a' me day because ye ain't gotten th' common honesty nor abeelity to run yer trains according to yer obleegations."

"Ah! That's you prosperous farmers," said the agent, airily. "Pouring your billion-bushel crops on to the line, and hauling the lumber for your fifteen-hundred-dollar mansions. No system on earth can stand the racket—I don't care how they're stocked—and come up to scratch with such little accessories as trans-continental expresses. 'Tain't to be expected. No, sirree!"

Mr. McLean ignored the excuse.

"And when," he queried, sarcastically, "*do* ye expect that conclapperation o' screechy, leaky scrapiron on wheels that ye miscall an express?"

The agent took a fresh chew at his unlit cigar, and gave it up.

"Never was good at conundrums, Mr. McLean," he explained. "The west-bound will be along in half an hour, though; why not board her and go and prospect for the other?"

"An' have to hitch on an' tow her when I do find her: me that's paid the good money to ye, ye—ye——"

"Robber," suggested the agent, pleasantly. "Ah, well! robbery is robbery; must be attended to, eh? So long."

Mr. McLean had driven into town that morning to catch the six o'clock express to the east. It was now well on towards noon, and though circumstances had prevented him from achieving his object he had succeeded in rendering himself obnoxious to everyone with whom he had come into contact. For he had never acquired the art of idling. At forty years of age he looked a hard and weather-bitten fifty, and, on his own showing, was worth some five-and-forty thousand dollars. No man who has done these things by the sweat of his brow and the strangling of his soul can know aught of that divine discontent with work which alone can sweeten and make golden one's hours of idleness.

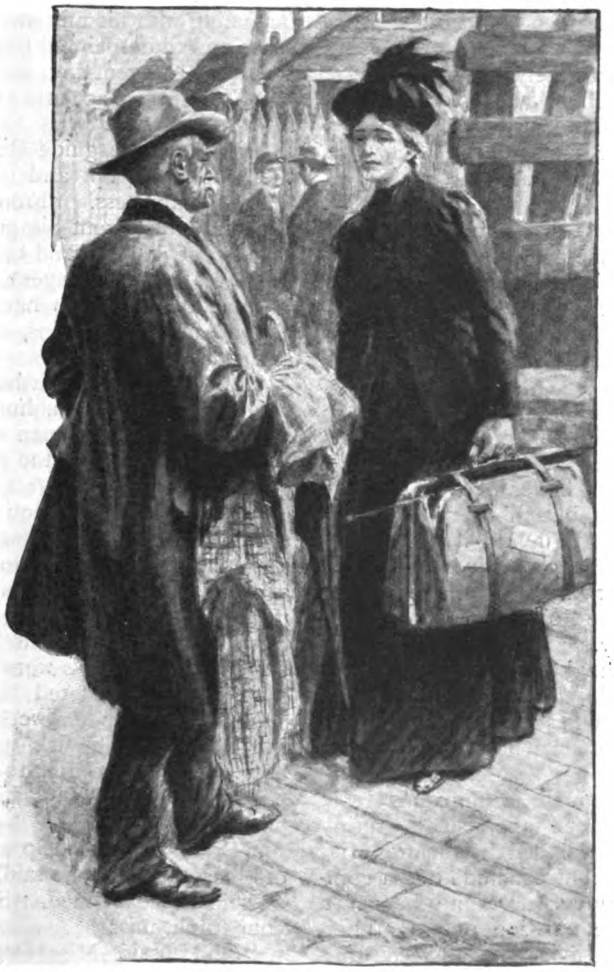
The arrival of the west-bound proved a godsend both to him and to the implement agent, into whose office Mr. McLean had betaken himself. He clumped noisily back to the station along the wooden sidewalk; while the man of machinery betook himself to the nearest bar-room and inveighed bitterly to the profanely-sympathetic bar-tender against the man who walked into one's

sanctum and "bummed" when one wanted to be busy, who made his machinery last twice as long as any "white man," and, above all, was too mean to play one a game of pool for the drinks.

The train pulled up discordantly at the little prairie town of Sherleigh, as it had pulled up at a score of little prairie towns already, each the very replica of the others; little medleys of packing-case architecture, alike even in their intense and braggart individualism, each flaunting itself as peculiarly favoured of the Almighty, and very contemptuous of its immediate neighbours. Centre of a widespread, flat-rimmed circle, white now with the snows of waning winter, Sherleigh pointed the finger of approbation to itself, and vociferously informed the stranger within its gates that it was the very hub of "God's country; yes, sirree."

To the solitary passenger who alighted—a tall, tired-eyed woman of five-and-thirty, dressed in black—Sherleigh seemed the very core of rawness and desolation. The town itself, with its church and hotel, its stores, its implement agencies, its pool-room and "tonsorial saloon," straggling along one side of the railroad in the lee of the half-dozen elevators, gaunt, red-painted, and unsightly; the white, treeless prairie reaching monotonously to the horizon, with its crude, scattered farmsteads—all seemed raw, unlovely, unhomely. About the corners of her drooped lips a little quiver played dolefully as the great engine, with a clangour of bell-ringing and a raucous throb and pulse and hiss of steam, launched itself upon its way; westward and westward by the line of bare, barked poles which carried the singing, magic wires clean across a continent.

Then she found herself being regarded with speculative fixity by a man who looked a hard and weather-bitten fifty—a man whose distinguishing features seemed to be the coarse, bristly, greyish-sandy moustache which overhung his tight-pursed lips, a square, obstinate chin, and the straight, scraggy, grizzled eyebrows which overhung his little sunken, close-set eyes. Ignoring the representatives of the one hotel and two boarding-houses, she went towards him with an air half confident, half doubtful, staggering a little beneath the weight of a heavy valise.



"'YE'LL BE MR. ANDREW STEGGLES, MY UNCLE, I GUESS?' SHE SAID."

"Ye'll be Mr. Andrew Steggles, my uncle, I guess?" she said, tentatively.

"An' ye'll be Mandy Steggles, niece to old man Steggles?" suggested the stranger.

The woman set down her valise and laughed—a laugh which rang dull with weariness and pathos—and held out her hand.

"Do ye know, ye take after me father—fond-like o' yer joke; used to joke when he'd got th' worst pains on him, he did. But ye don't look like him a bit; an' ye carry

ye' age so well—ye don't look a day more'n fifty."

"An' ye can take ten year off that," remarked Mr. McLean, without abating his scrutiny.

Miss Steggles looked at him bewildered. Her outstretched hand fell limply to her side; her cheeks flushed; in her soul a little surge of resentment mingled with her embarrassment.

"Oh!" she cried. "Then ye ain't Uncle Andrew Steggles at all! How did ye know me? An'—an'—oh, don't keep looking me up an' down, like I was a cow ye was minded to buy!"

Rebuked, but unabashed, Mr. McLean made his gaze less disconcertingly direct.

"'Deed," observed he, ambiguously. "An' it's careful one has to be even wi' a bit beastie. An' ye needna be so fashed, woman; old man Steggles is a near nebbur to me. Mebbe he'll ha' telt ye about Mr. McLean? It's verra likely."

Miss Steggles shook her head. Mr. McLean looked a little surprised.

"No; he's never spoke o' ye. But ye've come in to drive me out? It's kind o' ye."

She was conscious of feeling scarcely as grateful as she felt she ought to.

"'Deed, but ye're misguidit; old man Steggles wasna expecting ye till th' morrow's mor-rn."

"But I'll be able to get a lift out to his place, likely?"

Mr. McLean considered a moment.

"Weel, ye'll mebbe —an' mebbe ye mayn't. An' if ye canna, it's at th' Widdy Smith's boarding-hoose ye'd better stay. It's high enough she charges, but th' livery folks wull downright rob ye. Ye'll find it cheaper to board till old man Steggles drives in to fetch ye th' morrow's mor-rn."

"But won't ye be going out?" said Miss Steggles, tentatively.

Mr. McLean shook his head. "Going east," he explained. "That is, whensoever th' thing which they miscalls an express gets here, though it's not sorry now I am that she be late."

As the utterance was accompanied by a renewal of the direct, appraising scrutiny which had so incommoded her before, Miss Steggles could not but conclude that a compliment was intended. Despite herself a vaguely pleasurable emotion possessed her. It was many years since she had received a compliment.

"I can't think how Uncle Andrew Steggles came to make sech a mistake," she was fain to say, for want of something better.

"Aye! he's a feckless loon," was the calm reply. "But hadna ye better go acrost to th' Widdy Smith's? I'll tak' ye."

"An' my things?" suggested she, looking at him doubtfully.

Mr. McLean looked about him, but the representative of the Widdy Smith had gone. Half-way down the platform stood a solitary trunk, and by it the agent. He pointed towards it: "Your'n?"

Miss Steggles nodded assent. "But it won't hurt," she added. "On'y I want to keep th' valise by me."

"Aye! Mebbe ye'd better bring it wi' ye," said Mr. McLean. "It'll no hur-rt ye to carry it."

"Yon's th' hoose!" observed Mr. McLean, indicating with his mittened thumb a square, green-and-white painted frame edifice.

It was the agent who answered him.

"Nice clean place and very reasonable. I feed there myself."

Miss Steggles's guide stopped and looked the interloper up and down with frank unappreciativeness. From the cheerful, imperturbable agent his glance went to the lady, empty-handed and blushing; then back again to the station-agent.

The latter, valise in hand, rolled his half-chewed cigar in his lips, nodded pleasantly, and walked on.

"Ye needna ha' fashed yersel', man," objected Mr. McLean, hurriedly falling into line again. "Th' woman wasna needing yer help; gin th' bag was too hefty for her I cud ha' carrit it mesel'."

"Thought I'd give you a hand," said the agent, who had been brought up to consider a woman as something more than a species of domestic cattle, and was inclined to be mildly sarcastic. "A man of your age needs to be very careful of himself. Very!"

"I'll do me day's wor-rk agin ye ony day o' th' week," spluttered Mr. McLean, indignantly. "An' ye ken weel I'm no more than five-an'-forty. Gi' me over th' woman's baggage an' get ye back to yer dooty."

The agent smiled at him with tantalizing pleasantry.

"Do anything to help you with a niece of old man Steggles," he said, affably. To Miss Steggles he explained, "Saw your name on your trunk, miss."

"Oh!" said Miss Steggles, blushing at her predicament.

Accustomed for more years than she cared

to recall to doing a man's work with a woman's strength and for a woman's wage, the little compliments and courtesies of life were things long foreign to her experience. Moving in a petty round of existence all her days, scraping and contriving with weary toil to support an invalid and widowed father, neither ambition, hope, nor love had ever touched her life with their glowing tints, their splendid illusions. Gazing at life with tired eyes, unwittingly brave, neither content nor discontent with her lot in the cramped environment of a small Ontario town, she had simply acquiesced—a heroine in drab.

Even—with the death of her father—the sundering of all her ties, to come out West and keep house for an uncle she had never seen, failed to rouse her. She had loved her father well enough—and he had kept a rare spirit all through, but her youth had gone in drudgery. That her life would henceforth hold more than drudgery was a dream she did not even dream.

"'Tis good o' ye both," she said lamely, and then something in the kindly depths of the station-agent's eyes drew her to an odd communicativeness.

"'Tis not often I'm plagued like with the menfolk wanting to carry fer me."

Perhaps it was something in the depth of her tired eyes which checked the idle compliment of affected astonishment upon his tongue. He looked at her for a moment with a sympathetic smile, evoking an answering smile from her; and then:—

"God grant you the whole ten plagues, Miss Steggles," he said, whimsically.

"Ye'll ha' been living wi' verra sensible folk," opined Mr. McLean, sententiously.

Mr. McLean bolted his dinner in the Widow Smith's dining-room without the company of Miss Steggles, and was well enough pleased too. Not so much from his lack of gallantry as from a fear lest the lady—whom the widow had made to lie down and rest—might have taken her meal in too genteel and leisurely a manner. For Mr. McLean was maturing within his mind a purpose which needed a little discussion, or, rather, exposition. Being what he was, he scarcely anticipated any difficulty; but a more or less crowded public dining-room seemed distinctly not the place for the exposition of his purpose. His meal bolted, he stalked unceremoniously into the kitchen and abruptly intimated his desire for an immediate interview with the recumbent Miss Steggles.

The Widow Smith, voluble and voluminous, bluntly expressed her opinion that he was "plum' crazy an' clean reedeeculous!"

Mr. McLean produced his watch and pointed at it with a stubby thumb.

"Saxteen minnits to one by th' company's time!" he declaimed, explosively. "'Tis yersel' that's clean reedeeculous. Saxteen minnits be th' company's time—th' only thing o' th' sweendling gang's ye dare reelee on. An' th' express'll be in be th' quarter-hoor past. Widdy, 'tis yersel' that's plum' crazy!"

"Well, ye can't see her an' she's not wanting to see you, neither," said the widow, doggedly. "Th' gal's dog-tired; she'll be let bide." And the widow promptly ordered Mr. McLean from the room.

Several boarders, taking their meal in the dining-room, jointly offered to fulful various useful functions and generally see fair play. Sophy, the sharp-tongued, pretty Galician dining-room girl, wholly, though not long, emancipated from the era of long boots and uncouthness, subsided into delight behind her apron. Mr. McLean was unhabituated to such usage.

But he let it pass unrebuked in his insistence.

"Woman, ye dinna compreehend——"

The unexpected appearance of Miss Steggles herself, standing in the kitchen doorway, prevented his enlarging the widow's comprehension.

"What is it?" she asked, in a low, tired voice, coming into the room. "Fer why does he want to see me?"

The Widow Smith, posed as a figure of wrath, with arms akimbo, dropped her pose and went quickly to the faded spinster.

"Ye poor lamb! It's a mercy if th' bellowing fool ain't bin heard over th' hull township. Get ye back to yer rest, deary, an' leave me to settle th' blathering looney."

But Miss Steggles demurred. "It'll mebbe be important, ma'am, an' 'deed I'd rather th' man spoke quiet-like to me than—than——" ("To the whole township," she would have said but for her timidity.) "It'll mebbe be something fer Uncle Andrew Steggles."

"I'm no saying," said Mr. McLean, non-committant. "It's strictly preevate."

The Widow Smith looked doubtfully from the one to the other; there was a mild obstinacy in the aspect of Miss Steggles which disarmed her more effectively than the aggressive insistence of Mr. McLean.

"Well," she grumbled, "'spose I'll have to let ye. Ye can have th' parley upstairs."

Behind her acquiescence was a feminine curiosity; she enjoyed tattle with all a woman's zest.

Mr. McLean sat himself down squarely on the sofa by Miss Steggles and produced his watch for her inspection, bringing his stubby thumb into play again.

"Ye'll notice th' time, nigh one o'clock by th' express," he remarked, impressively. "Dinna shift so far away, woman. I'll no bite ye."

Miss Steggles blushed yet again, staring, in dumb confusion, into the cup of tea which the widow had insisted on providing her with. Further movement one way was impossible; she was already on the extreme end of the couch. Nor could she retrace her way, for Mr. McLean, shifting himself, prevented her.

"Ye'll notice th' time!" he repeated. "It's not long I can spare ye wi' th' express to catch at th' quarter-hoor—if it dinna git any later."

Miss Steggles was unequal to the task of querying his assumption.

"I'm a plain man, woman; a verra plain man."

"Ye-es," she murmured, oblivious of a double truth.

"Aye!" he proceeded, sagaciously, equally oblivious. "An' I dinna hold wi' any hi'falutin'. I want ye to look at me an' tell me just what ye think I'm wor-rth. But there, ye'll no guess, fer I'm no one o' them feckless loons to put a' me money on to me back. Five-an'-forty thousand dollars, woman, every cent of it, an' mebbe more. Wi' th' good crop I've had an' me holding it fer th' top price, an' wi' the land going up steady, too, it's hard just to tell; but ye'll understand, woman, that I'm terrible well fixed. 'Deed! but it's lucky ye are that I'd no caught me train before ye come."

Her luck being the purest Greek to her, Miss Steggles kept silence. But she was glad to have a very, very faint suspicion which had assailed her dispelled; to know that Mr. McLean was not wishing to borrow any money.

"An' ten year back, when I left Ontarie, I hadna so many tens to me name as noo I have thousands; aye! an' ten year before that, when I crost from th' old land, I hadna so many cents. A section an' a half o' land, a' broke, an' wi' everything on it paid fer. Aye! but I've worked mighty har-rd fer it!"

"Ye must have," remarked Miss Steggles, toying with her cup.

"Aye! An' noo I've just builtit a feefteen-hundred-dollar hoose."

"Oh!" Mr. McLean's pauses seemed to call for comment of some kind.

"Aye! An' I'm going to be marrit."

"Oh!" Deep down in Miss Steggles's heart stirred a nigh atrophied instinct of romance. Mr. McLean, with his hard, weather-bitten face, his coarse, bristly moustache, his obstinate chin, and straight, scraggy eyebrows, his whole unloveliness, was softened, ever so little, in the faintest, haziest of glamours. And she was made his confidante. The instinct thawed, vivified, grew; her heart warmed to him.

"Oh!" she gasped again, in a little tingle of interest. "An' ye'll be going down east to—to fetch her?"

Mr. McLean sat back, his hands clasping his outspread knees, and regarded her complacently. "'Deed, but I'm no thinking it'll be needful."

"She'll be living here?"

"Aye; I'm thinking she will."

"Oh!" Her companion's mysteriousness left her at a loss for conversation.

"Aye! Ye see, I'm thinking she cam' by th' west-bound this verra morning—th' train ye cam' by yersel'."

"With me! With me!" A dawning comprehension came into Miss Steggles's eyes. "With me!" she cried again, faintly.

Mr. McLean nodded a phlegmatic assent. "Aye! But let me tak' yer cup an' saucer from ye before ye spill 'em; ye'll no be feeling a wee bit a-gee-tated." And he suited action to his words. "'Tis yer verra sel'; ye'll be guessing it."

"O-oh!" All the foundations of existence—her existence—rocked from beneath her in this supreme, utterly undreamt-of moment. "But—but——" She stammered and floundered for speech, hot and cold with the wonder of it. At the back of her mind obtruded a subtle thought: Would he kiss her?

"But ye'll be losing yer train!" she blurted, desperately.

Mr. McLean consulted his watch. "I'll be hearing th' whustle o' it, dinna fear."

"But I don't know what to say to ye. An' Uncle Andrew Steggles, what'll he say?"

"'Deed, he's a feckless loon; but it's no in th' way o' yer prospeerity he'll be standing.

It's har-rdly bawbees he can show to me siller."

"But—but——" She rose to her feet unsteadily, white with wonder, and stood before him, wide-eyed and incredulous. "But look at me! look at me! jest look at th' looks o' me! Ye'll no be meaning it?"

Mr. McLean surveyed her dispassionately.

"'Deed, ye're no beautiful; but I havena a doot ye'll be a rare wor-rker. Sit ye doon again, Mandy. Th' Lor-rd's been verra good to ye—to keep me waiting fer th' train. An' to me, too," he added, piously. "But sit ye doon; I havna much time to spare."

Miss Steggles resumed her seat, dazed. "But—but—ye'll no be wanting to catch th' train if—if——" Incontinently the bloodlessness of her cheeks gave place to a hot, flaming tide of crimson. "Oh, what will Uncle Andrew Steggles say?" she cried, helplessly.

"Aye, but ye see," explained Mr. McLean, ignoring the question of Uncle Andrew Steggles, "I have me teecket, an' I havna done a' me beesiness yet. Ye see, when I builtit me feefteen-hundred-dollar hoose an' med up me mind to be marrit—fer I dinna hold wi' a hoosekeeper; there's no telling when th shiftless bodies'll be up an' packing their traps to leeve ye; an' th' wasteful money ye have to pay them an' a'—I thought I'd mebbe kill twa bir-rds like wi' th' one stoon. An' so I med up me mind to tak' a trip doon east an' bring back a car-load o' horses; an' whiles I was picking th' critturs up I'd be looking aboot fer some bit body that wudna look like a flighty rinaboot. Aye, the Lor-rd was verra good to ye, Mandy—but I havna got me horses yet."

The recipient of Divine favour heard him through, missing never a word, but her thoughts had taken a curious far-away trend. Dimly in her mind lurked a little smoulder of disappointment; the nervous fear that he might kiss her—it had been groundless. Vividly a scene re-enacted itself in her memory. She saw again the smiling station-agent remove his half-chewed cigar for an instant as he raised his hat before taking her heavy valise from her. Never before had she been so saluted; even now she was doubtful whether to regard it as a courtesy or familiarity. And then Mr. McLean finished speaking.

"An' will ye be buying me a washing-meechine?" she found herself saying; hardly conscious of herself in this, the wonder and disillusion of her first proposal. "An' what sorter churn'll I be using? An' will I be expectit to milk th' cows? An'—an'—oh! th' Lord help me; what am I saying?"

Mr. McLean regarded her with pained surprise.

"'Deed, ye may weel say that! I wudna ha' thought it o' ye, Mandy. Ye'll ha' a good enough chur-rn, fer I'll be getting ye some more coos to milk. But a washing-meechine—an' wi' just me an' th' three hired men to wash fer—I didna think ye were so extra-veegant!"

The vision of the smiling station-agent died away; there remained only Mr. McLean confronting her; Mr. McLean in all his canny, calculating unloveliness. She sprang to her feet, shuddering, shrinking from him in a hot surge of revulsion.

"Oh! I don't know what to call ye! I don't know what to call ye!" she cried.

"'Deed, but ye may call me Stewart, though it's Mr. McLean I'm mostly called, me being so respectit. But aboot th' washing-meechine——"

But she was in no mood to hear him.

"Oh, but I don't know what to call ye! I hate ye—I hate ye! I wudna marry ye if ye was th' last man alive; not if ye was to go down on to yer bendit knees! Oh, th' good Lord help me, how I hate ye!"

Mr. McLean had, perhaps, shown less composure at times in his life, but he had never experienced a greater incredulity—nor a greater sense of affront. His scraggy eyebrows elevated slightly, he looked at his watch. Then he rose.

"'Deed, I wudna do onything so foolish as to go on me bendit knees, an' I wudna ha' thought ye so crazy, woman. I havna more time to waste on ye: it'll be just on th' half-hoor, an'—— Aye! there's th' whustle."

With a ponderous clutter down the stairs went Mr. McLean—out of the house, out of her life.

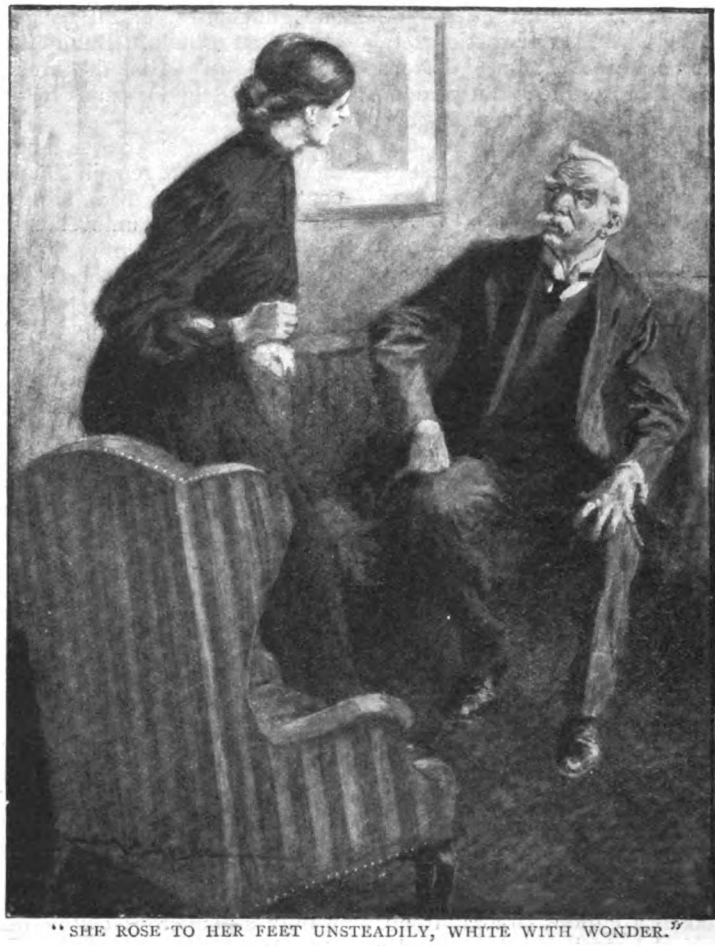
Presently she found herself sitting down, absently sipping her chilled tea, thinking. Up the stairs, through the door which Mr. McLean had neglected to close, came the click and clatter and talk of the dining-room. The chuckling, strident voice of a young farmer of the plains could be heard joking with Sophy; the retort of the pert Galician girl came to her, a little giggling tinkle of sound which set the whole room in laughter. It seemed—that little giggling tinkle—to weave itself into the woof of her thoughts, a gaudy, mocking thread of coloured life running through the drab woof of her own.

She rose to close the door and shut out the sound. As she rose her reflection in a mirror caught her eye and held her; looking, she forgot the door, forgot the irksome clamour of the dining-room, was held in a dull fascination which urged her nearer and nearer to her imagined self, trying to read the riddle of her life.

"'Deed, yer no beautiful!"

The words dinned at her. Who was she to be asking herself why her life was so barren of men's regard and homage? Where was her right? To such as the pretty Galician girl was it given to demand admiration, to be loved; to such as herself neglect, indifference. She had not wept; there were no tears in her eyes now; but dolefully a grey visualization of the future came to her—a dreary vista of drudgery stretching on to the bleak loneliness of old age; and mocking the sorrowful woof of her thoughts ran that gaudy thread of coloured life—the thought of pretty, giggling Sophy.

She did not heed the approaching footsteps on the stairs—did not hear them. For a moment the station-agent stood in the doorway, regarding her good-humouredly. Not till long after did he learn the inward meaning of her dejected pose before the glass, but even then a vague sense of the pathos of it stirred his heart.



"SHE ROSE TO HER FEET UNSTEADILY, WHITE WITH WONDER."

"Trust a woman," he laughed, genially, "to discover the thing best worth looking at, wherever she is."

Miss Steggles looked round, startled and flushed.

"Ye'll be thinking me awful vain; but I'm not. I was——" she hesitated, and then blurted out the truth, or rather part, "I was just noticing how homely I was."

He looked at her with an odd, quizzical kindliness, and shut the door behind him.

"You were what?" he asked. "Say that again."

"An' wishing I was like that theer dining-room gal," pursued Miss Steggles, remorselessly.

"Oh!" He laughed softly. "You haven't seen Sophy's mother, of course. Sophy is rising eighteen, and her mother is rising forty, and as fat—her mother is—as a barrel; same as Sophy'll be when she's double the age she is now—not a bit of shape about her."

"Oh!" said Miss Steggles, a little thrill of unrighteous satisfaction running through her. And then the oddness of their topic occurred to her.

"Not at all," said the agent, when she gave expression to her feeling. "It shows we're going to be very good friends; it's an opening that's worth a year's ordinary acquaintance. And you won't mind what I'm going to say now; people who know me never do, you know."

"Won't ye sit down?" said Miss Steggles, awkwardly.

"No, and I don't want you to, either. Turn about and look at yourself—no! not at me." Miss Steggles was staring at him bemused. "Woman, don't you see you've a figure Sophy never will have? You don't know how to arrange yourself, that's all. You know I'm a bit of an artist—draw a bit—I'm not talking through my hat. And you've a dandy lot of hair, only it's not fixed up to show you off."

Involuntarily her hands went up to pat at her hair, and then, as she caught a sudden glint of amusement in his eyes, she fell to laughing; a rippling, unconstrained laugh, such as she had not laughed for years.

"It's awful good o' ye," she laughed; "an' I feel like I'd known ye fer years."

The station agent laughed with her and held out his hand.

"Then we'll shake hands on our friendship. I came over to see if I could drive you out to your uncle's this afternoon. It's such a fine day to-day, and to-morrow it may be stormy. And don't talk about trouble—it isn't. I've got the night-operator to take my duty. Besides, I'd do anything to oblige a niece of old man Steggles."

"Uncle Andrew'll be awful obliged to ye," said Miss Steggles, and her eyes lit and softened suddenly, like the eyes of a girl to whom appears the prince of her fairy dream.

The station-agent found himself regarding, in some subtle, swift alchemy of change, a girl in the bloom of five-and-twenty where had been the tired, faded woman of five-and-thirty. Her hand was still in his; he took it in both.

"I'm awful obliged to Uncle Andrew," said he.

But this is really the story of the courtship of Mr. McLean.

"'I'M AWFUL OBLIGED TO UNCLE ANDREW,' SAID HE."

THE ART OF DISGUISE.

By WILLY CLARKSON.

HOW many people there are who yearn passionately to be, not themselves—although that is often difficult, too—but somebody else! Of course, this yearning can be satisfied temporarily by going on the stage. On the stage you can pretend to be a millionaire (with only a shilling in the world), or an Abyssinian prince, or a solicitor, and look exactly like each of these characters, and people will pretend to believe you—for a couple of hours or so. And then the curtain falls; you go out by the stage-door, and you are yourself again. But the stage is not life. In real life your yearning is apt to go unsatisfied, because you have never heard of anybody disguising themselves but a detective, and you have no ambitions, or, maybe, no gifts, in that direction.

And let me say at once that disguise—the disguise that really serves its purpose instead of only betraying its wearer—is a difficult art. It is an art that enters more effectually into real life—its romance and tragedy—than most people would be disposed to believe.

In the case of men, the beard is undoubtedly the greatest aid to disguise. But great care has to be taken, for if too striking an appearance were given to the subject the whole purpose of the scheme would be defeated. In our art the whole secret of success lies in not attempting too much. There is no particular kind of beard. As a rule, it has to be thin, and is usually of a lighter hue than the hair.

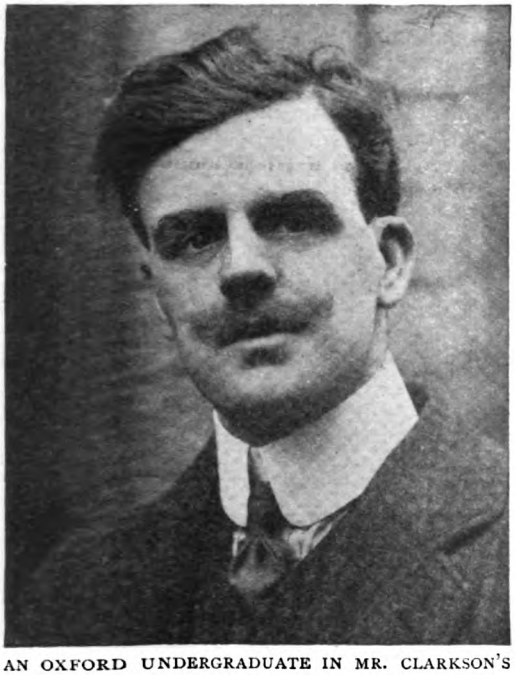
MR. CLARKSON MAKING UP A GERMAN.

Besides altering the complexion, the use of slightly smoked glasses often helps greatly towards a good disguise. Alterations can also be made in the arch and colour of the eyebrows; and, talking of eyebrows, you would be surprised if you only knew how often we have to paint out black eyes. I well remember the case of a lady who, on the very day prior to her marriage, came by "two lovely black eyes" as the result of an accident. Some boys were throwing stones in the street, and one of the missiles struck her on the bridge of the nose, with the result I have mentioned. She came to me in great distress, and we painted them out for her, so that she was able to go through the marriage ceremony without observation. There was another case, I remember, of a gentleman who had accidentally received a black eye in Brussels. He wired to me to send a man over to treat him, which I at once did. The assistant travelled about with him ostensibly as his valet, but in reality as an expert to paint his eye from time to time until the discoloration disappeared.

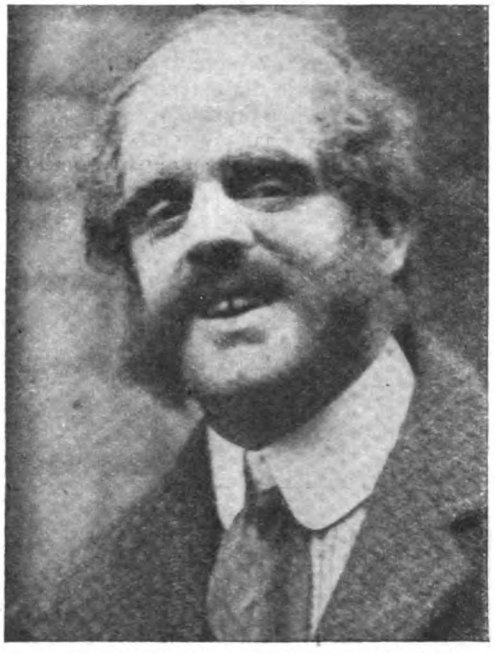
Of course, with certain persons it is useless for us to attempt a disguise solely by working on the face. Attention has to be paid to the contour of the back and shoulders; while sometimes the use of a towel or two over the latter inside the coat works a great change. The use of a high heel and a low one is often successful in altering the gait, but in this matter a good deal depends upon the person himself. There are also ways of altering the stature, such as the raising or

lowering of the heels, or the use of an unaccustomed hat; but the secret of the art is to give a disguised person what is called an average exterior, otherwise our work is often in vain.

Many a disguise is but part of the sequel to proceedings in the law courts—to matrimonial causes, for example. I can recall an abduction case which evoked a great amount of interest at the time, when a father, whose daughter had been spirited away, surreptitiously tried again and again to gain access to her—but all to no purpose. Eventually, however, he had recourse to the subterfuge of disguise, and his identity being quite unsuspected he obtained instant audience of the young lady whom he had so long and so vainly endeavoured to approach. There was another case which may interest your readers. A married lady who—as the result of a legal decision—was given the custody of her children awoke one day to the distressing fact that they had been removed from her care by stealth. All her efforts to discover even their whereabouts proved unavailing; but she learned enough to lead her to suspect a relative of the father. Baulked in every other attempt to trace the children, she in her extremity resorted to the aid of a disguise, and set herself to track the suspected relative. So well did her plan succeed that in one of the waiting-rooms at Liverpool Street Station she, without being detected, occupied a seat quite close to the man on whom her suspicions had fallen. She kept him under the closest observation, joined the train by which he travelled, alighted at the station at which he got out, and tracked him to the house where she had reason to believe the children were being detained. Then, taking advantage of the man's absence from the house, she seized the earliest opportunity of bearing off the children of whom she had been so long in quest.



AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE IN MR. CLARKSON'S HANDS—



—QUICKLY BECOMES A GENIAL YORKSHIRE GRAZIER.

Perhaps our most frequent visitors are detectives desiring to be made up so as to carry out their investigations more easily. In these cases the disguises naturally vary. Sometimes the officer leaves us as a labourer, sometimes in the guise of a street-corner loafer; and I remember once making up a detective as a crossing-sweeper.

Of course, we can never tell to what purpose a disguise is to be put. It may be adopted in the commission of crime or for the detection of crime; or it may be adopted for quite innocent purposes. When the famous Peace was being tried, it transpired in court that he had got a beard from us. Yet, for aught we knew at the time, that beard might have

been intended for amateur theatricals. And as an instance of an innocent "make-up," I well recollect making-up an authoress as a dirty little gamin, in order that she might gain access to a "thieves' kitchen," in pursuit of local colour for something she was writing.

It is astonishing how great a metamorphosis may be wrought by the simplest devices, and amongst the simplest is that of altering the complexion. When the possessor of a pink and white skin appears at table in evening dress with that skin stained to an olive, he is almost unrecognizable to his acquaintances. If the brune tint extends also to his hair, the latter being dressed in a different way, he can almost challenge detection.

A gentleman who was living apart from his wife learned that the lady had succeeded to a large fortune, left to her by a relative abroad. In order either to get at the true facts—or, perhaps, to filch the money, or some of it, from her (I forget which)—he disguised himself as the representative of a firm of solicitors at the Antipodes who were associated professionally with the bequest. At this distance of time I do not quite remember how the story turned out; but this I know, that never for a moment did the wife recognize her own husband in the person of the pseudo-solicitor.

In this case an unfamiliar complexion was aided by the judicious use of a couple of figs. Not eaten, *bien entendu*, although figs are, I believe, a wholesome fruit, but tucked away in either cheek. It is not merely that they serve the purpose of what are called "plumpers," but that they disguise the manner of speech effectually. Even one on the roof of the mouth will work wonders. Here, then, is a new use for figs.

Speaking of stained face and hands, it must be remembered that occasionally the stain must extend to the arm. A man desiring to impersonate a swarthy Spaniard was making a great deal of his dark blood, and his obvious kinship to another man who had been killed in an accident, and whose property he claimed. His auditors, with one exception, were impressed. It seemed in the highest degree unlikely that there could be at random two men of that peculiar colouring without being brothers. But the exception made some incredulous observation. The swarthy Andalusian professed to fly in a rage, and threatened, in more or less broken English, to punch the doubting Thomas's head. The other rolled up his sleeves, and the pseudo-Spaniard immediately did the same. The next instant he wished

HE IS TRANSFORMED INTO A FRENCHMAN—

—OR EVEN A MEMBER OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA.

he hadn't. A roar of laughter made him glance at his fore-arms, which were of a beautiful light cream tint, smeared in patches with walnut stain. To the cries, "Show us your chest, mister!" "What price Spanish liquorice?" he judged it prudent to return no answer, but made off in the melancholy conviction that half a disguise is sometimes no better than none.

One day, during the recent elections, a gentleman came to me and asked to be made up in a special fashion.

"Certainly, sir," I replied. "You are taking part in some private theatricals?"

"Not exactly," said the visitor.

"Ah! A fancy-dress ball?"

"Not at all. This is a more serious business." With that he drew some photographs from his pocket. "Do you see these? Very well, make me up to resemble the original of these photographs."

"But these are Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"Precisely. But don't be alarmed. The Chancellor had promised to speak at B—— to-night. It is essential, as I believe, to our success at the polls that he should at least put in an appearance. Unhappily, he had previously promised to address another meeting at S——, twenty miles away, the same evening. The roads are bad, and I don't believe he can possibly manage it. In case he fails, I will represent him."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Address the crowd from my motor-car. I have the speech already prepared. But they will only want to see me—that is, Mr. Lloyd George. Can you do it?"

"I will do my best. To begin with, it is clear that you don't resemble Mr. Lloyd George in the least. You are stout and red-haired, and your forehead is hardly so expansive."

DISGUISES IN THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR HOAX.
From a Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

"I am aware of that. But I rely upon your art. Your reputation is at stake."

The metamorphosis began at once. In an hour the gentleman's closed motor-car was at the door. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—long, iron-grey hair, lofty brow, lined cheeks—stepped out on to the pavement. There was a block at Coventry Street, and the distinguished politician was recognized. A cheer was raised. A suffragette hooted. The motor sped on. What happened after that is not known. But I confess I was nervous for some hours. Perhaps the bogus Chancellor had driven to the Treasury and demanded a couple of million pounds as pocket-money. Perhaps he had driven to Downing Street and placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister. Perhaps—but speculation is vain—he was never heard of again. But the papers next morning mentioned Mr. Lloyd George as having spoken at both B—— and S——, a circumstance which may or may not have surprised the right hon. gentleman. At all events, S—— contributed to a Liberal victory in the division, which points a moral of its own. Why should distinguished orators not duplicate themselves, and, provided with a gramophone, stump the country, instead of relying on unknown and ineffective party workers? My staff is quite prepared to multiply Mr. Asquith twentyfold, and convert all the followers of Mr. Redmond into the well-nigh indistinguishable image of their able leader.

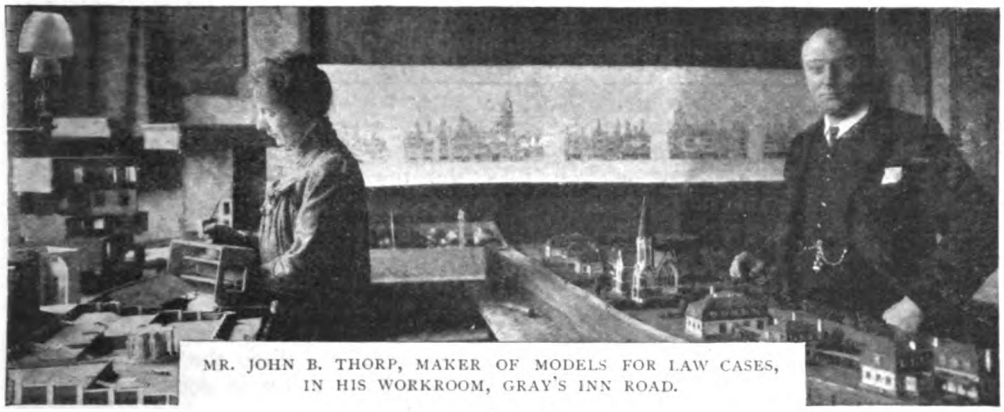
I have been connected with several celebrated—and, I believe, innocent—hoaxes, amongst which I may mention that of "Mr. Haddock, M.P.," who went down to address the students at Cambridge. Then there was the Zanzibar affair. One summer morning, some four or five years ago, the Mayor of Cambridge received a telegram, ostensibly from the Sultan's secretary, informing him

FOR THE CELEBRATED "DREADNOUGHT" HOAX MR. CLARKSON MADE UP THE "DISTINGUISHED ABYSSINIANS."
From a Photograph by] [*Lafayette, Ltd.*

that the "dusky potentate"—who was then in England—wished to pay a quiet and informal visit to the home of learning over which the mayor presided, without the knowledge of the University authorities. The mayor, fluttered by the unexpected honour, ran to consult his fellow-aldermen to decide in what manner the Sultan should be received.

The Sultan was accompanied by only one attendant and a black interpreter, the latter interpreting his master's remarks to the mayor, who was extremely gratified. Lunch was quickly disposed of, and the party was conducted round the town and shown the colleges and the Backs. Then, after an effusive parting, the Sultan and his two attendants drove off to the station in a closed conveyance, and were never seen again. They certainly never reached the station.

But, upon the whole, the most successful achievement happened in February last. It will go down in history as the "*Dreadnought* hoax." The story is well known. One morning the Commander-in-Chief at Portland received a telegram to announce the impending arrival of a party of Abyssinian princes, and asking that officer to show the distinguished visitors over the flagship. The telegram was signed "Hardinge." At the same time a party of young men might have been (but were not) observed leaving my premises in Wardour Street, whence they entrained at Paddington for Weymouth. The whole exploit was planned with extreme care and rehearsed in advance, so as to avoid the possibility of discovery. When the party arrived at its destination it was seen that the telegram had had its desired effect. A steam pinnace was in waiting, and the visitors, presenting a most realistic and remarkable spectacle, were taken on board the *Dreadnought*. All the usual marks of honour were accorded them, and only one objection was raised on board the vessel. That was not to the *bona fides* of the party, but referred only to a German member of the deputation going round the ship. An explanation was forthcoming that the mother of the gentleman was an Englishwoman, and he was allowed to accompany the others on their tour of inspection. The "princes," through their interpreter, expressed their almost childlike appreciation of everything connected with their visit, and pressed upon one of the officers an "Abyssinian Order" as a mark of their regard. Of course, the decoration was refused, its acceptance being contrary to the regulations. The hoax could not possibly have been more successful, but without doubt the telegram, which put everyone on board the battleship off their guard, rendered the greatest assistance to the perpetrators.



MR. JOHN B. THORP, MAKER OF MODELS FOR LAW CASES, IN HIS WORKROOM, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

"PRODUCED IN COURT."

A Maker of Models for the Guidance of Juries.

By ANDREW SOUTAR.

"FOR the guidance of the jury, counsel then produced in court a model of the house about which the dispute had arisen."

Many a time, in the course of reporting a law case, had I written the above or a similar phrase, before I met the man whose studied business it is to make and supply, for legal purposes, a model of anything from a country mansion to a stretch of roadway. Probably it was the inadequacy of the language that led to his devoting himself to the producing of "ocular proof" for the guidance of juries. Even the most eloquent of counsel may fail properly to describe a situation, especially if the technicalities are apt to be confusing to the lay mind. But when the actual "situation" in miniature is produced in court, the glib tongue of counsel is silenced by comparison. For in the words of the old Roman poet: "Those things stimulate us less which are heard by the ear than those which are presented to the faithful eye."

The maker of models is Mr. John B. Thorp, and his toyland of a workshop is in Gray's Inn Road. Lest you conceive the idea of a modern Caleb Plummer, let me describe the model-maker. Originally, Mr. Thorp, who is still a young man, devoted himself to the profession of an architect, but the best-laid plans are not always profitable, and, being of a studious disposition, he commenced researches into the history of Old London. He himself discovered fascination in the work, and conceived the idea of reconstructing the most historical portions of the capital. It was merely to gratify a whim that he rebuilt, in miniature, old London Bridge, but a friend to whom it was shown was of a more practical turn of mind. "Why not construct the whole of the more interesting portions of London?" he said. "The average Londoner's love of the capital is such that a model, when replete with panoramic equipment, would bring him from far and near to see it." The models of Old London which were on view at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908 were the result. The prophecy of the friend was more than fulfilled. The receipts in sixpences during the exhibition amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds. But these models of Old London represented prodigious labour and patience that is given to few men to possess. Every detail in the structure was historically correct. Years and years were devoted to a search in dusty archives, and if anyone is now thoroughly conversant with the history and romance of the greatest capital in the world that person is Mr. Thorp. Especially were the Americans interested in the work, and one gentleman from across the

Atlantic opened his cheque-book with an expressive gesture. "The exhibition as it stood," said Mr. Thorp, "might have been sold a thousand times, but when a man has devoted many years of his life to the construction of anything, the affection that springs up is high above price." Queen Alexandra was one of the most interested visitors to the exhibition, and the sixpence which Her Majesty paid at the turnstiles for admission is a treasured souvenir. Among the illustrations in this article is one of the Old Horse Guards in Whitehall, which Mr. Thorp—who, by the way, was educated at Christ's Hospital—modelled (Fig. 1).

But Old London was only the hobby of the model-maker. His workshop in Gray's Inn Road is one of those places that men read of sometimes but seldom see. An imaginative child, or, say, little Jenny Wren of "Our Mutual Friend," could stay among the hundreds of models stored there without once experiencing that tired feeling which comes of having a surfeit of good things, mechanical, edible, or otherwise. There are scores of charming little cottages set in their own tiny gardens, with the tree-tops round about, peeping woefully through the dust; there are farmhouses standing neglected in the corners and on the shelves, as though a tired child had left them there and gone away to grow and to forget such things; there are trains and ships and ingeniously-constructed panoramas that move with a musical hum when the tiny dynamo is set in motion; there are so many "toys" on the shelves and in the corners that even the imaginative child might ask in wonderment why the quiet-looking man at the lathe yonder goes on making more, and why the tiny paint-pots on the bench are being continually refilled. It is a nursery that Alice of Wonderland fame might have envied, and Mr. Thorp himself completes the impression by smiling quietly at the stacks of models as though he half expected phantom children to steal out of their hiding-places and resume their play.

But the illusion fades when one learns that every model which Mr. Thorp makes is destined, not for the amusement of fairy children, but for the edification of juries in a court of law, or for some other purpose wholly devoid of sentiment. Mr. Thorp had been engaged as a witness in several law cases before he realized the potentialities of the model as a factor in deciding an issue; no evidence, he realized, had such weight and influence with a jury. He made a business of model-making, and lawyers began to appreciate his work. Now he has difficulty in supplying the demand, but, like every maker of toys, he has little need of sleep; he can work as he sleeps and sleep as he works. One of the finest tributes paid to his genius and his line of business is contained in the following extract from a paper read by Mr. Percival Marshall before the Institute of Junior Engineers, on March 14th, 1902; the extract serves to illustrate the work in which Mr. Thorp is engaged: "An interesting instance of the value of models in legal disputes occurred some time ago, when a scheme for the water supply of Birmingham was being discussed in the House of Lords. The plans were being opposed by some of the Glamorganshire authorities, when Mr. Mansergh, who appeared in support of the promoters of the scheme, produced a model illustrating the nature of the work he intended to carry out, with the result that the opposition case collapsed in a very few minutes."

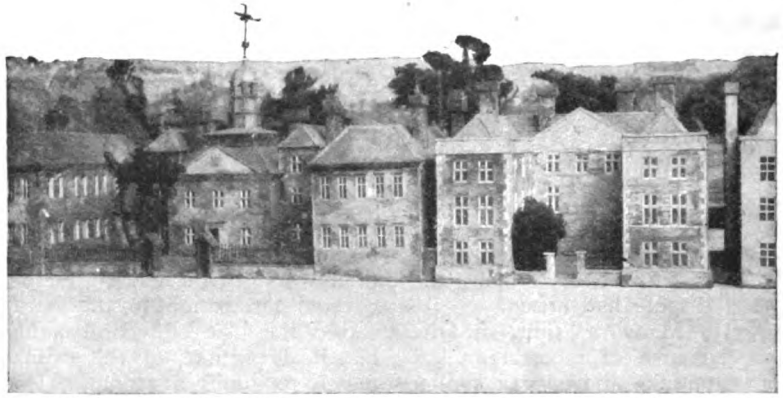


FIG. 1.—MODEL OF THE OLD HORSE GUARDS IN WHITEHALL, CONSTRUCTED BY MR. THORP.

FIG. 2.—SCENE OF A COACHING ACCIDENT AT LYMINGTON WHICH LED TO LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Concerning the various models he has constructed, Mr. Thorp has some interesting stories to relate. Unfortunately for the reader, he has passed that stage when he was wont to follow the travels of a model, being content now to hand it over to the purchaser and ceasing then and there to take an interest in it. Therefore the results of many important legal cases in which the models have figured are unknown to him.

The model of the roadway shown in Fig. 2 was constructed as the result of a coaching accident at Lymington. After turning out of one of the forks in the roadway the coach was overturned and the occupants were thrown into the ditch on the left of the main road. An action was brought by one of the injured parties against the borough council, the contention being that the "arch" of the roadway was in the wrong place and responsible for the overthrow of the coach. Mr. Thorp visited the spot, and an exact model of it was taken into court with the object of convincing the jury that the council had a strong case. The proof was incontrovertible in the eyes of the jury. The model in Fig. 3 played a prominent part in a West-end action against a well-known business man. A right of way to a neighbouring house had been closed, and the business man referred to was ordered to remove the obstruction. The model was made with the object of showing how drastically the way had been barred.

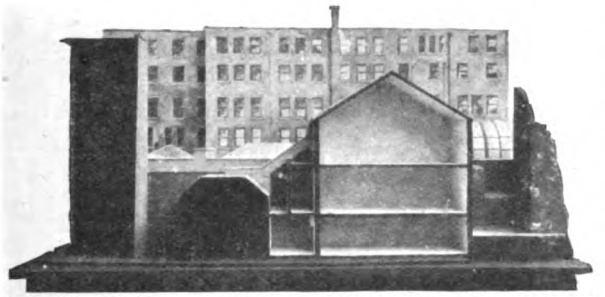


FIG. 3.—MODEL OF AN OUTBUILDING THAT WAS SAID TO OBSTRUCT A RIGHT OF WAY.

Here let me interpose an anecdote to illustrate the value which the legal profession had by this time learned to place on a model, or "exhibit," as it is termed in the phraseology of the law. One morning Mr. Thorp was waited on by the representatives of a gentleman who proposed to take action in a dispute about a residence. "You can have two days in which to complete the model," said the spokesman. The plans were examined, and the model-maker replied that he must be allowed a week in which to do the work. "Impossible," said the intending patron. "The case comes on two days hence. Take the order or leave it." "I will leave it," said Mr. Thorp. The men went away, only to return two days later: "You can have a week," they said, "in which to complete the model." Realizing the importance of the model in their action, they had actually applied to the judge for an adjournment of their case for a week. In the result the case was won. And the cost of the model was fifty pounds.

The photograph in Fig. 4 provides an example of antipathy not wholly devoid of reason, as is generally the case. The old residence shown in the picture, and situated in Curzon Street, Mayfair, was put up for sale. The surrounding property was what

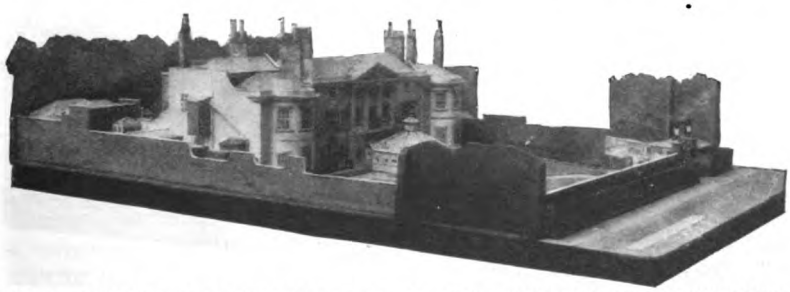


FIG. 4.—MAYFAIR RESIDENCE MODELLED, ON THE COMMISSION OF NEIGHBOURING OWNERS, FOR PURPOSES OF "RECORD."

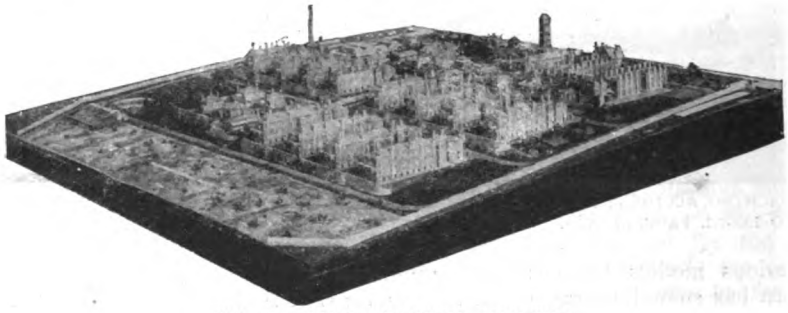


FIG. 5.—MODEL OF BROOK HOSPITAL.

the auctioneer would term "high-class," and the owners were ultra-sensitive; they had horrifying visions of the old residence being pulled down and a block of flats of inartistic design erected in its place. The model was made for the purposes of "record," in case the worst fears were realized.

The model of Brook Hospital, shown in Fig. 5, was designed for less prosaic purposes than the law. The hospital, when finished, was regarded as a triumph in architectural design, and in their pride the directorate were not disposed to hide its beauty from the world. For nine months Mr. Thorp was engaged on a model of the structure, and the result of his labours was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, several other exhibitions on the Continent, and at the White City last year. The cost of the model was four hundred pounds. The model of the Princess Mary Village Homes, shown in Fig. 6, was worked up entirely from photographs and the ground plan, the cost being one hundred pounds.

In the making of a model the greatest care must be given to detail, each figure being made to scale. This fact explains the photograph of the toy horses and barrels made for the Meux Brewery Company. Mr. Thorp was commissioned to make a model of the complete brewery from rough plans. A great deal depended upon the accuracy with which he performed this task, and it was necessary to construct the toy horses, the barrels, and the vans, in order to ascertain how many actual horses and vans and barrels could stand in the brewery yard at one time. It was intended to erect the brewery at Wandsworth, and Mr. Thorp had the satisfaction of learning

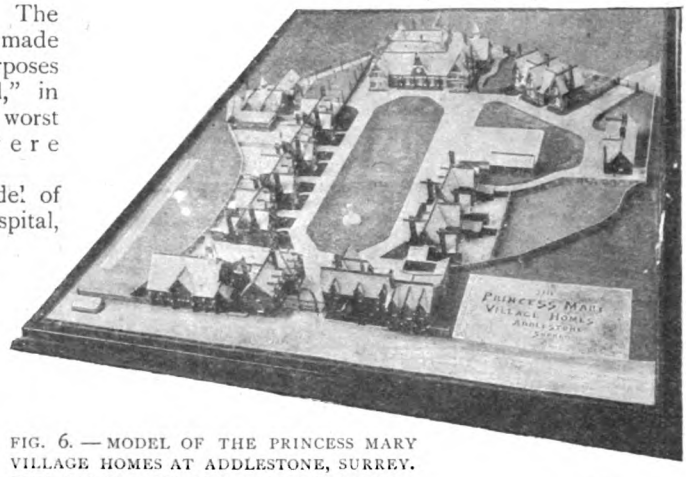


FIG. 6. — MODEL OF THE PRINCESS MARY VILLAGE HOMES AT ADDLESTONE, SURREY. THIS MODEL COST ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

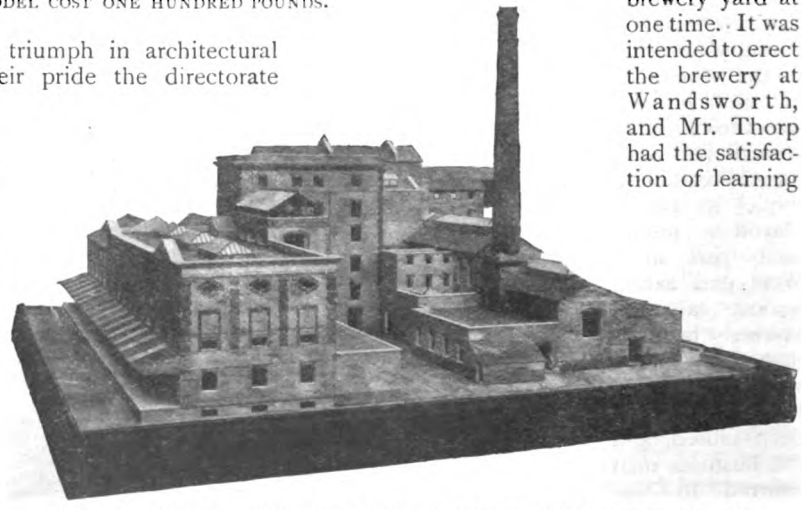


FIG. 7.—SHOWING MODEL OF BREWERY WHICH MESSRS. MEUX AND CO. PROPOSED TO ERECT AT WANDSWORTH.

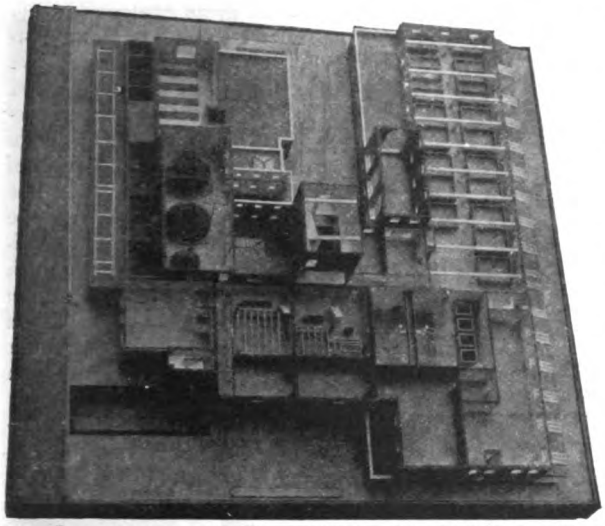


FIG. 8. — MODEL OF THE INTERIOR OF MEUX'S PROPOSED BREWERY, LOOKING FROM ABOVE.

from one of the interested parties that his models had saved the company some thousands of pounds, in that they had prevented a certain line of construction being taken (Figs. 7, 8, and 9).

The same company was responsible for the model in Fig. 10. The building shown is the company's offices at the juncture of Tottenham Court Road with Oxford Street. The action of the Underground Railway authorities in making a subway immediately in front of the ground-floor window of the house led to legal proceedings; and the model in the photograph was produced in court for the benefit of the jury.

Legal proceedings almost as protracted as the famous "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" case surround the model in Fig. 11. It was a case of "ancient lights," the owner of the house on the right alleging that the house of his neighbour obstructed the free light and air of his dwelling. The case went from court to court, until it reached the House of Lords. The picture of a ladder leaning against a house-wall, in Fig. 12, has more than a passing interest to builders. The house was being built, and that front wall was in a state of "greenness"—the bricks had been newly laid and the mortar was still wet. A workman ascended the ladder, which was at an angle of about forty-five degrees. By the time he reached the topmost rung the pressure on the new wall was so great that the row of bricks "caved," and he was severely cut and bruised by the falling masonry. He brought an action for damages against the builder, and the defendant's argument was that the man should not have ascended the ladder while it was standing at such an angle. It was somewhat of a difficult situation to explain to a jury of laymen, but the model triumphed. Fig. 13 represents a collision at Walthamstow. The small block in the roadway shows the position of a doctor's motor-car just before it encountered a brewer's dray (the large block). Figs. 14, 15, and 16 are those of other models

FIG. 9 —THESE MODELS OF THE HORSES, VANS, AND BARRELS WERE MADE TO SCALE TO DETERMINE THE CAPACITY OF THE MEUX BREWERY YARD.

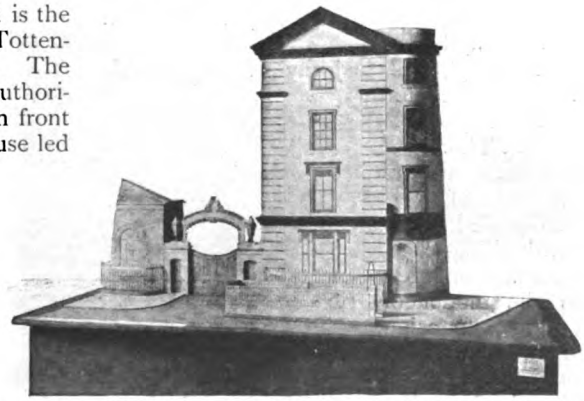


FIG. 10.—THE SUBWAY IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING GAVE RISE TO LEGAL ACTION, AND THIS MODEL WAS PRODUCED IN COURT.

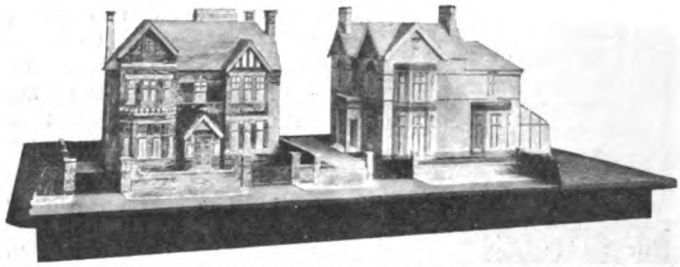


FIG. 11.—OWNERS OF THESE HOUSES CARRIED LEGAL PROCEEDINGS TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, THE MODEL ABOVE PLAYING A PROMINENT PART.

which have helped to settle disputes at law. That of the Coronation stand erected in St. Clement Danes may bring back memories to those who took part in it. The stand was built to designs which, the plaintiffs (who purchased seats to witness the passing of the Royal procession) contended, prevented those seated at the

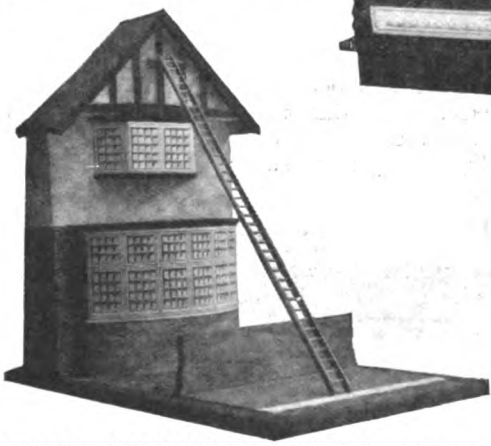


FIG. 12.—MODEL MADE TO REFUTE AN INJURED WORKMAN'S CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

back of the stand from seeing anything of the roadway beneath.

"Although the majority of the models I make are for legal purposes," said Mr. Thorp, "a great many are the outcome of personal pride in one's own dwelling-place. I am now engaged on the model of a large mansion which formerly belonged to a person who figured conspicuously in the public Press some years ago. The gentleman who purchased it decided to have certain alterations made, and I was instructed to prepare a model, not only of the mansion itself, but of the immediate grounds. The original of the Tudor House model (Fig. 17) was exhibited at the Franco-British Exhibition, and the model was made in order that the Americans at home might be given a better idea of the house than they could gain from plans or photographs.

"There is something like a fashion grow-

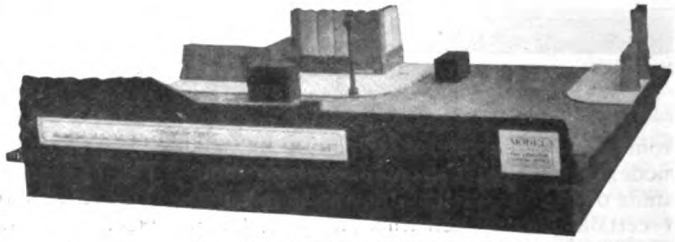


FIG. 13.—MODEL SCENE OF A COLLISION BETWEEN A DOCTOR'S MOTOR-CAR AND A BREWER'S DRAY.

ing in this model work. Owners of prettily-situated detached villas appear to take so great a pride in their property that they do not mind the expense entailed in having an exact model made for ornamental purposes. Only a few weeks ago I constructed the model of a house and fitted it with tiny electric bulbs. It was placed down the centre of a dinner-table, and when the lights were lit the effect was both novel and charming. The guests had the experience of sitting inside and outside the house of their host at one and the same time.

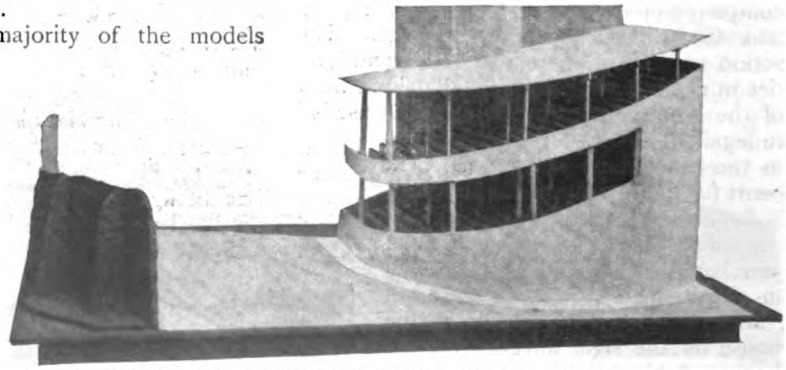


FIG. 14.—MODEL OF A CORONATION STAND WHICH OCCUPIED THE ATTENTION OF A JUDGE.

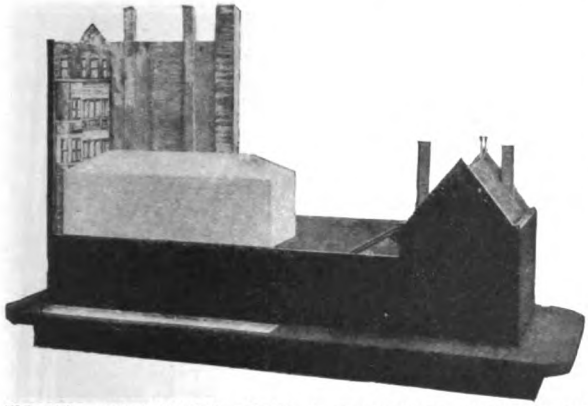


FIG. 15.—THIS MODEL SHOWS A TEMPORARY SUPPER-ROOM (ON LEFT) WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AND LED TO LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

"Reverting to the legal aspect of the work, probably the most remarkable action in which any model played a part was one that arose in a South of England town. A factory was erected near a church, and it was alleged that the vibration caused by the machinery in the former interfered with the mid-week services in the latter; during prayers, it was said, the church shook and rattled ominously. I had to prepare models of church and factory; the factory is still being worked, so I assume that the action failed.

"As in every other profession, some queer clients are met with in model-making. One evening a young fellow called on me and inquired the length of time I should require to construct a model of a Canadian farmstead. He produced a small and much-faded snapshot of the place, and assisted me further by making a rough sketch of the main building and the outhouses. It took me four days to complete the model, and he was at my elbow nearly the whole of the time, guiding me in the details. When it was completed he asked the cost, and paid me in gold. Then he asked to have the model photographed from every conceivable point, and the photographs would not have betrayed the fact that the farmstead was only a model. 'I think they will do,' he said, after examining the prints. He sat down in my office and wrote a letter, addressing it to a woman. On one of the prints (I could not help seeing it, because he dropped it on the floor and I hastened to pick it up for him) were the words: 'This was yours if you had come out to me.'

"Even to-day I can't make up my mind that the young fellow was a hypocrite. There was something else behind the model, which, by the way, he asked me to dismantle."

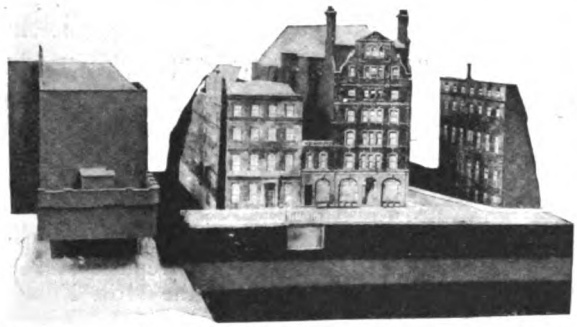


FIG. 16. — MODEL OF PREMISES IN GREAT DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, WHICH FIGURED IN A "LIGHT-AND-AIR" ACTION.

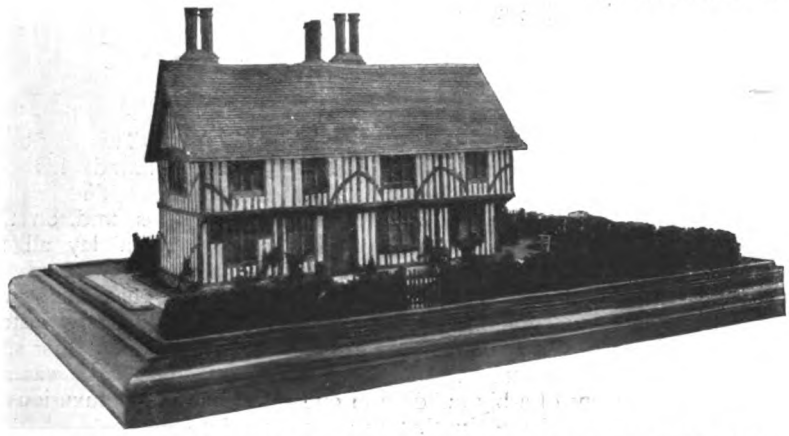
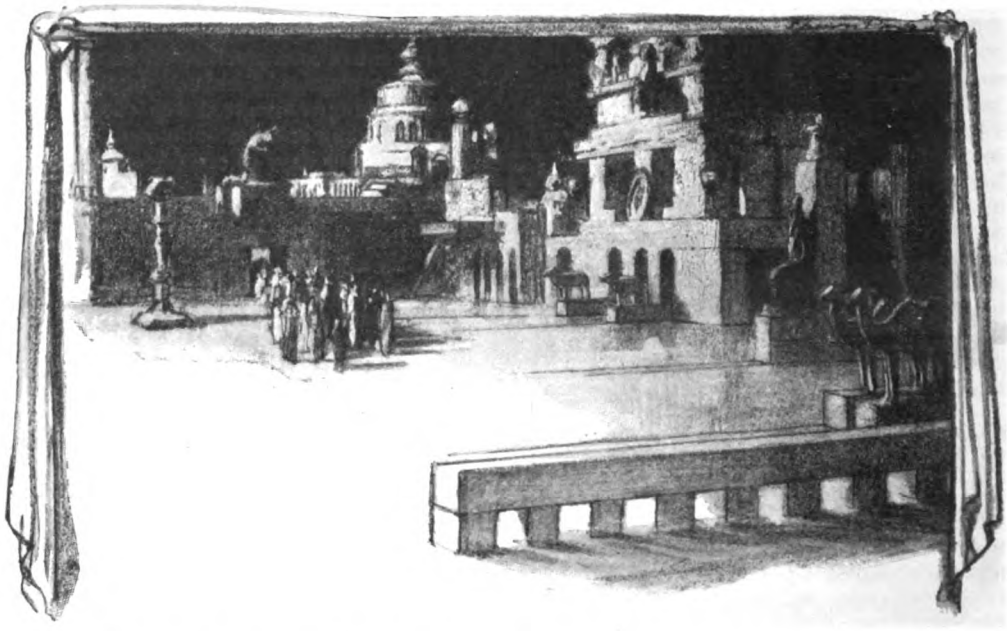


FIG. 17.—MODEL OF A TUDOR HOUSE EXHIBITED AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.



THE MAGIC CITY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER V.

THE Princess was just Lucy.

"It's too bad," said Philip, "I do think." Then he stopped short and just looked cross.

"The Princess and the champion will now have their teas," said Mr. Noah. "Right about face everybody, please, and quick march."

Philip and Lucy found themselves marching side by side through the night made yellow with continuous fireworks.

You must picture them marching across a great plain of grass where many-coloured flowers grew.

No one spoke. Philip said nothing because he was in a bad temper. And if you are in a bad temper, nothing is a good thing to say.

All the streets were brilliantly lighted, and flags and festoons of flowers hung from the windows and across the streets.

It was in the front of a big building in one of the great squares of the city that an extra display of coloured lamps disclosed open doors and red-carpeted steps. Mr. Noah hurried up the steps and turned to receive Philip and Lucy.

"The City of Polistopolis," he said, "whose unworthy representative I am, greets in my person the Most Noble Sir Philip, Knight, and Slayer of the Dragon. Also the Princess whom he has rescued. Be pleased to enter."

They went up the red-cloth-covered steps and into a hall, very splendid with silver and ivory. Mr. Noah stooped to a confidential question.

"You'd like a wash, perhaps?" he said, "and your Princess too. And perhaps you'd like to dress up a little? Before the banquet, you know. This way to the dressing-rooms."

Philip found his dressing-room very interesting. The walls were entirely of looking-glass, and on tables in the middle of the room lay all sorts of clothes, of beautiful colours and odd shapes — shoes, stockings, hats, crowns, armour, swords, cloaks, breeches, waistcoats, jerkins, trunk hose. An open door showed a marble bath-room. The bath was sunk in the floor, as the baths of luxurious Roman Empresses used to be.

Philip undressed and went into the warm, clear water, greenish between the air and the marble. He put on his shirt and knickerbockers again and wandered

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round the room looking at the clothes laid out there, and wondering which of the wonderful costumes would be really suitable for a knight to wear at a banquet. After considerable hesitation, he decided on a little soft shirt of chain-mail that made just a double handful of tiny steel links as he held it. But a difficulty arose.

"I don't know how to put it on," said Philip, "and I expect the banquet is waiting. How cross it'll be!"

He stood undecided, holding the chain-mail in his hands, and then his eyes fell on a bell-handle. Above it was an ivory plate, and on it in black letters the word "Valet." Philip rang the bell.

Instantly a soft tap at the door heralded the entrance of a person whom Philip at the first glance supposed to be a sandwich-man. But the second glance showed that the oblong flat things which he wore were not sandwich-boards but dominoes. The person between them bowed low.

"Oh!" said Philip, "I rang for the valet."

"I am not the valet," said the domino-enclosed person, who seemed to be in skin-tight black clothes under his dominoes. "I am the master of the robes. I only attend on really distinguished persons. Double-six, at your service, sir. Have you chosen your dress?"

"I'd like to wear the armour," said Philip, holding it out. "It seems the right thing for a knight," he added.

"Quite so, sir. I confirm your opinion."

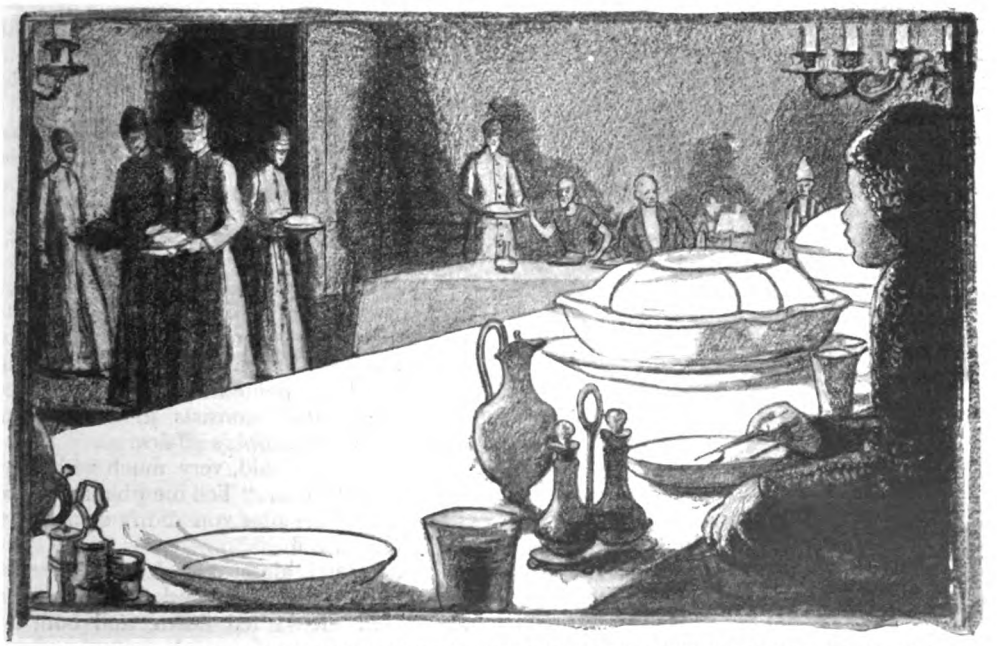
You have no idea how jolly Philip looked in the mail coat and mailed hood—just like a Crusader.

At the doorway of the dressing-room he met Lucy in a short white dress sticking out all round her, and a coronal of pearls round her head. "I'm a Christmas fairy off the Christmas-tree," she said. "I've always wanted to be one, and now I am."

The banquet was spread on three tables, one along each side of a great room, and one across the top of the room.

Mr. Noah was already in his place in the middle of a high table, and Lucy and Philip now took their places at each side of him. The table was spread with all sorts of nice-looking foods, and plates of a pink and white pattern very familiar to Philip. They were, in fact, as he soon realized, the painted wooden plates from his sister's doll's-house.

Philip fingered his knife and fork; the pattern of those also was familiar to him. They were indeed the little leaden ones out of the doll's-house knife-basket of green and silver filigree. He hungrily waited. Servants in straight yellow dresses and red masks and caps were beginning to handle the dishes. A dish was handed to him. A beautiful jelly it looked like. He took up his spoon



"SERVANTS IN STRAIGHT YELLOW DRESSES AND RED MASKS WERE BEGINNING TO HANDLE THE DISHES."

and was just about to help himself when Mr. Noah whispered ardently, "Don't!" and, as Philip looked at him in astonishment, he added, still in a whisper, "Pretend, can't you? Have you never had a pretending banquet?" But before he had caught the whisper Philip had tried to press the edge of the leaden spoon into the shape of jelly; and he felt that the jelly was quite hard. He went through the form of helping himself, but it was just nothing that he put on his plate. And he saw that Mr. Noah and Lucy and all the other guests did the same. Presently another dish was handed to him. There was no changing of plates. "They *needn't*," Philip thought, bitterly. This time it was a fat goose, not carved, and now Philip saw that it was attached to its dish with glue. Then he understood.

Philip and Lucy, growing hungrier and hungrier, pretended with sinking hearts to eat and enjoy the wooden feast. Wine was served in those little goblets which they knew so well, where the double glass restrained and contained a red fluid which *looked* like wine. They did not want wine, but they were thirsty as well as hungry.

Philip wondered what the waiters were. He had plenty of time to wonder while the long banquet went on. It was not till he saw a group of them standing stiffly together at the end of the hall that he knew they must be the matches with which he had once peopled a city, no other inhabitants being just then at hand.

When all the dishes had been handed, speeches happened.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," Mr. Noah began, and went on to say how brave and clever Sir Philip was, and how likely it was that he would turn out to be the Deliverer. Philip did not hear all this speech; he was thinking of things to eat.

Then everyone in the hall stood and shouted, and Philip found that he was expected to take his turn at speech-making. He stood up, trembling and wretched.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," he said, "thank you very much. I want to be the Deliverer, but I don't know if I can," and sat down, amid roars of applause.

Then there was music from a grated gallery. And then—I cannot begin to tell you how glad Lucy and Philip were—Mr. Noah said, once more in a whisper, "Cheer up! The banquet is over. *Now* we'll have tea."

"Tea" turned out to be bread and milk served in a very cosy blue silk-lined room, opening out of the banqueting-hall. Only Lucy, Philip, and Mr. Noah were present. Then Mr. Noah said "Good night!" and in a maze of sleepy repletion (look that up in the "dicker," will you?) the children went to bed.

And in the morning there was bread and milk again, and the two of them had it in the blue room without Mr. Noah. Philip had dressed in his ordinary clothes, but Lucy still wore the white fairy dress.

"Well," said Lucy, looking up from the bowl of white floating cubes, "do you think you're getting to like me any better?"

"*No*," said Philip, brief and stern, like the skipper in the song.

"I wish you would," said Lucy.

"Well, I can't," said Philip; "but I do want to say one thing. I'm sorry I bunked and left you. And I did come back."

"I know you did," said Lucy.

"I came back to fetch you," said Philip, "and now we'd better get along home."

"You've got to do seven deeds of power before you can get home," said Lucy.

"Oh, I remember; Perrin told me," said he.

"Well," Lucy went on, "that'll take ages. No one can go out of this place *twice* unless he's a King-Deliverer. You've gone out *once*—without *me*. Before you can go again you've got to do seven noble deeds."

"I killed the dragon," said Philip.

"That's only one," she said. "There are six more." And she ate bread and milk with firmness.

"Do you like this adventure?" Philip asked, abruptly.

"It's more interesting than anything that ever happened to me," she said. "If *you* were nice, I should like it awfully. But as it is——"

"I'm sorry you don't think I'm nice," said he.

"Well, what do *you* think?" she said.

Philip reflected. He did not want not to be nice. None of us do. Though you might not think it to see how some of us behave. True politeness, he remembered having been told, consists in showing an interest in other people's affairs.

"Tell me," he said, very much wishing to be polite and nice. "Tell me what happened after I—after I—after you didn't come down the ladder with me."

"Alone and deserted," Lucy answered, promptly, "my sworn friend having hooked it and left me, I fell down, and both my hands were full of gravel, and the fierce soldiery surrounded me."

"I thought you were coming just behind me," said Philip, frowning.

"Well, I wasn't."

"And then?"

"Well, then—you *were* silly not to stay. They surrounded me—the soldiery, I mean—and the captain said: 'Tell me the truth. Are you a Destroyer or a Deliverer?' So, of course, I said I wasn't a Destroyer, whatever I was, and then they took me to the palace and said I could be a Princess till the Deliverer-King turned up. They said," she giggled gaily, "that my hair was the hair of a Deliverer's hair and not of a Destroyer's, and I've been most awfully happy ever since. Have you?"

"No," said Philip, remembering the miserable feeling of having been a coward and a sneak that had come upon him when he found that he had saved his own skin and left Lucy alone in an unknown and dangerous world; "not exactly happy, I shouldn't call it."

"'ME TOO?' SAID LUCY."

"It's beautiful being a Princess," said Lucy. "I wonder what your next noble deed will be? I wonder whether I could help you with it?" She looked wistfully at him.

"If I'm going to do noble deeds, I'll do them. I don't want any help, thank you—especially from girls," he answered.

"I wish you did," said Lucy, and finished her bread and milk.

Philip's bowl also was empty. He stretched arms and legs and neck.

"It is rum," he said. "Before this began I never thought a thing like this *could* begin, did you?"

"I don't know," she said. "Everything's very wonderful. I've always been expecting things to be more wonderful than they ever have been. You get a sort of hints and nudges, you know. Fairy tales—yes, and dreams—you can't help feeling they must mean *something*. And your sister and my daddy: the two of them being such friends when they were little, and then parted and then getting friends again—*that's* like a story in a dream, isn't it? And your building the city and me helping. And my daddy being such a dear darling and your sister being such a darling dear. It did make me think beautiful things were sort of likely. Didn't it you?"

"No," said Philip; "I mean yes," he said, and he was in that moment nearer to liking Lucy than he had ever been before. "Everything's very wonderful, isn't it?"

"Ahem!" said a respectful cough behind them.

They turned to meet the calm gaze of Double-six.

"If you've quite finished breakfast, Sir Philip," he said, "Mr. Noah would be pleased to see you in his office."

"Me too?" said Lucy, before Philip could say, "Only me, I suppose?"

"You may come, too, if you wish it, my lady," said Double-six, bowing stiffly.

They found Mr. Noah very busy in a little room littered with papers; he was sitting at a table, writing.

"Good morning, my lady," he said; "good morning, Sir Philip. You see me very busy. I am trying to arrange for your next labour."

"Do you mean my next deed of valour?" Philip asked.

"We have decided that all your deeds need not be deeds of valour," said Mr. Noah, fiddling with a pen. "The seven labours of Hercules, you remember, were some of them dangerous and some merely difficult. I have decided that difficult things shall count. There are several things that really *need* doing," he went on, half to himself. "There's the fruit supply, and the dangers of the sea, and—— But that must wait. We try to give you as much variety as possible. Yesterday's was an outdoor adventure. To-day's shall be an indoor amusement. I say to-day's, but I confess that I think it not unlikely that the task I am now about to set the candidate for the post of King-Deliverer—the task, I say, which I am now about to set you may, quite possibly, occupy some days, if not weeks, of your valuable time."

"But our people at home," said Philip. "It isn't that I'm afraid, really and truly it isn't; but they'll go out of their minds, not knowing what's become of us. Oh, Mr. Noah, do let us go back!"

"It's all right," said Mr. Noah. "However long you stay here, time won't move with them. I thought I'd explained that to you."

"But you said ——"

"I said you'd set our clocks to the time of *your* world when you deserted your little friend. But when you had come back for her, and rescued her from the dragon, the clocks went their own time again. There's now only just that time missing that happened between your coming here the second time and your killing the dragon."

"I see," said Philip. But he didn't.

"You can take your time about this new job," said Mr. Noah, "and you may get any help you like. All citizens are bound to assist. I sha'n't consider you've failed till you've been at it three months. After that the Pretenderette would be entitled to *her* chance."

"If you're quite sure that the time here doesn't count at home——" said Philip. "What is it, please, that we've got to do?"

"The greatest intellects of our country have for many ages occupied themselves with the problem which you are now asked to solve," said Mr. Noah. "Your late jailer, Mr. Bacon-Shakespeare, has written no fewer than twenty-seven volumes, all in cipher, on this very subject. But as he has forgotten what cipher he used, and as no one else ever knew it, his volumes are of but little use to us."

"I see," said Philip. And again he didn't.

Mr. Noah rose to his full height, and when he stood up the children looked very small beside him.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you what it is that you must do. I should like to decree that your second labour should be the tidying up of this room. *All* these papers are prophecies relating to the Deliverer; but it is one of our laws that the judge must not use any public matter for his own personal benefit, so I have decided that the next labour shall be the disentangling of the Mazy Carpet. It is in the Pillared Hall of Public Amusements. I will get my hat, and we will go there at once. I can tell you about it as we go."

And as they went down streets and past houses and palaces, all of which Philip could now dimly remember to have built at some time or other, Mr. Noah went on:—

"It is a very beautiful hall, but we have never been able to use it for public amusement or anything else. The giant who originally built this city placed in this hall a carpet so thick that it rises almost to our knees, and so intricately woven that none can disentangle it. It is far too thick to pass through any of the doors. It is your task to remove it."

"Why, that's as easy as easy," said Philip. "I'll cut it in bits and bring out a bit at a time."

"That would be most unfortunate for you," said Mr. Noah. "I filed only this morning a very ancient prophecy:—

> He who shall the carpet sever,
> By fire, or flint, or steel,
> Shall be fed on orange pips for ever
> And dressed in orange peel.

You wouldn't like that, you know."

"No," said Philip, firmly; "I certainly shouldn't."

"The carpet must be *unravelled, unwoven*, so that not a thread is broken. Here is the hall."

They went up steps (Philip sometimes wished he had not been so fond of building steps), and through a dark vestibule to an arched door. Looking through it they saw a great hall, and at its end a raised space—more steps—and two enormous pillars of

bronze wrought in relief with figures of flying birds.

"Father's Japanese vases," Lucy whispered.

The floor of the room was covered by the carpet. It was loosely but difficultly woven of very thick soft rope of a red colour. When I say difficultly, I mean that it wasn't just straightforward, up-and-down, and in-and-out weaving, but the threads went over and under and round about in such a determined and bewildering way that Philip felt—and said—that he would rather untie the string of a hundred of the most difficult parcels than tackle this.

"Well," said Mr. Noah, "I leave you to it. Board and lodging will be provided at the Provisional Palace where you slept last night. All citizens are bound to assist when called upon. Dinner is at one. *Good* morning!"

Philip sat down in the dark archway and gazed helplessly at the twisted strands of the carpet. After a moment of hesitation Lucy sat down too, clasping her arms round her knees, and she also gazed at the carpet. They had all the appearance of shipwrecked mariners looking out over a great sea and longing for a sail.

"Ha, ha—tee hee!" said a laugh close behind them. They turned. And it was the motor-veiled lady, the hateful Pretenderette, who had crept up close behind them, and was looking down at them through her veil.

"What do you want?" said Philip, severely.

"I want to laugh," said the motor lady. "I want to laugh at *you*. And I'm going to."

"Well, go and laugh somewhere else, then," Philip suggested.

"Ah! but this is where I want to laugh. You and your carpet! You'll never do it. You don't know how. But *I* do."

"Come away," whispered Lucy, and they went. The Pretenderette followed slowly. Outside, a couple of Dutch dolls in check suits were passing arm-in-arm.

"Help!" cried Lucy, suddenly, and the Dutch dolls paused and took their hats off.

"'TRY,' SAID LUCY, AND SAT DOWN ON THE STEPS."

"What is it?" the taller doll asked, stroking his black-painted moustache.

"Mr. Noah said all citizens were bound to help us," said Lucy, a little breathlessly.

"But of course," said the shorter doll, bowing with stiff courtesy.

"Then," said Lucy, "will you *please* take that motor person away and put her somewhere where she can't bother till we've done the carpet?"

"Delighted!" exclaimed the agreeable Dutch strangers, who darted up the steps and next moment emerged with the form of the Pretenderette between them, struggling indeed, but struggling vainly.

"You need not have the slightest further anxiety," the taller Dutchman said; "dismiss the incident from your mind. We will take her to the Hall of Justice. Her offence is bothering people in pursuit of their duty. The sentence is imprisonment for as long as the botheree chooses. Good morning."

"Oh, *thank you!*" said both the children together.

When they were alone, Philip said—and it was not easy to say it:—

"That was jolly clever of you, Lucy. I should never have thought of it."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Lucy, looking down; "I could do more than that."

"What?" he asked.

"I could unravel the carpet," said Lucy, with deep solemnity.

"But it's me that's got to do it," Philip urged.

"Every citizen is bound to help—if called on," Lucy reminded him. "And I suppose a Princess *is* a citizen."

"Perhaps I can do it by myself," said Philip.

"Try," said Lucy, and sat down on the steps, her fairy skirts spreading out round her like a white double hollyhock.

He tried. He went back and looked at the great coarse cables of the carpet. He could see no end to the cables, no beginning to his task. And Lucy just went on sitting there like a white hollyhock. And time went on, and presently became, rather urgently, dinner-time.

So he went back to Lucy and said:—

"All right; you can show me how to do it if you like."

But Lucy replied:—

"Not much! If you want me to help you with *this* you'll have to promise to let me help in all the other things. And you'll have to *ask* me to help—ask me politely, too."

"I sha'n't, then," said Philip.

But in the end he had to, politely also.

"With pleasure," said Lucy, the moment he asked her, and he could see she had been making up what she should answer while he was making up his mind to ask. "I shall be delighted to help you in this and all the other tasks. Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes," said Philip, who was very hungry.

"'In this and all the other tasks,' say."

"In this and all the other tasks," he said. "Go on. How can we do it?"

"It's *crochet*," Lucy giggled. "It's a little crochet mat I made of red wool and put it in the hall. You've just got to find the end and pull, and it all comes undone. You just want to find the end and pull."

"It's too heavy for us to pull."

"Well," said Lucy, who had certainly had time to think everything out, "you get one of those twisty round things they pull boats out of the sea with, and I'll find the end while you're getting it."

Philip went out and looked round the buildings on the other three sides of the square to see if any one of them looked like a capstan shop, for he understood—as, of course, you also have done—that a capstan was what Lucy meant.

On a building almost opposite he read, "Naval Necessaries Supply Company," and he ran across to it.

"Rather," said the secretary of the company, a plump sailor-doll, when Philip had explained his needs. "I'll send a dozen pirates over at once. Only too proud to help, Sir Philip. Our special reformed pirates are always keen on helping valour and beauty."

"I want to be brave," said Philip; "but I'd rather not be beautiful."

"Of course not," said the secretary, and added, surprisingly, "I meant the Lady Lucy."

"Oh!" said Philip.

So twelve pirates and a capstan outside the Hall of Public Amusements were soon the centre of a cheering crowd. Lucy had found the end of the rope, and two pirates dragged it out and attached it to the capstan, and then round and round with a will and a breathless chanty. The carpet was swiftly unravelled. Dozens of eager helpers stood on the parts of the carpet which were not being unravelled to keep it steady while the pulling went on.

The news of Philip's success spread like wildfire through the city, and the crowds gathered thicker and thicker. The great doors beyond the pillars with the birds on them were thrown open, and Mr. Noah and the principal citizens stood there to see the end of the unravelling.

"Bravo!" said everyone, in tremendous enthusiasm. "Bravo, Sir Philip!"

"It wasn't me," said Philip, difficultly, when the crowd paused for breath; "it was Lucy thought of it."

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the crowd, louder than ever. "Bravo for the Lady Lucy! Bravo for Sir Philip, the modest truth-teller!"

"Bravo, my dear!" said Mr. Noah, waving his hat and thumping Lucy on the back.

"I'm awfully glad I thought of it," she said; "that makes two deeds Sir Philip's done, doesn't it? Two out of the seven."

"THEN ROUND AND ROUND WITH A WILL AND A BREATHLESS CHANTY."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Noah, enthusiastically; "I must make him a baronet now. His title will be far grander with each deed. There's an old prophecy that the person who finds out how to unravel the carpet must be the first to dance in the Hall of Public Amusements:—

The clever one, the noble one,
Who makes the carpet come undone,
Shall be the first to dance a measure
Within the Hall of Public Pleasure.

I suppose Public *Amusement* was too difficult a rhyme even for those highly-skilled poets, our astrologers. You, my child, seem to have been well inspired in your choice of a costume. Dance then, my Lady Lucy, and let the prophecy be fulfilled."

So, all down the wide clear floor of the Hall of Public Amusement, Lucy danced. And the people of the city looked on and applauded. Philip with the rest.

(*To be continued.*)

"PERPLEXITIES."

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

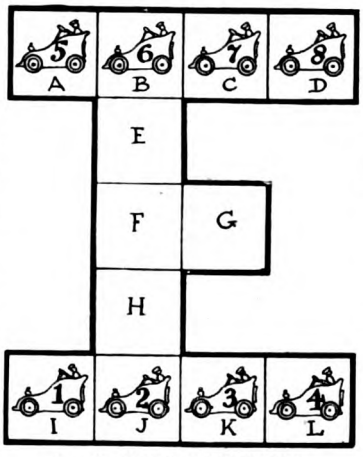
THERE are perplexities that worry and perplexities that amuse. In this page it is proposed to deal with the latter. So no apology will be needed for presenting the reader of this magazine with posers of quite moderate difficulty. The best puzzles are not necessarily the most difficult.

One great feature of puzzles is their infinite variety. Every game includes puzzles—if it is not one great puzzle in itself. For example, the greatest chess problem that has ever been composed, and never completely solved, is to set the pieces up on the board for a game; then White to play and win! So that in puzzledom we practically embrace every game that has ever been invented. This variety we propose to take full advantage of.

1.—THE MOTOR-GARAGE PUZZLE.

The difficulties of the proprietor of a motor-garage are converted into a little pastime of a kind that has a peculiar fascination. All you need is to make a simple plan or diagram on a sheet of paper or cardboard and number eight counters 1 to 8. Then a whole family can enter into an amusing competition to find the best possible solution of the difficulty.

The illustration represents the plan of a motor-garage, with accommodation for twelve cars. But the premises are so inconveniently restricted that the proprietor is often caused considerable perplexity. Suppose, for example, that the eight cars numbered 1 to 8 are in the positions shown, how are they to be shifted in the quickest possible way so that 1, 2, 3, and 4 shall change places with 5, 6, 7, and 8—that is, with the numbers still running from left to right, as at present, but the top row exchanged with the bottom row? What are the fewest possible moves?

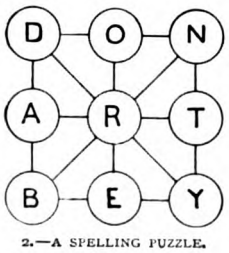


1.—THE MOTOR-GARAGE PUZZLE.

One car moves at a time, and any distance counts as one move. To prevent misunderstanding, the stopping-places are marked in squares, and only one car can be in a square at the same time.

2.—A SPELLING PUZZLE.

The puzzle here is merely to place a letter of the alphabet on every one of the discs, so that as many different three-letter words as possible may be spelt out, reading in any straight direction. As you may read in all directions—vertically, horizontally, diagonally, backwards or forwards, upwards or downwards—it will be found that the greatest number of words that could possibly be obtained is sixteen. But I am confident that nobody will succeed in getting this number. How many words can you make?



2.—A SPELLING PUZZLE.

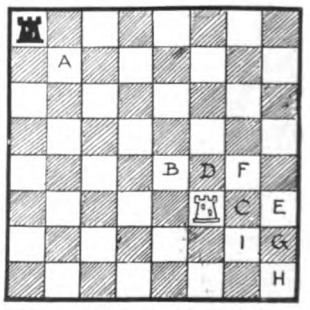
The arrangement shown in the illustration, as an example, gives us these eight words: DON, NOD, DAB, BAD, ART, BEY, ORE, and DRY. The words should be English ones, well known, and not include proper nouns. I will give the best answer I have been able to obtain. Perhaps some reader can beat it.

3.—A QUEER THING IN MONEY.

It will be found that £66 6s. 6d. equals 15,918 pence. Now, the four 6's added together make 24, and the figures in 15,918 also add to 24. It is a curious fact that there is only one other sum of money, in pounds, shillings, and pence (all similarly repetitions of one figure), of which the digits shall add up the same as the digits of the amount in pence. What is the other sum of money?

SOLUTION TO CHESS PUZZLE IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

The second player can always win, but to ensure his doing so he must always place his rook, at the start and on every subsequent move, on the same diagonal as his opponent's rook. He can then force his opponent into a corner and win. Supposing the diagram to represent the positions of the rooks at the start, then, if Black moved first, White might have placed his rook at A and won next move. Any square on that diagonal from A to H will win, but the best play is always to restrict the moves of the opposing rook as much as possible. If White played first, then Black should have placed his rook at B (F would not be so good, as it gives White more scope); then if White goes to C, Black moves to D; White to E, Black to F; White to G, Black to C; White to H, Black to I; and Black must win next move. If at any time Black had failed to move on to the same diagonal as White, then White could take Black's diagonal and win.



SOLUTION TO CHESS PUZZLE.

(The answers to the above puzzles, together with some new posers, will be given in the next number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

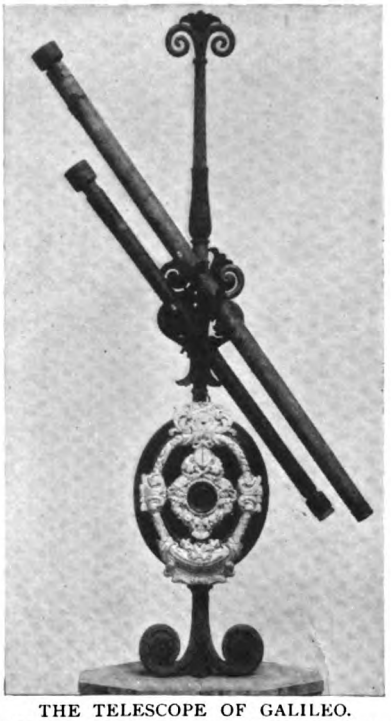
AN ANIMAL SANCTUARY.

ABOUT a mile away from Ahmedabad, in the Bombay Presidency, there is a small lake called Kankaria, where all animal life is strictly preserved. The fishes are almost tame, and will come

close to the edge to be fed, and a turtle will take food out of one's hand. This snapshot gives some idea of how tame the monkeys have become.—Mrs. Wilford Bulkley, The Mosque, Shah-i-bagh, Ahmedabad, India.

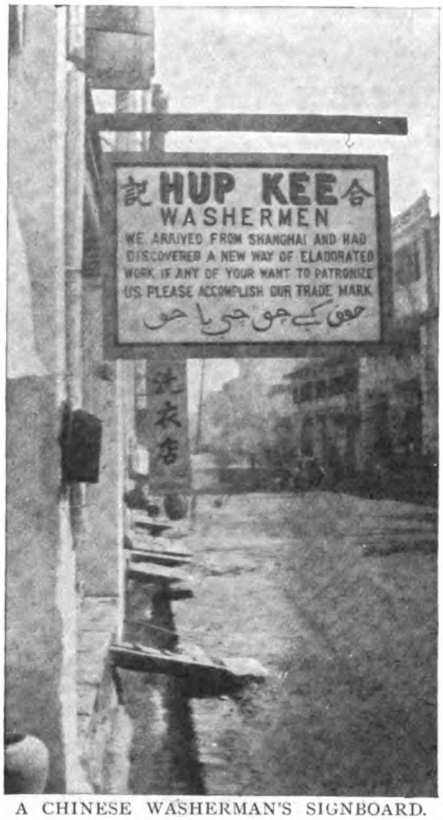
HUMOUR IN FANCY DRESS.

THE accompanying photographs show a friend of mine in a very ingenious comic fancy dress, worn by him at a skating-rink carnival. The dress was home-made and entirely his own idea, and, I may add, he gained first prize in the comic-dress competition. The dress consisted of bellows, shutter, and lens, and sundry accessories such as measure glass, photographic papers, and so forth. Much amusement was caused during the carnival at the appearance of a camera on roller-skates. Although unique, it was far from being comfortable. — Mr. Douglas Stuart, 23, Victoria Terrace, Littlehampton. Photograph by H. Licence.



THE TELESCOPE OF GALILEO.

VERY few people are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter, in January, 1610—is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is about three hundred years ago since this instrument was first turned towards the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eye-piece, just like the opera-glasses now in use. When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the Doge and an enthusiastic assembly on the tower of St. Mark's, in Venice, he was overwhelmed with honours, because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the Republic a great advantage over their enemies. — Mr. Chas. A. Brassler, 621, Park Place, Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

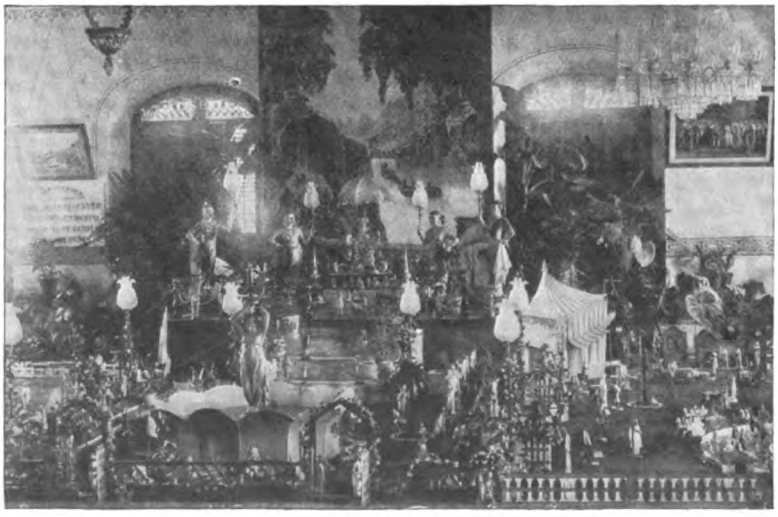


A CHINESE WASHERMAN'S SIGNBOARD.

HANGING outside one of the buildings in Amoy Street, Singapore, this quaintly-worded sign attracts the attention of many a passer-by. It is, I think, one of the most amusing of its kind.—Mr. J. Hook, 15B, Mackenzie Road, Singapore.

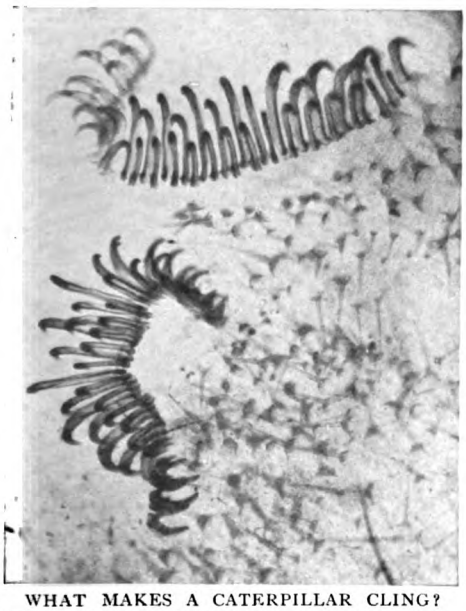
A GARDEN IN A DRAWING-ROOM.

I SEND you a photograph taken by me of the Ganapati Festival. The festival is annually celebrated in India. A casual look at the photograph will lead you to think that it is a panoramic view of the gorgeous East, with its fairies and flowers and fountains. But closer inspection will reveal the truth that it depicts a drawing-room fitted up to honour the occasion. The whole room was converted into a spacious garden by covering the floor with sand, and the trees and plants were transplanted into it. In the centre, under the silken canopy, is seated the god Ganapati (made of clay), the son of Shiva. What with the sanctity of the presence, the fountain playing, the lights casting a vivid glow all over the enchanting scene, it all looked strangely beautiful. You will note that the presence of the Edward VII. Coronation Picture in such a religious festival evidences the deep sense of loyalty the Indian entertains for his Sovereign.—Mr. Champaklal Jamietram Nanabhai, Chaupati, Bombay, India.



FRANCE'S SMALLEST CONSCRIPT.

"JULIEN TOUCHARD DE MAUVES, le plus petit conscrit de France." Such was the announcement placarded upon the windows of a shop on a *fête* day in the town of Argentan, in France, during last summer. By paying a small charge one might enter and look upon this extraordinary little man. By English calculations he is thirty-four and a half inches in height, and weighs forty-four pounds. Although he appears like a child of four, yet he is over twenty years of age. On the latter account he has necessarily to respond to the call of his country; but whether he will eventually become a captain or a general in the army remains to be seen. — Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

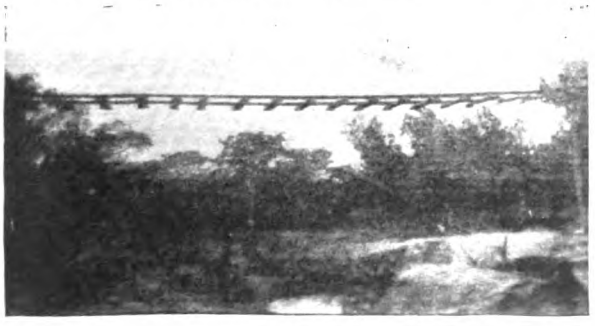


WHAT MAKES A CATERPILLAR CLING?

THIS photograph shows two of the feet (we can hardly call them legs) of the caterpillar of the small white butterfly (*Pieris rapae*). They are formed of small muscular pads capable of being pushed inwards and outwards, and a part of the skin outside the edge of each pad is armed with these double rows of hooks, which seem really to be developed hairs. Some of the ordinary hairs are also to be seen. When the pad is drawn in the hooks fall back into the cavity thus formed. Our specimen has five pairs of feet of this sort, and three more pairs in front, more after the fashion of ordinary insect legs. How many hooks has a caterpillar?—Mr. E. W. Bowell, Penshurst, Tonbridge.

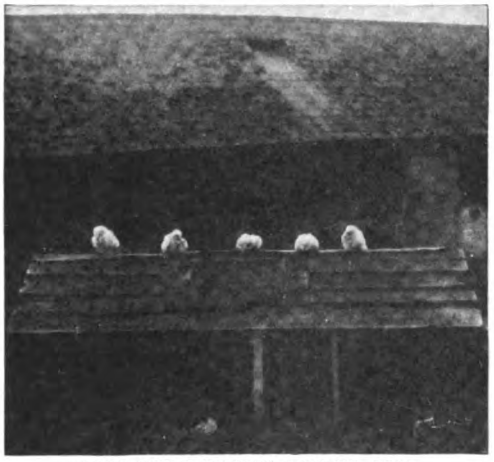
A TORNADO'S HAVOC.

WHAT a West African tornado is capable of is strikingly shown in the accompanying photograph. In less than two hours it converted a usually tiny rivulet into a seething flood, which swept away a twenty-three-foot railway embankment, notwithstanding the provision of a generous-sized culvert, and left the rails and sleepers suspended over a gap of seventy feet. The top of the arch of the culvert and one end wall can be seen at the foot of the photograph. The tornado lasted under two hours, and five inches of rain fell in the first sixty minutes. The incident occurred on a railway in Nigeria.—Mr. C. T. Boucher, Lowethorpe, Kidderminster.



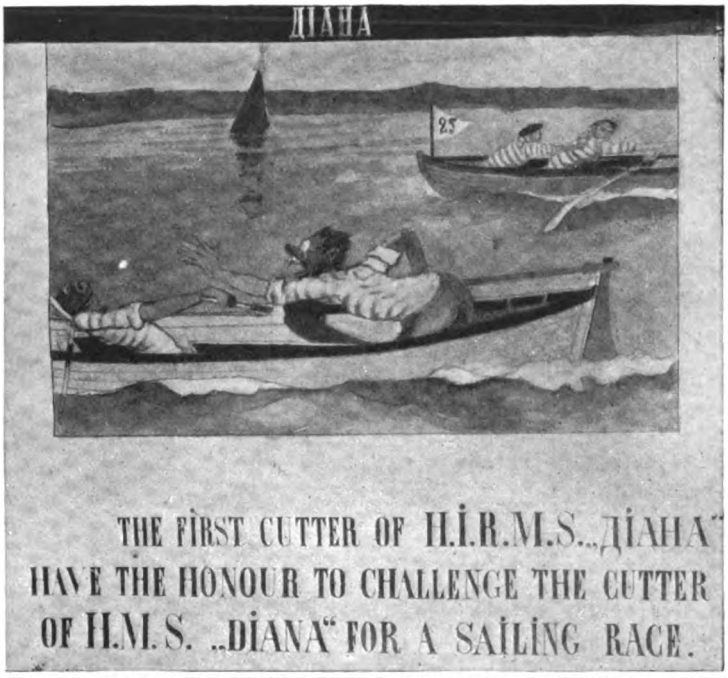
A DIAMOND DOG-COLLAR.

THE dog whose photograph is shown wears a diamond collar, worth about three thousand pounds, which was made expressly for his use by a prominent jeweller, to the order of his master, who is a resident of Baltimore, Md. An elaborate banquet was given by the dog's owner, and in the midst of the festivities the little dog, a black and tan, was formally decorated with the gorgeous gift, the occasion being the celebration of the dog's eleventh birthday. "Dixie"—for that is the lucky dog's name—has travelled through practically every large city on the Continent, as well as the United States, with his master, who, as may be readily understood, entertains no small affection for him. The collar with which Dixie was presented contains seven hundred diamonds, varying in weight from one-sixth to one carat, and is of unique and very attractive design. In the picture Mr. Dixie appears to be conspicuously proud of his jewellery.—Mr. R. F. Nattan, 925, St. Nicholas Avenue, New York, U.S.A.



BABY OWLS WAITING TO BE FED.

IF you look hard into this photograph you will plainly see five young owls sitting upon a hen-coop. This was a favourite perch for the youngsters, and every evening at dusk they could be seen patiently waiting for the parent birds to bring them food, and if anything alarmed them they would make a noise like steam issuing from an engine. During the day they hid themselves in an old barn which stands close by. It was some time before I could get near enough to photograph them without frightening them away. — Mr. H. Keylock, Court Farm, Latton, Cricklade, Wilts.

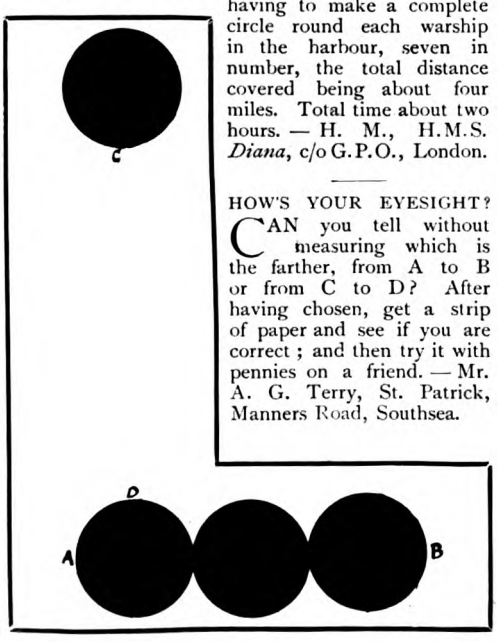


A RUSSIAN CHALLENGE TO AN ENGLISH BATTLESHIP.

THIS represents an amusing challenge sent to this ship, H.M.S. *Diana*, by His Imperial Russian Majesty's ship *Diana* for a sailing race, without rudders, between the first cutters of each vessel. The idea is certainly extremely original, and was most excellently carried out, the attitudes and expressions of the men in the boat at the bottom of the picture giving one a great impression of the tremendous amount of energy they are expending. The race was won by this ship, with a fairly close finish (thirty-nine seconds). The course was very uncommon, the boats having to make a complete circle round each warship in the harbour, seven in number, the total distance covered being about four miles. Total time about two hours. — H. M., H.M.S. *Diana*, c/o G.P.O., London.

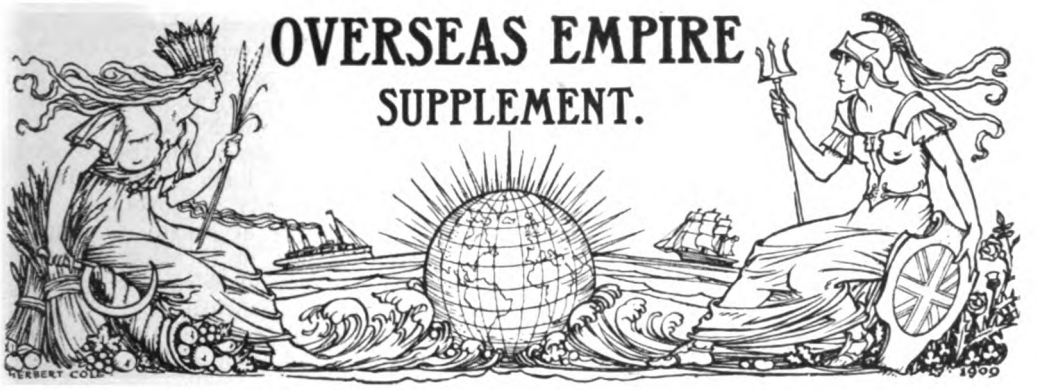
AN OWL CAUGHT SIX HUNDRED MILES FROM LAND.

HERE is a photograph of "captor" and "captured" about whom my little yarn is spun. The incident took place on the R.M.S. *Hesperion*, an Allan liner, bound from Montreal to Glasgow. When four and a half days out, in latitude 54·37 north and 42·34 west, the chief officer, who was on duty, saw a strange bird alight, or try to do so, on the main-mast. It flew from there to the stern of the ship and lit on the flag-pole, and from there to the forecastle starboard lifeboat, from which it was captured by the steward shown in the picture. The bird is a rarity, being an Arctic or snow owl, and was caught six hundred miles from nearest land. It is a magnificent white bird, with the exception of the wings, which are dotted with brown spots. It was remarkable, being a land bird, that it should be so far from its own realms, but no doubt it was owing to some severe wind storm which had driven it to sea.—Mr. C. G. Lawrence, 31, Woodley Street, Kimberley, South Africa.



HOW'S YOUR EYESIGHT?

CAN you tell without measuring which is the farther, from A to B or from C to D? After having chosen, get a strip of paper and see if you are correct; and then try it with pennies on a friend. — Mr. A. G. Terry, St. Patrick, Manners Road, Southsea.



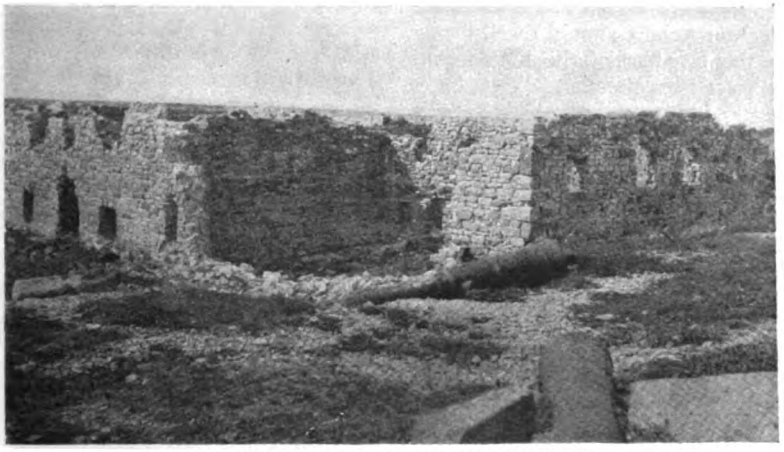
CANADA'S HISTORIC "LIONS."

By D. L. HUMPHREYS.

A LAND of loyalty—a long-settled country of landmarks. In the constant description of Canada as the "Granary of the Empire," as a new land of unlimited opportunities and feverish enterprise, one often loses sight of its long romantic history and of the many surviving memorials of its past. America has few ruins—Canada has many such. The pageant at Quebec brought that storied fortress prominently before the eyes of the world, but there are other picturesque strongholds to tell the tourist that Canada has a yesterday as well as a to-morrow.

How the world once rang with the fame of Louisburg! A volume might be—nay, will be—written on this celebrated fortress alone, for ever associated with the genius and glory of Wolfe. Vauban, a celebrated engineer of his day, was called upon to design it. "Spare neither money nor labour," said the King; "we shall make it another Dunkerque."

This Dunkerque, you may remember, was a fortified seaport on the north-east coast of France, upon which millions of money had been spent, and it was generally believed that no enemy could take it. To build its fellow hundreds of engineers, stone-cutters, masons, bricklayers, and workmen sailed across the Atlantic. When finished, Louisburg fortress occupied an area of 100 acres, the harbour being defended by batteries on an island at the entrance. Within the fort and town dwelt



INTERIOR OF OLD FORT PRINCE OF WALES.
By courtesy of "Canada."

OLD RAILING OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, ENCLOSING HOWARD MAUSOLEUM.

never fewer than 2,000 people. With such a stronghold so near at hand, it was not strange that the French in Acadia should dwell firmly in the belief that the flag of the lilies would for centuries wave over them.

Then there is the old fort at Annapolis Royal, annually visited by thousands of tourists. It was formerly Port Royal, a French stronghold, with a long and chequered history. In 1709 it was commanded by the valiant Subercase. Upon him fell an English force, led by Nicholson, who called upon the brave Subercase to surrender. Port Royal had not expected an attack; both powder and provisions were low, but Subercase was not a man to yield without firing a shot. So gallant a resistance did he offer, although his garrison was in a half-starved state, that when at last he could fight no more, Nicholson granted him the honours of war. With the fleur-de-lys flying in the icy breeze, with the roll of drums and the sound of the trumpet, the last of the shattered band of Frenchmen sailed out of Port Royal, which was to be Port Royal no more. In honour of Queen Anne, Nicholson rechristened the place Annapolis Royal, and thereafter it was held by the Queen's successors on the English throne.

Another romantic ruin in Canada has long been out of the beaten track of the tourist, but promises soon, in spite of its sub-Arctic remoteness, to be visited by many—Fort Prince of Wales. Two centuries ago the far-famed and then all-powerful Hudson Bay Company built a small wooden fort at Churchill River, to which was given the name of Prince of Wales. But the wooden fort did not remain long. The remembrance of former posts destroyed by fire caused the company at length to undertake the fortification on a splendid scale of its best harbour, to safeguard what it designed to be its principal *entrepôt* from the French, as well as from the Indians. Opposition was cried down, and the "Fortification Party," as it was called, carried the day. A massive thirty feet wide foundation was begun at Churchill, from the plans of military engineers who had served under Marlborough, and, after many vicissitudes, in 1734 Fort Prince of Wales—one of the strongest forts on the continent—was reared at the mouth of Churchill River.

It was the original intention to have the walls forty-two feet thick at their foundation, but on account of the Governor's interference the dimensions were reduced to twenty-five. It was afterwards found, however, that there was a tendency to sink when cannon were fired frequently from the walls, so one section was forthwith pulled down and rebuilt according to original plans. Three of the bastions had arches for storehouses, forty feet three inches by ten feet, and in the fourth was built a stone magazine, twenty-four feet long and ten feet wide in the clear, with a passage to it through the gorge of the bastion twenty-four feet long and four feet wide.

The parapets were originally constructed of wood, supplied by denuding the old fort, situated five miles up the Churchill River, the site of which was first occupied in 1688; but in 1746 the Company began erecting a stone parapet. Robson's plan shows that

PART OF OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, SHOWING BARRACKS.

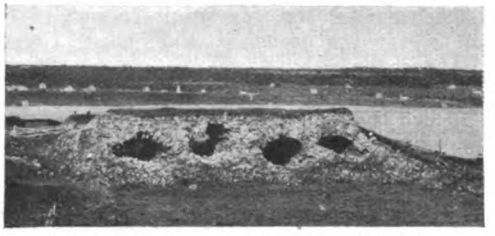
two houses, a dwelling and office building, were erected inside the fort, and incidentally he describes one of the two as being one hundred and eighty-one feet six inches by thirty-three feet, with side walls seventeen feet high and the roof covered with lead. Of such solid masonry was this fort built that, when its destruction was planned and an attack made upon it, the French artillerymen could only displace the upper rows of the massive granite stones, dismount its guns, and blow up the gateway, together with the stone outwork protecting it. This occupied two days, and was preceded by the utter looting of the fort. The walls still exist, however, having withstood the onslaught of French gunpowder and the best efforts of the French to demolish them.

These are but a few of Canada's historic "lions." The Dominion, however, has many "antiquities."

In the City of Toronto, within sound of the whirl of traffic and the roar of manufacture, is the iron railing—doubtless designed by Sir Christopher Wren himself—that for one hundred and sixty years enclosed St. Paul's Cathedral. It was in 1874 that a Toronto citizen named Howard purchased from a London iron merchant the historic

A LONDON OMNIBUS ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.
By courtesy of "Canada."

railing that had enclosed St. Paul's. The steamer *Delta*, which carried this historic "old iron" across, was wrecked in the St. Lawrence, and the cargo went to the bottom. Howard was not the man easily to be bereft of his treasure, and divers hired by him recovered, in the spring of 1875, about eighty feet of the railing. In August it was finally placed in position about the cairn which Howard had erected to serve as a mausoleum for himself and his



RUINS OF OLD FORTRESS AT LOUISBURG.

wife. There it stands, in the midst of the primeval oaks and beeches swayed by the Lake Ontario breezes that whisper an unceasing requiem for one of Canada's sturdy pioneers. Tens of thousands have gazed upon the quaint inscription which he placed on a brass plate clamped to his beloved railings:—

St. Paul's Cathedral for 160 years I did enclose—
Oh! Stranger look with reverence;
Man! Man! Unstable man!
It was thou who caused the severance!

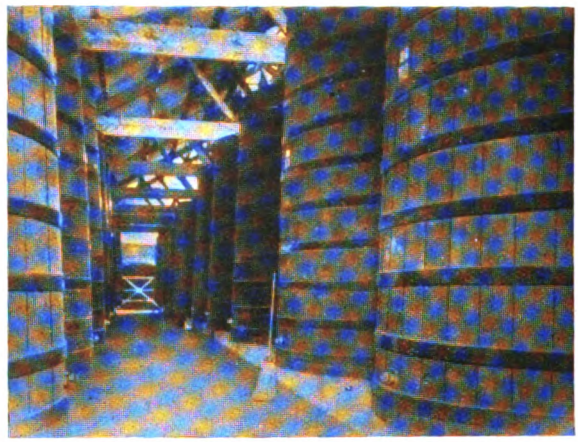
At the end of this brief chronicle of antiquities in Canada we may add a touch of humour. Last year a party of tourists (and a few redskins) were found surrounding a strange object in the middle of the prairie. It was a lumbering old vehicle, and a nasal-toned American was pointing it out as the ancient coach which had carried La Verendrye westward. But there was a Cockney in the crowd, and his heart gave a leap as he recognized the vehicle—an old bus which had plied between Paddington and Waterloo stations! There it stood, a memento of some speculator's folly, who had bought a hundred of these buses and shipped them out to the Canadian North-West—with what precise object no man yet may say. And to think there was a country near at hand still so new that this London omnibus was regarded with a reverence akin to awe!

Burgundy "Down Under."

IF the poet has not yet celebrated the vintage of Australia as it deserves, a new race of poets will yet do so. Vines were first introduced by the McArthurs about 1816, probably the most noted amongst the early Colonists.

Perhaps the first wine that was made was from these vines by a man of the name of Sadler, who wasa Government servant in Sydney, shortly afterwards. One Busby took it up as a business proposition.

Shiraz, Malbec, and Cabernet-Sauvignon are the grapes from which the majority of the wines which sell upon this market are made. They are shy bearers, and only produce from 120 gallons to 200 gallons per acre, except on alluvial soils, where the yield is greater, but the quality is not so good. From 120 to 140 gallons go to the ton, or about 15lb. to 20lb. to about six bottles of wine.



A CORRIDOR OF 3,000-GALLON STORAGE VATS.

The cost of providing cellar accommodation and equipment appears formidable, and deters many from entering into the industry. This, however, is an expenditure unnecessary for either the beginner or the small grower. All over the vine districts are large establishments run on the most up-to-date lines—some due to far-seeing private enterprise, and some founded by the aid of Government subsidies—where grapes are purchased from the producer. Satisfactory prices are paid for delivery at the crusher.

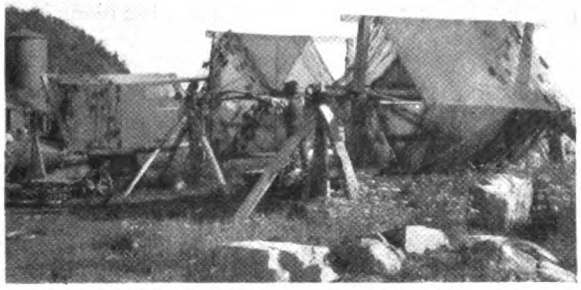
The growing of the vine and the cultivation of the vineyard present no such difficulties as wine-making, and can be successfully carried out by any industrious and intelligent farmer. A large amount of capital has been invested in vineyards and cellars in various parts of Australia, so that the intending vigneron can realize that vine-growing is no longer in the experimental stage.

PICKING FROM TRELLISED VINES.

FISHING IN SUNSET LAND.

HOW great is the joy of the fisherman when the string of fish he has caught is bigger than he knows what to do with! When he has to desist whipping for trout or casting bait for bass!

This is what happens in Canada. Never was there a country with such a wealth and such a variety of good fishing as she has to offer. So vast is the field for sport that there are thousands of good fishing waters in which no line has ever been wetted, and there are many other thousands of good fishing waters which year after year continue to bring joy to the angler by providing him with full creels. Even in the better-known and more-frequented regions, new lakes, rivers, and streams are constantly being discovered by exploring sportsmen, and it is a remarkable fact that almost every keen angler in Canada has some pool or stream which he looks upon as his own by right of discovery, and the secret of which he keeps locked in his bosom, because he believes that is the one place in all Canada where he can always count upon sport. The enforcement of good fishing laws and the restocking of all the more frequented waters by the provincial Governments keeps the fishing almost everywhere up to a high standard. Only a very small portion of the fishing resources of Canada have yet been exploited, yet the value of the fish taken in the waters of the Dominion exceeds 23,000,000dols. per annum.



DRYING NETS BY LAKE SUPERIOR.

It is, indeed, a hopeless task to attempt to select the best fishing-places from the thousands of particularly good localities in the great Dominion of Canada. All that can be done is to mention briefly some few places, leaving the angler to decide for himself into which waters he will cast his line. Of course, for the best fishing it is necessary in some instances to go a considerable distance from the larger cities; nevertheless excellent sport may be obtained by the angler while in constant communication with the commercial world by rail, telephone, and telegraph. It is, however, by visiting scenes of primeval simplicity, where Nature abounds in all her wild and rugged grandeur, that the angler and sportsman gets all the profit, pleasure, and excitement from his vacation, and it is in splendid sport, combined with picturesque surroundings, that Canada excels all other countries in the world.

Salmon is deserving of its splendid reputation because of its fine proportions, unsurpassed vigour, and the spirit that it puts into its fight for liberty. Salmon-angling has been called the rich man's sport, because of the large amounts paid by sportsmen for fishing rights in well-known rivers. The prices paid for some of these rivers range from 5,000dols. to 35,000dols., and every year they are increasing in value. In such well-known rivers in New Brunswick as the Miramichi, Restigouche, Metapedia, Cascapedia, and the Nepisquit, the fishing rights are worth a fortune; 8,500dols. per year rental is paid by the Cascapedia Salmon Club for the fishing rights. There are, however, many rivers where salmon-fishing may be enjoyed by the visiting sportsmen.

Newfoundland and Labrador are also greatly renowned for their salmon-fishing, while in Quebec every tributary of the St. Lawrence, both on the north and south shores below Quebec City, and all the rivers emptying into the Bay of Chaleurs, unless impeded at or near their mouths by impassable falls, are resorted to by salmon. Many of these rivers possess an international reputation for the magnificent sport they yield, and many noted clubs own and lease rivers in this province.

British Columbia is famous throughout the world for its salmon-fishing, and anglers from India, England, and the United States are

attracted yearly by the magnificent sport this province affords.

Every known variety of trout may be found in Canada, the swift-flowing streams and the innumerable lakes being perfect breeding-grounds for this fish.

For sheer, desperate energy, the fight that a black bass will put up is perhaps unequalled by any other fish of its weight. So fiercely will it contest every inch of the advantage gained over it by the skilful angler that one can almost believe in that "habitant" of the late Dr. Drummond, who complained that when a bass got on his line it

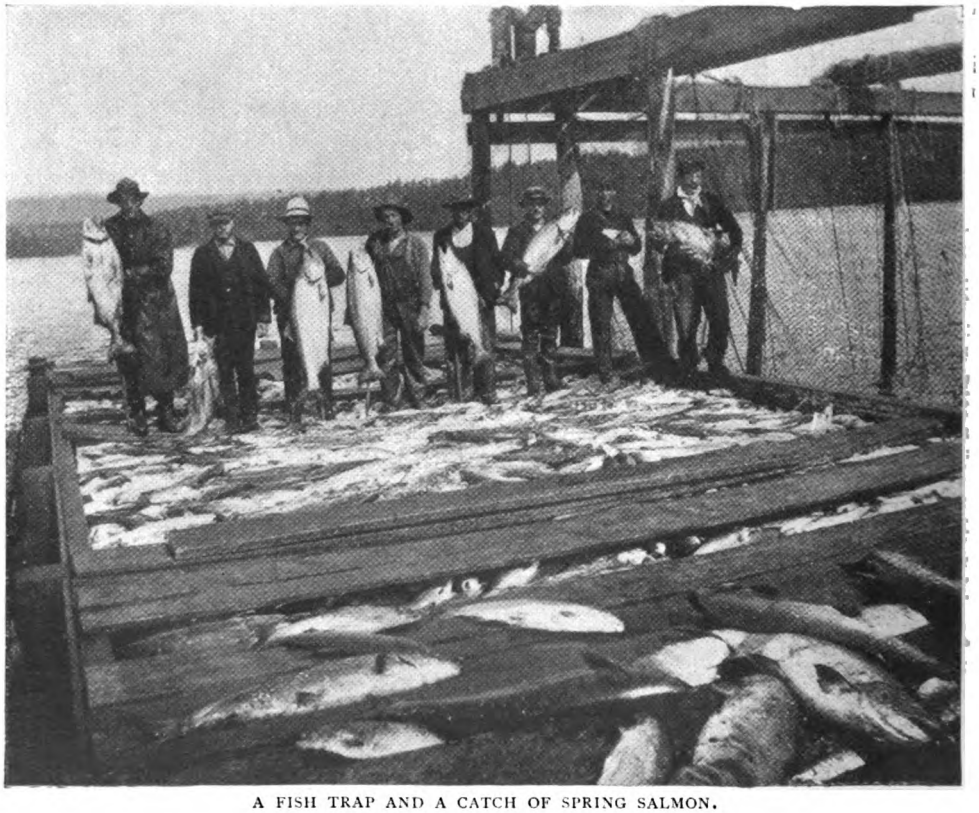
> Mak' you swett till your shirt is wet,
> And sorry you're comin' dere.

The favourite abode of the black bass is in cold and rapid water with gravel or rocky bottom.

This gamey fish is found in abundance in Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Quebec has a great many good fishing-places for bass, among which are the lakes and streams of the Ottawa River and its tributaries; also the Rideau Lakes up the Gatineau River, and in the lakes near the terminus of the Maniwaki branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Brome Lake, reached from Knowlton, Quebec, contains large black bass and plenty of them. Ontario has hundreds of places where good bass-fishing may be enjoyed.

The maskinonge is by far the largest game fish in fresh waters, and is well called "the water tiger," or "the monarch of the inland seas." It is popularly known in the United States as the "musky," and in Canada as the "lunge." Many of these fish have exceeded one hundred pounds in weight, and often a length of over five feet.

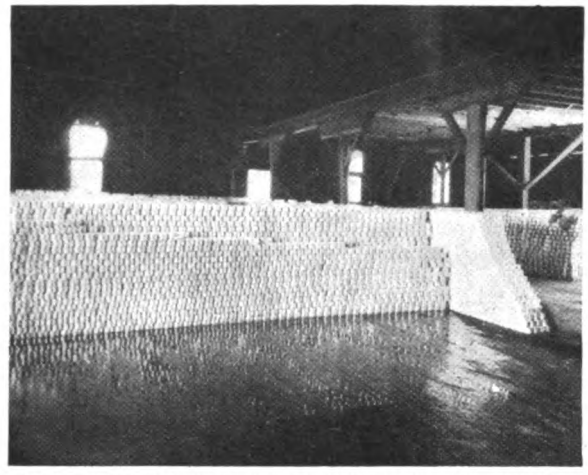
Maskinonge are invariably savage fighters, and will never surrender as long as life lasts. They are as full of tricks as a fox, and will resort to endless expedients to relieve themselves of the hook. No two maskinonges will act alike when hooked, and in this diversity of tactics lies the great charm of the sport. Catching a maskinonge is to an angler what shooting a grizzly is to a hunter. Before landing, the Indians always hit this fish with a club; other fishermen use a revolver and shoot him just behind the eyes. As soon as you get him in the boat take a sharp knife and insert the blade between the base of the



A FISH TRAP AND A CATCH OF SPRING SALMON.

brain and the spinal vertebræ, severing the spinal cord, or else put him in a sack, otherwise there will be trouble to keep him in the canoe. He is too big a fish to take any chances with, and he can create more trouble for the fisherman in one minute than any other fresh-water fish in existence.

In Quebec this fish is found in the rivers and lakes in the western portion of the province and also in some of the large lakes in the eastern part of the province; also in Lake St. Louis and Lake of Two Mountains, near Montreal, the St. Lawrence River at Ste. Anne-de Bellevue, and Lake St. Francis. Among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, many mammoth maskinonge have been caught. In Ontario, Lake Nipissing, the French River, and the Kawartha Lakes, reached from Bobcaygeon, have excellent maskinonge fishing.



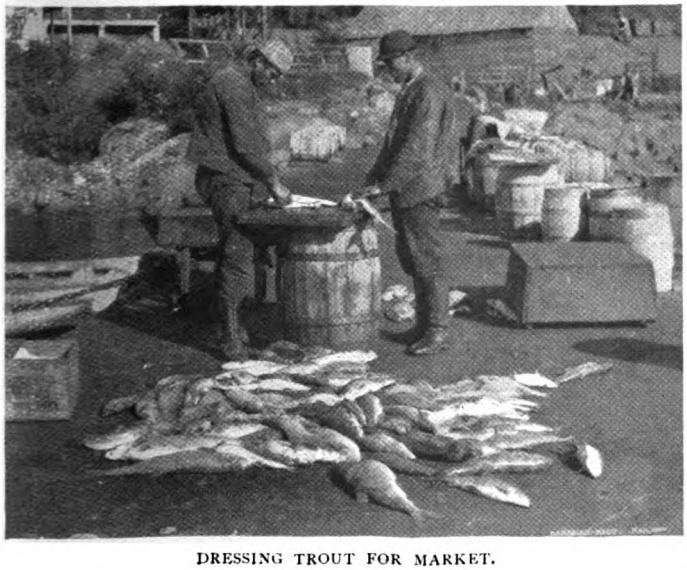
SIXTY THOUSAND CANS OF SALMON READY FOR EXPORT.

The great Canadian pike is the fish commonly called pickerel in the West, though, correctly speaking, it is the true pike. In the Lake of the Woods district, and around Wakami, specimens of this fish have been taken weighing 50lb. and 60lb. A good-sized pike attains a weight of about 50lb. and shows splendid sporting qualities. It makes long and powerful rushes, and is very apt to break the tackle of any but the expert angler. The ordinary lure is that of the trolling spoon, though it also takes large bait like maskinonge, and is sometimes caught by still fishing. In shape the pike much resembles the maskinonge, but whereas the body colour of the maskinonge is sometimes marked with dark blotches, the markings of the great Canadian pike are in the form of oblong white spots regularly arranged upon the pale green body colour. It is not difficult to distinguish this fish from the maskinonge.

The fish is well distributed all over the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The St. Charles River, near Quebec, is famous for its large pike.

Sturgeon, white fish, dory, perch, suckers, carp, and eels—these and many other varieties of fish are found in the waters in Canada, and there is no difficulty in finding numerous places where each of these species of fish may be obtained.

To speak of the commercial side of Canada's fisheries is to suggest a huge subject, for its seas and great lakes yield annually an enormous harvest, and furnish occupation for a hardy race of fishermen.



DRESSING TROUT FOR MARKET.

Overseas Wit and Humour.

AN alien wanted to be naturalized, and was required to fill out a blank. The first three lines of the blank had the following questions: "Name?" "Born?" and "Business?"

He answered:—

"Name?—Michael Levinsky."

"Born?—Yes."

"Business?—Rotten."

A WOODMAN coming into the City of Vancouver, B.C., walked into a restaurant and inspected the bill of fare. A smile passed over his face. After a slight pause he said:—

"I'd like some fly specks."

"Sir?" asked the waiter, haughtily.

"Haven't you got fly specks?" said the man.

"No, sir," replied the waiter, still more haughtily.

"Then," quoth the woodman, "take them off the bill of fare."

A WELL-KNOWN Canadian orator recently told the following story to illustrate the diversity of opinions as to what are good manners:—

"The Hottentot thinks his manners are the best," he said; "the soldier thinks his are; even the sailor — but listen! I once attended a reception on H.M.S. *Blankdash*. A distinguished Canadian visiting this man-of-war neglected to give the usual formal salute I heard a sailor near me say: 'Who's that lubber what won't tip 'is skypiece to the skipper?' 'Choke your luff,' replied the other, 'that's Sir John ——!' 'Well,' growled the first sailor, 'why ain't 'e got manners enough to salute the quarter-deck?' 'Manners!' a third sailor chipped in. 'What does 'e know about manners? I don't suppose 'e was ever out of sight of land in 'is life!'"

OUR NATIONAL BIRDS—AS AMBASSADOR BRYCE IS EXPECTED TO SEE THEM.
From the "Ottawa Evening Journal."

IN a town in a very wild part of the Transvaal the cashier of a bank had, some years before, acted as a judge. One day a stranger presenting a cheque at the bank was refused payment.

"The cheque is all right," said the cashier, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge; "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."

ONE very hot summer's day, in a certain town in Australia, a park spouter had been speaking for two and a half hours on the subject of charity and the great work done by institutions that are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. He concluded his oration by saying that, with the permission of his audience, he would send his hat round.

The hat was passed round, but returned to him empty, whereupon he exclaimed:—

"Well, now I come to look at what I've been talking to, all I can say is, 'Thank goodness, I've got my hat back!'"

A NIGGER in Jamaica was suffering from acute inflammation, and was being treated by a black doctor. Getting worse, he called in a white practitioner, who, after feeling his pulse, asked him if the other doctor had taken his temperature.

"No, sah," replied the patient, "I only missed my watch."

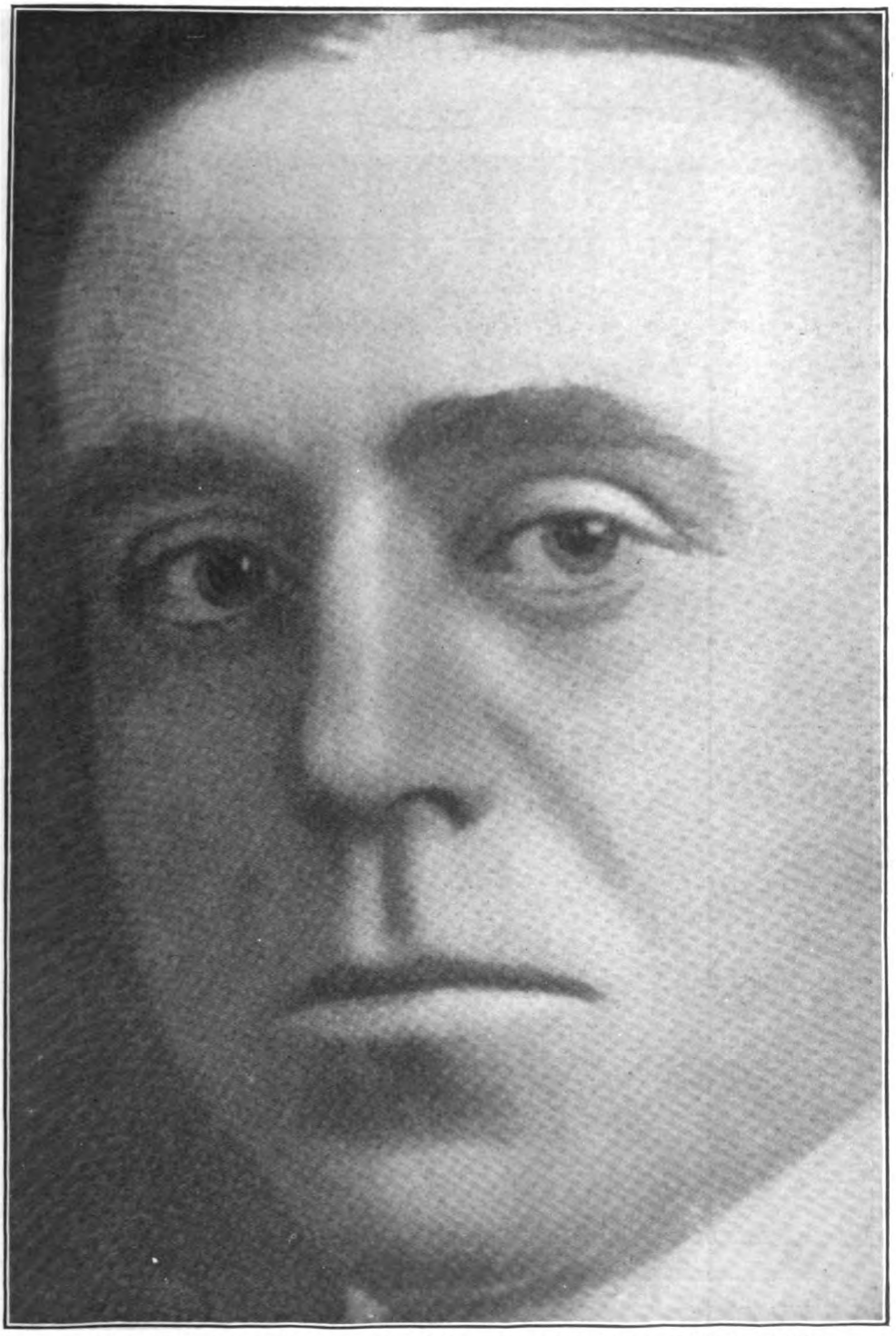
IN the intensely hot climate prevalent at Delagoa Bay the usual wear of the male population is a thin, soft shirt and white "duck" trousers.

In the cool of the evening a weary English "ink-slinger" entered the principal drug store of Lourenço Marques and inquired:—

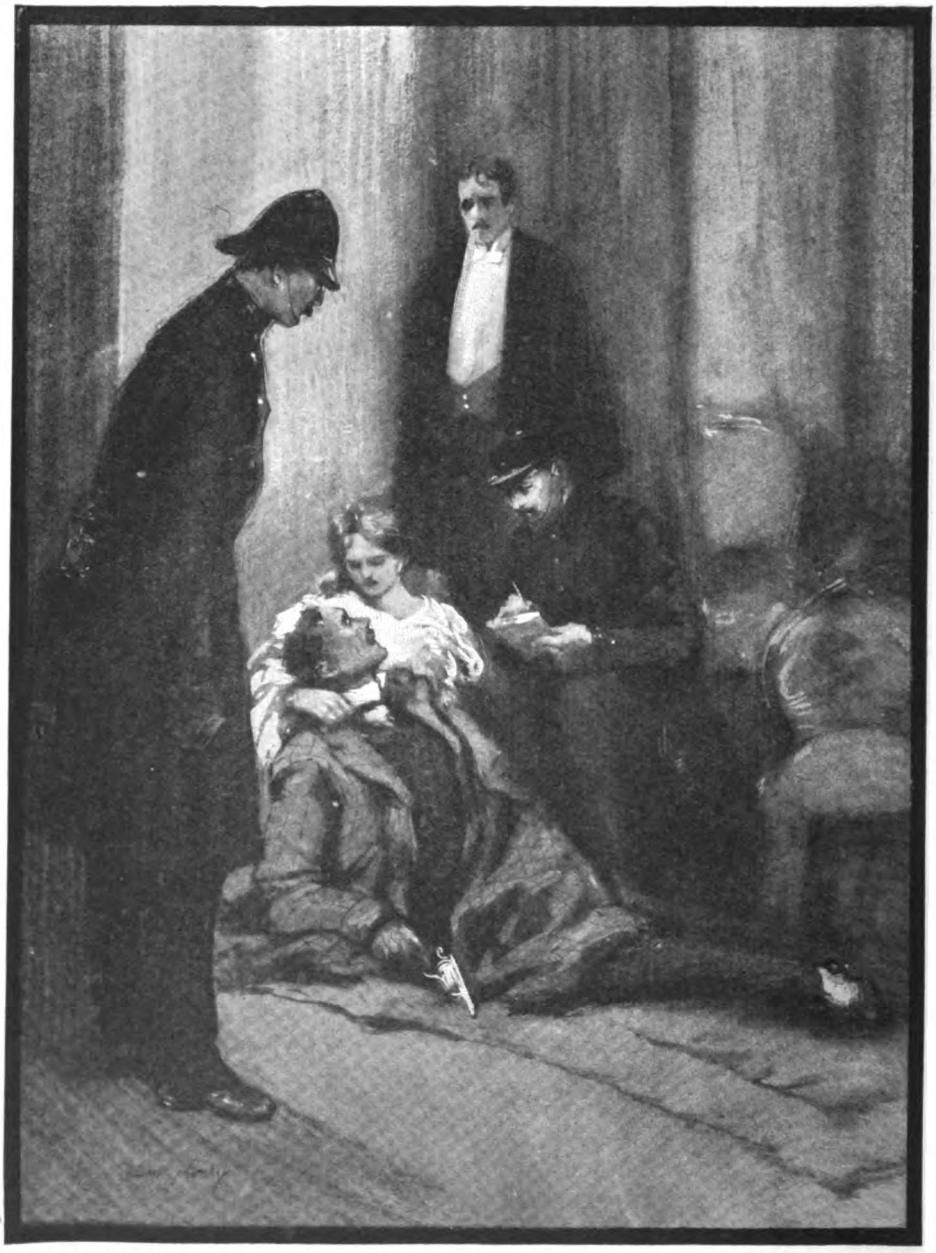
"Have you got anything for getting ink out of ducks?"

The courteous Portuguese assistant smiled blandly.

"No," said he: "but we have an excellent preparation for making hens lay."



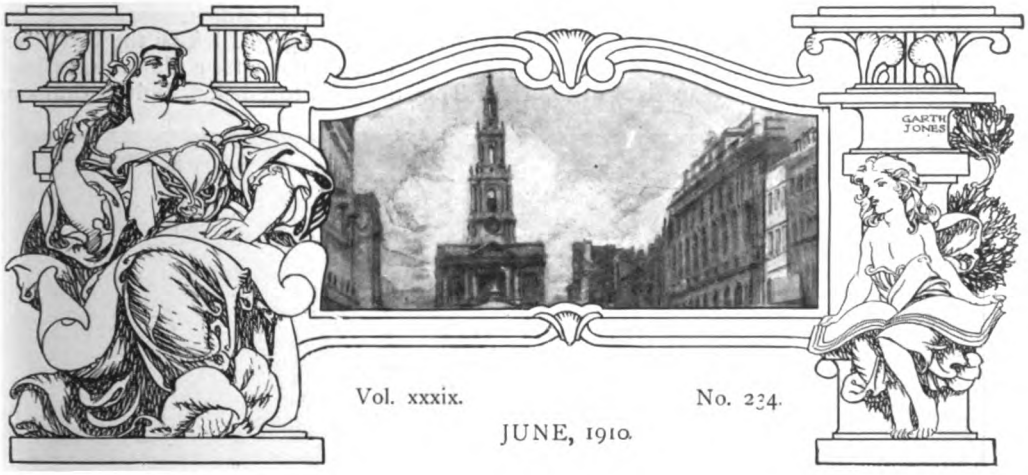
LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "The Restless Traveller" in the present number.
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



"'WHAT ELSE?' BULWER MURMURED. 'OF COURSE—I SHOT MYSELF.'"

(*See page* 649.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE



Vol. xxxix. No. 234.
JUNE, 1910.

The Restless Traveller.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I., R.B.A.

FROM Paris to Boulogne the man had seemed inspired with a perfect demon of restlessness. He had secured a comfortable corner seat facing the engine, for he had reached the Gare du Nord at least an hour before the train was due to leave, but instead of occupying it he seemed to spend most of his time wandering aimlessly up and down the corridor—a gaunt, disquieting figure. Fever had set its brand upon his features; something more than fever seemed occasionally to flash from his unnaturally brilliant eyes. A couple of women, travelling alone, shivered as he passed.

"I shouldn't like to be alone in the carriage with that man," one of them remarked.

"He looks ill," the other murmured, sympathetically. "I should think he was an Army officer who has had a touch of sunstroke."

He was almost the first to leave the train and make his way along the gangway on to the steamer, hurrying as though there were not a second to be lost. During the short voyage across the Channel he walked with nervous, ceaseless footsteps backwards and forwards upon the upper deck. The cool night wind seemed to bring him no relief. If indeed he had been abroad for many years, as seemed possible from his luggage, the familiar sights which he was now reaching appeared to afford him but little pleasure. The level line of lights along the Folkestone esplanade moved him to no emotion save a renewed impatience. Arrived in the harbour he was once more almost the first to cross the gangway, almost the first to take his place in the train. There he sat in a corner seat, his arms folded,

staring grimly out of the window, till a man who had passed along the platform twice and looked at him curiously on each occasion entered the carriage and touched him on the shoulder.

"Why, Bulwer, old man!" the new-comer exclaimed. "Glad to see you home again. I saw in the *Gazette* that you were on your way. How goes it?"

Major John Bulwer, for that was indeed the name of the uneasy man, looked into his questioner's face for a moment without recognition. Then he slowly extended a hand.

"It's Murray, isn't it, of the Carbineers?" he said. "How are you?"

"Jolly fit, thanks," the other answered. "I'll travel up with you, if you don't mind. You look as though you wanted a holiday, by Jove!" he added, as he settled himself down.

"I have had a touch of sunstroke," Bulwer admitted, slowly; "rather a bad touch, in its way. My head has been a little queer ever since."

He closed his eyes presently and showed no further disposition to talk. His companion made a few spasmodic efforts at conversation, but met with no encouragement. At Charing Cross they stood together for a moment upon the platform.

"Come round to the club and have one drink," Murray suggested, "before you go to your rooms. I suppose you've nothing here for the Customs?"

Bulwer shook his head.

"My heavy baggage I left on the boat," he said. "Yes, I'll come for a few minutes."

They drove off together. Bulwer drank a couple of whiskies and sodas in the smoking-room of the club whilst he was gloomily receiving the salutations and welcome of some of his old friends. Now that he had actually arrived at his destination, some part of the nervous impatience of the last few hours seemed to have disappeared. His manner, however, was still sufficiently curious to attract remark. Men whispered to one another as they strolled away to join some other group.

"HE WAS ALMOST THE FIRST TO LEAVE THE TRAIN AND MAKE HIS WAY ALONG THE GANGWAY ON TO THE STEAMER."

"I tell you what: he wants looking after, that fellow," one remarked. "He's got a touch of India. By the by, Carstairs——"

His companion—a tall, fair man—shrugged his shoulders.

"I think I can guess what was in your

mind," he said. "You are quite right. Bulwer was engaged to Helen Tremlett. I am not sure whether he knows."

"I'd leave him alone for a bit, anyhow, if I were you," his friend remarked.

"Nonsense," Carstairs answered. "I must go and speak to him."

He crossed the room and held out his hand to Bulwer, who took it after just a second's hesitation.

"Welcome back, Bulwer!" he said.

"Thank you," the other man answered.

At close quarters the change in Bulwer, to one who had known him well, was almost tragic. Carstairs' voice, despite himself, took a sympathetic note.

"I am afraid you are not very fit, are you?" he remarked.

"I am all right," Bulwer answered. "A little tired, perhaps—nothing more."

They were standing together in the farther corner of the smoking-room — Carstairs, Bulwer, and Murray, with one or two others. Carstairs drew a cigarette-case from his pocket. It was attached to a chain with several other trifles. Amongst them was a curiously-shaped Yale key, washed in gold.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked Bulwer.

Bulwer made no answer—his eyes were fixed upon the key. The other men looked at one another gravely. Bulwer had seemed queer from the moment of his appearance in the club, but there was something in his face now which spoke of tragedy. They all knew that trouble was ahead, close at hand. Yet the calmness of Bulwer's voice, when he spoke, surprised them.

"Where did you get that key?" he asked.

Carstairs looked at his questioner at first with blank surprise. Then he understood, and cursed himself for a fool; it was not a thing to have shown Bulwer, this.

"The key is mine," he answered, coldly.

"You are a liar," Bulwer told him.

There was a moment's ugly silence; then Murray passed his arm through Bulwer's.

"Look here," he said, "we can't have a row here. You are a bit excited, old man, and not quite up to the mark. Come along with me and I'll see you to your rooms. You can talk to Carstairs in the morning, if you want to."

Bulwer seemed suddenly calmer.

"I do not wish to make a row here, but I have this much to say, and to say now, to Captain Carstairs," he declared, lowering his voice so that no one outside the little group should hear. "He has stated that that key is his, and I repeat that he lies."

Carstairs shrugged his shoulders.

"It would be absurd of me to take offence, Bulwer," he said, calmly, "because you do not know what you are talking about. You have been away from England for some years, and there have been changes. This is the key of a flat which belongs to me, and which I shall use when and as often as I choose. If you will accept a word of advice from me, Bulwer — and I give it to you earnestly and in all friendship—I would beg you to go to your rooms at once and read your letters."

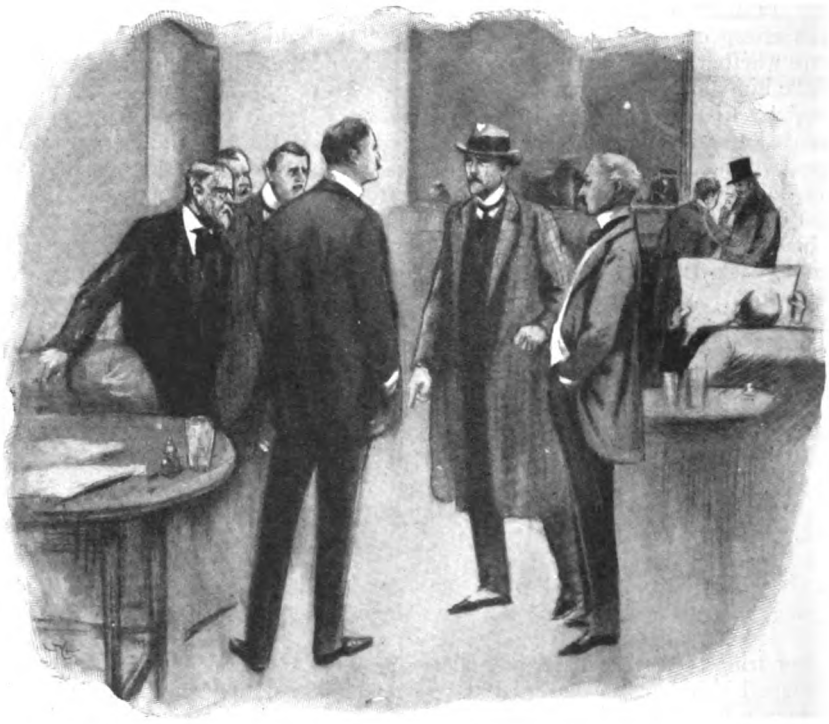
Bulwer preserved his almost unnatural calm.

"I thank you for your advice," he said. "Let me, in return, give you one word of warning. If you make use of that key to-night, or any other night whilst I am in London, it will cost you your life. That is all."

Then those few who were friends of both began to understand things. They remembered that Bulwer, when he had left England, had made over the lease of his flat to Helen Tremlett and her brother. Murray even remembered the day when Bulwer had left the key of his flat at a jeweller's to have it washed in gold before he handed it over to its new tenant. An uncomfortable silence followed. Carstairs' lips were sealed by a promise; the others knew that it was not for them to speak. Then Bulwer went quietly away.

It was a few minutes past midnight when the silence of the darkened and deserted little sitting-room in flat No. 10 of Ellesden Mansions, Mayfair, was suddenly broken by the tinkle of the telephone. The woman who had been asleep in the next room awoke suddenly, sat up in bed, and listened. It was her telephone, without a doubt. She slipped on a dressing-gown and, opening the door which communicated between the two rooms, groped her way to the instrument without waiting even to turn on the electric lights. She took the receiver and placed it to her ear.

"Well? Well? Who is it?" she asked, a little impatiently. "Oh, it's you, Maggie, is it?" she went on, in an altered tone. "Why, how are you, dear, and whatever do you want at this time of night? . . . What do you say? . . . What? . . . John Bulwer home? . . . Yes, I knew he was coming, but I didn't think he was due yet—not till next week. . . . Why, Maggie, I don't understand why you should ask me a question like



"IF YOU MAKE USE OF THAT KEY TO-NIGHT, OR ANY OTHER NIGHT WHILST I AM IN LONDON, IT WILL COST YOU YOUR LIFE."

that over the telephone at this hour of the night! . . . Well, yes, if you insist upon knowing, there was something between us when he went out to India, but it's all over now, of course. . . . I am sure I don't know whether he guesses or not. I should think he ought to have done from the tone of my last few letters. Anyhow, he will find a letter from me at his rooms when he gets there. Tell me why. . . . What did you say? . . . Oh, wait a minute, please."

The woman stood away from the telephone, her hand pressed to her heart. Her face went whiter than ever. It had come so suddenly—this message through the night. Once again she gripped the receiver in her hand.

"Tell me about it, Maggie. You say that he saw Captain Carstairs at the club. Did they quarrel? . . . What's that, dear? I can't hear. I think I am nervous. Please speak distinctly. . . . There was something about a key, you said. . . . What an idiot Ronald was to let him see it! He used to live here, you know. He would recognize it, of course. . . . Do you mean that he is mad? . . . Oh, I am sorry! I knew he'd had a sunstroke; I didn't think it was so bad as that. . . . Oh, I am not afraid of his coming here! He wouldn't think of that, I am sure. My letter was quite clear. And it hasn't been altogether my fault, either. Some of the things he wrote me a month or so ago were simply abominable. . . . No, I think it's sweet of you, dear, and your husband to think of warning me. You are the only people who know the truth about Captain Carstairs and myself. . . . Nervous? Not I! . . . Good night, Maggie! Good night, dear! . . . Yes; I'll ring you up in the morning. . . . Good-bye!"

The woman put the receiver down. Notwithstanding her assurance that she was not nervous, she found herself trembling all over. Slowly she made her way to the other end of the room and turned on the electric switch. Then for a moment she stood as though turned to stone, petrified with the horror of what she saw. Within a few feet of her, sitting in a high-backed chair facing the door, his arms folded, his travelling clothes unchanged, with a small revolver upon his knees, sat the man whom three years ago she had been engaged to marry.

"John!" she cried at last. "John! Why, how did you get here? Who let you in?"

"I did not need to be let in," he answered, slowly. "I have the second key. I have kept it as a memento."

"B—but what do you want?" she exclaimed.

He did not reply, although he was looking steadfastly at her. Then she, too, saw that thing in his eyes which had made other people afraid.

"You mustn't stay here," she faltered. "You frighten me."

She crept away towards the telephone. Then he spoke.

"Leave that thing alone," he said. "You can go back into your room, if you like."

"But what are you doing here?" she asked, still white to the lips. "What are you waiting for?"

"To shoot Carstairs," he answered, "if he comes in through that door."

She threw up her arms; the place was going round with her.

"John, are you mad?" she cried.

"I am not sure," he answered. "Perhaps I am. That doesn't matter, does it?"

"Have you been to your rooms?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I reached Charing Cross at ten forty-five. I called at the club and came straight on here."

She was at heart a brave woman, and the situation began to get clearer to her. She struggled to speak calmly, yet all the time every nerve in her body was strained to an effort of listening.

"John," she said, "did you hear what I was saying on the telephone?"

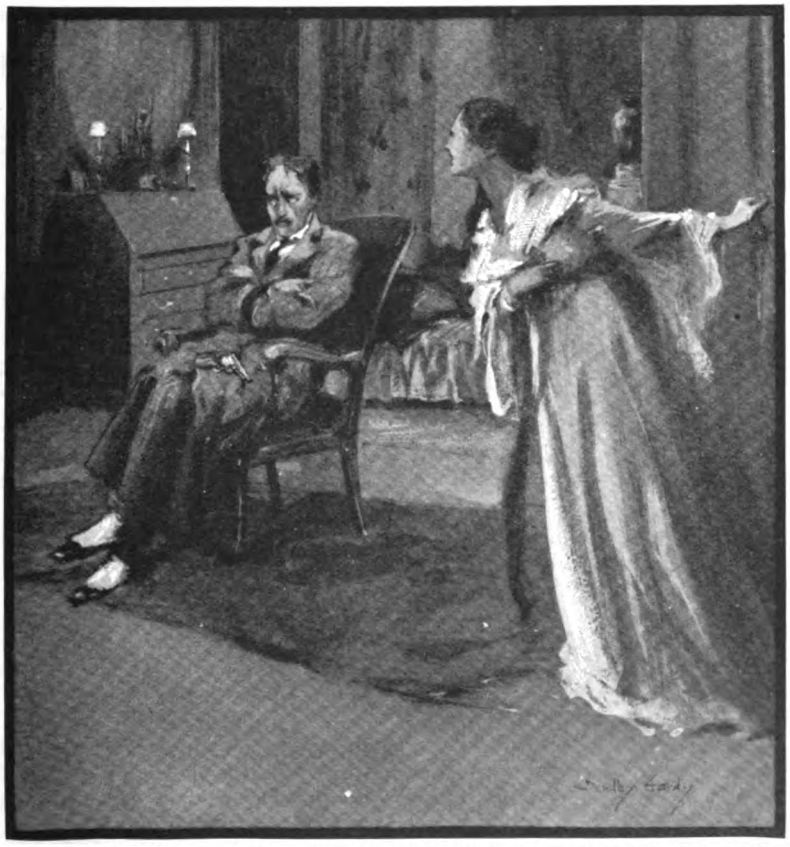
"Some of it," he answered.

"Madge Murray rang me up. Her husband was at the club. She was telling me about it. You saw—Captain Carstairs."

"Yes."

"Did you quarrel with him?"

"I saw something which belonged to me upon his watch-chain, and I asked him what he was doing with my property," Bulwer



"'JOHN!' SHE CRIED AT LAST. 'JOHN! WHY, HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHO LET YOU IN?'"

replied, grimly. "Come here and kiss me, Helen."

She shrank away.

"I can't, John. That's all over."

The man's lips parted, but there was no smile upon his face.

"I have lost my beauty, haven't I?" he muttered. "You haven't, Helen. You're just the same."

Once more she began to tremble.

"John," she said, "I am sorry. I wish you'd been to your rooms before you went to the club. You would have understood then; you would have found a letter from me."

"A letter," he repeated, "from you! Was it to break off our engagement, Helen?"

She came over again to his side.

"Yes, John," she said. "I am sorry, but it had to be. Your letters lately have been so strange and queer, and I am afraid that I have changed myself. It was a foolish engagement. Don't be too hard upon me, John. Don't think me too fickle. I told you at the time I wasn't sure that I cared, I wasn't sure that I could wait. Soon after you left I met someone else, and then I knew that I hadn't really cared for anyone before in all my life."

"Carstairs is the man, of course?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Carstairs!" he muttered. "I whipped him at school. I wish I'd killed him then."

She laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"John," she pleaded, "please don't talk like that. Why do you sit there and look so terrible with that—that thing upon your knees? You are not really thinking of shooting anyone, are you? Let me take it away."

His fingers gripped it—a passing sound on the stairs had attracted his attention. He pushed her on one side. The footsteps died away, but she found herself trembling. She came a little nearer still. The fear for her own safety was passing away; the courage of a woman, strong to defend the thing she loves, was stealing into her blood.

"John," she said, softly, "Ronald Carstairs is the man I am really fond of—the man I love better than anything else on earth. There is a story to be told about this. You don't understand."

"I understand this, at any rate," he muttered. "I have challenged him to use that key to-night. If he does, I shall shoot him."

"John, you mustn't talk like this," she pleaded. "Ronald Carstairs is my husband—he is everything in the world to me."

The man heard her with unmoved face.

"If he is your husband," he said, "he's stolen what belongs to me, and you are a false woman. I have been thinking about this all the way, all the time. I have made up my mind. That is why I am here—I am going to shoot him."

She was suddenly rigid, her finger held out, her whole attitude one of concentrated listening. They both heard the tinkle of the hansom bell stopping below, the slamming of the apron, a man's cheery "Good night" to the driver. Bulwer's eyes gleamed, his right hand gripped the revolver, his left hand kept away the woman who tried to fling herself upon him.

"John," she cried, "you won't think of this! Why, it would be murder. Let him come in and help me tell you all about it. It wasn't his fault. He didn't even know that I had been engaged to you until the last few days. John, I love him so much. Put that thing away, for Heaven's sake!"

She ran half-way to the door, screaming, but the man only laughed.

"The more you do that, the quicker he'll come," he muttered.

They heard his step now outside. One last inspiration came to her aid. She sprang across the room and turned out the electric lights. Once more the room was in darkness; then the door was opened.

"Ronald, John Bulwer is here—just opposite. Throw your cigarette down quick. Go away and leave us, please. He swears he is going to shoot you. He won't hurt me; I'm not afraid. Please go."

The little red spot of light went down at her first words. The shot rang out, and there was the crash of a fallen picture. Carstairs, unhurt, stole slowly on tiptoe across the room. They heard Bulwer rise and grope his way toward the wall.

"Turn on the lights," he shouted, "and let me see you. Where are you, Ronald Carstairs? Stand up, like a man!"

Then once more there was a crash of breaking glass. The woman, failing to unfasten the window at her first effort, had thrown a great vase through it and was blowing a whistle furiously. There were two more shots and the sound of a man's groans. An eternity of silence followed; the woman was groping her way about, moaning with fear. Then suddenly the room was once more flooded with light. It was Carstairs who stood with his finger upon the switch

and a small revolver gripped in his right hand. Bulwer was lying upon the floor, his limbs twitching convulsively, his revolver smoking by his side. The girl looked from one to the other wildly.

"Ronald," she cried, "you are safe—you are really safe?"

Carstairs was pale as death; it was he now who was afraid.

"I am safe enough," he answered, "but I've shot the fellow. I never thought that he was in earnest at the club. I thought he was mad. I wish to Heaven I hadn't brought this cursed thing!"

He threw it down with a gesture of disgust. They could hear footsteps now upon the stairs. She stooped down and hid the revolver behind the curtains.

"Helen!" he cried.

She held out both her hands; her lips framed an injunction to silence. The door was opened. A policeman, followed by an inspector, entered. Behind was a cab-driver and several other street loiterers. The policeman turned the key in the door, shutting them all out.

"What's wrong here?" the inspector asked, quickly. "What's happened to that man?"

Bulwer raised himself a little and looked at them.

"I am shot," he muttered. "I am dying."

The policeman hurried to his side, the inspector took out his note-book from his pocket.

"Will you ring up for a doctor, madam, if you have a telephone?" he asked. "No one must leave the room."

They looked suspiciously at Carstairs. Bulwer, gasping a little for breath, seemed suddenly changed. His eyes once more were human, his expression ghastly but natural. He was like a man from whose blood a fever has passed.

"I am sorry," he faltered. "Mrs. Carstairs!"

She flung down the receiver of the telephone and hurried to his side.

"I am sorry," he repeated. "I meant to shoot myself to-day. The doctor of the regiment—he knew. They will all tell you—I had only a month or so—to live. I thought I'd get back home and stick it out—if I could. But it was too much for me to land here and know I had to die—so soon. But I didn't mean to do it here. I am sorry to give everyone—so much trouble."

Her arm was around his head, her hand was smoothing his. The inspector bent down.

"Are we to understand that you shot yourself, sir?" he asked.

"What else?" Bulwer murmured. "Of course—I shot myself."

He fell back. They brought brandy and forced it between his lips. The doctor arrived within a few minutes, but it was too late. The inspector, as he bade them a respectful "Good night," was inclined to be sympathetic.

"It's just as well, madam," he remarked, "if you'll allow me to say so, that the poor fellow lived long enough to tell the truth. This sort of thing always leaves an awkward feeling behind unless it is cleared up properly at the time."

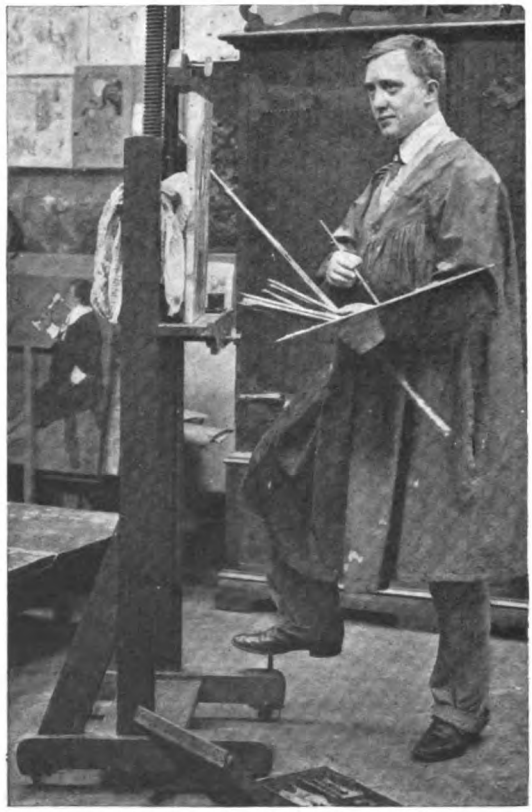
Then they were left alone in the little room. They heard the heavy tramp of footsteps descending the stairs, the tramp of the men who carried the ambulance with its terrible burden. They heard the footsteps grow fainter and fainter. The man's restless journey was over.

Tom Browne, Artist and Man.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

TOM BROWNE is dead at thirty-nine, and the world has lost one of its greatest laughter-makers in black and white. His fame was universal. While well-to-do folk hung his Dutch water-colours on their walls, the errand-boy chuckled over his comic post-cards; while the great British public looked upon him as a familiar friend—drawing, as he did, just the sort of people it knew so well—he was known in America, in the Far East, and on the Continent. For a good picture is like a good tune—it knows no such geographical restrictions as, unfortunately for us who follow the sister art, literature does.

So not only the country of his birth, but the world as a whole, must mourn the loss of a great man in Tom Browne. But if we have the man no longer, we have his work, and the great store of pictures he left behind, in ink and colour, will undoubtedly be reprinted time and again for a generation to come. He left several thousand drawings.



THE LATE MR. TOM BROWNE, R.I.
From a Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

The late Dr. Samuel Smiles would have revelled in Tom Browne as a fit subject for his pen. Here, indeed, was a man who had climbed to a lofty peak from lowly foothills. Here was a man who, unaided and untaught, had fought his way up from poverty—real, sordid poverty—to worthy affluence. There was no luck about it. Like the heroes of Dr. Smiles's rather unctuous biographies, Browne won his way by sheer hard work. How many young artists with his ability would have worked

with his persistency? When the masses were shaking over his "Tired Tim" and "Weary Willie" creations, Browne, during one notable six months, was drawing five front pages of these side-splitting comicalities every week, and making one hundred and fifty pounds a week by them. And when he resolved to relinquish this purely farcical work, and appeal to another public, he resigned a certain income of seventy pounds a week.

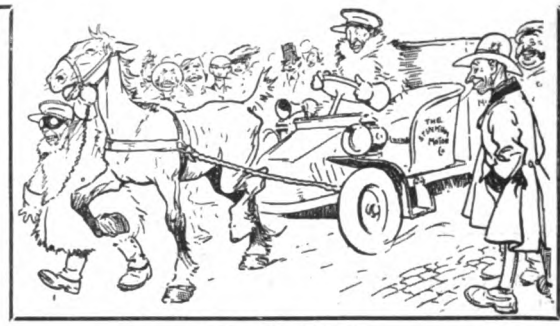
TOM BROWNE'S FIRST PUBLISHED DRAWING, WHICH APPEARED IN "SCRAPS" OF APRIL 27TH, 1889.

Tom Browne was born at Nottingham in 1870 of humble parentage, and at an early age was put to the hardly inspiring task of carrying bonnet-boxes about. Some successful men take a pride in dwelling upon their lowly beginnings, but Browne was not of that ilk. If I read him aright, he derived no pleasure from recalling the fact that he started life as an errand-boy. Time went on, and he picked up a living as best he could until someone apparently took him in hand and apprenticed him to a firm of lithographic printers—or possibly he apprenticed himself, for he was always of a self-reliant and independent nature. How he lived on his princely salary of a shilling a week, rising by eighteenpence a year, I cannot imagine, and he himself could not tell me. One fact remains—that he served his full apprenticeship, staying with this firm till he was twenty-one. The knowledge he gained there was to prove useful in after life, for when he had obtained a solid and assured place in the world, with two partners he established a colour-printing business in Nottingham under the title of "Tom Browne, Limited." So the humble apprentice went back to Nottingham as a master. His shrewd business capacity is evidenced in this move, for during the picture-post-card boom of late years Browne evolved hosts of comic subjects for his own firm to print, drawing payment for himself first as artist, and profits secondly as his own printer.

THE DANCING BISHOP.
TOM BROWNE'S FIRST MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATION.

But when he found himself free of his apprenticeship, Tom Browne had no ideas then of becoming a master printer. As a lad he had decorated the Nottingham pavements with crude — and possibly rude — chalk drawings, and as a prentice he had earned money by painting coloured labels for cigar-boxes; at seventeen he had successfully wooed the notice of the editor of *Scraps*, so now his one object was to make his way as a black-and-white artist. At twenty-three—being then married—he came to London and set up house at Greenwich, and it was not long before the editors of the half-penny comic papers, that were just then coming into existence as rapidly as machinery could turn them out, became aware that Greenwich was harbouring a genius. The result was that the shy young artist from Nottingham was simply bombarded with orders, all of which were executed with a facility and rapidity that made those editors gape with astonishment and chuckle with satisfaction. The occasion had produced the man. Comic pictures above everything were wanted, and here of a surety was a man who could draw them!

"Tired Tim" and "Weary Willie," as many of my readers will recollect, became the pictorial heroes of every errand-boy, van-boy, and page-boy in the land; and their seniors, too — Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins, the nurse-girl, the factory-girl, the cook resting



HORSE V. MOTOR.

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after her labours, the postman, the milkman, and the policeman — for these and their like, and perhaps many in superior stations, "Tired Tim" and "Weary Willie" possessed laughter inexhaustible. The greater the popularity attained by these languid characters the harder "Tom B." worked and the "stiffer" his price became. One man's pencil, of course, could not cope with the demands laid upon it, and imitators arose in scores. In fact, Tom Browne soon found himself at the head of a big "school" of which he had no reason to feel particularly proud.

And then, as I have said, when at the zenith of his fame he grew suddenly tired of the already very tired Tim, and exceedingly weary of weary Willie, and told himself that he would not act as their historian for another solitary week. So the master left his scholars to follow as best they could in his footsteps, and betook himself to the more rarefied atmosphere of monthly magazines and weekly journals of tone and respectability.

It was a considerable drop from thirty pounds a page to a guinea a picture, but Tom Browne had to stoop in order to conquer, and the latter figure was what he first earned for magazine work. The first magazine illustrations he ever executed were drawn at my suggestion for a tale I had written called "The Dancing Bishop," and when the drawings were done I submitted them with my tale to the editor of the *Lady's Realm*, the late Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who accepted both and asked for more. It was not long, of course, before there was a brisk demand for his work in the magazines, in the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and other periodicals of the type he liked to draw for. He appeared fairly regularly in *Punch* for a time, but he did not run well in the harness that *Punch* artists must don. He never hit it off quite well with Sir Francis Burnand, who was

AN old lady from the country engaged a room at a London hotel. Buttons took her travelling-bag. "I don't like this room," she said. The boy made no reply. "I tell you," she went on, angrily, "I do not like this room. Nothing will induce me to take it. It's too horribly small and stuffy; and as to sleeping in a folding-bed, I'd die first." The boy, with a weary expression, pushed the old woman inside and pulled the rope. "This ain't yer room," he said; "it's the lift."

always a very particular editor. I think the real reason lay in the fact that Browne was not possessed of the *Punch* type of humour. One cannot well imagine the same roof sheltering Du Maurier and Tom Browne. Both great men, they were wide apart as the Poles in their outlook on life.

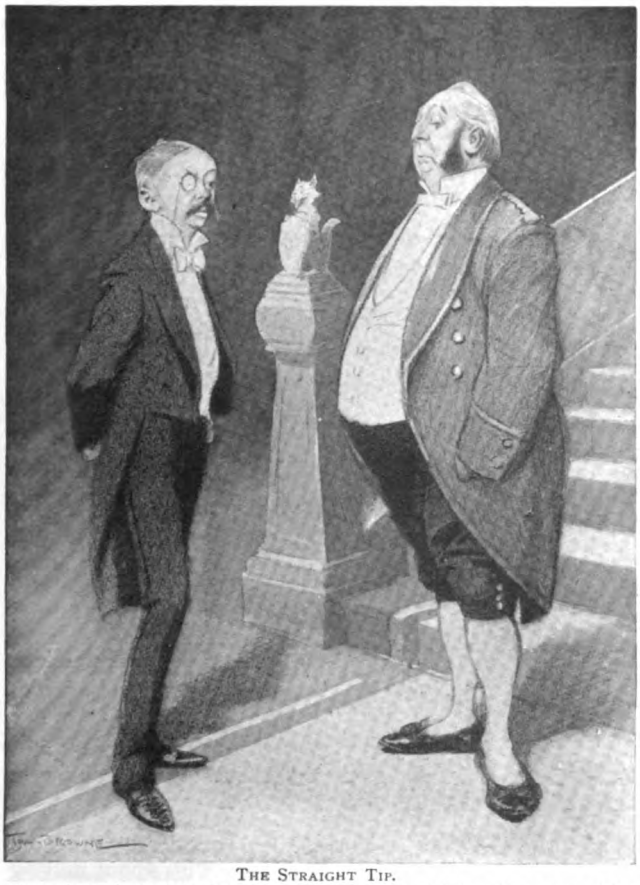
Browne used to speak his mind bitterly about Burnand. "I sent in a drawing once," he told me, "and Burnand said it was all right except for the girl. I altered the girl, and then Burnand sent it back and said he didn't like the joke!"

Browne was never an easy man to handle, and so he did not become a regular member of the *Punch* staff. When Phil May died, Browne, I know, had the chance of taking his place; but he never did, and perhaps it was because he felt he never could. For Phil May's art he entertained the greatest admiration, and the respect one true artist bears for another. Both, by a pathetic coincidence, died at the same age.

A VERY SHARP FROST.

"What's the matter?"

"I fell in the ice, and those men have just sawn me out. I'm off home to get melted down."



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

Sponging Friend of the Family: "Thomas, my good fellow, how soon will the dinner come up?"

Footman (who has been lingering about for half an hour to show him the door): "The very moment you be gone, sir."

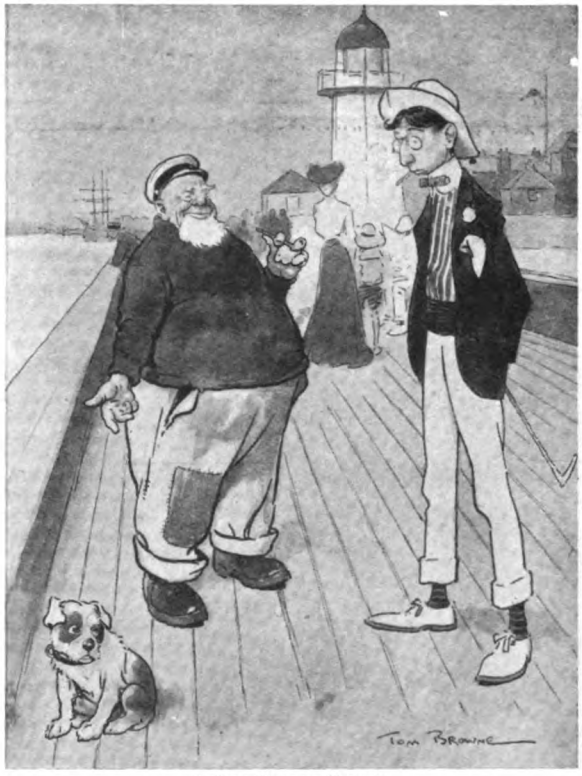
No one will claim subtlety for "Tom B."; his was the humour of the London pavement and the bus-top. He found delight in the policeman's large hoof, the cook's capacious apron, the soldier's tailor-developed chest, the sailor's flapping trousers, and the urchin's snub nose. What street in city, town, or hamlet has not its wide-eyed, omnipresent boy? Browne has this boy in hundreds of his pictures. Look into Browne's work—it will bear looking into—and you will find many little touches that give proof of his closely-observant eye; you will see the peg-top or the apple bulging out of his urchin's pocket; his street-girl's loosely-gartered stocking.

Browne may be said to have had no education whatever in drawing. He educated himself. What he saw he drew, and his genius made it a picture. He did go to an art school at Nottingham for a couple of terms, and it was a good school in its way, but hardly a Julien's. Anyhow, he grew tired of the cut-and-dried methods obtaining

there—of the restraint, as he once put it to me—and so, with about a dozen other would-be artists, he took a room over some stables and there drew and painted from "life." They took it in turns to procure models—a tramp, a newspaper-boy, a flower-seller, anybody who wanted to earn a shilling served their purpose. One night Tom, scouring the neighbourhood for a subject, lighted on a negro who earned a living by chewing glass in public-houses. This nice gentleman was asked if he would come to the loft and be painted. He looked at Browne earnestly for some moments, and, evidently labouring under the impression that the natural hue of his body was to be altered, he demanded: "*Will it come off, sah?*"

The young art-students could ill afford to pay even the model's fee, and themselves lit the fire, swept the floor, etc. Finally they were turned out for not paying their rent!

What a change from this crude academy Browne must have found the Langham Sketching Club, where so many diffident young artists have learned confidence and developed their talent under the happy influences of genial good-fellowship and kindly tutelage from older men. It was Dudley Hardy who took Browne to the Langham, and Tom confessed to me once that it was the most friendly turn he had ever experienced. Naturally shy, this was his first shoulder-rubbing with his fellows in art; working side by side with other young men, he painted a set subject every Friday night, and learned a good deal more than painting lore; learned to play his part in the big world he had come into; to pass and accept criticism; to join in the frequent laugh, whether it was with or against him. He had, of course, his own very good reasons for seceding from the Langham later on and helping to form the London Sketch Club; but to the Langham must be ascribed the credit of introducing "Tom B." to the "art circle" he ever after affected. The sketches from his note-books reproduced on the next page and elsewhere in this article give an excellent idea of his method of working.



A Dog Worth Having.

Old Salt: "To look at that there dawg, mister, you'd think he didn't know nothing, but 'e's worth five bob a day to me during the crab season. He'll just go and lay in the water and purtend he's dead, and when 'e's covered wi' crabs wot s come to feed on 'im 'e'll run ashore, and I ken fill my barsket in no time. That's a good dawg, that is."

Phil May did not believe in these art clubs. I once asked him if he ever went to the London Sketch Club. He shook his head. "Not often. Why," he said, "they *work* there! That's not my idea of enjoyment."

Tom Browne's talk was always to the point. When he spoke he had something to say. A certain young Cambridge man had been appointed editor of an old-established comic journal that had run somewhat to seed. The Cantab, whose sense of humour was not his most distinguishing attribute, was set the task of reinvigorating it. He must have talent. He called in Browne.

"Now, Mr. Browne," he said, his finger-tips together, "I want you to draw for me. I want you to take a great interest in this paper. I want you to rally round and give me your best work—your very best work. You must be one of my staff."

And so forth. Browne heard him out steadily, as his way was. This about rallying round the old paper and doing his best work was all very well, but he was a business man before everything, and there was one

important point that had not yet been touched upon. When the eloquent harangue was finished Browne looked the new young editor coldly in the eye as he put the blunt but pertinent inquiry, "And what are you going to pay me?"

The circumstances under which I write must be my excuse for relating a "model" story which, together with others, has already appeared under my signature.

At Blackheath, some ten years ago, Browne sometimes engaged as a model a lanky, loutish golf caddie, a youth about twenty, whose garb was not always of the tidiest or best. One study in water-colours of this subject Browne labelled "A Loafer," and exhibited for sale in a Greenwich picture shop. A few days passed, and then the golf caddie appeared at the studio, looking highly displeased. "Mr. Browne," he said, "you've drawn me and put I'm a loafer on it. Now, I ain't a loafer —I'm a golf caddie, and you've got to tike it out!"

The caddie was well known in the district, and Browne, good-heartedly sympathizing with his point of view, withdrew the picture from the public gaze.

The best tale about Tom Browne has been often told, but must be told yet once again. A dear old gentleman up from the country was introduced to the artist with the words, "You have heard of Tom Browne, of course?" The old gentleman was delighted. "Heard of you, sir! I should say so, indeed! We have heaps of fun every Christmas-time with your *crackers*, Mr. Tom Browne!"

Browne always talked well about his travels, for a man with his observant eye necessarily saw much. He was enticed out to America on a sketching job for a big Chicago newspaper, and afterwards explored the Pacific slope. He saw much of Holland. He went through Spain awheel. Last

STUDIES FROM LIFE FROM TOM BROWNE'S SKETCH-BOOKS.

year he visited China and Japan, taking Egypt on his way.

In his younger days Browne was a great cyclist. A good many years ago he boasted of having worn out "six bicycles and half a tandem." His most considerable cycle tour, taken some twelve years ago, was when he rode with a companion from Paris to Gibraltar across the Pyrenees. Never was cyclist more pleased to reach the end of his journey! The weather was either very hot or very cold, the roads were heavy, and the clouds gave anything but a welcome to the two adventurous souls. "We rode," said Browne, "bang through five days' rain."

RULES AND ETIQUETTE OF GOLF.
A ball lying in the fork of a tree must be played, or the player shall lose a stroke.

Our Royal alliance with Spain has, I should surmise, rendered a Spanish cycling tour an undertaking that may now be entered upon without misgivings; the Queen's countrymen are welcome. But Browne and his friend travelled under less agreeable auspices. Whenever they went into a *café* to have some food, the people would crowd in to watch them. If one of them dropped a piece of bread or knocked over a glass, roars of laughter would follow. There was, indeed, no limit to the curiosity of the children of Sunny Spain. If they stopped in the market-place of a town, hundreds would gather round to examine their machines, pinch their tyres, and ring their bells. They had to put up with insulting remarks, and on several occasions narrowly escaped physical violence. Browne's sketching did not make him popular; the noble Spaniard did not appreciate having his profile committed to paper. They had to display their revolvers sometimes. They had to be careful about the locks of their bedroom doors, and to suffer the attacks of dogs, wilfully set on them by shepherds. Once, coasting down a hill, a man deliberately thrust his stick between the spokes of Browne's bicycle. Tom jumped off to adjust the matter with him, but the fellow was off up the hill like a rabbit. There was no protection for them; the police never interfered when they were hustled by crowds. When they got to Gibraltar Tom Browne confessed he was so glad to be in English territory again that he could have kissed the first English sentry he saw!

Such were the experiences — worth noting—of an inoffensive English artist and his friend among this ignorant and decadent people. The advent of the motor-car has by this time, of course, familiarized Spanish folk with the English tourist. Though never one of the squeamish sort, Browne was horrified by the bull-fights —a national pastime which is even reproduced in miniature by the children in their playgrounds, one being the bull, and others charging at him pick-a-back fashion.

Tom Browne's experiences in other parts of the world were of the reverse order. In America, needless to say, he was received most hospitably. He was not, however, impressed by the American boy, whom he regarded paternally as a melancholy instance of the spared rod and the spoilt child. Among the windmills and dykes of Holland, of course, he was as much at home as on Blackheath. No one has drawn quainter pictures of

CHIRGWIN.

DAN LENO.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Kind Chemist: "Well, and how did your mother sleep last night? Did she follow my advice and begin counting sheep?"
Little Mary: "Yes; she counted eighteen thousand."
Kind Chemist: "And then fell asleep?"
Little Mary: "No; then it was time to get up."

the simple, industrious Dutch peasantry, broad-faced and good-tempered.

His tour in the Far East last year was a kind of Royal progress. Everywhere the popular "Tom B." was received with open arms. He was breakfasted, lunched, and dined galore, as a man of his sociable temperament was bound to be. He found the American fleet anchored at Yokohama, and was entertained to dinner on two of the warships. He met Prince Ito, so soon afterwards to fall beneath the assassin's bullet. Everywhere his alert eye was commemorizing the manners, customs, and costumes of the East; everywhere his pencil was busy. The Japs, he came to the conclusion, were a nation of copyists, and in no direction are they more clever than in copying the labels of well-known British commodities. The tourist pays down good money for what appears to be the article he has purchased at Brixton, only to find it is pure Japanese, with a perfectly-forged label on it. The Japs may eventually evolve something original, but at present they borrow all their ideas from the rest of the world, going, for instance, to Germany for their infantry uniforms, to France for their cavalry uniforms, and to England for their bluejackets' dress.

To the ordinary Chinaman one talks pidgin-English, but it is not always possible to know who *is* an ordinary Chinaman. Giving me matter for a paper I wrote on his travels in the East, Browne quoted a case in point. "I was in Shanghai at the time. I saw two English sailors who wanted to be directed to the quay. One of them said, 'Here, ask that old chink walking along there.' So the other went up to a stately-looking Chinaman and said, 'Hi, Johnnie, you tellee me chop-chop which way velly good water is?' The Chinaman stared at him in cold scorn. 'If,' he said, 'you will speak to me in proper English, I will answer you!'" Delight of Tom Browne; dismay and exit of sailors!

A keen soldier, Browne hurried home to go into camp on Salisbury Plain in August. Seven months later the bugles sounded the "Last Post" over his grave. The end came not quite so suddenly as many of his friends may have imagined. The papers said on his death that he was cut off in the prime of his life. I did not altogether share that opinion. Latterly he had seemed tired. His family history was bad; in his youth he had suffered privations, and in his early manhood he did not spare those willing servants, his brain and hand. Browne had lived a full life, and perhaps he had done his work. I cannot say.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

AT GLORIANI'S.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

II.—The Lady Without an Appetite.

AFTER the affair of Semolino my relations with Gloriani became of a more intimate nature, and, thanks to him, I was privileged to play a not altogether inactive part in certain highly dramatic scenes. The case of the lady without an appetite was one of the first of a series of adventures and misadventures which took place in the pink-brocaded saloon.

I remember that I had congratulated the great man upon an autumn season of remarkable prosperity. Day after day, night after night, the restaurant was packed with hungry and appreciative clients.

"You own a gold-mine," said I.

"Signore," he replied, modestly, "I am rewarded beyond my deserts. All the same——" He sighed.

"Yes?"

"There are penalties."

"Come, come," said I. "Now that you have arrived, the penalties cannot be very heavy. You love your work; you take proper pride in it; you have few bad debts, and it must be consoling to reflect that whatever happens Britons must eat and drink."

"Signore, you are a writer; you have imagination. But even you do not dream, even when you suffer from nightmare, of the anxieties and responsibilities connected with this restaurant."

"Gloriani, one look at your face reassures me."

"The signore forgets that I am a Neapolitan. I was born at the foot of Vesuvius. Ma! I lived for years within sight of that terrible crater. We laughed and jested. Dio! But we knew, every ragamuffin of us, that at any moment—pif!—paf!—the end might come. It is the same here."

"What!"

"I should say no more. I have said, indeed, too much. For the moment I had forgotten that the signore is a client. I was speaking in confidence to a friend."

"Gloriani, I am your friend, but, most assuredly, I shall sup for the future at Franconi's if you do not satisfy at once a curiosity which is simply colossal."

Franconi, I should mention, who used to be head waiter at the Spitz Hotel, had just opened a rival restaurant across the street.

Gloriani frowned.

"Perhaps," he said, slowly, "the signore would do well to sup elsewhere for a few nights. It might be safer."

"Safer?"

"I said—safer—even at Franconi's."

Frankly, I was stupefied. Gloriani detested Franconi, who, for the rest, employed German waiters; and I had heard him hint that Franconi's famous civet de lièvre was not above suspicion. Agostino had whispered to me that at dead of night a cart—a large cart—had been seen removing an immense load of bones and skulls which represented all that was left of an army of cats!

"Signore, I must confide in somebody. Why not in you?"

"My friend, you could not choose more wisely. Continue!"

"Each night," whispered Gloriani in my attentive ear, "each night, signore, from ten to twelve, I feel as if once more I was living on the slopes of that accursed volcano."

"Suffering Moses!"

"Moses, caro signore, never suffered as I suffer. And all the time I have to laugh, to jest, to play the buffone. Corpo di Bacco, it is too much!"

"Gloriani, have pity on me and get to the point."

"Ebbene! I am worried, distracted, demoralized by a Russian princess who comes here between ten and twelve, and who has no appetite."

I stared at him open-mouthed, for I took

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him literally. I believed for an instant that a client who came regularly to the Cosmopolis, and who exhibited, as regularly, no appetite for food admittedly perfect, must inspire in such an artist as Gloriani misgiving, distress, and anxiety. I remembered that Vatel, the cook of the Prince de Condé, had committed suicide because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner.

"Apparently she is neither hungry nor greedy."

"Hungry! Madonna! There is reason why she should not be hungry!"

"Then she doesn't come to the Cosmopolis to eat."

"The signore has remark her—a short, stout lady, with a broad, white face, plainly dressed, who smokes cigarettes and drops the ashes into my bouillon before, mark you, before she taste it."

"Certainly that is not fair to you. I do remember the lady. She sits at the table nearest the door."

"Precisely—nearest the door. Always she engage that table nearest the door, and always she finish her supper with an orange."

"She is not here now?"

"At midnight, she go. And now, will the signore tell me what he thinks of that young man yonder, sitting by himself in the corner?"

At a table across the room I perceived a curiously fatuous, unintelligent youth, who wore an amiable smile and a coral and diamond stud.

"The signore knows the young man."

"My friend," I replied, severely, "I left a West-end club because it was full, chock-a-block, with just such young men. I don't know that youth, but I can tell you all about him. He is, in a word, a type. He was not educated, but licked into his present shape at Eton or Harrow. He never does anything or says anything which has not been done or said before at least a billion times. He comes here because it is the fashion to come here, not because he can appreciate your masterpieces."

"A CURIOUSLY FATUOUS, UNINTELLIGENT YOUTH."

"The signore is wonderful. Ecco! He does not appreciate my masterpieces."

"I knew it."

"But, pardon, he come not here because it is the fashion. He come because the lady without an appetite come."

"You hint that he is capable of a—passion?"

"That I know not. What I know is this. He is the youngest and the cleverest detective in England."

"Impossible!"

"It is as I have said."

As he spoke the youth rose, flung away his cigarette, and sauntered past us. He nodded to Gloriani, who stood up and bowed. With an apathetic smile the youth drifted out.

"He is of the first force," said Gloriani. "And his face, as he himself say, is his fortune. All his great qualities are hidden under that face."

"A detective?"

"Has the signore heard of Sonia Petroffsky?"

"The woman who assassinated the Grand Duke Boris? Of course."

"The lady who has no appetite is Sonia's sister."

"By Jove!"

Gloriani leaned nearer to me. His large eyes were nearly popping out of his fine forehead, as he whispered: "For a month past we have been expecting an old client of mine, the General Count Spenckendorf, late Governor of Tomsk."

"Amico mio, if you don't mind I will drink a small glass of your old brandy."

"Certainly. Agostino! Ps-s-s-s-t! Agostino, the Waterloo brandy for the signore."

"Gloriani, tell me this. Why the dickens don't they arrest this lady without an appetite, and have done with it?"

The great man spread out his hands.

"Signore, I ask myself that question twenty times a day. To me, to any foreigner, it is incomprehensible. Ma! We are in England, which offers its distinguished hospitality to the scum of all the earth. Ecco! The other day a little man come here, a nice little man, a connoisseur. He order a pilau de Moules, and, of course, I know that he is from the South of France. I serve the pilau myself. We talk and talk, principally of the restaurants at Marseilles, of Bosso, of Mistral! Ebbene! This nice little man, with a purring voice and a soft laugh, is a maker of bombs. I think I will join the signore. The brandy is very fine. As the signore knows, we call it the Waterloo because it is of the year when the great Duke die."

"I did not know that, Gloriani; but go on."

"Why do your police not arrest that little man? I ask that question of the detective. He laugh at me. 'We can put our hands on him when we want him.' He say that to me—Gloriani. And he laugh. Basta!"

I felt that the honour and sagacity of Scotland Yard were in my hands. I hold no brief for our Intelligence Department, but one must admit that if bombs are manufactured in London, they are not thrown there—which is significant.

"My friend," said I, "I shall not sup elsewhere. I am not a brave man, nor am I a fool. If I really thought the lady without an appetite was going to be permitted to assassinate General Count Spenckendorf, late of Tomsk, in your restaurant, well, great as my friendship is for you, it would not stand that strain. The General, not I, will sup at Franconi's."

"The General will come here," said Gloriani, obstinately.

"At the risk of his life?"

"Certainly."

"But, in the name of reason, why?"

"Because nowhere else can he get a poularde à la Cocotte as I give him."

"You are serious?"

"But—absolutely. And he is without fear, the General. He snap his fingers in the nose of Death. Not to save his life would he sup at Franconi's. And he is right. With his appetite—ah! signore, the General is of a capacity. Ecco! And if he were unwise enough to eat chez Franconi as he eats with me—why, I would not answer for the consequences."

"He may not come to England at all."

"Signore, night and day that is my prayer to the Blessed St. Anthony of Padua."

I took my leave of Gloriani soon afterwards, but, passing my club, I looked in for a minute. Upon a board were pinned the last strips of paper from the "ticker." I read, not without a shiver of apprehension, this to me highly seasoned bit of news:—

"General Count Spenckendorf arrived in London to-night. His Excellency is staying at Claridge's Hotel."

II.

WHAT happened upon the following day constrains me to believe that I am braver than I thought, and also more of a fool. For I made up my mind that I would sup at Gloriani's that night, even if I were blown to Germany afterwards. About eleven in the morning I dropped in to apprise the padrone of my intention. He drew me into a corner.

"Ecco!" said he. "I have arrange matters. It was inspiration. But I admit that the signore planted the seed that sprout."

"My compliments! You look ten years younger."

"Ebbene! I feel gay as the gazeka! It came to me—my inspiration—at two-fifteen in the morning. I was so delight that I sing, from the chest, 'Funiculi, funicula!' My wife protest, but she join me when I explain."

"Gloriani, you are too verbose—your only fault."

"Signore, it is so lucky you drop in. Suppose you say to yourself, when you read that the General Count Spenckendorf is in town: 'Testa della Madonna! I sup at Franconi's to-night.' Suppose you say that—ha!"

"I thought of it, my friend."

"Well, then, prepare yourself. To-night the General will sup at Franconi's. And if Franconi and his German waiters are blown to Potsdam, will it not be a gain, yes, instead of a loss?"

"You have arranged that Spenckendorf is to sup across the way?"

"I give the credit to the Blessed St. Anthony of Padua and the signore."

"Speak or perish!"

"The signore remembers that brutta bestia of a Gaspare?"

"Your old chef?"

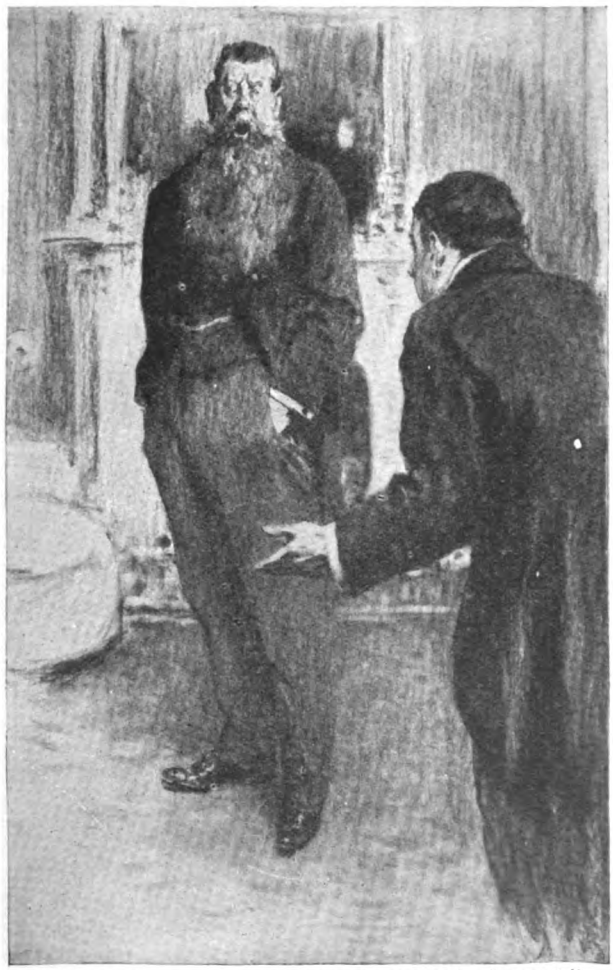
"The same. May he be blown to Potsdam with the rest! The signore does not know, perhaps, that Franconi lure Gaspare from me. Never have I spoken of it before! Yes, signore, Gaspare is with Franconi, and forgetting all that he learned with—me. I made Gaspare. I created Gaspare. Ebbene! Early this morning I read that the General is at Claridge Hotel. I pay my respect one hour ago. It is settled."

"Heaven and earth! What is settled?"

"The first thing the General say to me, in his voice of thunder, is: 'Gloriani, I sup with you to-night!' I reply: 'Your Excellency, I come to say something which break the heart. Gaspare is no longer with me.' Ecco! And then I burst into tears."

"You — you burst into tears?"

"For me, I prefer that kind of bursting to the other. Si, signore, I burst into tears. The General — Dio mio! what a man of iron, that one — the General say: 'Gloriani, you have done well to tell me this, and well you know also that I am not to be imposed upon with bad wine or poor food. Where is Gaspare?' 'Your Excellency,' I reply, with tears streaming down my cheeks, 'you will come to-night to my ristorante?' 'Gloriani,' he said, rolling his Tartar eyes, 'where is Gaspare? Do not attempt to deceive me.' And then, signore, I let the truth leak out slowly, with groanings and entreaties that he will not forsake me. When I have finished he growl in his beard—the brute beast!—and he shout at me in a voice that could be heard at the other end of Brook Street: 'Gloriani, I sup to-night at Franconi's!' Ecco!"



"'GLORIANI, I SUP TO-NIGHT AT FRANCONI'S!' ECCO!"

"It was inspiration," I murmured.

"Ma! But never, never should I have been so inspired had not the signore hinted that the General might sup, perhaps, at Franconi's."

"Amico mio," I answered, "you are a truly great man, but there is a tiny streak in you of—how shall I put it?—of innocence. It makes you human. I mentioned Franconi's, meaning any restaurant in London, reasoning that the gentlemen of our Intelligence Department would not permit his Excellency to sup *here*."

"Then I give all the credit to the Blessed St. Anthony of Padua."

That night I came out of the theatre at eleven and walked as far as Franconi's. I peeped in. I smelled garlic. Also, I saw myriads of German waiters. And then I beheld the General Count Spenckendorf, late of Tomsk. He was an enormous man, terrible, savage, with a face as huge as

Siberia, and a beard to his waist. He was eating. Eating? No; flinging food into a mouth like a cavern bristling with stalactites. I lingered for a moment fascinated. Even the German waiters were visibly impressed. A magnum of champagne stood at his elbow. Then, very cautiously, I stole a glance at other tables. Close to the General, leisurely consuming a poached egg, was the youngest and cleverest detective in England. He was still smiling amiably. I marvelled at that smile for nearly a minute. Then I accounted for it. The lady without an appetite was not in the restaurant!

I crossed the road, trying to compute how many German waiters would be exterminated if the bomb were thrown at Franconi's.

I whistled a little tune as I approached the Cosmopolis. Outside was a magnificent motor, and the chauffeur appeared to me to be Russian. As I entered the restaurant I said to Jules, as he touched his cap to me:—

"Whose is that motor?"

He replied, "It belongs to the Russian princess."

I entered.

And there, at the table nearest the door, sat the lady without an appetite!

My own appetite at once disappeared.

I ordered half-a-dozen Whitstable oysters and a pint of Chablis.

Gloriani himself brought the wine.

"You have made one mistake, my friend," I whispered; "a serious blunder for a man of your intelligence. This lady at the table nearest to the door ought to have been given the straight tip. Do you realize that if you had managed this affair with anything approximating to your ordinary ability at least one hundred German waiters would be seeking employment elsewhere?"

Gloriani is too great a man to make excuses. He spread out his hands, palms upward, and sighed.

"It is amazing," he murmured. "One might almost suppose that the lady does not understand her business. You have remark, of course, that to-night she carry a small—bag?"

Yes. On the table stood a small hand-bag, such as ladies from the suburbs bring to town.

"Never have I seen that bag before," said Gloriani.

He was moving away, when I called to him.

"Gloriani, it might be prudent to tell some of your people to move about more quietly."

He nodded and retired.

I was finishing my oysters and had ordered a "minute" steak when Spenckendorf strode into the restaurant. He glared at us and then cried out, in the voice that had terrified all Tomsk:—

"Gloriani!"

The brave padrone appeared, actually smiling.

"Ecco! Excellency!"

"I have been to Franconi's, but Gaspare can no longer cook."

"I am not surprised, your Excellency."

"I want a table and some decent food—at once."

"Certainly, your Excellency; but, alas! there is no table vacant."

I made up a mind which can be singularly active on occasion.

"Gloriani," said I, "my table is vacant."

Don't jump to the conclusion that I am a contemptible cur, as did Gloriani for one bitter minute. It was plain that Gloriani was losing his head. It was even plainer that at this critical moment we could expect no assistance from the youngest and cleverest detective in England, for he was not there. And in his lamentable absence I decided that I must act. I visualized a great and glorious opportunity, which—— But

"FLINGING FOOD INTO A MOUTH LIKE A CAVERN BRISTLING WITH STALACTITES."

"'GLORIANI,' SAID I, 'MY TABLE IS VACANT.'"

I must tell my story in my own way. It is enough to mention that the Victoria Cross has been awarded for actions infinitely less fraught with danger than the one contemplated by me.

The General turned to me.

"You have finished, monsieur?"

I was about to reply in the affirmative, when the miserable Gloriani said doggedly, "Monsieur has just ordered a 'minute' steak."

"A 'minute' steak!" growled Spencken-

dorf. "What is a 'minute' steak? I have eaten everything in the world, but not a 'minute' steak."

Gloriani explained the nature of a "minute" steak.

Think of it! But, no; it is impossible to think of it. I defy the most imaginative of men to place himself in my shoes and realize one tithe of what I felt. Here we were, prattling about "minute" steaks, when Sonia Petroffsky's sister was sitting not half-a-dozen yards away with her hand hovering above that bag.

Gloriani finished his definition. At once, in the most peremptory tone, Spenckendorf said:—

"Gloriani, you know this gentleman. Present him to me."

I was presented to his Excellency the General Count Spenckendorf.

"Monsieur," said the terrible man, "I appreciate your courtesy; but, if you will permit me, I, too, will order a 'minute' steak, and we will sup together."

He sat down, and I sank limply into the chair opposite. Gloriani, with indecent haste, hurried from the room. I could just see Sonia Petroffsky's sister with her hand upon the accursed bag.

"If you will allow me, monsieur, I will order some champagne."

I bowed. I had finished the Chablis, but my throat was so dry that I could hardly articulate.

"Your Excellency is very kind."

Agostino brought the "minute" steaks. The General glared at them contemptuously.

"I could eat a dozen of those," he growled; "and if they are good I will."

Agostino brought the champagne, and the General, with brutal indifference to the "minute" steaks, ordered devilled lobsters for two.

I was about to expostulate, when my glad eyes beheld the youngest and cleverest detective in England sauntering idly into the saloon.

In reply to my companion's question, I stammered out: "Yes, yes; devilled lobsters for two."

As I spoke I was thinking that I would, if I survived, hug that young man with the amiable smile.

He approached us, languidly surveying the crowd. The head waiter greeted him, and I heard the imbecile murmur: "There is not a single table disengaged."

"I will wait," replied the incomparable youth. He turned and moved lethargically towards the door. As he passed the lady without an appetite, he paused. She was in the act of lighting a fresh cigarette. The cleverest of detectives took a cigarette from his own case, a gold one. He pulled out a match-box, opened it, and sighed gently. Obviously, he was without a match. Then I heard him say, in excellent French: "Will madame permit me to take a match?"

One of the ordinary match-holders used in the restaurant was near her left hand, the hand which had hovered so diabolically close to the bag. She pushed the matches towards the young man. He bent down. I heard a sharp click, an exclamation of rage, and a curious buzz of excitement. Several persons stood up, the General and I amongst the number.

"Stand back, gentlemen!"

The man of smiles had handcuffed the lady without an appetite. She protested violently.

"This is an outrage," she said in English. "Where is the proprietor?"

Gloriani appeared, quite imperturbable.

"I am the Princess Nadine Napraxine."

The detective bowed.

"Possibly," said he; "but I must arrest you on the criminal charge of carrying about a dangerous explosive, with intent to do grievous bodily harm."

The General strode up, blinking fiercely.

"This is certainly the Princess Napraxine. I think there must be some mistake. I know the lady by sight."

"Your Excellency will protect me?"

"If I have made no mistake," said the youngest of detectives, in a voice as mild as milk, "you will find an orange in this bag."

He held up the bag.

An orange! We all gasped. Swiftly the young man opened the bag, looked into it, smiled as amiably as ever, and held up—an orange! The crowd swayed towards him.

"This is filled with the most dangerous explosive known to modern science. I beg you, gentlemen, to stand back."

They stood back. At the same moment a stout policeman, whom I had noticed hovering near the motor, came into the restaurant. Without a word he approached the lady without an appetite. In silence also, but still smiling, the young man with the orange sauntered out of the saloon.

For reasons easily understood, the affair was kept out of the papers. I learned afterwards that there was enough of the new

"WITHOUT A WORD HE APPROACHED THE LADY WITHOUT AN APPETITE."

explosive in the orange to have blown, not one but two hundred German waiters back to the Fatherland. Gloriani told me this after my explanation to him. Undoubtedly, the lady without an appetite had hoped to escape herself. My own plan was as follows:—

I intended to leave my table, and, as I passed the lady without an appetite, grab her bag and bolt. Also, I had decided not to carry the bag to Scotland Yard myself, but to entrust it to the big policeman, with instructions to take it forthwith, right side up, to the Criminal Investigation Department. It would have been an immense "ad" for a writer whose sales are not as large as they might be.

Gloriani quite realizes that he did me a grievous financial injury when he informed the General that I had just ordered a "minute" steak.

His Excellency made an enormous second supper. Certainly he is a Man of Iron.

WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL USE OF POLAR RESEARCH?

A Symposium of Famous Explorers.

AT this moment the South Pole as a topic of conversation is looming large in the minds of men. Anyone can understand the sporting aspect of the question, "Which will get there first—English, French, German, or American?" But there is another aspect, and one hears the question often asked in private conversation, "What is the actual use of Polar exploration?"

We need, perhaps, hardly remind our readers that this is one of those subjects in which the founder of this Magazine has taken a very public and practical interest, and it is, therefore, not inappropriate that the question should be definitely answered by the highest living authorities in the pages of THE STRAND.

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

made the following statement to a representative of THE STRAND MAGAZINE:—

If my only object were to reach a certain geographical point, that would hardly be worth the effort, endurance, and privation it would entail. The future work of exploration consists in the systematic intensification of geographical knowledge and in the endeavour to appreciate and explain the mechanism and organization of the globe. The age of exploration, in the sense in which the discoverer is the first comer, is drawing to a close. The age of the scientific study of the earth in its completeness has already begun, and the results of this form of discovery it is impossible yet to foresee. Geography has almost accomplished its task so far as the extension of its area is concerned.

When the *Terra Nova* leaves England's shores and turns her prow southward it will be for scientific purposes, for the results of science are the most important an expedition can reap. The scientific objects of the expedition may be briefly stated as follows:—

1.—To explore King Edward's Land, to throw further light on the nature and extent of the Great Barrier ice formation, and to continue the survey of the high mountainous region of Victoria Land.

2.—To examine the entirely unknown region of King Edward's Land and continue the survey of the rocks of Victoria Land.

3.—To obtain synchronous observations at two fixed stations, as well as the weather records of sledge journeys.

4.—To duplicate the records of the elements made by the *Discovery* expedition with magnetographs. The comparison should throw most important light on secular changes.

In addition, attention will be paid to the study of marine biology at both stations and in the ship, and the examination of physical phenomena will be continued.

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, R.N.
From a Photograph by Copperfield, Ltd.

The Antarctic is a land partly covered with ice and snow, but a certain area of it is free. We can examine the structure of the rocks, and see of what they are composed. It may be asked, "What use is that?" But I will remind your readers of the case of radium being extracted from pitchblende—a process of quite recent days—and I would ask if the rocks of the Antarctic might not be of use to future generations. It is absurd to say that they cannot be worked; that might have been said of Alaska, which has enriched the world with gold. Then there is the necessity of increasing our knowledge of the magnetism of the South Polar regions. The captains of ships arriving at New Zealand and Australia had to use charts on which the magnetic lines were marked. Those charts had been drawn up on the results of careful observations made by scientific expeditions. But they were not perfect. In magnetism there was a "secular change," a yearly change, and at certain periods they had need to map out those regions afresh. They accepted these things and acknowledged the value of scientific results, and then asked what was the use of expeditions. In regard to meteorology, I think that, as the centre of the Empire, we should be interested in a subject which is of immense importance to our Colonies. Our weather prophecies are based on observations taken on the other side of the Atlantic and other places far removed. In Australia the question of the weather, as affecting the crops, is far more important, but it cannot be pushed ahead unless certain spots far removed are taken for the purpose of ascertaining the weather there. I admit that the main object of the expedition is to reach the South Pole, but this is largely a matter of sentiment. If we were to drop our Antarctic work the Americans would be ready to take it up, and instead of the Union Jack the Stars and Stripes would be flying at the South Pole. We have pushed so far that we ought to reserve to ourselves

the right to carry the work to a finish. Enterprise always repays itself in its influence on the spirit of the nation. Would Nelson have allowed anyone to stand in front of him and put the question, "What is the good of enterprise?" The very spirit of the man was enterprise—taking great risks to get big results. He would never have asked, "What is the use of pushing forward?" Because he knew that the nation which did not push forward lagged behind. It is our duty to maintain the magnificent traditions of expeditionary work at the South Pole and to get to the South Pole. Great Britain now holds the leading place in South Polar expeditionary enterprise; but that position cannot be held without continuity of effort.

Of course, I do not wish to convey the idea that mineral discoveries are more than a possibility, but surely that is good enough to lead forward an enterprising people. A practical result of the expedition that is more certain is the establishment of meteorological stations. Meteorologists are becoming more and more convinced that the climatic changes in the Polar regions are largely responsible for those in the temperate regions. To countries like Australia and New Zealand, it need scarcely be said, the question of the weather is of the highest practical importance. And surely no stone should be left unturned which might lead to the possibility of the prediction of droughts and other climatic phenomena which have an important bearing on life in those countries. But it must also be remembered that it is almost impossible to say where the practical ends and the theoretical begins. For instance, take the study of the fauna of the sea. Who could say there would be no practical result when we remember the varied industries that depend on this element? And, again, who would be bold enough to say there will be no practical result from a more profound knowledge of the magnetic conditions of the earth? I am sanguine enough to believe that all these scientific efforts have in the end a practical meaning.

I have had several letters from Admiral Peary, who approached me as to my view with regard to the American expedition being in the field at the same time as our own. I am only too glad to welcome such an effort, as a comparison of observations in two different places will be of great interest and scientific importance. The rivalry will be of the most friendly description. Nevertheless, I think every Englishman will be glad to know that it was a British subject who has been the first to get to the South Pole. It is certain that any expedition organized by Peary would make a formidable bid for the distinction. No step was taken by Admiral Peary until he had conferred with me and received the assurance that I heartily welcomed American co-operation in the scientific problem to be solved. The rivalry between us will be of an entirely friendly character, although each will be keen that his own flag shall be planted first.

The Americans will have a longer route to travel, but it is very possible it will be a far easier one, as our present knowledge seems to indicate that there is a gradual slope from the Pole to the Weddell Sea. Their main difficulty will be to find a suitable wintering spot in Coats Land, and to land the animals and impedimenta of the expedition. No place is known at present where this can be effected—but of course a lucky chance may reveal a spot in which the ship can winter or land her stores.

The great obstacle in our own track lies in traversing the mountain ranges to reach the upper plateau on which the Pole is situated. This can only be done over glaciers which are much crevassed and cracked, and consequently with risk to animals and sledges as well as to members of the expedition. Of course, I am extremely hopeful that I shall reach the Pole, or I should not be undertaking the journey; but in spite of recent successes in other directions, I do not think the task of reaching the South Pole is as easy as it is imagined to be.

I cannot think that the great British public will be slow to support a British expedition, and an expedition actuated solely by a desire that Englishmen should be the first to tell the world all there is to be known of that unknown region. I believed from the first that my countrymen would support me in this effort, that there may be no excuse in years to come for anyone to call, "What is the use of Polar research?"

Subscriptions to the funds of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910, may be sent to the offices, 36, Victoria Street, S.W.

A scientist of international reputation and the *doyen* of geographical research is

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S.,

the most famous President of the Geographical Society, who writes to us as follows:—

The actual use of Polar exploration and

research had necessarily varied in some respects as times have changed, but in others its value has steadily increased with the increase of knowledge. Its chief use, in the eyes of all lovers of their country, will always be the same. It promotes and encourages that love of adventure and spirit of enterprise which have ever been characteristics of our race. Among the ice men learn the uses of forethought and the necessity for cultivating the inventive faculty, the cheerful endurance of hardships, the power to form right decisions on the spur of the moment, presence of mind, and good comradeship. There has never been a better nursery, or a more admirable training ground, for seamen. Our forefathers have cherished this devoted zeal for exploration from a conviction that it was one of the main sources of England's greatness and prosperity. Shakespeare gave expression to this feeling when he enumerated the three ways in which fathers enabled their sons "to seek preferment out" in his time:—

Some to the wars to try their fortunes there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities.

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B.
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.

In his day there was no question of the uses of Polar exploration. The object was clearly defined, the value indubitable. It was to find a shorter way to the Indies, and, with the knowledge then attainable, the enterprise appeared quite feasible. It was believed that ice did not form on the open sea, but only along the coast and in bays or channels. Although there was no such route, the results were most important. They consisted in the discovery of the coast of North America, from Newfoundland to Florida, and of Hudson's Bay. As a training ground for seamen the work of Arctic exploration was the making of the naval worthy in whom Queen Elizabeth placed the greatest confidence, and of the great pilot who navigated the first English fleet to the Indies.

In later times the utility of Arctic exploration was still more obvious, because it led to a lucrative trade and to the prosperity of many communities. The voyages of Barents and Hudson, of Poole, Edge, and Sotherby, opened up the Spitzbergen fishery, which enriched the ports of Holland and of Hull and London. The voyage of John Ross opened the way to the north water of Baffin's Bay. The third voyage of Parry showed the route, by Lancaster Sound, into Prince Regent's Inlet. The subsequent whale fishery gave prosperity to Hull, Whitby, Dundee, and Peterhead, while Enderby's ventures drew wealth from the Antarctic seas. There can be no question of the practical value of those Polar voyages. Above all, the Polar regions continued to be the training ground for men of action and for men of science. We see an Arctic officer saving his country by the victory at Trafalgar; another breaking into the Sea of Azof, and thereby hastening the fall of Sebastopol. At this moment an Arctic officer commands our Home Fleet, while to another is entrusted the Cape station. There, too, have been two Polar explorers who became Presidents of the Royal Society, one First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, two Presidents of the Geographical Society, and others who have gained equal distinction. Polar research gives officers and men those opportunities which are so much needed in time of peace.

In later times, as knowledge has increased, it is understood that all scientific research becomes, sooner or later, of practical value. It is more fully recognized that the different parts of the world are not isolated, but have close connection one with another. A knowledge of all Polar phenomena is not mere knowledge of a group of facts having no bearing on kindred phenomena presented to scientific men in other regions. On the contrary, the phenomena of all parts of the world have distinct relation to, and bearing upon, each other, and no part of the world can be left out of account. For instance, the study of terrestrial magnetism is quite incomplete unless the Polar regions are included in the survey. Meteorology, a

science of such great importance to navigation, is still more incomplete unless the Polar regions are included. The trade route from the Cape to Australia will be rendered safer by a complete knowledge of Antarctic meteorology.

It is this co-relation of scientific research all over the globe, the necessity for including the Polar phenomena in a general survey of each branch of scientific research, that has rendered Polar exploration so important in these later times, and in which consists its actual value.

These considerations led the Royal and Royal Geographical societies to dispatch their memorable Antarctic Expedition under Captain Scott in 1901—1904, when the geography, geology, biology, meteorology, and magnetism over a wide area were investigated with remarkable thoroughness. Captain Scott, indeed, is the originator and founder of Antarctic land travelling in all its details; and the scientific results of this expedition form the conclusive answer to the question respecting the actual use of Polar research. To those scientific results must be added the value of such work as a training for officers and men. It is too soon to expect much in that respect from the *Discovery* Expedition; yet we see one of the *Discovery's* officers a captain in one of our great steamship companies; another the commander of one of our Home Fleet flagships; another an expert in the working of our submarine flotilla; and another emulating the work of his former chief on his own ground, and for the moment almost appearing to eclipse him, at least in newspaper estimation—though only for the moment.

ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM.
From a Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.
From a Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Captain Scott, our greatest living Polar explorer, is now preparing to complete his former work, and his countrymen should support him with that wholehearted thoroughness which his splendid services in the past so well deserve. He turns aside for a time from that noble service which he loves so well to do this hard and difficult work for his country. He stands forth the champion of our honour and our renown, to prove once more the actual value of Polar exploration and research.

ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM,

who was commander of the *Alert* Expedition in 1875–76, and who has written several books on the subject, writes:—

The question of the utility, practical or otherwise, of the continuance of exploration in high latitudes is a very large and important one; but I think I may reply to your question, very briefly, by saying that I am one of those who have always held the opinion that we should not rest satisfied so long as there was any portion of our globe, however small, that remained unexplored; in other words, that there should be no "unknown area" marked on our maps!

The following is the reply sent by

C. E. BORCHGREVINK,

commander of the *Southern Cross* Expedition, 1898-1900:—

You want to know my opinion about Polar research, and you want a brief rejoinder to the question.

The use of Polar research, however, is so great and far-spreading in its beneficial influence that a brief rejoinder would be impossible to meet the request.

Scientifically, geographically alone Polar research touches upon vital questions in regard to our globe and the laws that rule it.

Electricity, gravity, geology, meteorology, zoology, oceanography, in all these branches are discoveries to be made and light wanted, and every new little truth added to human ignorance cannot fail to give direct or indirect practical results, useful to mankind.

But the very work itself in the Polar regions has a *raison d'être* of its own, even had it not scientific importance, in so far as hardship endured and the conquering of difficulties by men create healthy and earnest goals for the young, who read the stirring narratives of fights amongst ice and snow.

All comfort being relative, the comparison between the luxury of decadent society in the centre of civilization on the one side, and the patient endurance on the other, cannot fail to pull in the right direction.

Clear and pure as the Polar air is the mind of the enthusiast who by inspiration follows the dormant Polar ambition in his heart.

But decadence and over-population have made the pure white area of the Poles a field for speculation, a scientific exchange and mart.

SIR JOHN MURRAY.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

The answer sent by

SIR JOHN MURRAY,

who accompanied the *Challenger* Expedition, is as follows:—

In reply to your question, I do not know what is the "actual value" of Polar exploration, and I do not think any other person does. "Hard cash" is not the only measure of value. I do know it is of value for the actual intellectual progress of the race. I know that anything which adds to natural knowledge and to the beauty and variety of human life is useful. We now know that there is a deep sea at the North Pole almost completely surrounded by continental land. We now know there is just the reverse of this at the South Pole, viz., a mass of continental land completely surrounded by a great encircling ocean. On the continental land surrounding the North Polar Basin we find fossil rocks, which show that at one time coral reefs, and at another forests, flourished within the Arctic Circle. We wish to know if a similar state of matters once prevailed within the Antarctic Circle. We wish to know to what extent *Antarctica* lies buried beneath snow and ice, and if a great anticyclonic area covers this Antarctic continent at all seasons, corresponding to the region of low barometric pressure which always lies over the surrounding great Southern Ocean.

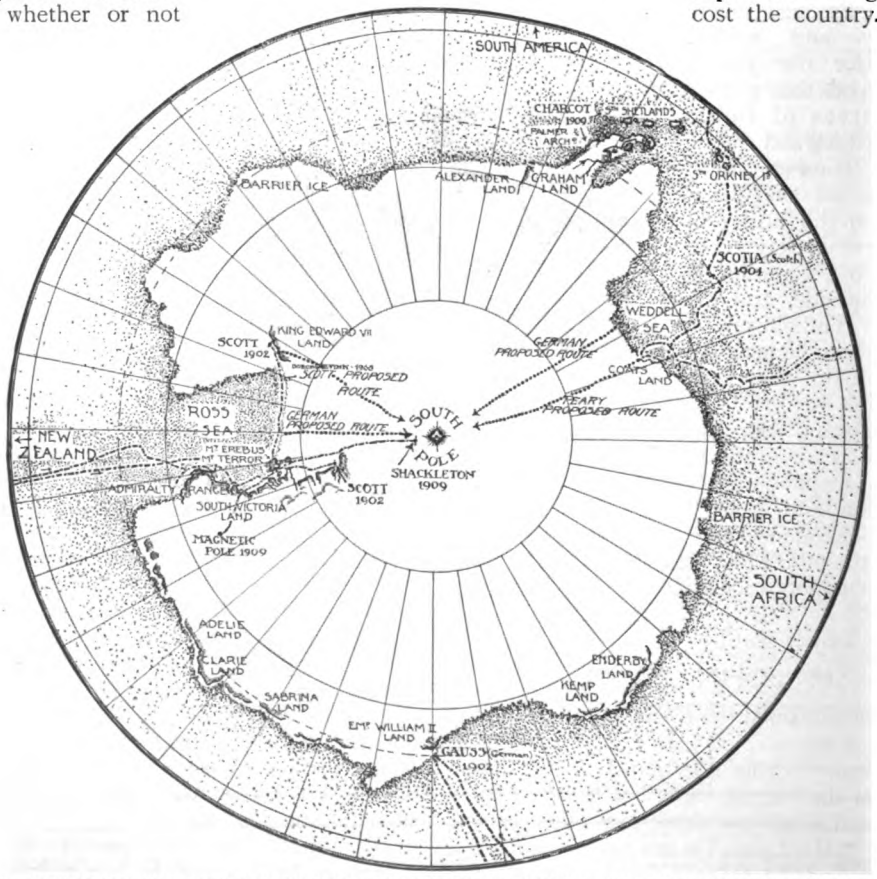
We wish to know more about the temperature of ocean waters, their salinity, their circulation within the Polar regions. We wish a fuller knowledge of the marine organisms of the Antarctic regions to compare with the better-known ones of the Arctic. It seems at present as if the marine fauna and flora of the Arctic and Antarctic—although separated from each other as widely as the Poles—are yet more closely allied than any other fauna and flora on the surface of the earth. We wish to compare the rate of growth of these Polar marine organisms with that of similar organisms in the warm, bright waters of the tropics. Who can deny the interest attached to such problems? Any advance towards their solution is of very great value.

To comprehend aright the existing distribution of natural phenomena over the surface of the earth we must know the past history of the Polar regions. The possession of such information may give a great impetus to the intellectual development of future generations. It may be maintained with justice that all great intellectual movements

in the past have been preceded by some great geographical discovery. The marvellous progress of science and civilization during the past four hundred years can be traced back to the great geographical discoveries in the thirty years between 1492 and 1522. Columbus and the discovery of America, Magellan and the circumnavigation of the world! It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of these great events on the human mind. Depend upon it, in the near future those nations will lead—commercially, industrially, and politically—who can spend most of their wealth, time, and energy in the scientific search for new knowledge and new methods.

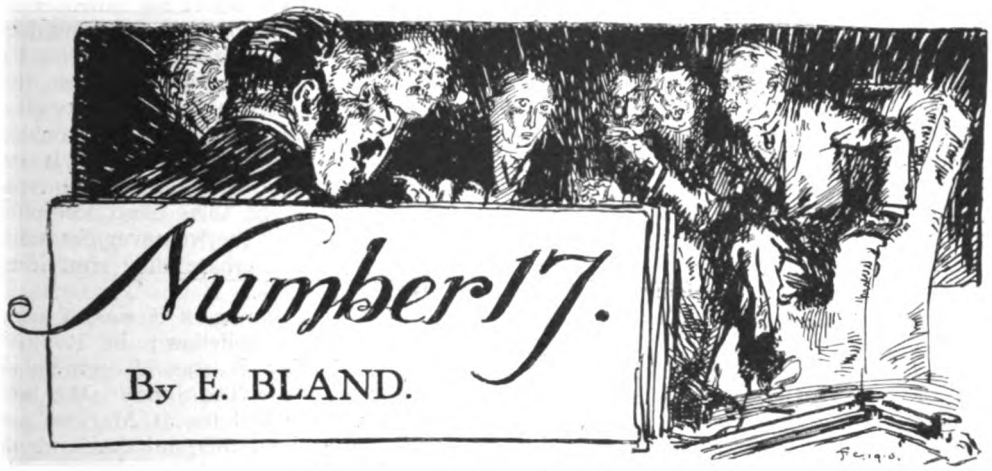
A year or two ago I had a call from a schoolfellow whom I had not seen for over forty years. I was at pains to show him my collection of deep-sea deposits and to explain some of my views concerning their distribution with varying depth. He did not seem much impressed. At last he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Now, friend, who the dickens cares whether or not these little shells are dissolved before they reach the bottom of the Pacific at four miles, or who the dickens cares whether an inch of mud accumulates down in that Pacific hole at the rate of an inch in a year or in ten thousand years?" Here we have the mind of the Philistine and "croaker." Such minds are not uncommon at the present day; they will ultimately become as rare as the apteryx or extinct as the dodo.

Every argument which is now used against the utility of Polar exploration was in like manner urged forty years ago against the exploration of the deep sea. The *Challenger* Expedition cost this country a very large sum of money and had no economical object in view. Yet I could show that, in addition to the great increase of natural knowledge which resulted therefrom, this expedition has, indirectly, led to great industrial and commercial developments which have returned to the National Treasury, in rents, royalties, and taxes, more hard cash than the whole expedition originally cost the country.



THE ROUTES TO THE SOUTH POLE PROPOSED BY SCOTT, PEARY, AND THE GERMAN EXPEDITION.

Based upon the most recent map published by Mr. Edward Stanford, 12 to 14, Long Acre, W.C.



Number 17.

By E. BLAND.

Illustrated by F. Carter.

I YAWNED. I could not help it. But the flat, inexorable voice went on.

"Speaking from the journalistic point of view—I may tell you, gentlemen, that I once occupied the position of advertisement editor to the *Bradford Woollen Goods Journal*—and speaking from that point of view, I hold the opinion that all the best ghost stories have been written over and over again; and if I were to leave the road and return to a literary career I should never be led away by ghosts. Realism's what's wanted nowadays, if you want to be up-to-date."

The large commercial paused for breath.

"You never can tell with the public," said the lean, elderly traveller; "it's like in the fancy business. You never know how it's going to be. Whether it's a clockwork ostrich or Sometite silk or a particular shape of shaded glass novelty or a tobacco-box got up to look like a raw chop, you never know your luck."

"That depends on who you are," said the dapper man in the corner by the fire. "If you've got the right push about you, you can make a thing go, whether it's a clockwork kitten or imitation meat, and with stories, I take it, it's just the same—realism or ghost stories. But the best ghost story would be the realest one, *I* think."

The large commercial had got his breath.

"I don't believe in ghost stories, myself," he was saying with earnest dullness; "but there was rather a queer thing happened to a second cousin of an aunt of mine by marriage—a very sensible woman with no nonsense about her. And the soul of truth and honour. I shouldn't have believed it if she had been one of your flighty, fanciful sort."

"Don't tell us the story," said the melancholy man who travelled in hardware; "you'll make us afraid to go to bed."

The well-meant effort failed. The large commercial went on, as I had known he would; his words overflowed his mouth, as his person overflowed his chair. I turned my mind to my own affairs, coming back to the commercial room in time to hear the summing up.

"The doors were all locked, and she was quite certain she saw a tall, white figure glide past her and vanish. I wouldn't have believed it if——" And so on *da capo*, from "if she hadn't been the second cousin" to the "soul of truth and honour."

I yawned again.

"Very good story," said the smart little man by the fire. He was a traveller, as the rest of us were; his presence in the room told us that much. He had been rather silent during dinner, and afterwards, while the red curtains were being drawn and the red and black cloth laid between the glasses and the decanters and the mahogany, he had

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quietly taken the best chair in the warmest corner. We had got our letters written and the large traveller had been boring for some time before I even noticed that there was a best chair, and that this silent, bright-eyed, dapper, fair man had secured it.

"Very good story," he said; "but it's not what I call realism. You don't tell us half enough, sir. You don't say when it happened or where, or the time of year, or what colour your aunt's second cousin's hair was. Nor yet you don't tell us what it was she saw, nor what the room was like where she saw it, nor why she saw it, nor what happened afterwards. And I shouldn't like to breathe a word against anybody's aunt by marriage's cousin, first or second, but I must say I like a story about what a man's seen *himself*."

"So do I," the large commercial snorted, "when I hear it."

He blew his nose like a trumpet of defiance.

"But," said the rabbit-faced man, "we know nowadays, what with the advance of science and all that sort of thing, we know there aren't any such things as ghosts. They're hallucinations; that's what they are—hallucinations."

"Don't seem to matter what you call them," the dapper one urged. "If you see a thing that looks as real as you do yourself, a thing that makes your blood run cold and turns you sick and silly with fear—well, call it ghost, or call it hallucination, or call it Tommy Dodd; it isn't the *name* that matters."

The elderly commercial coughed and said, "You might call it another name. You might call it——"

"No, you mightn't," said the little man, briskly; "not when the man it happened to had been a teetotal Bond of Joy for five years and is to this day."

"Why don't you tell us the story?" I asked.

"I might be willing," he said, "if the rest of the company were agreeable. Only I warn you it's not that sort-of-a-kind-of-a-somebody-fancied-they-saw-a-sort-of-a-kind-of-a-something-sort of a story. No, sir. Everything I'm going to tell you is plain and straightforward and as clear as a time-table—clearer than some. But I don't much like telling it, especially to people who don't believe in ghosts."

Several of us said we did believe in ghosts. The heavy man snorted and looked at his watch. And the man in the best chair began.

"Turn the gas down a bit, will you? Thanks. Did any of you know Herbert Hatteras? He was on this road a good many years. No? Well, never mind. He was a good chap, I believe, with good teeth and a black whisker. But I didn't know him myself. He was before my time. Well, this that I'm going to tell you about happened at a certain commercial hotel. I'm not going to give it a name, because that sort of thing gets about, and in every other respects it's a good house and reasonable, and we all have our living to get. It was just a good ordinary old-fashioned commercial hotel, as it might be this. And I've often used it since, though they've never put me in that room again. Perhaps they shut it up after what happened.

"Well, the beginning of it was, I came across an old schoolfellow; in Boulter's Lock one Sunday it was, I remember. Jones was his name, Ted Jones. We both had canoes. We had tea at Marlow, and we got talking about this and that and old times and old mates; and do you remember Jim, and what's become of Tom, and so on. Oh, you know. And I happened to ask after his brother, Fred by name. And Ted turned pale and almost dropped his cup, and he said, 'You don't mean to say you haven't heard?' 'No,' says I, mopping up the tea he'd slopped over with my handkerchief. 'No; what?' I said.

"'It was horrible,' he said. 'They wired for me, and I saw him afterwards. Whether he'd done it himself or not, nobody knows; but they'd found him lying on the floor with his throat cut.' No cause could be assigned for the rash act, Ted told me. I asked him where it had happened, and he told me the name of this hotel—I'm not going to name it. And when I'd sympathized with him and drawn him out about old times and poor old Fred being such a good old sort and all that, I asked him what the room was like. I always like to know what the places look like where things happen.

"No, there wasn't anything specially rum about the room, only that it had a French bed with red curtains in a sort of alcove; and a large mahogany wardrobe as big as a hearse, with a glass door; and, instead of a swing-glass, a carved, black-framed glass screwed up against the wall between the windows, and a picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast' over the mantelpiece. I beg your pardon?" He stopped, for the heavy commercial had opened his mouth and shut it again.

"I thought you were going to say some-

thing," the dapper man went on. "Well, we talked about other things and parted, and I thought no more about it till business brought me to—but I'd better not name the town either—and I found my firm had marked this very hotel—where poor Fred had met his death, you know—for me to put up at. And I had to put up there too, because of their addressing everything to me there. And, anyhow, I expect I should have gone there out of curiosity.

"No. I didn't believe in ghosts in those days. I was like you, sir." He nodded amiably to the large commercial.

"The house was very full, and we were quite a large party in the room—very pleasant company, as it might be to-night; and we got talking of ghosts—just as it might be us. And there was a chap in glasses, sitting just over there, I remember — an old hand on the road, he was; and he said, just as it might be any of you, 'I don't believe in ghosts, but I wouldn't care to sleep in Number Seventeen, for all that'; and, of course, we asked him why. 'Because,' said he, very short, 'that's why.'

"THEY FOUND HIM LYING ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS THROAT CUT."

"But when we'd persuaded him a bit, he told us.

"'Because that's the room where chaps cut their throats,' he said. 'There was a chap called Bert Hatteras began it. They found him weltering in his gore. And since that every man that's slept there's been found with his throat cut.'

"I asked him how many had slept there. 'Well, only two beside the first,' he said; 'they shut it up then.' 'Oh, did they?' said I. 'Well, they've opened it again. Number Seventeen's my room!'

"I tell you those chaps looked at me.

"'But you aren't going to *sleep* in it?' one of them said. And I explained that I didn't pay half a dollar for a bedroom to keep awake in.

"'I suppose it's press of business has made them open it up again,' the chap in spectacles said. 'It's a very mysterious affair. There's some secret horror about that room that we don't understand,' he said, 'and I'll tell you another queer thing. Every one of those poor chaps was a commercial gentleman. That's what I don't like about it. There was Bert Hatteras—he was the first, and a chap called Jones—Frederick Jones, and then Donald Overshaw—a Scotchman he was, and travelled in child's underclothing.'

"Well, we sat there and talked a bit, and if I hadn't been a Bond of Joy, I don't know that I mightn't have exceeded, gentlemen—yes, positively exceeded; for the more I thought about it the less I liked the thought of Number Seventeen. I hadn't

noticed the room particularly, except to see that the furniture had been changed since poor Fred's time. So I just slipped out, by and by, and I went out to the little glass case under the arch where the booking-clerk sits—just like here, that hotel was—and I said:—

"'Look here, miss; haven't you another room empty except seventeen?'

"'No,' she said; 'I don't think so.'

"'Then what's that?' I said, and pointed to a key hanging on the board, the only one left.

"'Oh,' she said, 'that's sixteen.'

"'Anyone in sixteen?' I said. 'Is it a comfortable room?'

"'No,' said she. 'Yes; quite comfortable. It's next door to yours—much the same class of room.'

"'Then I'll have sixteen, if you've no objection,' I said, and went back to the others, feeling very clever.

"When I went up to bed I locked my door, and, though I didn't believe in ghosts, I wished seventeen wasn't next door to me, and I wished there wasn't a door between the two rooms, though the door was locked right enough and the key on my side. I'd only got the one candle besides the two on the dressing-table, which I hadn't lighted; and I got my collar and tie off before I noticed that the furniture in my new room was the furniture out of Number Seventeen; French bed with red curtains, mahogany wardrobe as big as a hearse, and the carved mirror over the dressing-table between the two windows, and 'Belshazzar's Feast' over the mantelpiece. So that, though I'd not got the *room* where the commercial gentlemen had cut their throats, I'd got the *furniture* out of it. And for a moment I thought that was worse than the other. When I thought of what that furniture could tell, if it could speak——

"It was a silly thing to do—but we're all friends here and I don't mind owning up—I looked under the bed and I looked inside

"I LOOKED INSIDE THE HEARSE-WARDROBE."

the hearse-wardrobe and I looked in a sort of narrow cupboard there was, where a body could have stood upright——"

"A body?" I repeated.

"A man, I mean. You see, it seemed to me that either these poor chaps had been murdered by someone who hid himself in Number Seventeen to do it, or else there was something there that frightened them into cutting their throats; and upon my soul, I can't tell you which idea I liked least!"

He paused, and filled his pipe very deliberately. "Go on," someone said. And he went on.

"Now, you'll observe," he said, "that all I've told you up to the time of my going to bed that night's just hearsay. So I don't ask you to believe it—though the three coroners' inquests would be enough to stagger most chaps, I should say. Still, what I'm going to tell you now's *my* part of the story—what happened to me myself in that room."

He paused again, holding the pipe in his hand, unlighted.

There was a silence, which I broke.

"Well, what *did* happen?" I asked.

"I had a bit of a struggle with myself," he said. "I reminded myself it was not *that* room, but the next one that it had happened in. I smoked a pipe or two and read the morning paper, advertisements and all. And at last I went to bed. I left the candle burning, though, I own that."

"Did you sleep?" I asked.

"Yes. I slept. Sound as a top. I was awakened by a soft tapping on my door. I sat up. I don't think I've ever been so frightened in my life. But I made myself say, 'Who's there?' in a whisper. Heaven knows I never expected anyone to answer. The candle had gone out and it was pitch-dark. There was a quiet murmur and a shuffling sound outside. And no one answered. I tell you I hadn't expected anyone to. But I cleared my throat and cried out, 'Who's there?' in a real out-loud voice. And 'Me, sir,' said a voice. 'Shaving-water, sir; six o'clock, sir.'

"It was the chambermaid."

A movement of relief ran round our circle.

"I don't think much of your story," said the large commercial.

"You haven't heard it yet," said the story-teller, dryly. "It was six o'clock on a winter's morning, and pitch-dark. My train went at seven. I got up and began to dress. My one candle wasn't much use. I lighted the two on the dressing-table to see to shave by. There wasn't any shaving-water outside my door, after all. And the passage was as black as a coal-hole. So I started to shave with cold water; one has to sometimes, you know. I'd gone over my face, and I was just going lightly round under my chin, when I saw something move in the looking-glass. I mean something that moved was reflected in the looking-glass. The big door of the wardrobe had swung open, and by a sort of double reflection I could see the French bed with the red curtains. On the edge of it sat a man in his shirt and trousers—a man with black hair and whiskers, with the most awful look of despair and fear on his face that I've ever seen or dreamt of. I stood paralyzed, watching him in the mirror. I could not have turned round to save my life. Suddenly he laughed. It was a horrid, silent laugh, and showed all his teeth. They were very white and even. And the next moment he had cut his throat from ear to ear, there before my eyes. Did you ever see a man cut his throat? The bed was all white before."

The story-teller had laid down his pipe, and he passed his hand over his face before he went on.

"When I could look round I did. There was no one in the room. The bed was as white as ever. Well, that's all," he said, abruptly, "except that now, of course, I understood how these poor chaps had come by their deaths. They'd all seen this horror—the ghost of the first poor chap, I suppose—Bert Hatteras, you know; and with the shock their hands must have slipped and their throats got cut before they could stop themselves. Oh! by the way, when I looked at my watch it was two o'clock; there hadn't been any chambermaid at all. I must have dreamed that. But I didn't dream the other. Oh! and one thing more. It was the same room. They hadn't changed the room, they'd only changed the number. *It was the same room!*"

"Look here," said the heavy man; "the room you've been talking about. *My* room's sixteen. And it's got that same furniture in it as what you describe, and the same picture and all."

"Oh, has it?" said the story-teller, a little uncomfortable, it seemed. "I'm sorry. But the cat's out of the bag now, and it can't be helped. Yes, it *was* this house I was speaking of. I suppose they've opened the room again. But you don't believe in ghosts; *you'll* be all right."

"Yes," said the heavy man, and presently got up and left the room.

"SUDDENLY HE LAUGHED."

"He's gone to see if he can get his room changed. You see if he hasn't," said the rabbit-faced man; "and I don't wonder."

The heavy man came back and settled into his chair.

"I could do with a drink," he said, reaching to the bell.

"I'll stand some punch, gentlemen, if you'll allow me," said our dapper story-teller. "I rather pride myself on my punch. I'll step out to the bar and get what I need for it."

"I thought he said he was a tee-totaller," said the heavy traveller when he had gone. And then our voices buzzed like a hive of bees. When our story-teller came in again we turned on him—half-a-dozen of us at once — and spoke.

"One at a time," he said, gently. "I didn't quite catch what you said."

"We want to know," I said, "how it was — if seeing that ghost made all those chaps cut their throats by startling them when they were shaving—how was it *you* didn't cut *your* throat when you saw it?"

"I should have," he answered, gravely, "without the slightest doubt—I should have cut my throat, only," he glanced at our heavy friend, "I always shave with a safety razor. I travel in them," he added, slowly, and bisected a lemon.

"But—but," said the large man, when he could speak through our uproar, "I've gone and given up my room."

"Yes," said the dapper man, squeezing the lemon; "I've just had my things moved into it. It's the best room in the house. I always think it worth while to take a little pains to secure it."

The Assassination of Plehve.

BY ONE OF THE ASSASSINS.

[The narrative which we are here enabled to set before our readers is unique and sensational in the highest degree. For the first time the secrets of the Russian Revolutionary Party—the aims, methods, and characters of the terrible "Fighting Organization"—are revealed to the public by one of their own body. It is a real "human document," throwing a flood of light upon the inner history of one of the most sensational assassinations ever planned. It is difficult after reading it to avoid the reflection that these men and women, perpetrators though they were of what is commonly regarded as the vilest kind of murder, have something in them of the stuff of which, in better causes, heroes and martyrs are made.
For obvious reasons, we are not able to divulge the writer's name, but we have taken steps to satisfy ourselves of the absolute authenticity of his narrative.]

AT the beginning of the year 1902 I was exiled to Vologda by administrative order in connection with the St. Petersburg Social Democratic Groups. While I was there Catherine Breshkovsky visited it twice—once in the autumn of 1902, and again in the spring of 1903. After an interview with her I joined the Social Revolutionary Party, and on the arrest of Gershuni in May, 1903, I determined to take part in the Terror. Two other comrades made this decision at the same time as I did, and so did the friend of my childhood, Ivan Platnovitch Kaliaeff, who was at that moment undergoing a sentence of police surveillance at Yaroslav.

I escaped abroad in June, 1903, and after some trouble reached Geneva.

In August another comrade took up his quarters with me. In order to escape the notice of the police we led a secluded life, avoiding the Russian colony. One day, when my comrade was out, a very stout man entered our room. He was about thirty-three, with big brown eyes and an unconcerned expression on his broad, immobile face, which seemed to be carved out of stone. It was Eugene Philipovitch Azeff.

VJATCHESSLAV KONSTANTINOVITCH DE PLEHVE, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED.
He was Minister of the Interior and Head of the Police.
From a Photograph.

He held out his hand to me, sat down, and said, with a lazy drawl:—

"I was told you wanted to do Terroristic work. Why particularly Terroristic?"

I repeated reasons I had already given the committee, adding that I considered Plehve's death the most important task of the moment. My companion listened with the same indolent air and made no answer. At last he asked:—

"Have you any comrades?"

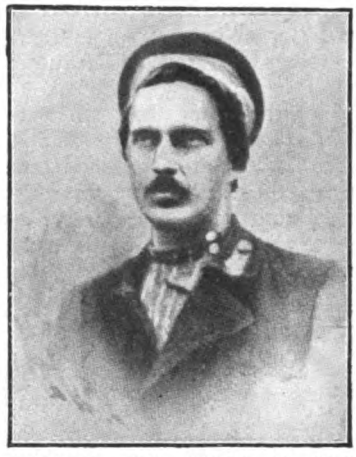
I named Kaliaeff and two others, giving a full biography and

the chief characteristics of each of them. Azeff listened in silence and then rose to go. He came again several times, always saying little and listening attentively. One day he said:—

"It is time to return to Russia. Leave Geneva with your comrade and stay in some little town for a while, to make sure whether the police are watching you or not."

Next day we left for Freiburg, in Baden. A fortnight later Azeff visited us there, and for the first time he acquainted us with the plan of an attempt, without mentioning the members of the organization.

This was the plan. It was known that Plehve lived at the Police Department (16, Fontanka), and that once a week he went to make a report to the Czar, either at the Winter Palace, at Tsarskoye Selo, or Peterhof, according to the time of the year and the residence of the Czar. As it was evidently much more difficult to kill Plehve in his house than in the street, it had been decided to organize a perpetual watch over his movements, in order to define exactly the day, the hour, the route, and the general look of his *cortège*. When all this was known, his carriage was to be blown up by a bomb in the street. The Minister was so carefully guarded by the police that the watch could only be carried on by men whose occupation kept them in the streets all day, such as newsvenders, cabmen, pedlars, and so forth. It was therefore decided that one comrade should buy a cab and a horse, and become a cabman in St. Petersburg, while another should take out a licence for hawking tobacco in the town, and while selling cigarettes should watch Plehve. I was to combine all the information that was obtained, to watch as much as I could myself, and conduct the proceedings generally.



SHVETZER, THE MAKER OF THE BOMBS.

He was afterwards killed while making bombs for the assassination of Trepoff.

From a Photograph.

This plan, entirely Azeff's own, was extremely simple. Its very simplicity gave us a great advantage over the police. Street watches had never been kept by revolutionaries either in Gershuni's time or even in the days of "The Will of the People," except during the preparations for March 1st, 1881. The police could hardly imagine that the members of the "Fighting Organization" would be driving cabs or hawking wares in St. Petersburg. And yet such observations would inevitably lead to Plehve's murder in the street.

In the beginning of November I was in St. Petersburg, but was ignorant of the *personnel* of the organization, of the party passwords and meeting-places. I waited for Azeff, who had promised to follow me immediately.

But it was not until in the beginning of February that Azeff informed me that two prominent members of the party, Shvetzer and Sazonoff, were already in St. Petersburg, that another comrade named Xaliscoff had made the acquaintance of the latter, and that I was to meet them all in a few days.

On the day fixed I saw Azeff with a short, strong, elegantly - dressed young man of about twenty-five. He was clean-shaven, and his whole appearance resembled a foreigner's. This was Shvetzer, who was living with an English passport. From his first words Shvetzer gave the impression of calm, well-balanced power. There was none of the enthusiastic buoyancy which was so evident in Pokotiloff and Kaliaeff, but he inspired an involuntary respect by his manner of speaking and of being silent, his deliberate opinions, and his calm self-possession. At this first meeting he spoke very little and only on business matters.

A few days later I saw Sazonoff (who later on was to prove the actual thrower of the bomb which killed Plehve) and Xaliscoff —both of them now cabmen—for the first time. Sazonoff's youthful face, his bright, tranquil words, were restful and invigorating, and when I parted from him at the corner and his cab drove out of sight, I longed to see those laughing eyes and hear the merry, assured voice again.

The plan for the attempt was as follows. Plehve left his house every Thursday at twelve o'clock and drove down the Fontanka to the Neva, and along the Quay to the Winter Palace. He usually returned by the same route, or along the Pantelemonsky, past the second gates of the Police Department to the chief entrance, which is on the Fontanka. We intended waiting for him on the way. Pokotiloff, with two bombs, was to

make the attack. He was to waylay Plehve on the Fontanka; another of our comrades, Uman, also with two bombs, was to post himself nearer the Neva, at Fish Lane; Sazonoff, with a bomb under the apron of his cab, was to take up his stand near the entrance to the Police Department, facing the Neva; while Xaliscoff was to stand at the other side of the entrance. When the carriage appeared he was to take off his cap, and this was to be the signal to Sazonoff. Finally, on the Chain Bridge, Kaliaeff was to stand well in sight of Pokotiloff and Sazonoff. It was his duty to let them know if Plehve returned along the Liteiny.

wait. Sazonoff, Pokotiloff, Uman, Xaliscoff, and Kaliaeff were all at their posts. Half an hour went by in waiting. Suddenly a loud report was heard as though something had burst. I rose involuntarily. All was quiet on the other side of the Fontanka, and the report had been nothing more than that of the midday cannon fired at the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. At the same moment I saw Pokotiloff approaching, and noticed that the bombs were clearly outlined in the pockets of his fur coat.

Pokotiloff and I had barely crossed the bridge when the policemen and detectives along the Fontanka from the Neva began to

EGOR SAZONOFF, THE ACTUAL THROWER OF THE BOMB WHICH KILLED PLEHVE, (1) IN ORDINARY ATTIRE AND (2) IN PRISON DRESS.
From] [Photographs.

On the 16th I had a conference with Pokotiloff and Shvetzer to make the final arrangements. Shvetzer coldly and calmly discussed the minutest details of our plan. He had a hard task before him—in one night he had to prepare five bombs and distribute them to the bomb-throwers next morning. As usual, Pokotiloff was excited; he declared that he was sure of success, just as he was sure that he, not Uman or Sazonoff, would have the honour of killing Plehve.

I spent the night of March 17–18 with Pokotiloff, and took leave of him at eight o'clock in the morning, arranging to meet him two hours later. At ten o'clock Shvetzer was to hand the bombs over to the throwers. Just before twelve I went to the Summer Garden, as had been agreed, and sat down to

stir, and a carriage with a pair of black horses and a liveried footman on the box dashed past us at a rapid trot. In the window we caught sight of Plehve's calm face. Pokotiloff clutched his bomb, but the carriage was already far beyond us and was approaching Sazonoff. We stood with our hearts in our mouths, expecting an explosion; but to our surprise the carriage turned into the open gates as it approached Sazonoff and was lost to sight.

Sazonoff's failure, we learned later, had been caused by one of those chances that no one can foresee or overcome. About twelve o'clock he was at the post that had been agreed on, facing the Neva, so as to see Uman and the Fontanka, and be in readiness for the explosion. The heavy bomb,

weighing seven pounds, was on his knees under the apron, which he had to unhook in order to pick it up and throw it. This demanded several seconds. Standing at the Minister's doors and refusing passengers, Sazonoff called forth the jeers of the other cabmen. In all the long row of cabs he made himself conspicuous by standing with his face to the Neva, whereas all the others were facing the circus in the opposite direction. These jeers — *i.e.*, the fear of attracting attention to himself—made him turn his horse's head away from the Neva and turn his back on Uman. Thus he could not see Plehve on his return. The Minister dashed past him with unexpected rapidity. Sazonoff clutched the bomb, but it was too late.

This first failure taught us a great deal. We realized the truth of the proverb, "Measure seven times, cut once."

On March 31st, in the Northern Hotel, while preparing the bombs for the second time, Pokotiloff lost his life in an explosion. We only learnt of his death from the newspapers at Kiev, and it was a harder and more unexpected blow than the failure of the attempt at assassination had been. After his death only a quarter of our store of dynamite remained. It was kept by Shvetzer.

He received from Azeff the address of a party engineer, Zadonsk, with whose help he was to prepare forty pounds of dynamite. He had a difficult task before him to procure the necessary material without attracting attention. He also had to work in a laboratory totally unfitted for preparing dynamite. But Shvetzer overcame all these difficulties. By a forged order he bought the material, and with the connivance rather than with the aid of the engineer he prepared the necessary quantity of dynamite. He nearly lost his life, however, over this task, and was only saved by his presence of mind. He brought the dynamite to St. Petersburg in June.

While we were in Kiev I made the acquaintance of Dora Brilliant. Dora Vladimirovna Brilliant had been recommended for her active work by Pokotiloff, who had known her in Poltava. I found her living in a student's room in Jilinsky Street. She had given herself up entirely to the affairs of the local committee, and her room was full of comrades who were perpetually coming and going on conspiracy business. Short, with black hair and enormous, almost black eyes, Dora Brilliant struck me from the first as a person fanatically devoted to the revolution.

After having talked matters over with Dora Brilliant I went to Kharkoff, where Azeff, Sazonoff, and Kaliaeff met me,

We held all our conferences in the University Gardens, where Azeff proposed the following plan. Xaliscoff, Kaliaeff, and Egor Olympiovitch Douleboff, who had killed the Governor of Ufa, Bogdanovitch, in 1903, were to watch Plehve in the street—Kaliaeff and another newly-accepted comrade as tobacco-venders, Douleboff and Xaliscoff as cabmen. I was to hire an expensive flat in St. Petersburg, where I was to live with my supposed wife — Dora Brilliant — and my servants—Sazonoff as the butler, and Narova, an old revolutionary, as the cook.

This flat was to serve a double purpose. In the first place, it was supposed that the butler and cook could be useful in watching; in the second place, I was to purchase a motor-car that Azeff considered indispensable for attacking Plehve. Uman was to train as a chauffeur.

I strongly opposed Azeff in the matter of the motor-car. It seemed to me that an attempt on foot, provided that there were several bomb-throwers, would guarantee success, and that a motor, on the contrary, might attract the attention of the police. Azeff did not insist on his plan, but still urged me to take a flat and settle in St. Petersburg.

The forces of the organization were now greater than they ever had been, Pokotiloff's loss being made good by new members, Douleboff, Brilliant, and Narova. Besides that, our former failures, though they did not of course obviate the possibility of new ones, at least guaranteed us against repeating our greatest mistakes. Azeff's persistence, his coolness and assurance, raised the spirits of the organization. I may say without any exaggeration that Azeff regenerated the organization. We set to work with the determination to kill Plehve at any cost.

When the plan had been discussed and decided upon Azeff went off for Douleboff and Narova, and also on business connected with the Central Committee. Sazonoff and Kaliaeff went to St. Petersburg, and I remained in Kharkoff to wait for Dora. I left Kharkoff with her and went to Moscow, where I was to meet Azeff and Douleboff. On seeing me Azeff said:—

"The negro (Douleboff) is already here. He has with him six small bombs of the Macedonian type. Take them from him and put them in a safe in some bank. He is living on the Maroseika in furnished rooms. Go and see him to-morrow."

I called on Douleboff and saw before me a short, strong working man with an open face and thoughtful eyes. He handed me a box containing the bombs and showed me how to charge them. That same day I hired a safe at the Jamgaroff Brothers' bank and took the bombs there. Later on the receipt of this safe was found when Tatiana Leontieff was arrested, and the police searched in vain for the rentor. The bombs were confiscated in May, 1905.

A few days later we all left Moscow. Azeff went to the Volga on party business; Brilliant, Douleboff, and I to St. Petersburg.

Douleboff bought a horse and cab and set up as a cabman. Dora Brilliant and I took rooms at the Hôtel de France on the Grand Morskoi, and I immediately set out in search of the old woman named Narova, whom I found in a workman's dwelling. That same day, through an advertisement, I took a furnished flat at No. 31, Joukovsky Street. The landlady was a German. I played the part of a rich Englishman. Dora Brilliant was a former singer from the "Bouffes," and to all inquiries as to my occupation I replied that I was the representative of a big English bicycle firm. Later on the landlady, who believed all we said, came to Dora several times in my absence and tried to persuade her to leave me and take another place that she had found for her. She was sorry for Dora, inquired how much money I had deposited in the bank in her name, and wondered at her having no jewels. Dora answered that there were other interests in life besides jewels and money. Such visits were fairly frequent. While living in this flat I became better acquainted with Dora and Sazonoff and Narova, and learned to know them.

EUGENE AZEFF.

Although the ringleader in the plot of the assassination, he was also in the pay of the police as a spy. Having proved a traitor to both parties, he is now in hiding and in danger of his life.

From a Photograph.

The silent, timid, modest Dora lived solely by her faith in the Terror. She loved the revolution, grieved at its failures, and, while recognizing the necessity of killing Plehve, feared this assassination. She could not reconcile herself to bloodshed—it was easier for her to die than to kill, and yet her perpetual prayer was that she might be allowed to throw one of the bombs. The key to this enigma lay to my mind in the fact that, in the first place, she could not differentiate herself from her comrades and take what she considered to be the easier lot, leaving them the more difficult; in the second place, she considered it her duty to cross the threshold at which personal action in Terroristic acts begins. Terror, for her as for Kaliaeff, was coloured above all by the sacrifice of the Terrorist. This lack of harmony between her feelings and her conscience was a distinctively feminine trait in her character. The question of plans of action did not interest her; perhaps she had become somewhat disillusioned by her committee work. Her days were spent in silence, in mute concentration on the inner torment which possessed her. She rarely laughed, and even when she did her eyes remained stern and sad. For her the revolution was personified by Terror—the whole world was contained in the Fighting Organization. Perhaps the death of Pokotiloff, who had been her comrade, stamped her sad soul with still greater sadness.

Sazonoff was young, healthy, and strong. The force of young life emanated from his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks. Quick-tempered, warm-hearted, with a gentle, loving nature, he made Dora's quiet sadness still more evident by contrast. He believed in success and expected it. He also regarded Terroristic work above all as a personal sacrifice, as martyrdom. But he accepted this martyrdom gladly and calmly, as though he gave it no thought, just as he never thought of Plehve. He was a revolutionary of the old "Will of the People" type, and knew neither doubt nor hesitation. Plehve's death was necessary for Russia, for the revolution, for the triumph of Socialism; and before this necessity all moralizing to the effect that "Thou shalt not kill" paled into insignificance.

Narova had spent her hard life in prison and exile. Her pale, wrinkled old face was lit up by clear, kind, maternal eyes. All the members of the organization were, so to say, her children. She loved them all alike with a steady, gentle, warm love. She did not use endearing words, she did not comfort or encourage, she did not conjecture as to success or failure—but everyone who was near

to her felt the inexhaustible glow of this great, tender love. She did her revolutionary work quietly, imperceptibly, but she did it like an artist, notwithstanding her old age and her ill-health. Dora Brilliant and Sazonoff were equally near and dear to her.

In accordance with Azeff's persistent desire every detail of our life was carefully thought out. Narova, in her capacity of cook, made friends with the dvornik's wife, and every morning the head dvornik used to have coffee in our kitchen. Sazonoff was quite at home in the hall-porter's room. He involuntarily knew all the scandal-mongering and talk that went on in the house. I had the appearance of a business man, Dora of a singer.

Every morning the hall-porter brought up my mail—consisting chiefly of catalogues of machinery from England, France, and Germany, that I wrote for as a "representative of a business firm." Then I went off to "business," wandering about the town on the chance of meeting Plehve, as indeed I often did. In the afternoon my lady, Dora, with an enormous feathered hat and accompanied by her servant Sazonoff, would frequently go shopping. In the evening Dora and I went out, and then the servants, being free from us, would go out too to watch Plehve.

The regular life we led and our generous tips soon earned us the reputation of being "the best of tenants." We learnt every rumour through Sazonoff. Posing as unable to read, a total abstainer, earning good wages, he was an enviable match for all the maids of the different flats; he was the hall-porter's friend, and on the good books of the head dvornik. We lived in this way without awakening any suspicion, though we frequently saw Kaliaeff, Xaliscoff, and Douleboff.

Meanwhile our observations were progressing. Xaliscoff, Douleboff, and Kaliaeff were continually meeting Plehve in the street. They had learnt the minutest details of his carriage, and could distinguish it a hundred yards away. Kaliaeff was particularly well-informed. He lived at the end of the town, in the corner of a room in which five other men were huddled, and he led a life which corresponded in every detail with the habits of those who, like himself, were street pedlars. He did not allow himself the slightest deviation: he rose at six, and was in the street from eight in the morning till late at night. In his home he soon got the reputation among his co inhabitants of being a religious, sober, business-like man. Of course, it never entered their heads that he was a revolutionary.

Plehve was living at a country house on the Islands at this time, and every Thursday he took a morning train to see the Czar at Tsarskoye Selo. Our chief attention was given to these visits, and to the visits to the Marie Palace for Councils of the Committee of Ministers, to which he went every Tuesday. On these days all the members of the organization kept watch. But Kaliaeff did not restrict himself to these joint and co-ordinated observances. He had his own theory as to Plehve's drives, and each day, on going out with his wares, he made a point of meeting the Minister's carriage. And by minute details, such as the number of detectives, the attitude of the ordinary police force, the police officers and inspectors, by the strained expectancy they evinced as the Minister's carriage approached, Kaliaeff could tell infallibly whether Plehve had already passed a street or was still expected. With his tray slung over his shoulders, on which the wares were frequently changed—cigarettes, apples, notepaper, pencils—Kaliaeff wandered along all the streets through which he thought that Plehve was likely to drive. It was rare that a day passed without meeting his carriage. In telling us about it he not only gave the most accurate account of the colour and points of the horses, the look of the coachman and the bodyguard, but details of the vehicle itself, and, as he described them, these details became striking characteristics. He not only knew the height and breadth of the carriage, its colour, and the colour of the wheels, but could minutely describe the step, the handles, the doors, the reins, the lamps, the box, the axle, and the window glasses. When the Czar went to Peterhof and Plehve had to go to the Baltic instead of the Tsarskoselsky Station, Kaliaeff was the first to define his itinerary and his deviation from it. Besides that he knew by sight the detectives attached to the Minister, and could unerringly distinguish them among a street crowd. On the whole, our systematic observation led us to the conviction that it would be easiest to kill Plehve on Thursday, on his way from the Islands to the Tsarskoselsky Station.

In the latter half of June the Czar changed his residence to Peterhof, and Plehve began to go every Thursday to the Baltic instead of the Tsarskoselsky Railway Station. The observations were complete, and it was clear we ought to get ready for the attempt. Sazonoff had to go home for a few days, and so we "discharged" him. He left the same day. Directly after him I went to Moscow; Dora and Narova remained in the flat. Shvetzer and Kaliaeff were to join me in

Moscow, and we were to discuss the plan of the attempt in detail.

Shvetzer was delayed in coming to Moscow, and the conference took place without him. They were usually held in Sokolniki Park, and Azeff was present at them with a casting vote, besides Kaliaeff, Sazonoff, and myself. The detailed plan of the attempt was discussed.

After our experience of March 18th, we were inclined to overrate the difficulty of Plehve's assassination. We decided to take every possible precaution to prevent his escaping from our ring when once it surrounded him. There were four throwers in all. The first, on meeting the Minister, was to let him pass by, but bar the way to his returning home. The second was to play the most important part—to him fell the honour of the first attempt. The third was to throw his bomb only if the second failed—if Plehve were only wounded or if the bomb did not explode. The fourth was a reserve thrower and was only to act in the extreme case of Plehve's getting past the second and third bombs and continuing his way to the station. The actual manner of using the bomb was also the object of detailed discussion. There was, of course, the inevitable risk of the thrower missing his aim, and the bombs falling beyond or short of the mark. During this discussion Kaliaeff, who had so far listened in silence to Azeff, suddenly said :—

IVAN KALIAEFF.

His duty was to throw the second bomb if Sazonoff failed. He was afterwards hanged for the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius.

From a Photograph.

"There is a way of not missing one's aim."

"How?"

"To throw oneself under the horses' feet."

Azeff looked at him attentively.

"How throw yourself under the horses' feet?"

"As the carriage drives along I throw myself under the horses with the bomb. Either the bomb explodes and there is a halt, or if the bomb does not explode the horses take fright, and that again causes a halt. Then it would be the affair of the second thrower."

We were all silent. At last Azeff said :—

"But you would certainly be blown up."

"Of course."

Kaliaeff's plan was daring and self-sacrificing. It did, indeed, guarantee success. But, after a moment's reflection, Azeff said :—

"It's a good plan, but I don't think it is necessary. If one can rush up to the horses, one can rush up to the carriage, and therefore throw the bomb under the carriage or through the window, and then perhaps one thrower would suffice."

Azeff's decision was adopted. It was settled that Kaliaeff and Sazonoff should both take part in the attempt as throwers.

After one of these discussions I went out for a stroll in the Moscow streets with Sazonoff. We wandered about a long time, and at last sat down on a bench in the square near the Church of Christ our Saviour. It was a bright day; the church roofs shone in the sun. We were silent for a long time, and then I said:—

"You will go, and you will not come back again."

Sazonoff did not answer; his face remained just as it always was—young, brave, and open.

"Tell me," I continued, "what do you think we shall feel after the — after the assassination?"

He answered without a moment's reflection :—

"We shall feel happy and proud."

"Only happy and proud?"

"Of course."

But another feeling, of which we knew nothing at that time, was added to our pride and happiness.

From Moscow Azeff and Sazonoff went to the Volga, while Kaliaeff and I returned to St. Petersburg. On the platform of the Nicholas Railway Station, just before the train started, I noticed Shvetzer's broad, muscular figure. I called to him, and a moment later he got into my carriage and put his bag on the rack. We went into the corridor.

"How are things getting on?"

I explained that the observations were

complete, and told him of the decision at which the Moscow conference had arrived.

He smiled, guardedly.

"Well, I have everything in readiness."

"Have you got the dynamite?"

"Over forty pounds."

"Where is it?"

He nodded towards the carriage.

"On that rack?"

"Yes, on the rack. If it explodes we sha'n't hear it; you and I will be the first to be blown up."

As usual, he was very reserved and said but little, though he was evidently pleased at having accomplished his difficult task so quickly; glad also that the observations were finished, and that at last we were to make the attempt.

On arriving in St. Petersburg I did not return to our flat, but went to live at Sestroretsk, with a passport made out in the name of Constantine Tsernetski. The attempt was fixed for July 8th It was necessary to verify Plehve's visit to the Czar once more, and to reach an agreement as to small details.

While I was at Sestroretsk Dora Brilliant came to see me. We went far into the park, a long way from the crowd and the orchestra. She seemed upset and did not speak for a long time, gazing straight before her with her sad, black eyes.

"Benjamin!"

"What is it?"

"I wanted to tell you——"

She stopped, as though hesitating as to whether she should end her phrase.

"I wanted—I wanted once more to beg that I might be entrusted with a bomb."

"A bomb? You?"

"I, too, want to participate in the attempt."

"Look here, Dora——"

"No, don't. I want to. I must die——"

I tried to calm her, tried to prove that her assistance was not needed, that a man can manage bomb-throwing better than a woman, and, finally, that—were her help needed—I felt sure our comrades would ask her for it.

But she continued to insist on my telling Azeff of her request, and I had to consent.

Soon Azeff and Sazonoff arrived, and we four met in council. This time Kaliaeff was absent, but Shvetzer was there instead. I told them all of Dora's request. Silence reigned, and then Azeff said, slowly, with his usual air of indifference:—

"What is your opinion, Egor?"

Blushing and in some confusion, Sazonoff spread out his hands, and after a pause said, hesitatingly:—

"Dora is a woman who will do well what she undertakes to do. What can I say against it? Only——"

His voice broke.

"Finish what you have to say," said Azeff.

"No; that's all. What can I have against it?"

Then Shvetzer spoke. With calm, clear assurance, he said that Dora was, to his mind, a very suitable person to make the attempt, and not only would he not oppose her participating, but he would unhesitatingly entrust her with a bomb.

Azeff looked at me.

"And you, Benjamin?"

I said I was absolutely against Dora's direct participation in the attempt, although I was quite sure of her. My motive in refusing was based on the opinion that women ought to be entrusted with Terroristic work only when the organization could not manage otherwise. As there were enough men, I resolutely begged that she should be refused.

Azeff reflected in silence. At last he raised his head.

"I do not agree with you. I see no reason for refusing Dora. But since you wish it—let it be so." *

It was decided there and then that Uman was to be the first thrower; Sazonoff the second; Kaliaeff the third; and the fourth, Sikorsky, a young tanner from Belostock, who was not yet a member of the organization, but who was well known to Uman. He had long begged as a special honour to be allowed to help in the attempt on Plehve.

Azeff departed, having arranged that we should meet at Vilno after the attempt. We definitely got rid of the flat in Joukovsky Street; Narova joined Azeff; Dora, in spite of her protests, went to Kharkoff. There remained in St. Petersburg the two cabmen, Xaliscoff and Douleboff; I and two of the bomb-throwers, Sazonoff and Kaliaeff. These two were also to leave town and return only on July 8th. A few days before they went away I arranged to meet Kaliaeff at the Smolensk Cemetery. He came dressed as a tobacco-vender, in shirt, cap, and top-boots.

We were both sure that we met for the last time. Kaliaeff, like Sazonoff, was sure that he would have to throw his bomb.

We sat on someone's moss-grown grave,

* A few months later Dora Brilliant had her way. She and Kaliaeff were selected as bomb-throwers by Azeff himself at the assassination of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius. She had no need to throw her bomb, however, but she was taken and died in prison.

and he spoke in his ringing voice with his Polish accent :—

"Thank God, this is the end. I am only grieved that Egor has the first place and not I. Is it possible Valentine thinks I should not manage alone?"

I said that the second place was no less, if it was not even more, important than the first, and that the greatest daring and coolness were needed to judge the exact moment and to decide whether or not to throw the second bomb after the first explosion. He listened reluctantly.

"Of course. But still——"

Then, turning suddenly towards me with his whole body :—

"Do you think we shall succeed?"

"Of course we shall."

"I am sure that we shall, too."

He began to speak lovingly of Sazonoff.

"Do you know, I never saw anyone like him. He has such a loving heart, he is so brave, so full of spiritual strength."

"Oh, what joy if we succeed! They have reigned long enough. If only you knew how I hate them! But what is Plehve? We must kill the Czar."

On the 5th, Leib Vulfovitch Sikorsky, or, as we called him, Leon, arrived in St. Petersburg. Sikorsky was only twenty years old. He spoke Russian badly, and had some difficulty in finding his way about St. Petersburg. Uman looked after him like a child, and bought him a seaman's cape that would hide the bomb, and gave him all sorts of advice and information.

He seemed to me to be a firm, brave youth. I only feared that his bad Russian and his insufficient knowledge of the town might get him into difficulties.

It was decided that, in case of failure, all the bomb-throwers who remained alive were to return their bombs to Shvetzer, who would unload them and keep them. In case of success, each one was to drown his own bomb. The decision was taken because both the distribution and the collection of the bombs by Shvetzer were accompanied by grave risks, and the risk was even greater in unloading them. Each thrower received minute instructions as to where he should rid himself of his bomb.

On July 14th I met Shvetzer at the "Bouffes." He again had his night's work before him, he again had to charge four bombs, three of which were to weigh six pounds each, and one twelve pounds.

Such a heavy bomb had been decided on because the dynamite that Shvetzer had prepared from Russian materials was much inferior to foreign dynamite. Shvetzer was quite cool as usual, but, contrary to his custom, asked for a bottle of wine.

LEIB SIKORSKY, THE THIRD BOMB-THROWER.
He was taken and sent to Siberia.
From a Photograph.

On leaving me he asked :—

"Do you believe in our success?"

"Of course."

"I know Plehve will be killed to-morrow."

"You *know* it?"

"Yes, I *know* it."

And he shook hands with me, laughing.

"Good-bye. To-morrow, at nine o'clock."

On July 15th, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, I met Sazonoff at the Nicholas Station, and then Kaliaeff at the Warsaw Station. They were dressed as they had been a week before —Sazonoff as a railway porter, Kaliaeff as a hall-porter. By the next train, Uman and Sikorsky arrived at the same station from Dvinsk. During this time Douleboff harnessed his horse at his own quarters and drove to the Northern Hotel, where Shvetzer was staying. Shvetzer got into his cab, and a little after nine o'clock distributed the bombs at the appointed places in Officer Street and Commercial Street behind the Marie Theatre. The big twelve-pounder was for Sazonoff. It was cylindrical in shape and was wrapped up in a newspaper and tied with a string. Kaliaeff's bomb was wrapped in a handkerchief. Kaliaeff and Sazonoff did not hide their bombs, but carried them openly in their hands. Uman and Sikorsky hid theirs under their capes.

The distribution went off without a hitch. Shvetzer drove home. Douleboff took up his stand at the Technological Institute in

Zagorodni Prospect, where he was to wait for me to learn the result of this attempt. Xaliscoff stood on the Obvodni Canal with his cab. The others—that is, Sazonoff, Kaliaeff, Uman, Sikorsky, and I—were to meet at the Pokrova Church in Garden Street, and from there the throwers were to go one after the other in fixed order (first Uman, second Sazonoff, third Kaliaeff, and fourth Sikorsky) along the English Prospect and Wood Street to the Obvodni Canal. They were to walk along the canal, past the Baltic and Warsaw Railway Stations, and were to turn down Ismailsk Prospect to meet Plehve. The time had been so calculated that they should meet him on Ismailsk Prospect, between the Obvodni Canal and First Street. They walked at a distance of forty yards from one another. This removed all danger of one explosion making the other bombs explode. Uman was to let Plehve pass him and then prevent his returning back home. Sazonoff was to throw the first bomb.

It was a bright sunny day. As I approached the square in front of Pokrova Church I saw the following scene: Sazonoff, seated on a bench, was minutely explaining to Sikorsky, with great animation, exactly how and where to drown his bomb. Sazonoff was quite calm, and seemed to have no thought for himself. Sikorsky was listening attentively. On another bench, a little farther off, Uman sat with his usual imperturbable face, and beyond him, at the gates of the church, Kaliaeff stood with his hat in his hand, crossing himself in front of a holy image. I went up to him.

"Yanek."

He turned round, still crossing himself.

"Is it time?"

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine.

"It is time. Go."

Uman rose lazily from his bench. He went leisurely towards Peterhof Prospect. After that Sazonoff and Sikorsky rose.

Sazonoff smiled, shook hands with Sikorsky, and with quick steps, holding his head high, followed Uman. Kaliaeff had not stirred from his place.

"Yanek."

"What?"

"Go."

He embraced me and, with his light, graceful walk, started off to overtake Sazonoff. Sikorsky went slowly after him. I followed them with my eyes. The buttons of Sazonoff's uniform shone in the sun. He carried his bomb under his right arm and evidently found it heavy. I turned back along Garden Street, and went through Ascension Street to Ismailsk Prospect, calculating that I should meet the throwers between the Canal and First Street. By the look of the street I guessed that Plehve was to pass along it directly. The police—both officers and men—had a strained, expectant, stiff look. Here and there at the street corners were spies. As I approached the corner of Seventh Street I saw a policeman draw

ISMAILSK PROSPECT, SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE THE ASSASSINATION TOOK PLACE.
From a Photograph.

Drawn from material] THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOMB. [supplied by eye-witnesses.

The central figure is Sazonoff—the cyclist on the left is a police spy—on the right are a woman and child, who were injured. In the background is the railway station.

himself up to salute. At the same moment I saw Sazonoff on the bridge over the canal. He was walking just as before, with his head high, holding his bomb near his shoulder. At that moment I heard the sound of hoofs, and a carriage with its pair of black horses dashed past. There was no footman on the box, but just behind the left back wheel was a spy, as it turned out later, an agent of the Secret Police—Frederick Hartman. Behind him were two other detectives in a private open carriage drawn by a black trotter. I recognized Plehve's *cortège*. Several seconds passed. Sazonoff was lost in the crowd, but I knew that he must now be in Ismailsk Prospect, near the Warsaw Hotel. These few seconds seemed interminably long to me.

Suddenly, in the midst of the monotonous noise of the streets, a loud, strange sound was heard. It was as though someone had struck an iron sheet with an iron hammer. At the same moment the noise of broken window-panes falling resounded dismally. I saw a column of greyish yellow smoke, almost black at the edge, rise like a funnel from the earth. This column grew broader and broader and spread all along the street at the height of the house-tops. It dispersed as quickly as it had risen. It seemed to me that I could see some charred fragments in the smoke.

I gasped for breath for a moment. But I had expected the explosion, and so I came to my senses before the others. I ran forward across the road towards the Warsaw Hotel. As I ran I heard someone's frightened voice say, "Don't run; there will be another explosion."

When I reached the spot there was no smoke. There was a smell of burning. Straight in front of me, about four yards from the pavement, I saw Sazonoff. He was half-lying on the dusty road, leaning on a stone with his left arm, and with his head drooping to his right. His cap had fallen off, and his dark chestnut curls were hanging over his forehead. His face was white and there were little streams of blood running down his forehead and cheeks. His half-closed eyes were leaden. At the pit of his stomach there was a big, dark blood-stained spot, which spread and formed a large crimson pool at his feet.

I bent over him and looked earnestly at

his face. Suddenly it struck me that he was dead, and at the same moment I heard someone say :—

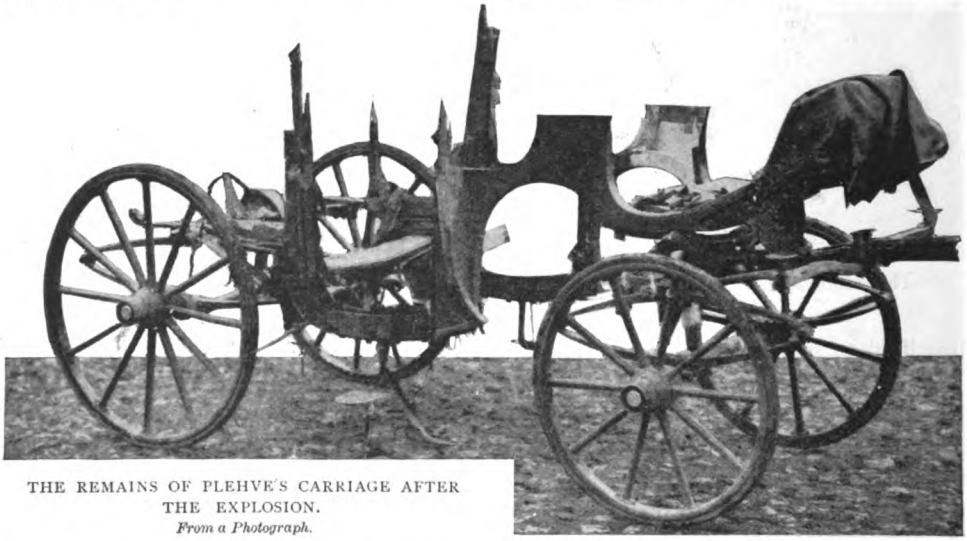
"And the Minister? They say the Minister got by."

Then I decided that Plehve was alive and that Sazonoff was killed.

I was still standing over Sazonoff when a police officer—a personal acquaintance of mine—came up to me. He was pale, his lips trembled, and, weakly waving his hands in their white gloves, he said, in a bewildered way :—

"Go away, sir. Go away."

I turned and went along the pavement towards the Warsaw Station. I had not noticed that Plehve's disfigured corpse and the fragments of his carriage lay a few steps away from Sazonoff.



THE REMAINS OF PLEHVE'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

A mass of people were running towards me from the canal—a whole crowd of stonemasons, with aprons covered with brickdust. They were shouting something. Crowds of other people were also running. I went in a contrary direction to these people, conscious only of one thing—Plehve lived and Sazonoff was killed!

I wandered about for a long time, and at last mechanically found myself at the Technological Institute. There I saw Douleboff still waiting for me. I got into his cab.

"Well?" he said, turning to me.

"Plehve is alive."

"And Egor?"

"Killed."

Douleboff lowered his eyes strangely and his cheeks twitched. But he said nothing. In about five minutes he turned to me again.

"What is to be done now?"

"On his way back at four o'clock."

He nodded. Then I said :—

"I will bring you a bomb at three o'clock. Wait for me at the Technological Institute."

On leaving him I went up to the Usoupoff Gardens, where the throwers who remained alive were to meet if the attempt failed. I hoped that they were not all arrested and that their bombs were safe. I wanted to make another attempt on Plehve on his way back from Peterhof to the Islands. We knew that he usually returned from the Czar between three and four o'clock. Douleboff, I, and whoever else was alive were to be the throwers.

Finding no one there I went to the baths in Kazak Lane, asked for a room, and lay down on the sofa. There I remained till two o'clock, when I considered it was time to look up Shvetzer and prepare for the second attempt on Plehve. On reaching the Nevsky I mechanically bought the latest bulletin from a newspaper boy, thinking it must be from the front. In the most prominent position I saw Plehve's portrait framed in black, and his obituary notice.

[In stating that Sazonoff was killed by the explosion, the writer is giving his impressions of the moment. As a matter of fact, however, the assassin, though desperately injured, was taken to hospital, where he eventually recovered, and was then sent to Siberia. On the way thither he made one of the most sensational escapes on record. In our next number we shall give our readers Sazonoff's own account of his escape, and the almost miraculous series of adventures which befell him, before he found himself free from the Russian police.]

MR. FAY'S CABINET TRICK.

A £20 Challenge to Mr. Maskelyne.

By Sir HIRAM MAXIM.

THE reading of the article by Mr. Maskelyne in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for January last brings to my mind some events which took place many years ago. There is an old saying that "we should give the devil his due." I am not a spiritualist, and, as I do not believe in any kind of supernaturalism, I think I am quite able to tell the exact truth, which seems to be such a difficult matter to those who have some weak and decrepit kind of an "ology" or "ism" which they feel called upon to protect and defend, even at the expense of the truth.

In the autumn of 1863 I was employed in the engineering works of my uncle, Levi Stevens, at Fitchburg, in the State of Massachusetts, U.S.A. At that time there were a great many spiritualists in New England. My uncle was a firm believer, and in all his business affairs he never failed to consult his medium in Boston. Being the leading spiritualist in the place, nothing was more natural, when Mr. Fay, the celebrated medium, and his wife came to Fitchburg, than that they should come to my uncle's house and give several private séances, all of which I attended. But I will not speak of these séances; I will only refer to those which took place before the public.

Mr. Fay was a young and very small man, very pale, with light blue eyes, and hair with so little colour that it appeared nearly white. He was a very innocent-looking little fellow. His wife was also very small, and together they appeared the last people in the world that would be expert in the art of deception.

A new town hall had just been built. The ground floor contained many shops, and over these shops were two halls, one large and one small. The small hall was about thirty by sixty feet; it had a stage at one end, raised about twenty inches above the floor. Everything was absolutely new. Mr. Fay hired this hall to give his first public exhibition in Fitchburg. I was present and occupied a front seat, and as my curiosity had been whetted by the private séances that I had already witnessed, I was immensely interested, and had my eyes wide open, fully expecting to be able to find out how the tricks were done.

Mr. Fay went on to the stage quite alone. He had a cabinet made of bass-wood, which was about six feet high, six feet six inches wide, and two feet deep. He commenced by telling us that this cabinet was extremely light, that it was made of half-inch boards screwed together, and could be easily taken apart; and in order to prove that there was no one in the cabinet but himself, it was only necessary to feel the weight. He asked that four clever mechanicians should step on to the stage, and this was responded to by four of the cleverest mechanics in the place. They felt the weight of the cabinet empty, and said that it was not over eighty pounds. They stuck their penknives through it in many places and found that it was not double thick. They raised the cabinet and placed it on four light, cane-seat chairs, new ones that belonged to the hall. The stage was brilliantly lighted, and the four men walked round and examined the cabinet from every side.

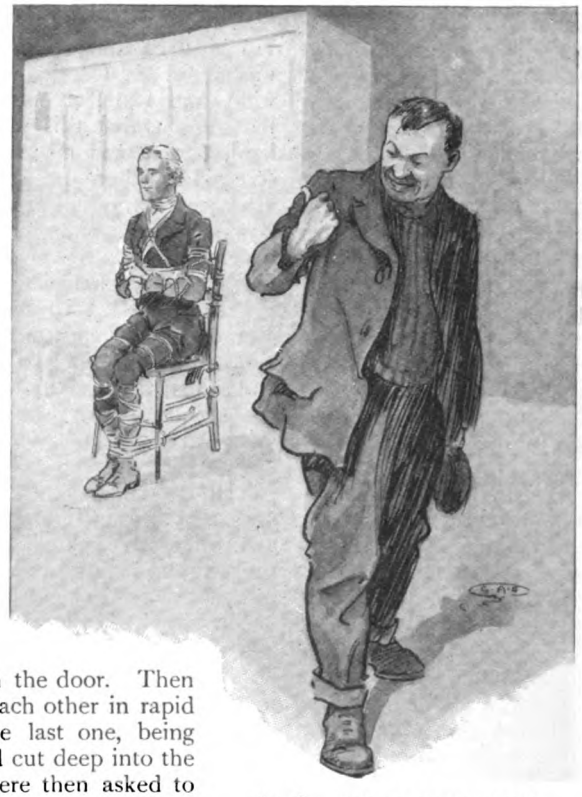
Mr. Fay asked them to be sure that there was no secret chamber, no machinery, and no one in the cabinet. This done, he asked if there was a professional rigger present, or a sailor, and a professional rigger, well known in the place, stepped forward and offered his services. Mr. Fay furnished him with a rope, and suggested that he should be tied into a cane-seat chair, but the rigger said he would prefer to furnish his own rope. He left, and returned in a few minutes with a very strong and pliable rope, such as was used at that time as a "bed-cord."

Mr. Fay took his place in a cane-seat chair, and the rigger commenced by tying the middle of the rope around his wrists. He then wound the rope around his arms, one end in a right spiral and the other in a left spiral, then around his body; then he passed it through his elbows and tied them firmly behind his back, wound the rope around his neck, his body, and his legs, passed it many times through the framework of the chair, and finally wound up by tying his ankles together, and then the ends of the rope firmly to the back rung of the chair.

Having finished the job, the rigger stepped

forward and said, "He'll not be able to get out of that chair." Two men then lifted the chair and its occupant into the cabinet. The front of the cabinet was provided with two doors, one of which had a hole near the top, which was about six inches wide and twelve inches high and covered by a small black velvet curtain. Musical instruments had already been placed in the cabinet, amongst which were several wind instruments, an accordion, a triangle, and about a dozen bells of assorted sizes.

When everything was in readiness and all the knots in the rope had been examined, his wife came on the platform and closed the doors of the cabinet. Instantly all the instruments inside began to play, and some of them were thrown out through the hole in the door. Then the bells followed each other in rapid succession, and the last one, being very heavy, fell and cut deep into the floor. The men were then asked to open the doors as quickly as possible. They did so, and Mr. Fay was found to be in his chair; all the knots were intact, and he was apparently fast asleep.



"HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THAT."

The rigger was not quite satisfied; he went out and soon returned with a spirit-lamp and a large stick of red sealing-wax, and all the important knots were sealed. Upon replacing the musical instruments and closing the doors the same thing was repeated, and when the last bell had been thrown out a hand appeared at the opening. It moved about for a couple of seconds and then disappeared. When the doors were opened Mr. Fay was sleeping placidly, the sealing-wax was intact, and none of the knots had been untied.

It was then suggested that perhaps someone else had been smuggled into the cabinet without being seen, so the cabinet was lifted off the chairs and it was found that, even with Mr. Fay inside, it was very light. The men measured it with a rule inside and out, and said there could be no question about it, there was no secret chamber. The wood was very soft and light, and only one half-inch thick. Everyone felt certain that Mr. Fay was quite alone in the box; there was no one near him except men who were well known in the town. The floor of the stage was new and intact; it had never been used before.

After a lot of examining, measuring, and many suggestions, it was finally decided that, as no one was in the box except Mr. Fay, he must have managed in some way or other to release his hands or his feet, or both, in order to perform the trick, so some dried peas were obtained and placed in his hands, as many as he could hold. Then a piece of paper was placed under his feet and marked all round with a lead pencil, and to cap the climax, a tall goblet quite full of water was balanced on the top of his head. Again, upon closing the doors, the musical instruments and bells played and were thrown out through the opening in the door of the cabinet as before. The hand again appeared, but upon opening the doors quickly Mr. Fay was still apparently sleeping placidly, the picture of innocence; not a drop of water had been spilt, not a pea dropped, all the knots were securely sealed, and the feet had not moved on the paper.

This was somewhat startling; people could hardly believe their own eyes, so again the cabinet was examined, with still greater care than before. Its weight was felt, but there was no question about it—no one was in the

cabinet except Mr. Fay. Mr. Fay and his chair were lifted out of the cabinet. There was so much rope, and it was so securely tied, that the chair and the man were practically one piece. Having found everything secure, he was again placed in the cabinet and the doors closed. Then there was a great deal of knocking about, a perfect uproar, inside the cabinet, and in a few seconds the end of the rope appeared through the opening in the door and the whole rope came out like a long snake.

The door was opened, and still Mr. Fay was apparently quietly sleeping, and I noticed that the ropes had cut deeply into his wrists and his hands were purple. He rubbed his hands and arms a bit in order to restore circulation, and then, placing a cane-seat chair in the cabinet, he took a seat and asked that a lady and gentleman should also enter the cabinet, one on each side. Each was instructed to take a firm grip on Mr. Fay's hair, to hold both his hands, and see that he did not move his feet. When the door was closed all the instruments commenced to play and the bells came through the door in single file, to be followed by a hand, which fluttered for a second and disappeared.

"MR. FAY WAS APPARENTLY SLEEPING SOUNDLY."

Upon opening the door it was found that Mr. Fay had not stirred. Not only this, but both the lady and gentleman testified that the musical instruments had knocked them on the head slightly while they were playing, that someone had touched their faces, and that they had both been kissed, but they were quite sure that Mr. Fay had not stirred. This led to another examination of the cabinet, the floor, and the ceiling. Everyone was puzzled except the spiritualists, who were greatly elated at what had taken place, and which they thought ought to convince anybody.

I was a young man at the time, and, as my elders were quite unable to solve the mystery, I thought it would be no use for me to attempt it.

I left Fitchburg and went to Boston, and about two years later I saw a notice in the paper headed in big letters: "Spiritualism Exposed. All the Tricks of the Davenport Brothers Fully Explained by Mr. Fay." The religious people, who had been fighting spiritualism tooth and nail, were greatly elated. They said, "Here you are now. The great Mr. Fay, who has been performing miracles for years, is coming out to expose the fraud." Mr. Fay was advertised to appear in the small hall of Tremont Temple, and the performance commenced on Monday night. The place was packed, principally by the opponents of spiritualism. There was, however, a considerable number of spiritualists present, but they were not at all jolly on this occasion. When Mr. Fay appeared on the stage he had the same old cabinet, but before commencing he stepped forward and addressed the audience about as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, — As the majority of those present have never witnessed any of the so-called spiritual manifestations, as they know nothing of the tricks of the Davenport Brothers or the tricks which I have been performing with a considerable degree of success for the last few years, it will be necessary for me to show what these tricks are before I expose them, because if I expose the tricks without first showing what they are my audience would not appreciate what I am about to do. They must first be mystified and puzzled by the tricks in order to appreciate the exposure, the simplicity of which is ridiculous. It is therefore necessary to show some of these tricks before I expose them.

He went on and did the identical things which I had seen him do before at Fitchburg, but there were not a few present who were jugglers themselves, and they all wished to have a finger in the pie. Many things were suggested. When it was found that Mr. Fay could not be secured by ropes and sealing-wax, someone suggested that he should be bound up with copper-wire and that the ends should be soldered together, but he would not consent to this. Many experiments were tried, but no one could solve the mystery.

At last Mr. Fay took his watch out of his pocket, looked at it, and said, "Our time is nearly up; we only have a few minutes left, but I think you will all agree that I have performed all of the tricks of the Davenport

"EACH WAS INSTRUCTED TO TAKE A FIRM GRIP ON MR. FAY'S HAIR."

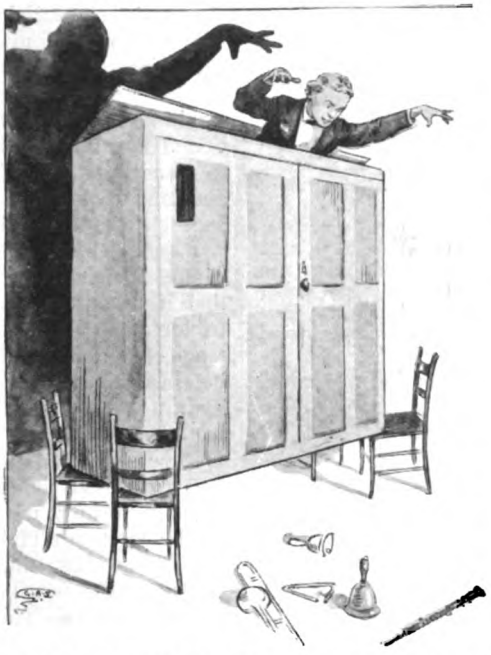
Brothers, and I don't think anyone present, except myself, is able to explain how these tricks are done. It would be quite impossible for me to expose them in the few minutes that are left, so it will be necessary for you to come to-morrow night, when I propose to give a full and complete *exposé* of the whole thing." The séance was a very jolly one; everyone was laughing except the spiritualists, who were very much down in the mouth.

The next night Mr. Fay put in an appearance again, and, stepping forward to the front of the stage, he said: "I observe there are many people here to-night who were not present last night, and it will be impossible for these to appreciate and understand the *exposé* unless I first show them what the Davenport tricks really are." This was met with shouts of "Go on! Repeat the tricks of last night!" so the same programme was gone through again. There were still more sleight-of-hand performers present than at the first exhibition, and they all wanted to discover how the trick was done before it was explained. Many experiments were made, but all failed to throw any light upon the subject. No matter how Mr. Fay was tied, it was always the same thing. Then, at the end of the evening, Mr. Fay again snatched his watch from his pocket and said, "It is time to close; I cannot give you the explanation to-night—it is impossible; come to-morrow and we shall have plenty of time."

Exactly the same thing took place on Wednesday night. It then became the talk of the town; no one could understand it. Thursday night was a repetition of Wednesday night. Always fresh people were present who wished to see the tricks performed before they were exposed. On Friday night, when Mr. Fay had been securely fastened in his chair with innumerable ropes, tied by a professional who was used to rigging ships, and the knots all cemented with sealing-wax, peas in his hands, a glass of water on his head, and marked paper under his feet, the cabinet was closed as usual. All the musical instruments played and the bells came out through the hole in the door, but, instead of the hand appearing at the opening as before, the whole top of the cabinet lifted up, the head and shoulders of Mr. Fay appeared, he stretched out his arms and said, "All quiet on the Potomac," then sank back into his box. The doors were instantly opened, only to find Mr. Fay asleep, not a drain of water spilt or a pea dropped, and all the knots quite intact. Everyone was amazed, but again the evening was not long enough to show the tricks and explain them. Again Mr. Fay stepped forward and said that he had not the time, the moment of closing having arrived, but on Saturday night he

proposed to give a full and complete explanation of how the tricks were done.

Naturally, everyone was anxious for a solution of this extraordinary phenomenon; so on Saturday night the place was crowded. Again Mr. Fay went through the complete performance as before. One of the men on the stage had provided himself with a small syringe loaded with ink, and when the hand appeared at the hole in the door he at once squirted ink on to it, but on opening the door immediately afterwards Mr. Fay was quietly sleeping, with a goblet of water on his head, both hands full of peas, and all the knots sealed, and it was found that there were no ink-marks on his hands. On this occasion Mr. Fay did not allow so many experiments to be made. He wished to have time to show up the fraud, and everyone assented to this; so, stepping forward to the front of the stage, he addressed the audience in about the following manner:



"THE WHOLE TOP OF THE CABINET LIFTED UP AND THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF MR. FAY APPEARED."

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I thank you all very much for the patience you have shown in witnessing all these experiments. I have placed myself completely at the disposal of the committee which you have appointed. These gentlemen have sought by every means in their power to detect how these tricks have been done, and so far, I think, all will admit that the secret has not been discovered. Amongst your committee we have some of the cleverest magicians in Boston. They have done their very best to solve the mystery, and I think they will all admit that they have failed. In all of the usual sleight-of-hand tricks an expert can generally see how the trick is done; they can at least see how it is possible. But with the tricks which I have shown you here during the last week no one has been able to throw the least light on the subject. It is just as much of a mystery to-night as it was on Monday night, and therefore I think what I have shown should be placed in a totally different category from the usual tricks of magic which we are in the habit of seeing. There certainly seems to be some occult power which cannot be accounted for except on the hypothesis that there exists some intelligence and power which is invisible. I appeal to this power for information—who is it, what is it, and from whence does it come?—and the reply that I receive is, "The spirits of the departed," and, as I have no evidence to the contrary, I naturally believe it.

This led to a bit of an uproar, in which the real spiritualists present were very jubilant.

At that time I had among my acquaintances in Boston a very clever young engineer, who was a great expert as an amateur magician. He was immensely interested, and attended every performance during the week. We discussed the matter every day, and he admitted that he was quite unable to get the least clue as to how the tricks were performed, but we both agreed that if the tricks were performed by any ghostly influence it was not necessary for a man to be dead in order to have a ghost, for, there was no question about it, we had seen Fay's head and shoulders and had heard his voice while his body was firmly secured in the inside of the cabinet. Then, again, the ink-test seemed to show that it was only a ghostly hand that we saw at the opening in the door, as there was no ink on Mr. Fay's hands. My friend was so much interested that he advertised that he would give one hundred dollars to anyone who would explain the trick, or to anyone who could perform the trick with the doors open, but there were no takers.

I will admit that I was greatly puzzled and extremely anxious to find out how Mr. Fay had done such remarkable things. I could not understand how it was possible, when he was so firmly secured, with no one to help him, to show his head and shoulders outside the cabinet, while the real Fay that we knew was completely enclosed in a network of ropes and sealing-wax, with a glass of water on his head and both his hands full of peas. How did he do it without dropping the peas? Why did he not spill the water? The result was that during the next ten or fifteen years I went to many places where it was said that all the tricks of the Davenport Brothers and

of Mr. Fay were exposed, and in every case I found that the *exposé* was all humbug. There was not even an attempt to expose the tricks which I had seen with my own eyes.

In 1880 I spent the winter in Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A. One day it was announced that a troupe of "real spiritualists — not humbugs" would give a séance at the Opera House, which was a large building with a seating capacity of twelve hundred. Of course I put in an appearance, and got a front seat as usual. When the mediums appeared on the stage, their leader stepped forward and said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We are well aware of the fact that there is a great deal of humbug in spiritualism. Nearly all of the so-called mediums who pretend to give seances, spiritual demonstrations, etc., are absolute frauds, and it is these who have made spiritualism unpopular to a certain extent among the better class of people. But we are real spiritualists; we are firm believers that in what we show here to-night we are assisted by the spirits of the departed. It cannot be accounted for on any other hypothesis whatsoever, and all that we can do and all that we have to show is open to the strictest investigation, and we ask that you should select two gentlemen whom you know, and we should prefer that they should be clever scientific men, or at least men who are able to weigh evidence and draw logical conclusions.

At once there were shouts for "Maxim! Maxim!" and I went up on the stage. Then there were shouts for "Arnold!" and the chief inspector of Bridgeport mounted the stage, and here practically the same performance was gone through that I had witnessed before in Massachusetts, with the exception that, instead of a wooden cabinet, a very light and small canvas tent was used. On one occasion someone asked if the tricks could be performed providing the medium was handcuffed, whereupon the medium produced a pair of handcuffs and asked the chief inspector to put them on. He placed his hands behind his back, but the inspector, instead of putting on the handcuffs that had been given him by the medium, whipped out a pair of his own and put them on very tight, with the remark, "Now we shall see, for he won't get his hands out of these." But it made not the least bit of difference; neither handcuffs nor being wrapped in wire-netting had any effect—the result was always the same.

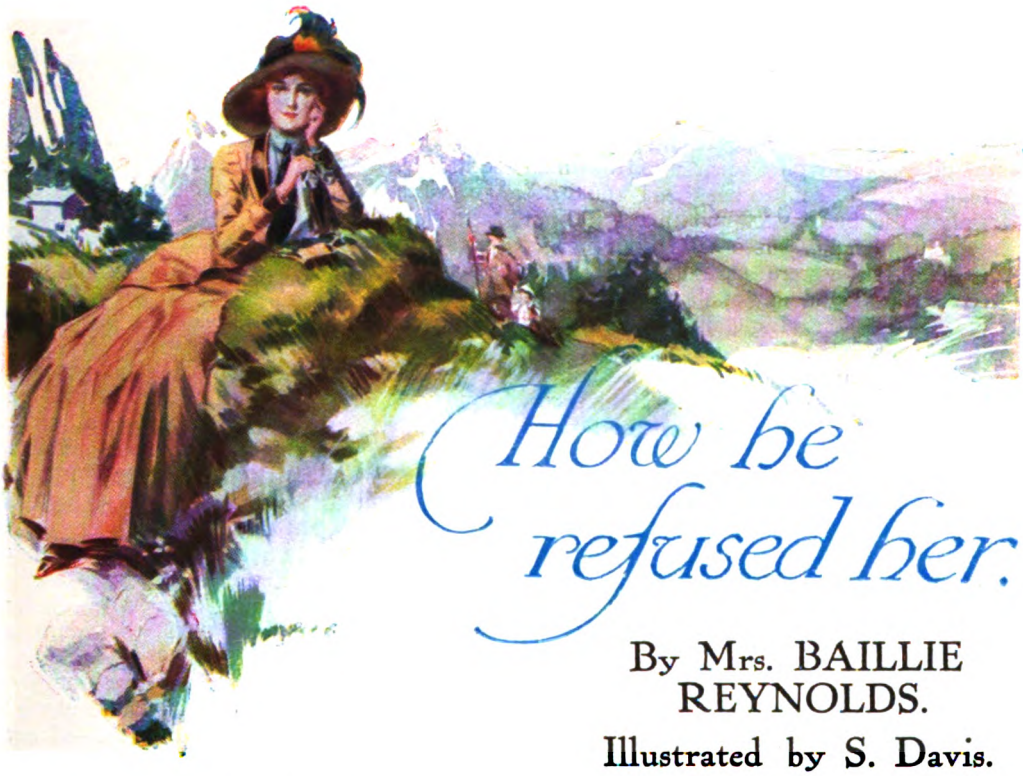
At the end of the performance the medium asked us what we thought of it. The inspector, who had been baffled at every turn, did not like to acknowledge that he had been beaten, but when asked what I thought of it, I said that I was familiar with the ordinary juggling tricks performed by magicians, and in all of these I was able to get some idea of how they were done, but the tricks that I had witnessed that night seemed to be in a totally different category. I admitted that I had been unable to form the least idea of how they were done.

Now it so happened that Mr. P. T. Barnum, the great showman, his clowns, jugglers, and wild animals were wintering at Bridgeport; and the next day a paragraph appeared in the local paper that Mr. Maxim had made a fool of himself—he had said that the tricks were beyond him and quite unfathomable, whereas they were all quite simple, and, further, that there were more than twenty of Barnum's men living at Bridgeport that winter who were quite able to do all of them. I then inserted a notice in the paper, in which I offered one hundred dollars to anyone who would show how the trick was done, but not one of Barnum's men nor anyone else dared to come forward. After that I was on the constant look-out for someone who could expose these tricks, but I found no one.

I spent the winter of 1882–83 in Paris, where I met an Englishman who told me that if I went to London I would not have to look any farther. He said the greatest magicians in the world were acknowledged to be Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, and in case I should go to London I should see all the tricks of the spiritualists exposed. He said they did all the tricks I had seen, and explained them. So when I came to London I used my first opportunity to go to the Egyptian Hall, fully expecting that I should at last find someone who could explain these so-called tricks.

But here again I was disappointed. There was not the least resemblance to the tricks that I had seen performed in Massachusetts and Connecticut, U.S.A. Quite true, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke had fitted up a very ingenious plant with a lot of mechanical apparatus, etc., with which they did some very clever things, but I am strongly of the opinion to-day that Mr. Maskelyne would be quite unable to go on a new stage with a firm new floor and, with no apparatus except a light box, perform the tricks that I saw done by Mr. Fay. I am quite willing to renew my offer of a hundred dollars (£20) to anyone who will show me how these tricks are done. So far, Mr. Maskelyne has utterly failed to understand or explain the extraordinary performances of little Mr. Fay, who had never studied the art of magic one minute in his life and was nothing of a mechanician.

Let us be brave enough to tell the truth, and honest enough "to give the devil his due."



How he refused her.

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by S. Davis.

"THEN you really mean 'No'?" said Aylwin.

"Now, do you suppose," said Edna, indignantly, "that I *like* saying 'No'? Do you imagine that I would do it for fun?"

"Yes, I do. I feel pretty sure that girls like seeing a man squirm," retorted the rejected one. "At least—that is my own personal experience."

Edna raised her eyes to his. They were fine eyes; and her pose, as she leaned upon the rustic parapet of the hotel terrace, showed off her slim and graceful, if somewhat too fragile, outline.

"Then you have done this sort of thing before?" she flung out, with natural annoyance.

Aylwin kept his own eyes fixed upon the rushing stream, foaming below them on the rocks. "I have been engaged before," he admitted, calmly. "My girl chucked me, just at the end of the season. I came out here to get over it."

Miss Farmiloe's cheeks were warm, her eyes had an angry light.

"I think you ought to have told me that," she said, indignantly.

"Do you? But as you have given me the boot I don't see that it matters."

"But suppose I had said 'Yes'?"

"That would have meant, I suppose, that you liked me well enough to marry me. You would not have changed your mind because another girl had changed hers."

There was a tingling pause. Then:—

"Why did she change hers?"

Aylwin shrugged his shoulders. "You talk as if you were engaging a man-servant—'Why did you leave your last place?' But forgive me if I say that, as you have decided not to engage me, it is no concern of yours."

"I suppose not. But I think it very rude of you to say so."

"It's not easy to please you. At lunch-time you told me that you liked men to be rude. That gave me courage to propose."

"You *are* a curious man," said the American girl, half piqued, half interested.

"I suppose I am. That was what my *fiancée* said. If you really want to know the reason why she gave me notice, I don't mind telling you. It was because I wanted too many evenings out."

"*What!*" cried the girl, too surprised to be polite.

"Yes. It was a theory I had," said the young man, pensively. "I wanted to begin as I meant to go on. Nobody can keep up to the usual engagement pitch for ever, you know; and I've noticed, over and over again, how disappointed girls seem when the man slacks off. So I said to her that I would not be always in her pocket, and that I did not intend to give her more than one present a week. If we were parted, I thought a letter every second day of absence would be enough. I said: 'I guarantee to write to you every second day of absence up to the age of eighty, unless sight and sense fail me previously.' Well, she seemed to think it was all right at first. I fancy it amused her. I kept two nights a week for my club, just as I intended to do after marriage—those evenings were my own, you see. Then some footling relations of hers asked us to dinner on one of my nights off. It was wholly for the principle of the thing that I refused. I was contending, you see, for the rights and liberties of all engaged men. She could not see it, however."

"And she was vexed?"

"She was."

"And broke it off?"

"She did."

"Did you feel it much?"

"That's a question I can't answer. You see, it's a matter of comparison. I've never tried any other fellow's feelings; I've only my own to go by. She says I have no feelings."

"I'm perfectly sure she's right," said Edna, with a little vexed laugh.

"With an American girl I thought I should be safe," said Aylwin, musingly. "You don't want feelings in the States, do you? Only pretty manners and kind consideration."

"And constant attention," snapped Edna.

"Ah, I forgot that. True. And then there are flowers, and candy, and motor drives, and so on. I expect, on the whole, that you have chosen wisely, Miss Farmiloe."

"I should just say I had," cried the young lady, "if I wasn't positively certain that the whole of your pose is just bluff!" And, as he made no reply to this indictment, she rapped out an inconsequent question: "What was her name?"

"Anne," he replied, unmoved.

"Anne? What an ugly, common name!"

"The Lady Anne Vere-Montague," he added, meekly.

"Oh-h-h!" breathed Miss Farmiloe, manifestly impressed; and subjoined, timidly, "I expect she was charming, anyway?"

"She has her faults."

"Ah, you were never in love with her!"

"Is that your opinion?"

"It's my conviction."

"The trouble with Anne," said Aylwin, critically, "is that she is out of date. She is so natural. Nowadays a certain amount of artificiality must be cultivated. I had to show her that to appeal to me for a display of spontaneous emotion was like appealing to a blue sky for rain."

"I detest you," said Edna, with sudden and surprising vehemence.

"So does she, I'm afraid. But because you won't marry me, you need not chuck me altogether. Suppose we go for a walk. People are coming out upon this terrace. Abuse me as much as you like, only not in public. Let us go up to the châlets by the mountain path, shall we?"

The girl looked undecided. She fixed her heavily-fringed eyes upon the impassive face at her side. To her the man was a wholly inexplicable type, and had the curious fascination of the riddle.

"Very well," she said, as if involuntarily. "You won't mind if we take Sadie along? I guess mother will be glad to be free of her a while."

Aylwin could not but acquiesce, though the presence of the odious little girl, who was the typical American spoilt child, destroyed the pleasure of the walk for him.

"I'll go and get into my nailed boots," he said. "Ready in ten minutes."

He went into the pretty mountain hotel and up into his room, smiled upon by several fair ladies as he walked through the *salon*. His height, his athletic build, his pose of lazy cynicism, and his keen, humorous face were much admired in the hotel.

In his bedroom a photograph in a silver frame stood upon the table near his bed. He went up to it and contemplated the small, proud girl's face, which fronted him defiantly. "Well," he said, after a pause, speaking under his breath, but audibly, "are you satisfied now? Not yet? What then?"

As the picture made no reply he sighed impatiently, gave it up, and, having laced his boots, put his camera into his rück-sack, slung it on his back, and ran downstairs.

Edna and Sadie Farmiloe were awaiting him upon the terrace. Both girls had that curious refinement and fragility of appearance which is the peculiar charm of American girls. Sadie was, however, in the early flapper stage, and was not likely to be pretty, as Edna emphatically was.

"Say, Mr. Aylwin," cried Sadie, as the young man approached, "have you been ragging Edna any? She's in such a disagreeable mood."

"It's you, not I, who are the cause of that," said Aylwin, calmly. "I should be disagreeable if you were hanging on to me, swinging to and fro and chewing gum—pah!"

"Oh, you just *are* too droll for anything!" cried the child, releasing her sister to fly upon the young man, into whose elbow she locked her thin fingers and swung violently on her feet from side to side, her ruddy tresses flying in the breeze. Aylwin was the only person in the hotel who manifestly disliked her, and told her so; therefore she adored Aylwin.

He was quite unperturbed by her present behaviour. "What an odious child you are!" he said, indifferently. "Miss Farmiloe, what may I carry for you? Books, paint-boxes, refreshments? Anything can go into my rück-sack except gum."

Sadie screamed with shrill laughter, and put out her pink tongue, with a translucent jujube resting thereon. "If you'd try one, you wouldn't be half as grumpy as you are," she confidently asserted. "For pity's sake, light a cigar and try to look pleasant. Edna too!"

Edna pulled out her dainty chased silver box, and, having selected a cigarette, lighted it at Aylwin's cigar. Then the trio set out, Sadie ambling vaguely along among the loose stones of the way in her absurd brown shoes with pointed toes, like a knock-kneed calf.

Aylwin, in order to have some peace during hill-side rambles, had fired her with the idea of making a collection of Alpine wild flowers, and this now absorbed her attention, though she was every moment rushing back to Edna, who carried her green tin box slung over her shoulder.

When the hotel was out of sight, and they were climbing the ravine, they sat down for a minute's rest beside the way; and Edna, the child being out of ear-shot, remarked with some pique that his rejection did not seem to affect him very deeply.

"'OH, YOU JUST ARE TOO DROLL FOR ANYTHING!' CRIED THE CHILD."

"On the contrary," he said, with gravity, "I dare not think of it, lest I should break down. It isn't as if it was the first time this had happened to me. It's being the second is what makes it so serious. Do you ever read the English classics?"

"Why, certainly," replied the girl, a trifle huffed.

"'King Lear,' by any chance?"

She hesitated. "Well, I think I know the story."

"I," observed Aylwin, pensively, "am a male Cordelia. Anne sent me away for being honest with her. And so did you. I do not," he added kindly, "wish to press the parallel. I *hope* that you and Anne won't come to such utter grief for rejecting my love as Lear did for rejecting hers."

"How can you be so silly?" said Edna, wrathfully.

"A man has got to stick to his theory of life, even if it doesn't pay," he maintained.

"I can't see that. If it doesn't pay, I should say drop it."

"Then if you feel so, I'm glad you said 'No.'"

"My father," went on the girl, irritated by

his manner, "would drop any system that didn't pay, and take up another that did. That's business."

"And that," he commented, gazing into the fathomless blue distance, "shows the gulf between your father and myself."

"You're very calm and cool," said the girl, hotly. It was not thus that suitors ordinarily conversed with her. "But I shall have a very good time with my father's millions—I and the man I marry."

"I sincerely hope you may," was his polite wish. It was broken off short, for Edna leaped to her feet with a cry of horror. "Look there! Just look at Sadie! What is she about?"

Aylwin too leaped to his feet.

They were sitting beside the narrow path they had been following, cut in the cliff edge. Below them, a precipitous grass slope shot down to the rapid, grey, soapy-looking, glacier-fed river, which here ran in a deep and fairly level bed. Above them was the shoulder of the mountain: easy climbing in its lower slopes for an active man, but so strewn with loose stones, and so steep, as to be dangerous for anything so reckless, so uncertain, and so ill-shod as Sadie.

She had clambered from the path after gentians, and had found a little goat-track along which she had walked some way, not noticing that it ascended all the time. When it abruptly ended nowhere, as is the manner of goat-paths, she was horrified to see how far she was above the path she had left, and how abrupt was the descent beneath her. She tried letting herself slip down in a sitting posture, found herself gathering a momentum which terrified her, and so flung herself over upon her face, and clutched at some roots of wild thyme to check her career.

It was at this point that her guardians caught sight of her; and Aylwin muttered to himself what a nuisance the imp was, as he shouted to her to hold on while he came to her rescue. He went quickly up, working towards her in a sloping direction; but just as he was approaching, the grip of her weak, nerveless, skinny fingers relaxed, and with a wild shriek she slid, or rather shot, downwards, just beyond touch of his thrown-out arm; and, nothing intervening to break her fall, came down with great impetus upon the narrow path, feet first, made a futile effort to retain her balance, and, to the utter horror of Edna, rolled over the edge, down the grass slope, and into the water, with a splash which made the rocks resound.

"JUST LOOK AT SADIE! WHAT IS SHE ABOUT?"

Aylwin was down upon the path almost as soon as she. He had cried to Edna to intercept her, but too late. Edna had been stricken helpless with the onrush of sudden calamity. She raised a cry of helpless terror, of wild appeal, as Sadie, all legs and arms like a demented windmill, flew down to destruction.

Aylwin was flinging off his rück-sack, his coat, his shoes.

Edna, deathly white, stood beseeching him. "I will! I will! It's 'Yes!' it's 'Yes!' I'll marry you if you'll save Sadie!"

"I'LL MARRY YOU IF YOU'LL SAVE SADIE."

He made no reply; he seemed not to hear her. He had started to run, to race along the path, his eyes fixed upon the body of the struggling child tossing upon the turbid current. He made for a spot lower down the stream, and when he reached it let himself shoot down the bank, plunging in anyhow, risking hidden rocks, and safely upborne by the great volume of water, which here showed its depth by an oily smoothness of flow.

He caught the body as it was whirled past him—only just caught it. The river had turned a corner and he had run straight, so he had saved some seconds. He noticed with gratitude that the child struggled no more, and then, willy nilly, he let the stream take them along, labouring only to keep near the shore. At the point at which they then were, landing was impossible, owing to the steepness of the banks; but as they rushed down, the valley widened out. He saw shallows and rocks. He was being bumped against all kinds of hard stones. It was all he could do not to be carried full tilt against a jagged spire that stood up in mid-stream; he escaped it only with a graze from shoulder to elbow. Patiently he steered, paddled, kept afloat, but with failing strength, till at last the velocity of the current lessened; he felt his knee knock violently against a stone, then his feet touched bottom, and he first crawled, then staggered, towards dry land.

Dripping, panting, dizzy, he dragged his senseless burden among the eddies and boulders to the warm, dry grass past which the water sang its gay song.

For a minute he sat dazed in the hot sunshine, blinking and gasping. Edna was making frantic attempts to reach them from the path above. He did not see her. His head was singing, his chest heaving, with the stress of his conflict with death.

Had he won? He looked upon the greenish, distorted features of the child. Was her neck or her back broken? No. Whence came all the blood? From his own cut arms and legs and head. Assured of that, he patiently rolled Sadie over on her face, held her head down to expel the water, and then started artificial respiration.

"'SADIE! SADIE! MY PRECIOUS SISTER!' CRIED EDNA."

It seemed to him afterwards that he went on doing this for hours, but it was probably not many minutes in reality. His patient showed signs of life just as her sister succeeded in negotiating her last obstacle, and half rushed, half reeled upon the scene, with an inarticulate cry.

"Get off her shoes and rub her feet," said Aylwin, briefly.

The definite order steadied Edna down at once. She did as she was bid quite meekly, and before long they had the pleasure of seeing Sadie's green eyes open, though they wearily closed again almost at once.

"Sadie! Sadie! My precious sister!" cried Edna. "Oh, Mr. Aylwin, what do you not deserve of us—of—me?"

Her lovely eyes were wet, her throat heaved with sobs.

"I suppose you didn't think to bring the rück-sack along?" he questioned, prosaically.

"No, I never thought of it."

"There's some wine and water we might give her. And now I've got to get her home somehow; and I must ask you to lend me all the handkerchiefs you can spare, to stop this bleeding."

She turned her sheet-white face upon his wounds, and looked as if she were going to faint.

"Oh, Mr. Aylwin—*Leonard!*" she faltered. "How shall I ever—— Can you forgive me?"

"There's not a minute to spare. We must get this child home before she takes her death," he remarked, holding one end of a strip of torn handkerchief in his teeth, while he wound a bandage about his arm. "But just while I am doing this, to avoid mistakes in the future, I had better say at once that I can't accept the kind offer you made me before I jumped in."

The colour rushed all over her fair face and throat.

"*You don't accept?*"

"No; I am the same man I was when you refused me this morning."

"But—but I feel—that I understand you so much better."

"I beg pardon, Miss Farmiloe, but that's just where you're wrong. You made two bad mistakes. First, you thought I wanted a bribe, to bring me up to the point of saving that child's life. And second, you thought that I should think that the doing of it gave me a claim on you. Of course, I wouldn't marry a girl who had only gratitude to give me; and it seems odd that you don't see that I should have to try and save the life of any living thing that I saw perishing. I should have gone in after a dog. As if I could base any claim upon such an obvious thing as that! To any man that is a man, it's all in the day's work. Would you kindly tie this knot for me, please?"

That night Aylwin was fain to go to bed and nurse his bruises, in order to escape the chorus of admiration, almost of adulation, from the hall below. Even from his room, through the windows, open upon the cloudless sapphire beauty of the Alpine night, he could hear fragments of remarks. "Shouldn't think Mr. Farmiloe could refuse him *anything*, after that," and so on.

He slept for some hours, for he was dead tired and severely hurt; though the English doctor who happened to be staying in the hotel had treated his cuts properly. When he awoke he found himself restless. It was still early—not yet ten o'clock—and he got out of bed, sat down at his table, and wrote a letter:—

MY DEAR ANNE,—I think you may like to know that I have been dishonest. It rankles. I feel I must confess. I asked a girl called Edna Farmiloe to marry me. Fortunately, she was honest enough to refuse me. Her father is a multi-millionaire.

I did not tell her any lies, such as that I loved her. But, for all that, it was a dishonest thing to do. So now gloat over me as much as you like.

Oh, my dear, how am I going to live the rest of my life without you? I nearly got drowned to-day. I wish I had quite.

But, if you were to take me on again, I should still insist upon my evenings out. Yours, LEONARD.

The waiter came in to know if he wanted anything, and he consigned this missive to him for the post. Then he went back to bed, and after a while settled off soundly to sleep, and did not wake till past ten o'clock next morning.

It was a day of dazzling beauty as he limped downstairs about eleven, stiff and sore, with a star of white strapping plaster adorning his forehead.

"Post my letter all right?" he asked the waiter, as he lounged by the open door. Everybody, it seemed, was out.

The waiter, to his surprise, said no, he had not posted the letter. As the young lady was then in the hotel, he thought she would get it more quickly if he gave it to her.

Aylwin stared. "The young lady? What young lady?"

"Ze Lady Anne Vermontaigu."

"The Lady Anne Vere-Montague in this hotel?"

The waiter said that she had arrived last night, with her Lady Countess mother, by the late train, from Brieg.

Aylwin drew out his cigarette case. His hand trembled. "Where are the ladies now? Do you know?"

Madame la Comtesse was driving. He thought the young lady was in their private *salon*.

"What number?"

The waiter told him; and without pausing to reflect, Aylwin turned, went straight upstairs, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the little, cool, self-possessed voice that he loved.

He went in, closed the door, and remained standing rather near it. "I don't know why I've come," he said, submissively. "I haven't had time yet to invent a reason."

The idiocy of the remark did not seem to take Anne aback. She stood quite still, just where she was, having risen at his entrance. Her eyes were fixed upon the white plaster on his brow.

"I can give you a reason," she said, evenly. "You came to spare yourself the awkwardness of a public meeting."

The frigid manner, the bitter little speech, had apparently the effect of encouraging him. He went forward and shook hands. She wore a delicious white frock, soft and semi-transparent, clean and dainty with Anne's own incomparable freshness. "I suppose that must be it, if you say so," he conceded. "I had another theory myself. I thought I came because I had to."

The girl's eyes, clear and widely opened, travelled from the arm he carried in a sling to the strapping plaster which adorned him. "You seem to have been in the wars," she remarked, dryly.

"Oh—I just got a bit knocked about in the water. I fell in the water yesterday. It's nothing. Nothing is anything, compared to the wonder of your being here. Oh, Anne, you *are* good to look at!"

"So is my successor," observed Anne, with her nose in the air.

"Your successor?"

"Miss Edna Farmiloe, whose romantic adventure with you is the talk of the hotel."

He gave a kind of groan. "I think I had better receive a telegram and be off," he said, despondingly.

"It is your only course. But you need not have made the hotel uninhabitable for us as well."

"I haven't an idea what you are talking about."

"Every soul in this hotel knows that I jilted you."

"The devil!"

"No, it was not the devil. It was Miss Farmiloe. What made you give me away to her, Leonard?"

"'YOU'RE NOT A BIT SOR-SOR-SORRY, AFTER ALL,' SOBBED ANNE."

"You mean to tell me that she put it about?"

"Well, I think you had done something that annoyed her, in spite of the radiant gratitude of her unspeakable parents at having the leggy child saved from a watery grave. I will do her the justice to admit that she did not know who I was. We were seated quite near her at dinner last night, mother and I, and she gave the whole table the whole story. I admit that I thought it rather droll, but mother was not at all pleased; and when she had quite done, mother leaned over and said, in that quiet little way of hers:—

"'My daughter is much obliged to you, Miss Farmiloe; but it is usually considered kinder to reserve these tales for the absence of the principal characters.'"

There was a terrible pause. "I had certainly better be off," he remarked at last.

"If you really don't mean to marry the young lady, my counsel is—fly!" said Anne, with a covert smile, which brought out a dimple in her grave, smooth cheek.

"You see," he broke out, reproachfully, "you see the sort of thing I go and do—the sort of thing I shall always go and do, without you, Anne."

"Bosh!" said Anne, uncompromisingly. She walked to the window and stood gazing out, her face averted from him. "This is really a very pretty view," she remarked, conversationally.

He came up to her. "You got my letter?"

"I did. You must be crazy, Leonard. I always said you were."

"I am. Crazy about you. I always have been. I suppose you—you wouldn't consider—taking me on again? Eh, Anne?"

There was no answer but a movement of impatience—the raising of a shoulder, the tap of a foot.

"I'm not fit to be trusted alone. You can see I'm not."

"And yet you stick out for evenings off!" cried Anne, with a sarcasm somewhat marred by a small sound not unlike a sob.

"You know why. It's because I'm so tremendously afraid of boring you. I—I have such a craving for you; if you had no respite you would get fed up with me. But if I resolutely stay away from time to time you might—at least, I have always hoped you might—come to want me back, Anne."

"Want you back! Want you back, you ridiculous thing! I have wanted you back ever since you made me so furious that I wished I never might see you again."

He put his arms right round her; one was very stiff, but he managed it.

"Eight weeks, five days, and six hours," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I sha'n't take any evenings off for months. I've had them all in a lump, and I see clearly that the thing can be overdone."

"Oh, Leonard, don't be a——"

"'A juggins,' you were about to say. Stop my mouth then, Anne! Stop it! You know the way."

"You're not a bit sor-sor-sorry, after all," sobbed Anne, giving up completely.

"I'm not—except that you're crying. These eight weeks have shown me more of my own real desires and motives than I had been able to gather in all my life previously, especially the last twenty-four hours."

"And you're not ashamed of yourself?"

"Pardon me, I am. I sha'n't dare go down when the bell rings for lunch, unless you promise to hold my hand."

"Absurd," said Anne; and laughed with the tears on her eyelashes.

"One thing I must know," he whispered, confidentially, his mouth by now being very close to her ear; "one thing, before I face the mob below, thirsting for my blood. Did you, or did you not, know when you came here that I was staying in this hotel?"

"That," said she, firmly, "is no concern of yours."

"I like that! If you read my letters, why did you never answer them? I'm sure they were penitent enough to melt the heart of a stone."

"How could I answer them? What was there to say?"

He reflected. "Not much. Deeds, not words. There may not be much to say, but there is plenty to do. My flat to be redecorated and the place in the Shires to be overhauled. No more being engaged for me, thanks. I'll be married this time. It's safer."

Love Stories of Real Life.

By Miss Braddon, Winifred Graham, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, L. T. Meade, Tom Gallon, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Katharine Tynan, and Marjorie Bowen.

ON the lips of a child the first exclamation, after hearing a tale of true love, is, "*Is it really and truly true?*" And all novelists know how much may be sacrificed of picturesqueness, and how much they gain in interest, if they are able to say to the reader, "This is true—literally true."

Are there any true love stories? Readers would be astonished to learn how many of the love stories they read are founded upon fact, and often strictly adhere to fact throughout.

But a novelist cuts his coat according to his cloth. And his or her cloth is of two textures, one woven of fancy and the other of fact. Miss Braddon frankly confesses to THE STRAND, "I regret much that I am not able to recall any instance of romantic love in real life. The people I have known have been sadly wanting in thrilling experiences of the master-passion." Others make the same avowal. Such work from themselves outward. Others use the fabric of fact and embroider it to their liking. But others, as will be seen, know personally instances of romance which have not yet become common property.

"A Curious Keepsake."

THE most thrilling instance of romantic love in real life which has recently come to my direct knowledge is that of a hospital nurse. She fell desperately in love with a soldier-patient in hospital. Her distress at his death was so obvious to the physicians that, as he had no relations, they asked her if she would like any little remembrance of him. She asked, as they were to dissect the body, if she might have his skull and the bones of his hands. These, I believe, she keeps to this day as evidence of her life's romance.

WINIFRED GRAHAM
(MRS. THEODORE CORY).

"The House of Memories."

IN Italy, on a very beautiful island, lives a man who has made himself famous. Of course, I cannot mention his name; but he is known all over the world for his scientific discoveries and for his philanthropy. He is neither young nor old now, but when he was a young man he was desperately in love with a poor and very beautiful girl, who was his cousin. Even then he was rich, but there was some objection to their marriage on account of the relationship. He thought the girl loved him as much as he loved her, and for that reason would not listen to the objections of her father and mother. They were married, and he continued to adore her, she accepting his adoration somewhat as a queen accepts the homage of her subjects.

For several years he was happy, and supposed that she was; but coming home one day after a short absence he found a letter from his wife, saying that she had left him for ever. She confessed that she had never really cared for him, and that he was too serious-minded to make her happy. She felt that she "could never live up to him," and would rather go away and be poor than remain his wife and have everything that she wished for "when she was foolish enough to marry him." She begged that he would not try to force her to come back, as, if she were so weak as to listen to his persuasions, it would only mean unhappiness for them both.

Instead of following his wife or leaving her alone to get on as best she could the man wrote saying that he loved her so much that his greatest wish was for her to be happy in her own way. His only pleasure in his money had been to give her pleasure, so now he gave everything that he had to her, keeping only enough to live on decently and to begin life once again in another country.

Then, through his lawyers, the man gave his wife all the great fortune for which she had married him. She calmly accepted it, and for the next few years he lived on a mere pittance in Italy. But, being a genius, naturally he made another fortune, almost in spite of himself; and although this episode that changed his life happened many years ago, he has always been true to the memory of his one love. In the most beautiful room of his beautiful house there is a portrait of his wife painted for him by a great artist, the

picture representing her as she was when a bride. He has never seen her since; but he sits every evening alone in the room of the portrait. One hears of many sacrifices made for love, but I don't think I have ever met any other man who gave all he had to a woman from whom he had nothing to hope, and from whom he had suffered the greatest disappointment and the greatest humiliation in the power of a woman to inflict.

ALICE WILLIAMSON
(MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON).

"HE SITS EVERY EVENING ALONE IN THE ROOM OF THE PORTRAIT."

"A Fatal Mistake."

THERE occurred some years ago a love story of tragic consequence. A lady of middle life lived alone with a sister very much younger than herself. The younger sister was, however, a great invalid, and in consequence of her wretched health was often mistaken for the elder sister. A distant cousin came to stay with them, and both sisters liked him immensely. The poor invalid sister began to get better in health, and as to the elder one, she

"SISTER, I AM SURE THOSE PRESENTS ARE MEANT FOR ME."

absolutely beamed with joy. The cousin was rich and lived in India. After a time he went away; but soon afterwards presents began to arrive for the elder sister. She showed them in great delight to the younger, who looked at them sadly and said, "Sister, I am sure those presents are meant for me." The elder sister laughed and answered, "They are addressed to me." The presents were quickly followed by a proposal of marriage, which the elder sister gladly accepted. When she mentioned her engagement to the younger the latter said, "That proposal was meant for me."

From that moment she began to fade, and eventually died, her last words being, "I think you will find that those presents and that letter were meant for me."

When the lover returned a few months after the poor lady's death, and saw the elder lady coming to meet him with the news of her sister's death, he fainted away. He had always been under the impression that the elder sister was the younger.

L. T. MEADE.

"A Fruitless Sacrifice."

THE most striking incident of romantic love in real life that ever came under my own personal observation was the following.

A young girl, delicately nurtured and well

born, and very beautiful, was engaged to be married to a man in her own walk of life—and that man a very worthy fellow. Everything pointed to her ultimate happiness, in an ordinary and prosaic fashion; there was no possible cloud on her social horizon.

By the merest chance, while engaged on one of those "slumming" expeditions which were popular at that time (and engaged upon it, be it noted, in quite an amateurish fashion), she met a man who had sunk to the depths. He had been a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the term, and he had gone down and down, until it was difficult to believe that he could sink any farther. Despite the traces of the dissipated and degraded life he had led, he was still a remarkably handsome fellow.

The girl took a violent interest in the fellow's fortunes. Whether with the idea that angelic women have had since the world began, that she might reform him, or whether out of that sheer love for the man which has no boundaries and is governed by no laws, suffice it that she flung everything else to the winds and took his life into her own keeping. She cancelled her engagement; she visited this other man over and over again, and finally she married him.

Her inevitable punishment followed, in that those connected with her cut her off completely, alike in a social and a monetary sense; but that did not trouble her. She started life again with the man of her choice, and for a little time it seemed as though her sacrifice had not been in vain, and that she would be repaid a thousandfold.

"SHE VISITED THIS OTHER MAN OVER AND OVER AGAIN."

But it happened that the man was one of those who could not run straight, whether from weakness or from mere inclination to wrongdoing, and he fell from the heights to which she had raised him again and again. She fought for him and slaved for him; she never faltered and she never looked back. She waited on dreary mornings outside prison gates for him; she endured coarse society for his sake; and she never complained. She might have left him a hundred times, for there were those who would have been willing and glad to secure her release from him; but all such suggestions she set aside.

When finally he died she was the solitary mourner at a poor and hurried funeral. Recently a small legacy placed her above the fear of actual want; but she lives now in a tenement-house in the slum in which she found him, and devotes the greater part of her small income to those who were as poor and shiftless as the man she loved.

TOM GALLON.

"In Death Not Divided."

A MIDDLE-AGED woman came into one of the great East-end London hospitals. She was very seriously ill, and her case was a long one. Every visiting day, the moment the wards were open, her husband, an uncouth, middle-aged man, came to visit her. He never said much, merely sitting by her bed, and never leaving until driven out by the nurses. After a while it was seen that recovery was

impossible for the patient. She lingered long, but at last the end came. She died. The husband appeared the moment the final permission was given, and never left her until she breathed her last. He said very little. He just went home, lay down upon his bed, turned his face to the wall, and died—of a broken heart. At least, the post-mortem failed to disclose any other reason.

"A Lucky Coincidence."

THIS, too, is authentic.

A young curate came to a fashionable parish in very low spirits. He had been refused by the woman he loved, and who loved him, because family pressure had obliged her to marry a rich man. By degrees the ability and the fine preaching of the young man, whose style had been, perhaps, strengthened by his sorrow, gained him more esteem and popularity than his vicar—a very vain man—approved. He was given notice to quit, and found himself once more adrift, just as he was beginning to reconcile himself to life once more. This rebuff caused him almost to despair. He felt that he did not care where he went nor what he did. He accepted the first curacy that offered — in a grimy Midland manufacturing town that promised nothing in the way of interest or diversion. At the very first house at which he accepted an invitation to dine, the very first guest who walked into the room was the woman he loved. She was a widow and very wealthy, as attached to him as she had ever been, and they speedily made a match of it!

GERTRUDE M. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

"The Coming of Jean."

I THINK the most pathetic love romance I have come across in real life was that of a French peasant woman. I was staying in a country town, little more than a village, in France when, walking one morning, I encountered a little old woman, whose snow-white, wavy hair framed a face of singular beauty and pathetic charm. She stopped and asked me anxiously if the *diligence* had passed. I told her I had not seen it. A bright smile lit her face. "I must meet it, you see," she told me, eagerly; "my Jean is coming home at last, and we are to be married at once. It has been long waiting, but the day has come!" She left me and trotted up the hill to the spot where the *diligence* stopped. It was from the old curé that I learnt Marie's story.

She and Jean had been lovers from the time they were boy and girl, and their devotion to one another had been phenomenal. Jean had gone to Canada when the young couple were still in their teens to try to make a fortune for his beloved Marie. After a few years he succeeded, and wrote to his love that he was returning to marry her, and she must meet the *diligence* at the top of the *colline*, for he was hungry for a sight of her dear face.

On the day when Jean should have arrived he met his death in a railway accident. The grief and the shock deprived Marie of reason for ever. From the day on which the tragic news had come Marie had met the *diligence* every day, coming back disappointed to her friends, but always saying cheerfully, "Ah, but he has missed a train! To-morrow my Jean will hold me in his arms!" This had gone on for *more than thirty years* when I encountered poor Marie! I have recently heard from the curé that Marie passed away quietly in her sleep; and I doubt not that the pair of faithful lovers are at last united.

JEANIE GWYNNE KERNAHAN
(MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN).

"Patience Rewarded."

I DON'T know that I know any "thrilling" love stories. I know some terrible ones, where the loss of the beloved meant utter shipwreck and destruction—they are usually too painful to make pleasant reading. I'll tell you one little story of faithful love rewarded.

I knew a very handsome and charming boy who, at about sixteen years of age, fell in love. The girl was the only daughter of a distinguished London doctor. At first no one attached any importance to the boyish passion. The boy went into the Army, and after a time his regiment was ordered to India. On the eve of his departure he asked the girl to marry him. She laughed at him. At the time she had another much more eligible lover. Five years later the young lover came back to find her still unmarried. He asked her again. By this time her father was dead, and she could not leave her mother. He remained in the Indian Army for many years. Every time he came home on leave he asked the same question, and went away quite cheerfully and amiably on being refused. After some twenty years or more, he, during one of his leaves, broke his leg while playing polo and was carried to his lady's house, it being the nearest to the polo ground. It was six weeks before he could be moved. During those six weeks the lady

"HE SAW A BEAUTIFUL FACE IN THE STREET—AN ABSOLUTE STRANGER, WHO PASSED HIM QUICKLY BY."

changed her mind and accepted him. He was yellowed by the Indian climate and just tending to baldness when I saw him on the eve of his wedding. I have never seen a more rapt and impassioned bridegroom. But, nevertheless, he confessed privately that he had been quite prepared for a longer probation. "I should have gone on," he said, "no matter how long it was. I knew she must marry me some day. All the same, I'm jolly obliged to that broken leg."

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON
(KATHARINE TYNAN).

"The Face in the Street."

THE most remarkable instance of "romantic" love I know of is told in a very few words. The incident is that of a man who saw a beautiful face in the street—an absolute stranger, who passed him quickly by—and

"HE MIGHT BE OBSERVED, AN OLD MAN, HAUNTING THE PLACE WHERE THE VISION HAD ONCE BLESSED HIM."

was so struck to the heart with her pure loveliness that he, in a maze of emotion, endeavoured to follow her, but lost sight of her in the crowd. He searched the town for her without avail, and day after day took up his station on the same sacred spot in the hope that she might pass again. Though he never saw her more than the once he could think of nothing else, and gradually became so absorbed in the thought of her that he cared for nothing in comparison to the chance of seeing her. He might be observed, an old man, haunting the place where the vision had once blessed him, and patiently waiting for another glimpse of the beloved whom his imagination had dowered with perpetual youth.

MARJORIE BOWEN.

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE,

From a Photograph by] Author of "Deep Waters." [*Hollinger & Co., New York.*

DEEP WATERS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

HISTORIANS of the social life of the later Roman Empire speak of a certain young man of Ariminum, who would jump into rivers and swim in 'em. When his friends said "You fish!" he would answer, "Oh, pish! Fish can't swim like *me*, they've no vim in 'em."

Just such another was George Barnert Callender.

On land, in his land clothes, George was a young man who excited little remark. He looked very much like other young men. He was much about the ordinary height. His carriage suggested the possession of an ordinary amount of physical strength. Such was George—on shore. But remove his clothes, drape him in a bathing-suit, and insert him in the water, and instantly, like the gentleman in "The Tempest," he "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." Other men puffed, snorted, and splashed. George passed through the ocean with the silent dignity of a torpedo. Other men swallowed water, here a mouthful, there a pint, anon, maybe, a quart or so, and returned to the shore like foundering derelicts. George's mouth had all the exclusiveness of a fashionable club. His breast-stroke was a thing to see and wonder at. When he did the crawl, strong men gasped. When he swam on his back, you felt that that was the only possible method of progression.

George came to Marvis Bay at about five o'clock one evening in July. Marvis Bay has a well-established reputation as a summer resort, and, while not perhaps in every respect the paradise which the excitable writer of the local guide-book asserts it to be, on the whole it earns its reputation. Its sands are smooth and firm, sloping almost imperceptibly into the ocean. There is surf for those who like it, and smoother water beyond for those whose ideals in bathing are not confined to jumping up and down on a given jelly-fish. At the northern end of the beach there is a long pier. It was to this that George made his way on his arrival.

It was pleasant on the pier. Once you had passed the initial zareba of fruit stands, souvenir stands, ice-cream stands, and the lair of the enthusiast whose aim in life it was to sell you picture-postcards, and had won

through to the long walk where the seats were, you were practically alone with Nature. At this hour of the day the place was deserted; George had it to himself. He strolled slowly along. The water glittered under the sun-rays, breaking into a flurry of white foam as it reached the beach. A cool breeze blew. The whole scenic arrangements were a great improvement on the stuffy city he had left. Not that George had come to Marvis Bay with the single aim of finding an antidote to metropolitan stuffiness. There was a more important reason. In three days Marvis Bay was to be the scene of the production of "Fate's Footballs," a comedy in four acts by G. Barnert Callender. For George, though you would not have suspected it from his exterior, was one of those in whose cerebrum the grey matter splashes restlessly about, producing strong curtains and crisp dialogue. The company was due at Marvis Bay on the following evening for the last spasm of rehearsals.

George's mind, as he paced the pier, was divided between the beauties of Nature and the forthcoming crisis in his affairs in the ratio of one-eighth to the former and seven-eighths to the latter. At the moment when he had left London, thoroughly disgusted with the entire theatrical world in general and the company which was rehearsing "Fate's Footballs" in particular, rehearsals had just reached that stage of brisk delirium when the author toys with his bottle of poison and the stage-manager becomes icily polite. "The Footpills"—as Arthur Mifflin, the leading juvenile in the great play, insisted on calling it, much to George's disapproval—was his first piece. Never before had he been in one of those kitchens where many cooks prepare, and sometimes spoil, the theatrical broth. Consequently the chaos seemed to him unique. Had he been a more experienced dramatist, he would have said to himself, "'Twas ever thus." As it was, what he said to himself—and others—was more forcible.

He was trying to dismiss the whole thing from his mind—a feat which had hitherto proved beyond his powers—when Fate, in an unusually kindly mood, enabled him to do so in a flash by presenting to his jaundiced gaze what, on consideration, he decided was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. "When a man's afraid," shrewdly sings the bard, "a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see." In the present instance, the sight acted on George like a tonic. He forgot that the lady to whom an injudicious management had assigned the *rôle* of heroine in "Fate's Footballs" invariably—no doubt from the best motives—omitted to give the cynical *roué* his cue for the big speech in act three. His mind no longer dwelt on the fact that Arthur Mifflin, an estimable person in private life and one who had been a friend of his at Cambridge, preferred to deliver the impassioned lines of the great renunciation scene in a manner suggesting a small boy (and a sufferer from nasal catarrh at that) speaking a piece at a Sunday-school treat. The recollection of the hideous depression and gloom which the leading comedian had radiated in great clouds fled from him like some grisly nightmare before the goddess of day. Every cell in his brain was occupied, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, by the girl swimming in the water below.

She swam well. His practised eye saw that. Her strong, easy strokes carried her swiftly over the swell of the waves. He stared, transfixed. He was a well-brought-up young man, and he knew how ill-bred it was to stare; but this was a special occasion. Ordinary rules of conventional etiquette could not apply to a case like this. He stared. More, he gaped. As the girl passed on into the shadow of the pier he leaned farther over the rail, and his neck extended in joints like a telescope.

At this point the girl turned to swim on her back. Her eyes met his. Hers were deep and clear; his, bulging. For what seemed an eternity to George, she continued to look at him. Then, turning over again, she shot past under the pier.

George's neck was now at its full stretch. No power of will or muscle could add another yard to it. Realizing this, he leaned farther over the rail, and farther still. His hat slid from his head. He grabbed at it, and, overbalancing, fell with a splash into the water.

Now, in ordinary circumstances, to fall twelve feet into the ocean with all his clothes on would have incommoded George little. He would hardly have noticed it. He would have swum to shore with merely a feeling of amused self-reproach akin to that of the man who absent-mindedly walks into a lamp-post in the street. When, therefore, he came to the surface he prepared without agitation to strike out in his usual bold fashion. At this moment, however, two hands, grasping him beneath the arms, lifted his head still farther from the waves, and a voice in his ear said, "Keep still; don't struggle. There's no danger."

George did not struggle. His brain, working with the cool rapidity of a buzz-saw in an ice-box, had planned a line of action. Few things are more difficult in this world for a young man than the securing of an introduction to the right girl under just the right conditions. When he is looking his best he is presented to her in the midst of a crowd and is swept away after a rapid hand-shake. When there is no crowd he has toothache, or the sun has just begun to make his nose peel. Thousands of young lives have been saddened in this manner.

How different was George's case! By this simple accident, he reflected, as, helping the good work along with an occasional surreptitious leg-stroke, he was towed shorewards, there had been formed an acquaintanceship, if nothing more, which could not lightly be broken. A girl who has saved a man from drowning cannot pass him by next day with a formal bow. And what a girl, too! There had been a time, in extreme youth, when his feminine ideal was the sort of girl who has fuzzy, golden hair and drops things. Indeed, in his first year at the University he had said —and written—as much to one of the type, the episode concluding with a strong little drama, in which a wrathful, cheque-signing father had starred, supported by a subdued, misogynistic son. Which things, aided by the march of time, had turned George's tastes towards the healthy, open-air girl, who did things instead of dropping them.

The pleasantest functions must come to an end sooner or later; and in due season George felt his heels grate on the sand. His preserver loosed her hold. They stood up and faced each other. George began to express his gratitudé as best he could—it was not easy to find neat, convincing sentences on the spur of the moment—but she cut him short.

"Of course, it was nothing. Nothing at all," she said, brushing the sea-water from her eyes. "It was just lucky I happened to be there."

"It was splendid," said the infatuated dramatist. "It was magnificent. It——"

He saw that she was smiling.

"You're very wet," she said.

George glanced down at his soaked clothes. It had been a nice suit once.

"Hadn't you better hurry back and change into something dry?"

Looking round about him, George perceived that sundry of the inquisitive were swooping down, with speculation in their eyes. It was time to depart.

"Have you far to go?"

"Not far. I'm staying at the Beach View Hotel."

"Why, so am I. I hope we shall meet again."

"We shall," said George, confidently.

"How did you happen to fall in?"

"I was—er—I was looking at something in the water."

"I thought you were," said the girl, quietly.

George blushed.

"I know," he said, "it was abominably rude of me to stare like that; but——"

"You should learn to swim," interrupted the girl. "I can't understand why every boy in the country isn't made to learn to swim before he's ten years old. And it isn't a bit difficult, really. I could teach you in a week."

The struggle between George and George's conscience was brief. The conscience, weak by nature and flabby from long want of exercise, had no sort of chance from the start.

"I wish you would," said George. And with those words he realized that he had definitely committed himself to his hypocritical *rôle*. Till that moment explanation would have been difficult, but possible. Now it was impossible.

"I will," said the girl. "I'll start to-morrow if you like." She waded into the water.

"We'll talk it over at the hotel," she said, hastily. "Here come a crowd of horrid people. I'm going to swim out again."

She hurried into deeper water, while George, turning, made his way through a growing throng of goggling spectators. Of the fifteen who got within speaking distance of him, six told him that he was wet. The other nine asked him if he had fallen in.

Her name was Vaughan, and she was visiting Marvis Bay in company with an aunt. So much George ascertained from the management of the hotel. Later, after dinner, meeting both ladies on the esplanade, he gleaned further information—to wit, that her first name was Mary, that her aunt was glad to make his acquaintance, liked Marvis Bay but preferred Trouville, and thought it was getting a little chilly and would go indoors.

The elimination of the third factor had a restorative effect upon George's conversation, which had begun to languish. In feminine society as a rule he was apt to be constrained, but with Mary Vaughan it was different. Within a couple of minutes he was pouring out his troubles. The cue-withholding leading lady, the stick-like Mifflin, the funereal comedian—up they all came, and she, gently sympathetic, was endeavouring, not without success, to prove to him that things were not so bad as they seemed.

"It's sure to be all right on the night," she said.

How rare is the combination of beauty and intelligence! George thought he had never heard such a clear-headed, well-expressed remark.

"I suppose it will," he said, "but they were mighty bad when I left. Mifflin, for instance. He seems to think Nature intended him for a Napoleon of Advertising. He has a bee in his bonnet about booming the piece. Sits up at nights, when he ought to be sleeping or studying his part, thinking out new schemes for advertising the show. And the comedian. His speciality is drawing me aside and asking me to write in new scenes for him. I couldn't stand it any longer. I just came away and left them to fight it out among themselves."

"I'm sure you have no need to worry. A play with such a good story is certain to succeed."

George had previously obliged with a brief description of the plot of "The Footpills."

"Did you like the story?" he said, tenderly.

"I thought it was fine."

"How sympathetic you are!" cooed George, glutinously, edging a little closer. "Do you know——"

"Shall we be going back to the hotel?" said the girl.

Those noisome creatures, the hired murderers of "Fate's Footballs," descended upon Marvis Bay early next afternoon, and George, meeting them at the station in reluctant pursuance of a promise given to Arthur Mifflin, felt moodily that, if only they could make their acting one-half as full of colour as their clothes, the play would be one of the most pronounced successes of modern times. In the forefront gleamed, like the white plumes of Navarre, the light flannel suit of Arthur Mifflin, the woodenest juvenile in captivity.

His woodenness was, however, confined to stage rehearsals. It may be mentioned that, once the run of a piece had begun, he was sufficiently volatile, and in private life he was almost excessively so—a fact which had been noted at an early date by the keen-eyed authorities of his University, the discovery leading to his tearing himself away from Alma Mater by request with some suddenness. He was a long, slender youth, with green eyes, jet-black hair, and a passionate fondness for the sound of his own voice.

"Well, here we are," he said, flicking breezily at George's leg with his cane.

"I saw you," said George, coldly, side-stepping.

"The whole team," continued Mr. Mifflin; "all bright, bonny, and trained to the minute."

"What happened after I left?" George asked. "Has anybody begun to act yet? Or are they waiting till the dress-rehearsal?"

"The rehearsals," admitted Mr. Mifflin, handsomely, "weren't perfect; but you wait. It'll be all right on the night."

George thought he had never heard such a futile, vapid remark.

"Besides," said Mr. Mifflin, "I have an idea which will make the show. Lend me your ear—both ears. You shall have them back. Tell me: what pulls people into a theatre? A good play? Sometimes. But, failing that, as in the present case, what? Fine acting by the leading juvenile? We have that, but it is not enough. No, my boy; advertisement is the thing. Look at all these men on the beach. Are they going to roll in of their own free wills to see a play like 'The Footpills'? Not on your life. About the time the curtain rises every man of them will be sitting in his own private corner of the beach——"

"How many corners do you think the beach has?"

"Gazing into a girl's eyes, singing, 'Shine on, thou harvest moon,' and telling her how his boss is practically dependent on his advice. You know."

"I don't," said George, coldly.

"Unless," proceeded Mr. Mifflin, "we advertise. And by advertise, I mean advertise in the right way. We have a Press-agent, but for all the good he does he might be back on the old farm, gathering in the hay. Luckily for us, I am among those present. I have brains. I have resource. What's that?"

"I said nothing."

"I thought you did. Well, I have an idea which will drag these people like a magnet. I thought it out coming down in the train."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you later. There are a few details to be worked upon first. Meanwhile, let us trickle to the sea-front and take a sail in one of those boats. I am at my best in a boat. I rather fancy Nature intended me for a Viking."

Matters having been arranged with the financier to whom the boat belonged, they set forth. Mr. Mifflin, having remarked "Yo-ho!" in a meditative voice, seated himself at the helm, somewhat saddened by his failure to borrow a quid of tobacco from the *Ocean Beauty's* proprietor. For, as he justly observed, without properties and make-up, where were you? George, being skilled in the ways of boats, was in charge of the sheet.

The summer day had lost its oppressive heat. The sun no longer beat down on the face of the waters. A fresh breeze had sprung up. George, manipulating the sheet automatically, fell into a reverie. A moment comes in the life of every man when an inward voice whispers to him, "This is The One!" In George's case the voice had not whispered; it had shouted. From now onward there could be but one woman in the world for him. From now onward—— The *Ocean Beauty* gave a sudden plunge. George woke up.

"What the deuce are you doing with that tiller?" he inquired.

"My gentle somnambulist," said Mr. Mifflin, aggrieved, "I was doing nothing with this tiller. We will now form a commission to inquire into what you were doing with that sheet. Were you asleep?"

"My fault," said George; "I was thinking."

"If you must break the habit of a lifetime," said Mr. Mifflin, complainingly, "I wish you would wait till we get ashore. You nearly upset us."

"It sha'n't happen again. They are tricky, these sailing boats—turn over in a second. Whatever you do, don't get her broadside on. There's more breeze out here than I thought there was."

Mr. Mifflin uttered a startled exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asked George.

"Just like a flash," said Mr. Mifflin, complacently. "It's always the way with me. Give me time, and the artistic idea is bound to come. Just some little thought, some little, apparently obvious, idea which stamps the man of genius. It beats me why I didn't think of it before. Why, of course, a costume piece with a male star is a hundred times more effective."

"What are you talking about?"

"I see now," continued Mr. Mifflin, "that there was a flaw in my original plan. My idea was this. We were talking in the train about the bathing down here, and Jane happened to say she could swim some, and it suddenly came to me."

Jane was the leading woman, she who omitted to give cues.

"I said to myself, 'George is a sportsman. He will be delighted to do a little thing like that.'"

"Like to do what?"

"Why, rescue Jane."

"What!"

"She and you," said Mr. Mifflin, "were to go in swimming together, while I waited on the sands, holding our bone-headed Press-agent on a leash. About a hundred yards from shore, up go her arms. Piercing

Matters having been arranged with the financier to whom the boat belonged, they set forth.

scream. Agitated crowds on the beach. What is the matter? What has happened? A touch of cramp. Will she be drowned? No! G. Barnert Callender, author of 'Fate's Footballs,' which opens at the Beach Theatre on Monday evening next at eight-fifteen sharp, will save her. See! He has her. He is bringing her in. She is safe. How pleased her mother will be! And the public, what a bit of luck for them! They will be able to see her act at eight-fifteen sharp on Monday after all. Back you come to the shore. Cheering crowds. Weeping women. Strong situation. I unleash the Press-agent, and off he shoots, in time to get the story into the evening paper. It was a great idea, but I see now there were one or two flaws in it."

"You do, do you?" said George.

"It occurs to me on reflection that after all you wouldn't have agreed to it. A something, I don't know what, which is lacking in your nature, would have made you reject the scheme."

"I'm glad that occurred to you."

"And a far greater flaw was that it was too altruistic. It boomed you and it boomed Jane, but I didn't get a thing out of it. My revised scheme is a thousand times better in every way."

"Don't say you've another."

"I have. And," added Mr. Mifflin, with modest pride, "it is a winner. This time I unhesitatingly assert that I have the goods. In about one minute from now you will hear me exclaim, in a clear, musical voice, the single word 'Jump!' That is your cue to leap over the side as quick as you can move, for at that precise moment this spanking craft is going to capsize."

George spun round in his seat. Mr. Mifflin's face was shining with kindly enthusiasm. The shore was at least two hundred yards away, and that morning he had had his first swimming-lesson.

"A movement of the tiller will do it. These accidents are common objects of the sea-shore. I may mention that I can swim just enough to keep myself afloat; so it's up to you. I wouldn't do this for everyone, but, seeing that we were boys together—— Are you ready?"

"Stop!" cried George. "Don't do it! Listen!"

"Are you ready?"

The *Ocean Beauty* gave a plunge.

"You lunatic! Listen to me. I——"

"Jump!" said Mr. Mifflin.

George came to the surface some yards from the overturned boat, and, looking round

for Mr. Mifflin, discovered that great thinker treading water a few feet away.

"Get to work, George," he remarked.

It is not easy to shake one's fist at a man when in deep water, but George managed it.

"For twopence," he cried, "I'd leave you to look after yourself."

"You can do better than that," said Mr. Mifflin. "I'll give you threepence to tow me in. Hurry up. It's cold."

In gloomy silence George gripped him by the elbows. Mr. Mifflin looked over his shoulder.

"We shall have a good house," he said. "The stalls are full already, and the dress-circle's filling. Work away, George, you're doing fine. This act is going to be a scream from start to finish."

With pleasant conversation he endeavoured to while away the monotony of the journey; but George made no reply. He was doing some rapid thinking. With ordinary luck, he felt bitterly, all would have been well. He could have gone on splashing vigorously under his teacher's care for a week, gradually improving till he emerged into a reasonably proficient swimmer. But now! In an age of miracles he might have explained away his present performance; but how was he to—— And then there came to him an idea—simple, as all great ideas are, but magnificent.

He stopped and trod water.

"Tired?" said Mr. Mifflin. "Well, take a rest," he added, kindly, "take a rest. No need to hurry."

"Look here," said George, "this piece is going to be re-cast. We're going to exchange parts. You're rescuing me. See? Never mind why. I haven't time to explain it to you now. Do you understand?"

"No," said Mr. Mifflin.

"I'll get behind you and push you; but don't forget, when we get to the shore, that you've done the rescuing."

Mr. Mifflin pondered.

"Is this wise?" he said. "It is a strong part, the rescuer, but I'm not sure the other wouldn't suit my style better. The silent hand-grip, the catch in the voice. You want a practised actor for that. I don't think you'd be up to it, George."

"Never mind about me. That's how it's going to be."

Mr. Mifflin pondered once more.

"No," he said at length, "it wouldn't do. You mean well, George, but it would kill the show. We'll go on as before."

"Will we?" said George, unpleasantly. "Would you like to know what I'm going to do to you, then? I'm going to hit you very hard under the jaw, and I'm going to take hold of your neck and squeeze it till you lose consciousness, and then I'm going to drag you to the beach and tell people I had to beat you up because you lost your head and struggled."

Mr. Mifflin pondered for the third time.

"You are?" he said.

"I am," said George.

"Then," said Mr. Mifflin, cordially, "say no more. I take your point. My objections are removed. But," he concluded, "this is the last time I come bathing with you, George."

Mr. Mifflin's artistic misgivings as to his colleague's ability to handle so subtle a part as that of rescuer were more than justified on their arrival. A large and interested audience had collected by the time they reached the shore, an audience to which any artist should have been glad to play; but George, forcing his way through, hurried to the hotel without attempting to satisfy them. Not a single silent hand-shake did he bestow on his rescuer. There was no catch in his voice as he made the one remark which he did make—to a man with whiskers who asked him if the boat had upset. As an exhibition of rapid footwork his performance was good. In other respects it was poor.

He had just changed his wet clothes—it seemed to him that he had been doing nothing but change his wet clothes since he had come to Marvis Bay—when Mr. Mifflin entered in a bath-robe.

"They lent me this downstairs," he explained, "while they dried my clothes. They would do anything for me. I'm the popular hero. My boy, you made the mistake of your life when you threw up the rescuer part. It has all the fat. I see that now. The rescuer plays the other man off the stage every time. I've just been interviewed by the fellow on the local newspaper. He's correspondent to a couple of London papers. The country will ring with this thing. I've told them all the parts I've ever played and my favourite breakfast food. There's a man coming up to take my photograph to-morrow. 'Footpills' stock has gone up with a run. Wait till Monday and see what sort of a house we shall draw. By the way, the reporter fellow said one funny thing. He asked if you weren't the same man who was rescued yesterday by a girl. I said of course not—that you had only come down yesterday. But he stuck to it that you were."

"He was quite right."

"What!"

"I was."

Mr. Mifflin sat down on the bed.

"This fellow fell off the pier, and a girl brought him in."

George nodded.

"And that was you?"

George nodded.

Mr. Mifflin's eyes opened wide.

"It's the heat," he declared, finally.

Mr. Mifflin considered this point. Intelligence began to dawn in his face. "There is more in this than meets the eye," he said. "Tell me all."

"This morning" — George's voice grew dreamy—"she gave me a swimming-lesson. She thought it was my first. Don't cackle like that. There's nothing to laugh at."

Mr. Mifflin contradicted this assertion.

"There is you," he said, simply. "This

"That and the worry of rehearsals. I expect a doctor could give you the technical name for it. It's a what-do-you-call-it—an obsession. You often hear of cases. Fellows who are absolutely sane really, but cracked on one particular subject. Some of them think they're teapots and things. You've got a craving for being rescued from drowning. What happens, old man? Do you suddenly get the delusion that you can't swim? No, it can't be that, because you were doing all the swimming for the two of us just now. I don't know, though. Maybe you didn't realize that you were swimming?"

George finished lacing his shoe and looked up.

"Listen," he said; "I'll talk slow, so that you can understand. Suppose you fell off a pier, and a girl took a great deal of trouble to get you to the shore, would you say, 'Much obliged, but you needn't have been so officious. I can swim perfectly well'?"

should be a lesson to you, George. Avoid deceit. In future be simple and straightforward. Take me as your model. You have managed to scrape through this time. Don't risk it again. You are young. There is still time to make a fresh start. It only needs will-power. Meanwhile, lend me something to wear. They are going to take a week drying my clothes."

There was a rehearsal at the Beach Theatre that evening. George attended it in a spirit of resignation and left in one of elation. Three days had passed since his last sight of the company at work, and in those three days, apparently, the impossible had been achieved. There was a snap and go about the piece now. The leading lady had at length mastered that cue, and gave it out with bell-like clearness. Arthur Mifflin, as if refreshed and braced by his salt-water bath, was infusing a welcome vigour into his

part. And even the comedian, George could not help admitting, showed signs of being on the eve of becoming funny. It was with a light heart and a light step that he made his way back to the hotel.

In the veranda were a number of basket-chairs. Only one was occupied. He recognized the occupant.

"I've just come back from a rehearsal," he said, seating himself beside her.

"Really?"

"The whole thing is different," he went on, buoyantly. "They know their lines. They act as if they meant it. Arthur Mifflin's fine. The comedian's improved till you wouldn't know him. I'm awfully pleased about it."

"Really?"

George felt damped.

"I thought you might be pleased, too," he said, lamely.

"Of course I am glad that things are going well. Your accident this afternoon was lucky, too, in a way, was it not? It will interest people in the play."

"You heard about it?"

"I have been hearing about nothing else."

"Curious it happening so soon after——"

"And so soon before the production of your play. Most curious."

There was a silence. George began to feel uneasy. You could never tell with women, of course. It might be nothing; but it looked uncommonly as if——

He changed the subject.

"How is your aunt this evening, Miss Vaughan?"

"Quite well, thank you. She went in. She found it a little chilly."

George heartily commended her good sense. A little chilly did not begin to express it. If the girl had been like this all the evening, he wondered her aunt had not caught pneumonia. He tried again.

"Will you have time to give me another lesson to-morrow?" he said.

She turned on him.

"Mr. Callender, don't you think this farce has gone on long enough?"

Once, in the dear, dead days beyond recall, when but a happy child, George had been smitten unexpectedly by a sportive playmate a bare half-inch below his third waistcoat-button. The resulting emotions were still green in his memory. As he had felt then, so did he feel now.

"Miss Vaughan! I don't understand."

"Really?"

"What have I done?"

"You have forgotten how to swim."

A warm and prickly sensation began to manifest itself in the region of George's forehead.

"Forgotten!"

"Forgotten. And in a few months. I thought I had seen you before, and to-day I remembered. It was just about this time last year that I saw you at Hayling Island swimming perfectly wonderfully, and to-day you are taking lessons. Can you explain it?"

A frog-like croak was the best George could do in that line.

She went on.

"Business is business, I suppose, and a play has to be advertised somehow. But——"

"You don't think——" croaked George.

"I should have thought it rather beneath the dignity of an author; but, of course, you know your own business best. Only I object to being a conspirator. I am sorry for your sake that yesterday's episode attracted so little attention. To-day it was much more satisfactory, wasn't it? I am so glad."

There was a massive silence for about a hundred years.

"I think I'll go for a short stroll," said George.

Scarcely had he disappeared when the long form of Mr. Mifflin emerged from the shadow beyond the veranda.

"Could you spare me a moment?"

The girl looked up. The man was a stranger. She inclined her head coldly.

"My name is Mifflin," said the other, dropping comfortably into the chair which had held the remains of George.

The girl inclined her head again more coldly; but it took more than that to embarrass Mr. Mifflin. Dynamite might have done it, but not coldness.

"*The* Mifflin," he explained, crossing his legs. "I overheard your conversation just now."

"You were listening?" said the girl, scornfully.

"For all I was worth," said Mr. Mifflin. "These things are very much a matter of habit. For years I have been playing in pieces where I have had to stand concealed up stage drinking in the private conversation of other people, and the thing has become a second nature to me. However, leaving that point for a moment, what I wished to say was that I heard you—unknowingly, of course—doing a good man a grave injustice."

"Mr. Callender could have defended himself if he had wished."

"I was not referring to George. The injustice was to myself."

"To you?"

"I was the sole author of this afternoon's little drama. I like George, but I cannot permit him to pose in any way as my collaborator. George has old-fashioned ideas. He does not keep abreast of the times. He can write plays, but he needs a man with a big brain to boom them for him. So, far from being entitled to any credit for this afternoon's work, he was actually opposed to it."

"Then why did he pretend you had saved him?" she demanded.

"George's," said Mr. Mifflin, "is essentially a chivalrous nature. At any crisis demanding a display of the finer feelings he is there with the goods before you can turn round. His friends frequently wrangle warmly as to whether he is most like Bayard, Lancelot, or Happy Hooligan. Some say one, some the other. It seems that yesterday you saved him from a watery grave without giving him time to explain that he could save himself. What could he do? He said to himself, 'She must never know!' and acted accordingly. But let us leave George, and return——"

"Thank you, Mr. Mifflin." There was a break in her laugh. "I don't think there is any necessity. I think I understand now. It was very clever of you."

"It was more than cleverness," said Mr. Mifflin, rising. "It was genius."

A white form came to meet George as he re-entered the veranda.

"I overheard your conversation just now."

"Mr. Callender!"

He stopped.

"I'm very sorry I said such horrid things to you just now. I have been talking to Mr. Mifflin, and I want to say I think it was ever so nice and thoughtful of you. I understand everything."

George did not, by a good deal; but he understood sufficient for his needs. He shot forward as if some strong hand were behind him with a needle.

"Miss Vaughan—Mary—I——"

"I think I hear aunt calling," said she.

But a benevolent Providence has ordained that aunts cannot call for ever; and it is on record that when George entered his box on the two hundredth night of that great London success, "Fate's Footballs," he did not enter it alone.

"My Talking Starling."

"JACK."

By THOMAS HAROLD FERRAR.

[Mr. Ferrar's statements of what results can be achieved by training the English starling are most remarkable, but we are able (after seeing and hearing "Jack's" performance) to vouch for the truth of what he has written respecting its abilities.]

"FANCY anyone keeping a common starling as a pet!" I can almost hear many readers exclaim, thereby echoing what numbers of my friends said *before* they had seen and heard Jack, my talking starling.

But these people have probably only observed starlings at a distance in flocks, or singly on the chimney-pots of houses, flapping their wings and making weird noises resembling the sounds of castanets, gurglings, splutterings, clickings like the snapping of the fingers, accompanied by an intermittent, long-drawn-out, mournful whistle which constitutes their natural song. These I would advise to make a close inspection of this handsome and quaint bird (preferably in the spring or summer, when he looks his best), when I can assure them they will not only be amazed at his glorious prismatic colouring, but they will find that even his lovely appearance palls when compared with his intelligence, precociousness, docility, and marvellous power or gift of mimicking the human voice in talking, laughing, or whistling snatches of melodies, or of imitating the song of other birds.

Jack came into my possession five years ago, and in the autumn of 1905, when he had almost completed his first moult, I noticed he was evidently endeavouring to imitate my voice. When trying to coax him to eat from my hand, I would say: "Come on, come on, Jack." The resemblance was very vague, sounding something like "coo-u-yac," so I repeated "Come on, Jack," more slowly and distinctly, and then began to notice an improvement. Soon my efforts were rewarded by hearing him say, with perfect distinctness: "Come on, come on, Jack." I now repeated other short sentences, and as soon as either myself or my wife discovered him "trying," as it were, one of them, I would drop all the others until he had learned it correctly. In the same way, I tried to teach him other sayings, many of which, however, he never, so far as I could discover, attempted.

But to make up for this apparent inattention he said and whistled items which it was not intended he should imitate. For instance, when some unusually loud noise occurred he would be startled and frightened, and to soothe him I would say, "Poor Jack, whatever is it?" One day I heard him say "whatever" fairly distinctly, and my wife, being anxious that he should complete the sentence, would say, "Whatever *is it?*" with so much emphasis on the last two words that Jack now also says, "Whatever *is it?*" distinctly. I now tested his "ear for music" by whistling repeatedly a few notes of a tune. I selected "Molly" for this purpose, and he succeeded so well that I was encouraged to continue this part of his education. More frequently than not he goes through his "repertoire" without a "break," with, however, one exception. My wife, when whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel" to him, used to

moisten her lips in order to prepare them for the ordeal, and in doing so emitted a "clicking" noise. Now Jack hardly ever whistles this little tune without making this same noise too. The following is his full "repertoire," all the items of which are clearly enunciated and whistled respectively:—

Whistling: Refrain of Harry Lauder's song, "Killiecrankie"; imitation of myself whistling to my dog Nancy; the roller canary's song and trills; the Peking nightingale or Chinese robin's song; "Pop Goes the Weasel"; and G. H. Chirgwin's popular whistle, "Half a pint of mild and bitter."

Talking: "Clever little Jack!" "Whatever is it?" "There's a little dear!" "Kiss poor Jack!" "There you are then!" "Kiss poor dear little Jack!" "I say, Jack, come on!" "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" "Hello! hello!" (accompanied by a quaint little chuckle); "Kiss poor little Nancy!" "Whatho, Jack!" "Come on, Jack!" (sometimes coaxingly, at others sternly); "Come on, Jack, say something!" "Don't be silly!" "Kiss your Jack, come on!" (imitation of my wife's laugh); "Dicky, dicky, dicks!" (imitation of my wife's call to the canaries).

It will be noticed that the words "kiss," "little," and "Jack" occur frequently, but the variety of tones and inflections of voice the bird adopts prevent the sentences from being in any way monotonous. The manner in which at times a few *words* will follow a *tune* at the last note is most amusing. As an instance, when finishing the first part of "Killiecrankie," he will say, "There's a little dear!" (a term my wife often uses to him) and laugh. Or, in imitating the canary, he will sometimes break into "Dicky, dicky, dicks, whatever is it?" Again, if I whistle a part of a tune, or Chirgwin's whistle, and stop in the middle, Jack will pick me up and finish it. Although this is most amusing, I consider it a bad plan to let him do it frequently, as it is apt to cause the bird to break the tune, as it were. So I would advise teachers to *always* say or whistle the full item, which should not be too long.

I have mentioned that the first tune we tried to teach him was "Molly." He seemed to learn half-a-dozen notes, but got no farther, and eventually dropped them. This is the only instance I can recall of his forgetting anything he had once learned. But of many little sayings that we have attempted to teach him he has never uttered the semblance of a note or word. So, I take it, the result is achieved by means of the intuition of the pupil.

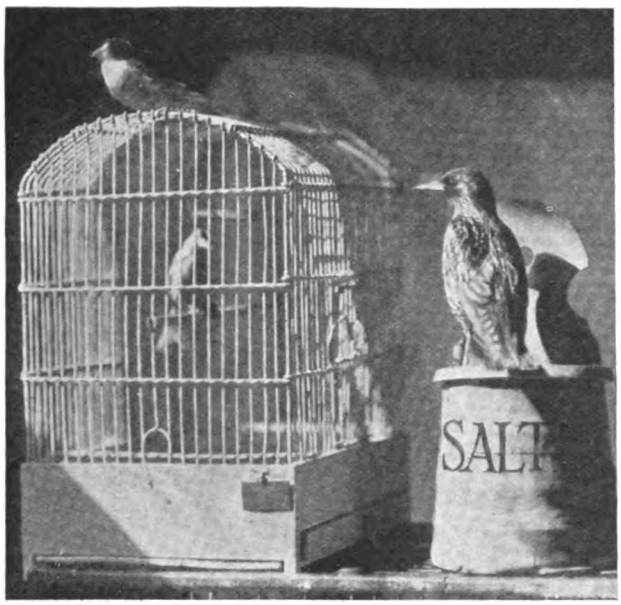
I keep him now in a rectangular-shaped cage, two feet ten inches long, one foot six inches high, and one foot six inches deep, but he is allowed to fly about the room at times, when he will fly on to my own or my wife's hand and wait until he is given some little tit-bit, though he will proceed to help himself if he is kept waiting long. He will then fly off to a part of the room, returning to our shoulders or hands from time to time.

"JACK" WHISTLING FOR MR. FERRAR'S DOG, "NANCY."

It is interesting to watch him fly *direct* into the salt-box (shown in one of the illustrations) when the lid is quite shut down. He accomplishes this in his flight by inserting his beak in the small slit between the box and the shut lid. Then, by opening his mouth, he raises the lid and squeezes himself in. This is done so rapidly that it appears as though at the right moment the lid opened of its own accord. He is also especially fond of perching on my wife's hand or arm when she is sewing,

and, providing she does not make too rapid a movement, rests on the needle hand for preference, watching the plying of the needle with great interest and curiosity. When I am reading aloud his favourite spot is close to my mouth, usually under my chin, holding on to the lapel of my coat. When looking into my lips as I move them in reading he gently inserts his beak, prises them open quite wide, and looks inside in sheer inquisitiveness, presumably to see where the sound comes from!

Another quaint and favourite pleasure of his is to perch on my knee when I am sitting by the fire, and there enjoy a "fire bath" by extending his wings to their full capacity and puffing himself out until he resembles a ball of feathers more than a bird.



JACK STUDYING THE SONG OF THE ROLLER CANARY ON HIS FAVOURITE SALT-BOX.

When Jack came into my possession, a nestling about three-parts fledged, I kept him in a flower-pot and fed him upon soaked bread, crushed hemp, small worms scoured and cut up, and any insects I could find in my garden, all of which I mixed together and moistened. About twice a day I gave him liquid by dipping in water the small piece of stick which I used as a "feeder" and dropping a little down his throat when he opened his mouth. This treatment I continued until he left his improvised nest for a very large magpie's cage, and as soon as I saw he drank I made the food hardly so moist. Although he very soon learned to feed himself, he preferred being fed with the "feeder" or by hand for a long time.

Many naturalists (including Darwin) have termed the starling "the English mocking-bird," but Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his work, "British Birds," tells us that the starling "never reproduces the song of any other songster." I must say that if by the term "mocking-bird" he means the mimicry or the mocking of other birds in a *wild* state, I have never been able to associate any of the almost endless sounds he utters with the song of the thrush, blackbird, lark, and so forth. When discussing this with Mr. Harting, the naturalist, recently, he maintained that the starling *did* mock other birds, and gave me an instance of his mistaking the imitation of the starling for the curlew, and for my edification whistled the two drawn-out, plaintive notes of the "cur—lew"; but this was also one of the *natural whistles of the starling!*

Again, Mr. Richard Mudie, the naturalist, in his work, "British Birds," states that the starling imitates other birds—namely, "the screaming of sea fowl and the whistle of the plover."

And as recently as the 29th of last March there appeared in an evening paper an article signed "Cuculus" (cuckoo) upon the mimicry of birds, from which the following are extracts:—

"In January last, while on a visit to the Fen country, we were awakened from a peaceful slumber one bitterly cold morning by the call of a plover, whereupon we hurriedly dressed and sallied forth with our guns. We had not proceeded far when we again heard the call, which seemed to come from our starting-point, so we retraced our steps, and at length we arrived under the walls of an old thatched barn, and immediately overhead came the shrill call of the plover. When we looked upwards and saw an old starling chattering away, we felt very much inclined to knock the feathered mimic off his perch with a dose of 'No. 6 chilled' for having led us such a wild goose, or rather wild plover, chase. He was left in peace, however. . . . We have heard starlings *imitate* the curlew and peewit in a most natural manner."

Now, as my starling, Jack, emits sounds and whistles precisely similar to the scream of the seagull and the whistle, pee-e-whit, of the plover, but has never heard either, these must be the natural utterances of the starling.

Taking the foregoing as fair examples of the statement that the starling imitates when in his *wild* state, I am strengthened in my opinion that it does *not* do so. That it does so in captivity Jack is a sufficient proof. It is extraordinary how many persons are under the impression that, in order to enable a bird to talk, it is absolutely necessary to cut or slit its tongue. All men who keep bird shops seem to believe in this cruel practice. Indeed, one such man told me recently that by "splitting their tongues it made them split the words"! And many of my friends, after hearing Jack, have remarked: "Did *you* cut his tongue?" or, "Of course, his tongue is cut?" Some time back Miss Elise Clerc, of the Alhambra, who is a breeder of fancy canaries, heard Jack, and spoke of him to Sir Herbert Tree, who keeps a number of pets. "A very beautiful bird, no doubt, but I should not keep one, as I dislike the cruelty of cutting their tongues!" said Sir Herbert. I need hardly add that Jack's tongue has *not* been cut.

"A DIFFICULT PASSAGE."
IMITATING CHIRGWIN'S WHISTLE,
"HALF A PINT OF MILD AND BITTER."

I have heard that this fallacy had its origin in the following story. A man had a number of starlings in a large cage marked "Fine young starlings—only one shilling each," and as each would-be purchaser arrived the man would say, "There's a fine bird there, sir," pointing out one of them; "but I want half a crown for him, because he's the only one with a cut tongue, so he is bound to be a talker." He would then proceed to catch the bird and show the cut tongue, and invariably succeeded in effecting a sale. This dodge would be repeated as each new customer arrived, and departed rejoicing at his good bargain. The reader, perhaps, is not aware that *all* starlings have a very peculiar formation at the extremity of the tongue, which gives the appearance of a little piece having been snipped out of it. The humour of this fraud will be easily appreciated.

TALKING AND WHISTLING ON HIS BACK—POSITION MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

The following true stories as to the clearness with which the starling can imitate *without* a split tongue will prove this.

Before going for our holidays last year, some friends undertook to mind Jack for us during our absence, and he was given a small room to himself, the door of which was kept locked. Mrs. Warton, our friend, one day had a charwoman in, who, after she had commenced cleaning outside the locked door of Jack's room, rushed downstairs in a great state of perturbation, exclaiming, "Oh, marm, there's some people in that little room upstairs."

Mrs. Warton, to keep up the joke, replied, 'Nonsense; what makes you think so?"

"Oh, marm, I heard them talking."

"Well, what did you hear?"

"I heard one say, 'Come on, kiss poor little Jack'; and the other said, 'Don't be silly, Jack'!"

And one morning when the gas inspector came Jack was in the kitchen, unobserved by that official, who had mounted the steps and was examining the index when the starling exclaimed, "Whatever is it?" To which the inspector replied, "It's two thousand less than the corresponding quarter, sir." For which I thanked the gentleman.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE

by A. E. W. Mason

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST MOVE.

ON the Friday before the crime was committed Mme. Dauvray and Celia dined at the Villa des Fleurs. While they were drinking their coffee Harry Wethermill joined them. He stayed with them until Mme. Dauvray was ready to leave, and then they walked into the baccarat-room together. But there, in the throng of people, they were separated.

Harry Wethermill was looking carefully after Celia, as a good lover should, and it was not until a moment or two had passed that the girl noticed that Mme. Dauvray was not with them.

"We will find her easily," said Harry.

"Of course," replied Celia.

"There is, after all, no hurry," said Wethermill, with a laugh; "and perhaps she was not unwilling to leave us together."

Celia dimpled to a smile.

"Mme. Dauvray is kind to me," she said, with a very pretty timidity.

"And yet more kind to me," said Wethermill in a low voice which brought the blood into Celia's cheeks.

A few yards away he saw Mme. Dauvray, and close beside her Adèle Tacé. Celia was turning her head in their direction.

"I like your frock, Celia," he said.

Celia's eyes went down to it.

"Do you?" she said, with a pleased smile. It was a dress of dark blue. "I am glad. I think it is pretty"; and they passed on.

Wethermill stayed by the girl's side throughout the evening. Once again he saw Mme. Dauvray and Adèle Tacé together. And now they were talking. Celia saw them at the same time.

"Oh, there is Mme. Dauvray," she cried, taking a step towards her.

Wethermill detained the girl.

"She seems quite happy," he said; and, indeed, Mme. Dauvray was talking volubly and with the utmost interest, the jewels sparkling about her neck. She raised her head, saw Celia, nodded to her affectionately, and then pointed her out to her companion. Adèle Tacé looked the girl over with interest and smiled contentedly. There was nothing to be feared from her. Her very daintiness seemed to offer her as the easiest of victims.

"You see Mme. Dauvray does not want you," said Harry Wethermill. "Let us go and play chemin-de-fer."

It was not until another hour had passed that Celia rose and went in search of Mme. Dauvray. She found her still talking earnestly to Adèle Tacé. Mme. Dauvray rose at once.

"Are you ready to go, dear?" she asked, and she turned to Adèle Tacé. "This is Célie, Mme. Rossignol," she said; and, after a few words, Mme. Dauvray and Celia left the rooms and walked to the entrance-doors. Even as they walked, Celia became alarmed.

She was by nature extraordinarily sensitive to impressions. It was to that quick receptivity that the success of "the Great Fortinbras" had been chiefly due. She had a gift of rapid comprehension. It was not that she argued, or deducted, or inferred. But she felt. To take a metaphor from the work of the man she loved, she was a natural receiver. So now, although no word was spoken, she was aware that Mme. Dauvray was greatly excited—greatly disturbed; and she dreaded the reason of that excitement and disturbance.

While they were driving home in the motor-car she said, apprehensively:—

"You met a friend, then, to-night, madame?"

"No," said Mme. Dauvray. "I made a friend. I had not met Mme. Rossignol before. A bracelet of hers came undone, and I helped her to fasten it. We talked afterwards. She lives in Geneva."

Mme. Dauvray was silent for a moment or two. Then she turned impulsively and spoke in a voice of appeal.

"Célie, we talked of things"; and the girl moved impatiently. She understood very well what were the things of which Mme. Dauvray and her new friend had talked. "And she laughed. . . . I could not bear it."

Celia was silent, and Mme. Dauvray went on, in a voice of awe:—

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"I told her of the wonderful things which happened when I sat with Hélène in the dark—how the room filled with strange sounds, how ghostly fingers touched my forehead and my eyes. She laughed—Adèle Rossignol laughed, Célie. I told her of the spirits with whom we held converse. She would not believe. Do you remember the evening, Célie, when Mme. de Castiglione came back an old, old woman, and told us how, when she grew old and lost her beauty and was lonely, she would no longer live in the great house which was so full of torturing memories, but took a small *appartement* near by, where no one knew her; and how she used to walk out late at night and watch, with her eyes full of tears, the dark windows which had been once so bright with light? Adèle Rossignol would not believe. I told her that I had found the story afterwards in a volume of memoirs. Adèle Rossignol laughed and said no doubt you had read that volume yourself before the séance."

Celia stirred guiltily.

"She had no faith in you, Célie. It made me angry, dear. She said that you invented your own tests. She sneered at them. A string across a cupboard! A child, she said, could manage that; much more, then, a clever young lady. Oh, she admitted that you were clever! Indeed, she urged that you were far too clever to submit to the tests of someone you did not know. I replied that you would. I was right, Célie, was I not?"

And again the appeal sounded rather piteously in Mme. Dauvray's voice.

"Tests!" said Celia, with a contemptuous laugh. And, in truth, she was not afraid of them. Mme. Dauvray's voice at once took courage.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly. "I was sure. I told her so. Célie, I arranged with her that next Tuesday——"

And Celia interrupted quickly.

"No! Oh, no!"

Again there was silence; and then Mme. Dauvray said, gently, but very seriously:—

"Célie, you are not kind."

Celia was moved by the reproach.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, eagerly. "Please don't think that. How could I be anything else to you who are so kind to me?"

"Then prove it, Célie. On Tuesday I have asked Mme. Rossignol to come; and——" The old woman's voice became tremulous with excitement. "And perhaps — who knows?—perhaps *she* will appear to us."

Celia had no doubt who "she" was. She was Mme. de Montespan.

"Oh, no, madame!" she stammered. "Here, at Aix, we are not in tune for such things."

And then, in a voice of dread, Mme. Dauvray asked:—

"Is it true, then, what Adèle said?" And Celia started violently. Mme. Dauvray doubted.

"I believe it would break my heart, my dear, if I were to think that—if I were to know that you had tricked me," she said, with a trembling voice.

Celia covered her face with her hands. It would be true. She had no doubt of it. Mme. Dauvray would never forgive herself—would never forgive Celia. Her infatuation had grown so to engross her that the rest of her life would surely be embittered. It was not merely a passion—it was a creed and a religion as well. Celia shrank from the renewal of these séances. Every fibre in her was in revolt. They were so unworthy—so unworthy of Harry Wethermill, of herself as she wished herself to be. But she had to pay now.

"Célie," said Mme. Dauvray, "it isn't true! Surely it isn't true?"

Celia drew her hands away from her face.

"Let Mme. Rossignol come on Tuesday!" she cried, and the old woman caught the girl's hand and pressed it with affection.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried. "Adèle Rossignol laughs to-night. We shall convince her on Tuesday, Célie! Célie, I am so glad!" And her voice sank into a solemn whisper, pathetically ludicrous. "It is not right that she should laugh! To bring people back through the gates of the spirit world—it is wonderful!"

To Celia the sound of the jargon learnt from her own lips, used by her so thoughtlessly in past times, was odious. "For the last time," she pleaded to herself. All her life was going to change—though no word had yet been spoken by Harry Wethermill, she was sure of it. Just for this one last time, then, so that she might leave Mme. Dauvray her belief, she would hold a séance in the Villa Rose.

Mme. Dauvray told the news to Hélène Vauquier when they reached the villa.

"You will be present, Hélène," she cried, excitedly. "There will be the three of us."

"Certainly, if madame wishes," said Hélène, submissively. She looked round the room. "Mlle. Célie can be placed on a chair in that recess and the curtains drawn,

whilst we—madame and madame's friend and I—can sit round this table."

"Yes," said Celia. "That will do very well."

It was Mme. Dauvray's habit when she was particularly pleased with Celia to dismiss her maid quickly and to send her to brush the girl's hair at night; and in a little while on this night Hélène went to Celia's room. While she brushed Celia's hair she told her that Servettaz' parents lived at Chambéry, and that he would like to see them.

"CELIA COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS."

"But the poor man is afraid to ask for a day," she said. "He has been so short a time with madame."

"Of course, madame will give him a holiday if he asks," replied Celia, with a smile. "I will speak to him myself to-morrow."

"It would be kind of mademoiselle," said Hélène Vauquier.

Accordingly Celia did speak, and Servettaz asked for his holiday.

"But of course," Mme. Dauvray at once replied. "We must decide upon a day."

It was then that Hélène Vauquier made a suggestion.

"Since madame has a friend coming here on Tuesday, perhaps that would be the best day for him to go. Madame would not be likely to take a long drive that afternoon."

"No, indeed," replied Mme. Dauvray. "We shall all three dine together early in Aix and return here."

"Then I will tell him he may go to-morrow," said Celia.

This was on the Monday, and in the evening Mme. Dauvray and Celia went as usual to the Villa des Fleurs and dined there.

"I was in a bad mind," said Celia, when asked by the Juge d'Instruction to explain that attack of nerves in the garden which Ricardo had witnessed. "I hated more and more the thought of the séance which was to take place on the morrow. I felt that I was disloyal to Harry. My nerves were all tingling. I was not nice that night at all," she added, quaintly. "But at dinner I determined that if I met Harry after dinner, as I was sure to do, I would tell him the whole truth about myself. But when I did meet him I was frightened. I knew how stern he could suddenly look. I dreaded what he would think. I was too afraid that I should lose him. No, I could not speak; I had not the courage. That made me still more angry with myself, and so I—I quarrelled at once with Harry. He was surprised; but it was natural, wasn't it? What else should one do under such circumstances, except quarrel with the man one loved? Yes, I really quarrelled with him, and said things which I thought and hoped would

hurt. Then I ran away from him lest I should break down and cry. I went to the tables and lost at once all the money I had except one note of five louis. But that did not console me. And I ran out into the garden, very unhappy. There I behaved like a child, and Mr. Ricardo saw me. But it was not the little money I had lost which troubled me. Afterwards Harry and I made it up, and I thought, like the little fool I was, that he wanted to ask me to marry him. But I would not let him that night. Oh! I wanted him to ask me—I was longing for him to ask me—but not that night. Somehow, I felt that the séance and the tricks must be all over and done with before I could listen or answer."

The quiet and simple confession touched the magistrate who listened to it to a profound pity. He shaded his eyes with his hand. The girl's sense of her unworthiness, the love she had given so unstintingly to Harry Wethermill, the deep pride she had felt in the delusion that he loved her too, had in it an irony too bitter. But he was aroused to anger against the man.

"Go on, mademoiselle," he said. But in spite of himself his voice trembled.

"So I arranged with him that we should meet on Wednesday, as Mr. Ricardo heard, and I went home with Mme. Dauvray."

On the morning of Tuesday, however, there came a letter from Adèle Tacé, of which no trace was ever discovered. The letter invited Mme. Dauvray and Celia to come out to Annecy and dine with her at an hotel there. They could then return together to Aix. The proposal fitted well with Mme. Dauvray's inclinations. She was in a feverish mood of excitement.

"Yes, it will be better that we dine quietly together in a place where there is no noise and no crowd, and where no one knows us," she said, and she looked up the time-table. "There is a train back which reaches Aix at nine o'clock," she said. "So we need not spoil Servettaz' holiday."

"His parents will be expecting him," Hélène Vauquier added.

Accordingly Servettaz left for Chambéry by the 1.50 train from Aix; and later on in the afternoon Mme. Dauvray and Celia went by train to Annecy. In the one woman's mind was the queer longing that "she" should appear and speak to-night; in the girl's there was a wish passionate as a cry. "This shall be the last time," she said to herself again and again—"the very last."

Meanwhile, Hélène Vauquier, it must be held, burnt carefully Adèle Tacé's letter. She was left in the Villa Rose with the charwoman to keep her company. The charwoman bore testimony that Hélène Vauquier certainly did burn a letter in the kitchen-stove, and that after she had burned it she sat for a long time rocking herself in a chair with a smile of great pleasure upon her face, and now and then moistening her lips with her tongue. But Hélène Vauquier kept her lips sealed.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AFTERNOON OF TUESDAY.

MME. DAUVRAY and Celia found Adèle Rossignol, to give Adèle Tacé the name which she assumed, waiting for them impatiently in the garden of an hotel at Annecy, on the Promenade du Paquier. She was a tall, lithe woman, and she was dressed by the purse and wish of Hélène Vauquier in a robe and a long coat of sapphire velvet, which toned down the coarseness of her good looks and lent something of elegance to her figure.

"So it is mademoiselle," Adèle began, with a smile of raillery, "who is so remarkably clever."

"Clever?" answered Celia, looking straight at Adèle as though through her she saw mysteries beyond. She took up her part at once. Since for the last time it had got to be played, there must be no fault in the playing. For her own sake, for the sake of Mme. Dauvray's happiness, she must carry it off to-night with success. The suspicions of Adèle Rossignol must obtain no verification. She spoke in a monotonous, chanting voice. "Under spirit-control no one is clever. One does the bidding of the spirit which controls."

"Perfectly," said Adèle, in a malicious tone. "I only hope you will see to it, mademoiselle, that some amusing spirits control you this evening and appear before us."

"I am only the living gate by which the spirit forms pass from the realm of mind into the world of matter," Celia replied.

"Quite so," said Adèle, comfortably. "Now let us be sensible and dine. We can amuse ourselves with mademoiselle's rigmaroles afterwards."

Mme. Dauvray was indignant. Celia, for her part, felt humiliated and small. They sat down to their dinner in the garden, but the rain came down and drove them indoors. There were a few people dining at the same hour, but none near enough to overhear them. Alike in the garden and the hotel, Adèle Tacé kept up the same note of ridicule and disbelief. She had been carefully tutored for her work. She was able to

cite the stock cases of exposure—"*les frères* Davenport," as she called them, Eusapia Palladino and Dr. Slade. She knew the precautions which had been taken to prevent trickery and where those precautions had failed. Her whole conversation was carefully planned to one end, and to one end alone. She wished to produce in the minds of her companions so complete an impression of her scepticism that it would seem the most natural thing in the world to both of them that she should insist upon subjecting Celia to the severest tests. The rain ceased, and they took their coffee on the terrace of the hotel. Mme. Dauvray had been really pained by the conversation of Adèle Tacé. She had all the missionary zeal of a fanatic.

"I do hope, Adèle, that we shall make you believe. But we shall. Oh, I am confident we shall." And her voice was feverish.

Adèle dropped for the moment her tone of raillery.

"I am not unwilling to believe," she said, "but I cannot. I am interested—yes. You see how much I have studied the subject. But I cannot believe. I have heard stories of how these manifestations are produced—stories which make me laugh. I cannot help it. The tricks are so easy. A young girl wearing a black frock which does not rustle—it is always a black frock, is it not, because a black frock cannot be seen in the dark?—carrying a scarf or veil, with which she can make any sort of headdress if only she is a little clever, and shod in a pair of felt-soled slippers, is shut up in a cabinet or placed behind a screen, and the lights are turned down or out——" Adèle broke off with a comic shrug of the shoulders. "Bah! It ought not to deceive a child."

Celia sat with a face which *would* grow red. She did not look, but none the less she was aware that Mme. Dauvray was gazing at her with a perplexed frown and some return of her suspicion showing in her eyes. Adèle Tacé was not content to leave the subject there.

"Perhaps," she said, with a smile, "Mlle. Célie dresses in that way for a séance?"

"Madame shall see to-night," Celia stammered, and Camille Dauvray rather sternly repeated her words.

"Yes, Adèle shall see to-night. I myself will decide what you shall wear, Célie."

Adèle Tacé casually suggested the kind of dress which she would prefer.

"Something light in colour with a train, something which will hiss and whisper if mademoiselle moves about the room—yes, and I think one of mademoiselle's big hats," she said. "We will have mademoiselle as modern as possible, so that, when the great ladies of the past appear in the coiffure of their day, we may be sure it is not Mlle. Célie who represents them."

"I will speak to Hélène," said Mme. Dauvray, and Adèle Tacé was content.

There was a particular new dress of which she knew, and it was very desirable that Mlle. Célie should wear it to-night. For one thing, if Celia wore it, it would help the theory that she had put it on because she expected that night a lover; for another, with that dress there went a pair of satin slippers which had just come home from a shoemaker at Aix, and which would leave upon soft mould precisely the same imprints as the grey suède shoes which the girl was wearing now.

Celia was not greatly disconcerted by Mme. Rossignol's precautions. She would have to be a little more careful, and Mme. de Montespan would be a little longer in responding to the call of Mme. Dauvray than most of the other dead ladies of the past had been. But that was all. She was, however, really troubled in another way. All through dinner, at every word of the conversation, she had felt her reluctance towards this séance swelling into a positive disgust. More than once she had felt driven by some uncontrollable power to rise up at the table and cry out to Adèle:—

"You are right! It *is* trickery. There is no truth in it."

But she had mastered herself. For opposite to her sat her patroness, her good friend, her saviour. The flush upon Mme. Dauvray's cheeks and the agitation of her manner warned Celia how much hung upon the success of this last séance. How much for both of them!

And in the fullness of that knowledge a great fear assailed her. She began to be afraid, so strong was her reluctance, that she would not bring her heart into the task. "Suppose I failed to-night because I could not force myself to wish not to fail!" she thought, and she steeled herself against the thought. To-night she must not fail. For apart altogether from Mme. Dauvray's happiness, her own, it seemed, was at stake too.

"It must be from my lips that Harry learns what I have been," she said to herself, and with the resolve she strengthened herself.

"I will wear what you please," she said, with a smile. "I only wish Mme. Rossignol to be satisfied."

"And I shall be," said Adèle, "if——"

She leaned forward in anxiety. She had come to the real necessity of Hélène Vauquier's plan. "If we abandon as quite laughable the cupboard door and the string across it; if, in a word, mademoiselle consents that we bind her hand and foot and tie her securely in a chair. Such restraints are usual in the experiments of which I have read. Was there not a medium called Mlle. Cook who was secured in this way, and then remarkable things, which I could not believe, were supposed to have happened?"

"Certainly I permit it," said Celia, with indifference; and Mme. Dauvray cried, enthusiastically:—

"Ah, you shall believe to-night in those wonderful things!"

Adèle Tacé leaned back. She drew a breath. It was a breath of relief.

"Then we will buy the cord in Aix," she said.

Celia, indeed, was not alarmed by this last precaution. For her it was a test less difficult than the light-coloured rustling robe. She had appeared upon too many platforms, had experienced too often the bungling efforts of spectators called up from the audience, to be in any fear. There were very few knots from which her small hands and supple fingers had not learnt long since to extricate themselves. She was aware how much in all these matters the personal equation counted. Men who might, perhaps, have been able to tie knots from which she could not get free were always too uncomfortable and self-conscious, or too afraid of hurting her white arms and wrists, to do it. Women, on the other hand, who had no compunctions of that kind, did not know how.

It was nearly eight o'clock; the rain still held off.

"We must go," said Mme. Dauvray, who for the last half-hour had been continually looking at her watch.

They drove to the station and took the train. Once more the rain came down, but it had stopped again before the train steamed into Aix at nine o'clock.

"We will take a cab," said Mme. Dauvray; "it will save time."

"It will do us good to walk, madame," pleaded Adèle. She passed quickly out from the lights of the station and waited in the dark square for the others to join her. "It is barely nine. A friend has promised to call at the Villa Rose for me after eleven and take me back in a motor-car to Geneva, so we have plenty of time."

They walked accordingly up the hill, Mme. Dauvray slowly, since she was stout, and Celia keeping pace with her. Thus it seemed natural that Adèle Tacé should walk ahead, though a passer-by would not have thought she was of their company. At the corner of the Rue du Casino Adèle waited for them and said quickly:—

"Mademoiselle, you can get some cord, I think, at the shop there," and she pointed to the shop of M. Corval. "Madame and I will go slowly on; you, who are the youngest, will easily catch us up." Celia went into the shop, bought the cord, and caught Mme. Dauvray up before she reached the villa.

"Where is Mme. Rossignol?" she asked.

"She went on," said Camille Dauvray. "She walks faster than I do."

They passed no one whom they knew, although they did pass one who recognized them, as Perrichet had discovered. They came upon Adèle, waiting for them at the corner of the road.

"It is near here—the Villa Rose?" she asked.

"A minute more and we are there."

They turned in at the drive, closed the gate behind them, and walked up to the villa.

The windows and the glass doors were closed, the latticed shutters fastened. A light burned in the hall.

"Hélène is expecting us," said Mme. Dauvray. For she saw the front door open to admit them, and Hélène Vauquier in the hall. The three women went straight into the little salon, which was ready with the lights up and a small fire burning. Celia noticed the fire with a trifle of dismay. She moved a fire-screen in front of it.

"I can understand why you do that, mademoiselle," said Adèle Rossignol, with a satirical smile. But Mme. Dauvray came to the girl's help.

"She is right, Adèle. Light is the great barrier between us and the spirit-world," she said, solemnly.

Meanwhile, in the hall Hélène Vauquier locked and bolted the front door. Then she stood motionless with a smile upon her face and a heart beating high. All through that afternoon she had been afraid that some accident at the last moment would spoil her plan, that Adèle Tacé had not learned her lesson, that Célie would take fright, that she would not return. Now all those fears were over. She had her victims safe within the villa. She was still standing in the hall when Mme. Dauvray called aloud, impatiently:—

"Hélène! Hélène!"

And when she entered the salon there was still, as Celia was able to recall, some trace of her smile lingering upon her face.

Adèle Rossignol had removed her hat and was taking off her gloves. Mme. Dauvray was speaking impatiently to Celia.

"We will arrange the room, dear, while Hélène helps you to dress. It will be quite easy. We shall use the recess."

And Celia, as she ran up the stairs, heard Mme. Dauvray discussing with her maid what frock she should wear. She was hot, and she took a hurried bath. When she came from her bathroom, she saw with dismay that it was her new pale green evening gown which had been laid out. It was the last which she would have chosen. But she dared not refuse it. She must still any suspicion. She must succeed. She gave herself into Hélène's hands. Celia remembered afterwards one or two points which passed barely heeded at the time. Once, while Hélène was dressing her hair, she looked up at the maid in the mirror and noticed a strange and rather horrible grin upon her face, which disappeared the moment their eyes met. Then, again, Hélène was extraordinarily slow and extraordinarily fastidious that evening. Nothing satisfied her, neither the hang of the girl's skirt, the folds of her sash, nor the arrangement of her hair.

"Come, Hélène, be quick," said Celia. "You know how madame hates to be kept waiting at these times. You might be dressing me to go to meet my lover," she added, with a blush and a smile at her own pretty reflection in the glass; and a queer look came upon Hélène Vauquier's face. For it was at creating just this very impression that she aimed.

"Very well, mademoiselle," said Hélène. And even as she spoke Mme. Dauvray's voice rang shrill and irritable up the stairs.

"Célie! Célie!"

"Quick, Hélène," said Celia. She herself was now anxious to have the séance over and done with.

But Hélène did not hurry. The more irritable Mme. Dauvray became, the more impatient with Mlle. Célie, the less would Mlle. Célie dare to refuse the tests Adèle wished to impose upon her. But that was

"SHE LOOKED UP AT THE MAID IN THE MIRROR AND NOTICED A STRANGE AND RATHER HORRIBLE GRIN ON HER FACE."

not all. She took a subtle and ironic pleasure to-night in decking out her victim's natural loveliness. Her face, her slender throat, her white shoulders, should look their prettiest, her grace of limb and figure should be more alluring than ever before. The same words, indeed, were running through both women's minds.

"For the last time," said Celia to herself, thinking of these horrible séances, of which to-night should see the end.

"For the last time," said Hélène Vauquier too. For the last time she laced the girl's dress. There would be no more patient and careful service for Mlle. Célie after to-night. But she should have it and to spare to-night. She should be conscious that her beauty had never made so strong an appeal; that she was never so fit for life as at the moment when the end had come. One thing Hélène regretted. She would have liked Celia—Celia, smiling at herself in the glass—to know suddenly what was in store for her! She saw in imagination the colour die from the cheeks, the eyes stare wide with terror.

"Célie! Célie!"

Again the impatient voice rang up the stairs, as Hélène pinned the girl's hat upon her fair head. Célie sprang up, took a quick step or two towards the door, and stopped in dismay. The swish of her long satin train must betray her. She caught up the dress and tried again. Even so, the rustle of it was heard.

"I shall have to be very careful. You will help me, Hélène?"

"Of course, mademoiselle. I will sit beneath the switch of the light in the salon. If madame, your visitor, makes the experiment too difficult, I will find a way to help you," said Hélène Vauquier, and as she spoke she handed Celia a long pair of white gloves.

"I shall not want them," said Celia.

"Mme. Dauvray ordered me to give them to you," replied Hélène.

Celia took them, picked up a white scarf of tulle, and ran down the stairs. Hélène Vauquier listened at the door and heard madame's voice in feverish anger.

"We have been waiting for you, Célie. You have been an age."

Hélène Vauquier laughed softly to herself, took out Celia's white cloak, turned off the lights, and followed her down to the hall. She placed the cloak just outside the door of the salon. Then she carefully turned out the lights in the hall and went into the salon. The room had been made ready.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SÉANCE.

HÉLÈNE VAUQUIER locked the door of the salon upon the inside and placed the key upon the mantelshelf, as she had always done whenever a séance had been held. The curtains had been loosened at the sides of the arched recess in front of the glass doors, ready to be drawn across. Inside the recess, against one of the pillars which supported the arch, a high stool without a back, taken from the hall, had been placed, and the back legs of the stool had been lashed with cord firmly to the pillar, so that it could not be moved. The round table had been put in position, with three chairs about it. Mme. Dauvray waited impatiently. Celia stood apparently unconcerned, apparently lost to all that was going on. Her eyes saw no one. Adèle looked up at Celia, and laughed maliciously.

"Mademoiselle, I see, is in the very mood to produce the most wonderful phenomena. But it will be better, I think, madame," she said, turning to Mme. Dauvray, "that Mlle. Célie should put on those white gloves which I see she has thrown on to a chair. It will be a little more difficult for mademoiselle to loosen these cords, should she wish to do so."

The argument silenced Celia. If she refused this condition now she would excite Mme. Dauvray to a terrible suspicion. She drew on her long gloves ruefully and slowly, smoothed them over her elbows, and buttoned them. To free her hands with her fingers and wrists already hampered in gloves would not be so easy a task. But there was no escape. Adèle Rossignol was watching her with a satiric smile. Mme. Dauvray was urging her to be quick. Obeying a second order the girl raised her skirt and extended a slim foot in a pale green silk stocking and a high-heeled satin slipper to match. Adèle was content. The shining buckle told her that Celia was wearing the shoes she was meant to wear. They were made upon the very same last as those which Celia had just kicked off upstairs. An almost imperceptible nod from Hélène Vauquier, moreover, assured her.

She took up a length of the thin cord.

"Now, how are we to begin?" she said, awkwardly. "I think I will ask you, mademoiselle, to put your hands behind you."

Celia turned her back and crossed her wrists. She stood in her satin frock of reseda green, with her white arms and shoulders bare, her slender throat supporting her small head with its heavy curls, her big pale green hat—a picture of young grace and beauty. She would have had an easy task that night

"THE NEXT MOMENT CELIA WINCED AND HAD TO BITE HER LIP TO PREVENT A CRY."

had there been men to test her instead of women. But the women were intent upon their own ends: Mme. Dauvray eager for her séance, Adèle Tacé and Hélène Vauquier for the climax of their plot.

Celia clenched her hands to make the muscles of her wrists rigid to resist the pressure of the cord. Adèle quietly unclasped them and placed them palm to palm. And at once Celia became uneasy. It was not merely the action, significant though it was of Adèle's alertness to thwart her, which troubled Celia. But she was extraordinarily receptive of impressions, extraordinarily quick to feel, from a touch, some dim sensation of the thought of the one who touched her. So now the touch of Adèle's swift, strong, nervous hands caused her a queer, vague shock of discomfort. It was no more than that at the moment, but it was quite definite as that.

"Keep your hands so, please, mademoiselle," said Adèle. "Your fingers loose." And the next moment Celia winced and had to bite her lip to prevent a cry. The thin cord was wound twice about her wrists, drawn cruelly tight, and then cunningly knotted. For one second Celia was thankful for her gloves; the next, more than ever she regretted that she wore them. It would have been difficult enough for her to free her hands now, even without them. And upon that a worse thing befell her.

"I beg mademoiselle's pardon if I hurt her," said Adèle. And she tied the girl's thumbs and little fingers. To slacken the knots she must have the use of her fingers, even though her gloves made them fumble. Now she had lost the use of them altogether. She began to feel that she was in master-hands. She was sure of it the next instant. For Adèle stood up and, passing a cord round the upper part of her arms, drew her elbows back. To bring any strength to help her in wriggling her hands free she must be able to raise her elbows. With them trussed in the small of her back she was robbed of all strength. And all the time her strange uneasiness grew. She made a movement of revolt, and at once the cord was loosened.

"Mlle. Célie objects to my tests," said Adèle, with a laugh, to Mme. Dauvray. "And I do not wonder."

Celia saw upon the old woman's foolish and excited face a look of veritable consternation.

"Are you afraid, Célie?" she asked. There was anger, there was menace in the voice, but above all these there was fear—fear that her illusions were to tumble about her. Celia heard that note and was quelled by it. This folly of belief, these séances, were the one touch of colour in Mme. Dauvray's life. Mme. Dauvray must preserve the memory of that colour.

"No," she said, boldly; "I am not afraid," and after that she moved no more. Her elbows were drawn firmly back and tightly bound. She was sure she could not free them. She glanced in despair at Hélène Vauquier, and then some glimmer of hope sprang up. For Hélène Vauquier gave her a look, a smile of reassurance. It was as if she said, "I will come to your help." Then, to make security still more sure, Adèle turned the girl about as unceremoniously as if she had been a doll, and, passing a cord at the back of her arms, drew both ends round in front and knotted them at her waist.

"Now, Célie," said Adèle, with a vibration in her voice which Celia had not remarked before. Excitement was gaining upon her, as upon Mme. Dauvray. Her face was flushed and shiny, her manner peremptory and quick. Celia's uneasiness grew into fear. She could have used the words which Hanaud spoke the next day in that very room—"There is something here which I do not understand." The touch of Adèle Tacé's hands communicated something to her—something which filled her with a vague alarm. She could not have formulated it if she would; she dared not if she could. She had but to stand and submit.

"Now," said Adèle.

She took the girl by the shoulders and set her in a clear space in the middle of the room, her back to the recess, her face to the mirror, where all could see her. "Now, Célie"—she had dropped the "Mlle." and the ironic suavity of her manner—"try to free yourself."

For a moment the shoulders worked, the small, white-gloved hands fluttered. But they remained helplessly bound.

"Ah, you will be content, Adèle, to-night," cried Mme. Dauvray, eagerly. But even in the midst of her eagerness—so thoroughly had she been prepared—there lingered a flavour of doubt, of suspicion. In Celia's mind there was still the one desperate resolve.

"I must succeed to-night," she said to herself. "I must!"

Adèle Rossignol kneeled on the floor behind her. She gathered in carefully the girl's frock, just clearing her feet and ankles. Then she picked up the long train, wound it tightly round her limbs, pinioning and swathing them in the folds of satin, and secured the folds with a cord about the knees.

She stood up again.

"Can you walk, Célie?" she asked. "Try!"

With Hélène Vauquier to support her if she fell, Celia took a tiny shuffling step forward, feeling supremely ridiculous. No one, however, of her audience was inclined to laugh. To Mme. Dauvray the whole business was as serious as the most solemn ceremonial. Adèle was intent upon making her ligatures secure. Hélène Vauquier was the well-bred servant who knew her place. It was not for her to laugh at her young mistress, in however ludicrous a situation she might be.

"Now," said Adèle, "we will tie mademoiselle's pretty ankles and then we shall be ready for Mme. de Montespan."

The raillery in her voice had a note of savagery in it now. Celia's vague terror grew. She had a feeling that a beast was waking in the woman, and with it came a growing premonition of failure. Vainly she cried to herself, "I must not fail to-night." But she felt instinctively that there was a stronger personality than her own in that room, taming her, condemning her to failure, influencing the others.

She was placed in a chair. Adèle passed a cord round her ankles, and the mere touch of it quickened Celia to a spasm of revolt. Her last little remnant of liberty was being taken from her. She raised herself, or rather would have raised herself. But Hélène with gentle hands held her in the chair, and whispered under her breath:—

"Have no fear! Madame is watching."

Adèle looked fiercely up into the girl's face.

"Keep still, *hein, la petite!*" she cried. And the epithet—"little one"—was a light to Celia. Till now, upon these occasions, with her black ceremonial dress, her air of aloofness, her vague eyes, and the dignity of her carriage, she had already produced something of her effect before the séance had begun. She had been wont to sail into the room, distant, mystical. She had her audience already expectant of mysteries, prepared for marvels. Her work was already half done. But now of all that help she was deprived. She was no longer a person aloof, a prophetess, a seer of visions; she was simply a smartly-dressed girl of to-day, trussed up in a ridiculous and painful position—that was all. The dignity was gone. And the more she realized that, the more she was hindered from influencing her audience, the less able she was to concentrate her mind upon them, to will them to favour her. Mme. Dauvray's suspicions, she was sure, were still awake. She could not quell them. There was a stronger personality than hers at work in the room. The cord bit through her thin silk stockings into her ankles. She dared not complain. It was savagely tied. She made no remonstrance. And then Hélène Vauquier raised her up from the chair and lifted her easily off the ground. For a moment she held her so. If Celia had felt ridiculous before, she knew that she was ten times more so now. She could see herself as she hung in Hélène Vauquier's arms, with her delicate frock ludicrously swathed and swaddled about her legs. But, again, of those who watched her no one smiled.

"We have had no such tests as these," Mme. Dauvray exclaimed, half in fear, half in hope.

Adèle Rossignol looked the girl over and nodded her head with satisfaction. She had no animosity towards Celia; she had really no feeling of any kind for her or against her. Fortunately, she was unaware at this time that Harry Wethermill had been paying his court to her. Mlle. Célie was just a pawn in a very dangerous game which she happened to be playing, and she had succeeded in engineering her pawn into the desired condition of helplessness. She was content.

"Mademoiselle," she said, with a smile, "you wish me to believe. You have now your opportunity."

Opportunity! And she was helpless. She knew very well that she could never free herself from the cords without Hélène's help. She would fail, miserably and shamefully fail.

"It was madame who wished you to believe," she stammered.

And Adèle Rossignol laughed suddenly—a short, loud, harsh laugh, which jarred upon the quiet of the room. It turned Celia's vague alarm into a definite terror. Some magnetic current brought her grave messages of fear. The air about her seemed to tingle with strange menaces. She looked at Adèle. Did they emanate from her? And her terror answered her "Yes." She made her mistake in that. The strong personality in the room was not Adèle Rossignol, but Hélène Vauquier, who held her like a child in her arms. But she was definitely aware of danger, and too late aware of it. She struggled vainly. From her head to her toes she was powerless. She cried out hysterically to her patron:—

"Madame! Madame! There is something—a presence here—someone who means harm! I know it!"

And upon the old woman's face there came a look, not of alarm, but of extra-

ordinary relief. The genuine, heartfelt cry restored her confidence in Celia.

"Someone—who means harm!" she whispered, trembling with excitement.

"Ah, mademoiselle is already under control," said Hélène, using the jargon which she had learnt from Celia's lips. Adèle Rossignol grinned.

"Yes, *la petite* is under control," she repeated, with a sneer; and all the elegance of her velvet gown was unable to hide her any longer from Celia's knowledge. Her grin had betrayed her. She was *canaille*. But Hélène Vauquier whispered:—

"Keep still, mademoiselle. I shall help you."

Vauquier carried the girl into the recess and placed her upon the stool. With a long cord Adèle bound ner by the arms and the waist to the pillar, and her ankles she fastened to the rung of the stool, so that they could not touch the ground.

"Thus we shall be sure that when we hear rapping it will be the spirits, and not the heels, which rap," she said. "Yes, I am contented now." And she added, with a smile, "Célie may even have her scarf," and, picking up a white scarf of tulle which Celia had brought down with her, she placed it carelessly round her shoulders.

"Wait!" Hélène Vauquier whispered in Celia's ear.

To the cord about Celia's waist Adèle was fastening a longer line.

"I shall keep my foot on the other end of this," she said, "when the lights are out, and I shall know then if *la petite* frees herself."

The three women went out of the recess. And the next moment the heavy silk curtains swung across the opening, leaving Celia in darkness. Quickly and noiselessly the poor girl began to twist and work her hands. But she only bruised her wrists. This was to be the last of the séances. But it must succeed! So much of Mme. Dauvray's happiness, so much of her own, hung upon its success. Let her fail to-night, she would be surely turned from the door. The story of her trickery and her exposure would run through Aix. And she had not told Harry! It would reach his ears from others. He would never forgive her. There was the sting for her. To face the old, difficult life of poverty and perhaps starvation again, and again alone, would be hard enough. But to face it with Harry Wethermill's contempt added to its burdens—as the poor girl believed she surely would have to do—no, that would be impossible! Not this time would she turn away from the Seine, because it was so terrible and cold. If she had had the courage to tell him yesterday, he would have forgiven, surely he would! The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. What would become of her now? She was in pain besides. The cords about her arms and ankles tortured her. And she feared—yes, desperately she feared the effect of the exposure upon Mme. Dauvray. She had been treated as a daughter; now she was in return to rob Mme. Dauvray of the belief which had become the passion of her life.

"Let us take our seats at the table," she heard Mme. Dauvray say. "Hélène, you are by the switch of the electric light. Will you turn it off?" And upon that Hélène whispered, yet so that the whisper reached to Celia and awakened hope:—

"Wait! I will see what she is doing."

The curtains opened, and Hélène Vauquier slipped to the girl's side.

Celia checked her tears. She smiled imploringly, gratefully.

"What shall I do?" asked Hélène, in a voice so low that the movement of her mouth rather than the words made the question clear.

Celia raised her head to answer. And then a thing incomprehensible to her happened. As she opened her lips Hélène Vauquier swiftly forced a handkerchief in between the girl's teeth, and lifting the scarf from her shoulders wound it tightly twice across her mouth, binding her lips, and made it fast under the brim of her hat behind her head. Celia tried to scream; she could not utter a sound. She stared at Hélène with incredulous, horror-stricken eyes. Hélène nodded at her with a cruel grin of satisfaction, and Celia realized, though she did not understand, something of the rancour and the hatred which seethed against her in the heart of the woman whom she had supplanted. Hélène Vauquier meant to expose her to-night; Celia had not a doubt of it. That was her explanation of Hélène Vauquier's treachery; and believing that error, she believed yet another—that she had reached the terrible climax of her troubles. She was only at the beginning of them.

"Hélène!" cried Mme. Dauvray, sharply. "What are you doing?"

The maid instantly slid back into the room.

"Mademoiselle has not moved," she said.

Celia heard the women settle in their chairs about the table.

"Is madame ready?" asked Hélène; and

then there was the sound of the snap of a switch. In the salon darkness had come.

If only she had not been wearing her gloves, Celia thought, she might possibly have just been able to free her fingers and her supple hands from their bonds. But as it was she was helpless. She could only sit and wait until the audience in the salon grew tired of waiting and came to her. She closed her eyes, pondering if by any chance she could excuse her failure. But her heart sank within her as she thought of Mme. Rossignol's raillery. No, it was all over for her. . . .

She opened her eyes and she wondered. It seemed to her that there was more light in the recess than there had been when she closed them. Very likely her eyes were growing used to the darkness. Yet—yet—she ought not to be able to distinguish quite so clearly the white pillar opposite to her. She looked towards the glass doors and understood. The wooden shutters outside the doors were not quite closed. They had been carelessly left unbolted. A chink from lintel to floor let in a grey thread of light. Celia heard the women whispering in the salon, and turned her head to hear.

"LIFTING THE SCARF FROM HER SHOULDERS, SHE WOUND IT TIGHTLY ACROSS HER MOUTH."

"Do you hear any sound?"

"No."

"Was that a hand which touched me?"

"No."

"We must wait."

And so silence came again, and suddenly there was quite a rush of light into the recess. Celia turned her head, startled, towards the window. The wooden door had swung a little more open. There was a wider chink to let the twilight of that starlit darkness through. And as she looked the chink slowly broadened and broadened, the door swung slowly back on hinges which were strangely silent. Celia stared at the widening panel of grey light with a vague terror. It was strange that she could hear no whisper of wind in the garden. Why, oh, why was that latticed door opening so noiselessly? Almost she believed that the spirits after all . . . And suddenly the recess darkened again, and

Celia sat with her heart leaping and shivering in her breast. There was something black against the glass doors—a man. He had appeared as silently, as suddenly as any apparition. He stood blocking out the light, pressing his face against the glass, peering into the room. For a moment the shock of horror stunned her. Then she tore frantically at her bonds. All thought of failure, of exposure, of dismissal had fled from her. The three poor women—that was her thought—were sitting unwarned, unsuspecting, defenceless in the pitch-blackness of the salon. A few feet away a man, a thief, was peering in. And she could not warn them. But her struggles were mere efforts to struggle, futile, a shiver from head to foot and noiseless as a shiver. Adèle Rossignol had done her work well and thoroughly. Her arms, her waist, her ankles were pinioned; only the bandage over her mouth seemed to be loosening. Then upon horror, horror was added. The man touched the glass doors and they swung silently inwards. They, too, had been carelessly left unbolted. The man stepped without a sound over the sill into the room. And, as he stepped, fear for herself drove out for the moment from Celia's thoughts fear for the three women in the black room. If only he did not see her! She pressed herself against the pillar. He might overlook her, perhaps! His eyes would not be so accustomed to the darkness of the recess as hers. He might pass her unnoticed—if only he did not touch some fold of her dress.

"HE STOOD BLOCKING OUT THE LIGHT, PRESSING HIS FACE AGAINST THE GLASS, PEERING INTO THE ROOM."

And then, in the midst of her terror, she experienced so great a revulsion from despair to joy that a faintness came upon her and she almost swooned. She saw who the intruder was. For when he stepped into the recess he turned towards her, and the dim light struck upon him and showed

her the contour of his face. It was her lover, Harry Wethermill. Now she must attract his eyes, now her fear was lest he should not see her.

But he came at once straight towards her. He stood in front of her, looking into her eyes. But he uttered no cry. He made no movement of surprise. Celia did not understand it. His face was in the shadow now and she could not see it. Of course, he was stunned, amazed. But—but—he stood almost as if he had expected to find her there and just in that helpless attitude. It was absurd, of course, but he seemed to look upon her helplessness as nothing out of the ordinary way. And he raised no hand to set her free. A chill struck through her. But the next moment he did raise his hand and the blood flowed again at her heart. Of course, she was in the darkness. He had not seen her plight. Even now he was only beginning to be aware of it. For his hand touched the bandage over her mouth—tentatively. He felt for the knot under the broad brim of her hat at the back of her head. He found it. In a moment she would be free. She kept her head quite still, and then—why was he so long? she asked herself. Oh, it was not possible. But her heart seemed to stop, and she knew that it was not only possible—it was true. He was tightening the scarf, not loosening it. The folds bound her lips more surely. She felt the ends drawn close at the back of her head. In a frenzy she tried to shake her head free. But he held her face firmly and finished his work. He was wearing gloves, she noticed with horror, just as thieves do. Then his hands slid down her trembling arms and tested the cord about her wrists. There was something horribly deliberate about his movements. Celia, even at that moment, even with him, had the sensation which had possessed her in the salon. It was the personal equation on which she was used to rely. But neither Adèle nor this—this *stranger* were considering her as even a human being. She was a pawn in their game, and they used her, careless of her terror, her suffering, her beauty, her pain. Then he freed from her waist the long cord which ran beneath the curtain to Adèle Rossignol's foot. Celia's first thought was one of relief. He would jerk the cord unwittingly. They would come into the recess and see. And then the real truth flashed in upon her blindingly. He had jerked the cord, but he had jerked it deliberately. He was already winding it up in a coil as it slid noiselessly across the polished floor beneath the curtains towards him. He had given a signal to Adèle Rossignol. All that woman's scepticism and precaution against trickery had been a mere blind, under cover of which she had been able to pack the girl away securely without arousing her suspicions. Hélène Vauquier was in the plot, too. The gag in Celia's mouth was proof of that. As if to add proof to proof, she heard Adèle Rossignol speak in answer to the signal.

"Are we all ready? Have you got Mme. Dauvray's left hand, Hélène?"

"Yes, madame," answered the maid.

"And I have her right hand. Now give me yours, and thus we are in a circle about the table."

Celia, in her mind, could see them sitting about the round table in the darkness, Mme. Dauvray, between the two women, securely held by them. And she herself could not utter a cry—could not move a muscle to help her.

Wethermill crept back on noiseless feet to the window, closed the wooden doors, and slid the bolts into their sockets. Yes, Hélène Vauquier was in the plot. The bolts and the hinges would not have worked so smoothly but for her. Darkness again filled the recess instead of the grey twilight. But in a moment a faint breath of wind played upon Celia's forehead, and she knew that the man had parted the curtains and slipped into the room. Celia let her head fall towards her shoulder. She was sick and faint with terror. Her lover was in this plot—the lover in whom she had felt so much pride, for whose sake she had taken herself so bitterly to task. He was the associate of Adèle Rossignol, of Hélène Vauquier. He had used her, Celia, as an instrument for his crime. All their hours together at the Villa des Fleurs—here to-night was their culmination. The blood buzzed in her ears and hammered in the veins of her temples. In front of her eyes the darkness whirled, flecked with fire. She would have fallen, but she could not fall. Then, in the silence, a tambourine rattled. In a dreadful suspense she heard Mme. Dauvray speak.

(*To be continued.*)

A Day With a "Mannequin."

How Beautiful Dresses Should and Should Not be Worn.

AT four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, while all the fashionable world was in the Park, a taxi-cab stopped at the Marble Arch and an elegantly-dressed young lady alighted. Her figure, her carriage, the cut and material of her frock—all her appointments were of the most charming description, and bespoke taste and affluence. Choosing the right-hand path, she continued slowly, gracefully, until she reached the crowded lawn in front of Stanhope Gate, where she paused for perhaps ten minutes, the observed of all observers. She then proceeded onwards to the next cluster at the Achilles Statue, where she again paused—this time for five minutes, displaying her frock and millinery to the greatest advantage. At the expiration of half an hour, still alone, still dignified, still serious, perhaps (if one scrutinized her closely enough) a little wistful, the beautifully-gowned young lady passed out at Apsley House archway, hailed another taxi-cab, and was driven rapidly to Bond Street.

Who was she? Why had she come? Had she expected to meet someone?

Briefly, this young woman was a missionary. For fear of being misunderstood, let me hasten to add that there are missionaries and missionaries. This was a missionary in the cause of dress. Matthew Arnold repeatedly declared that "conduct was three parts of life." Nowadays, *le beau sexe* would substitute "dress" for "conduct." In every Englishwoman is inculcated the necessity for looking her best with the resources at her disposal. But the feminine aspirant for sartorial perfection must have models—ideals. It is of no use to be able to command all the dazzling (and ornithologically impossible) plumage of M. Rostand's hen-pheasant if you cannot

A GROUP OF "MANNEQUINS" IN PRIVATE LIFE.
From a Photograph (by courtesy of Mme. Hayward) by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

don it, and no use donning it if you have not previously acquired the art of wearing it. The young woman, then, who promenaded in all her glory from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner was the sartorial aspirant's model—her ideal. In other words, she was a professional mannequin.

Needless to say, there were many in that throng who observed, carefully and admiringly, what this young woman wore—the cut and colour of the fabrics, the style and exquisite grace of the trimming, and mentally resolved to order something of the same kind themselves. It was plain that such a gown could not be turned out by an ordinary dressmaker. It bore the hall-mark of genius, just as do the creations of Mme. Hayward, the house of Paquin, or Mme. Lucille. In fact, it is a curious thing how such sartorial masterpieces carry an individuality strong enough for their makers to be recognized by the leading members of the world of fashion. It is hardly necessary to be told who is responsible for such superb frocks as are worn, say, by Miss Marie Tempest. Every one of a fashionable first-night audience knows who alone could turn out dresses of that particular character.

A fortnight later, perhaps several other ladies, young or middle-aged—if there are any middle-aged ladies nowadays — make their appearance in the Park. They are wearing dresses obviously based on the beautiful apparition lately seen in the same precincts. They have been at some pains to find out the same dressmaker, perhaps ; they have inspected the mannequin at close quarters in the modiste's atelier, and they have fondly imagined, maybe, that their appearance in public will attract the same

Photos, Reutlinger.] THE CORRECT WAY —AND— THE INCORRECT WAY
OF WEARING A DRESS.

attention, and that by buying beautiful dresses they will attain an enviable reputation for being well-dressed. What a blunder! And what a difference the self-same dress now presents!

Remember, it is not a question of the natural good looks of the wearer. We all know plain women who easily bear off the palm in the matter of dress. There was an excellent scene in a modern comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," in which the heroine made a practical demonstration of what not merely dress, but the manner of wearing it, could do to effect a complete transformation —to turn an attractive woman into an unattractive one, and *vice versâ*.

Accompanying this article are a series of beautiful dresses. Precisely the same dress is shown worn in two different styles. In the first photograph the dress is shown as it should be worn. The second picture shows the same dress worn in the wrong way, and many of us will recognize it as a familiar aspect. If you will examine snapshots taken at race-courses or other places of public resort, you will notice several beautiful dresses worn in this way, unarranged by the photographer.

The mannequin is a new institution. A few years ago the very word was unheard of in London dressmaking establishments, just as it is still little known in New York. We spoke of "a dress or cloak model," or "one of the young ladies in the show-room," but "mannequin" would have been as unintelligible as "chauffeur" a few years earlier. Both words are French designations; but what a gulf separates a stoker from a chauffeur, or a mannequin from a "show-room model"! Court dressmakers now

THE RIGHT WAY.

THE WRONG WAY. [*Photos. Reutlinger.*

advertise for mannequins in the newspapers, and a far more refined and educated class of girl answer the advertisements than ever applied for such situations in the old days before Englishwomen became so keenly interested in dress. In their ignorance many of them suppose that the character is something to be assumed "just for fun" —a mere matter of trying on beautiful garments, without either skill or training on their part. Certainly there are some who are born mannequins, who combine a beauty and grace of figure with a passion for wearing lovely clothes which they cannot afford. Such is the case of the founder of the Mannequins' Club (to which I shall refer later on), a country parson's daughter, who frankly confesses that she revels in her duties.

"I might have been a typist, a suffragette, or gone on the stage," she says. "I became a mannequin. I wear forty thousand pounds' worth of dresses a year. No Princess in Europe does that. I gorge my soul all day in colour and ornament, and there is no reaction except the one of slight physical fatigue which would exist in any calling. Moreover, I am independent, and am earning my living. I am admired all day long, without boring an audience by pretending I can act."

But this belongs to the romance of the mannequin. The primary essential is that she should possess a good figure, and the social historian of the future may find a table of her proportions valuable—such as a twenty-two to twenty-three inch waist measurement; forty to forty-two hip measure; and a thirty-four to thirty-six bust. The wearing of a forty-two inch skirt is the guide for height. Other dimensions, such as length of

ELEGANCE —AND— INELEGANCE. [*Photos. Reutlinger.*

arm and breadth of shoulders, have also to be considered. In many establishments, especially those in Paris, the slightest deviation from the foregoing scale will debar a candidate. But that is not all that is imperatively required. There is grace of movement and carriage and deportment.

"I am very sorry," remarked a modiste to a beautiful girl who had presented herself, "but there is a suggestion of jerkiness in your gait. Otherwise you are perfect. Good morning!"

Robust health and good spirits—a temper that is never ruffled—are also indispensable. Most of us have had visions of a line of charming, graceful young women displaying the latest Paris fashions or the "creations" of Hanover Square all bright and smiling, as if they were enjoying themselves immensely. Some of them are. Others find the *rôle* of living doll onerous. There was a recent Paris law-suit where the reason alleged by the proprietor of an establishment in the Rue de la Paix for dismissing his mannequin was that his customers complained that she looked "disagreeable and fatigued." In another establishment lolling attitudes or awkward movements are punished by a fine. "Fined for lolling twice, two francs." "Ah, a franc a loll. Cheap luxury."

A WELL-CUT GOWN SUITABLY AND UNSUITABLY WORN. [*Photo.*] [*G. Newnes, Ltd.*

SUCCESS. [*Photos. Reutlinger.*

As is well known, the old English "show-room" is now an "atelier," and the mannequin of the atelier is naturally an expert in the art of dress.

"The trouble with Englishwomen," remarked a mannequin who has had experience in Paris and New York, "is that while they wish to dress well, they are not sufficiently serious. They are ready enough to take pains, but they do not take pains at the right time. The Parisienne has never made up her mind as to the style of clothes she wants until she has seen everything the modiste has to show her and has considered the whole carefully. This involves frequent visits and generally takes a week

FAILURE.

or more. What of the Englishwoman? Oh, so different! Here is an instance. A well-known titled lady entered the atelier one day and explained that she wanted three evening gowns, five day gowns, two evening cloaks, and a travelling costume. Here was at least a week's work in selection for a Frenchwoman. The Englishwoman accomplished it in an hour and fifteen minutes, or almost as fast as I could robe and disrobe. As I appeared in a new 'creation' her ladyship would remark, 'Ah, very nice—I'll have that!' or, 'Impossible! Not at all in my line.' But quick decision does not guarantee perfection of results, as you may imagine."

CHARM AND ITS ABSENCE.
Photos. Reutlinger.

As a famous French dressmaker has remarked, "Anyone can buy clothes—it takes an artist to wear them." In England you behold the lamentable spectacle of a hundred thousand women who have bought half a million beautiful dresses, but have not yet acquired the art of wearing them.

The mannequin assists at the birth of many a famous "creation." As Miss Jones is walking about in a beautiful reception gown, "Stop!" cries her employer, a celebrated man-milliner, "I have an idea." Whereupon he summons the draughtswoman. Every great establishment keeps one or more designers in black and white on the premises. "Please take down my ideas. To begin

GOOD STYLE —AND— BAD STYLE. [*Photos. Reutlinger.*

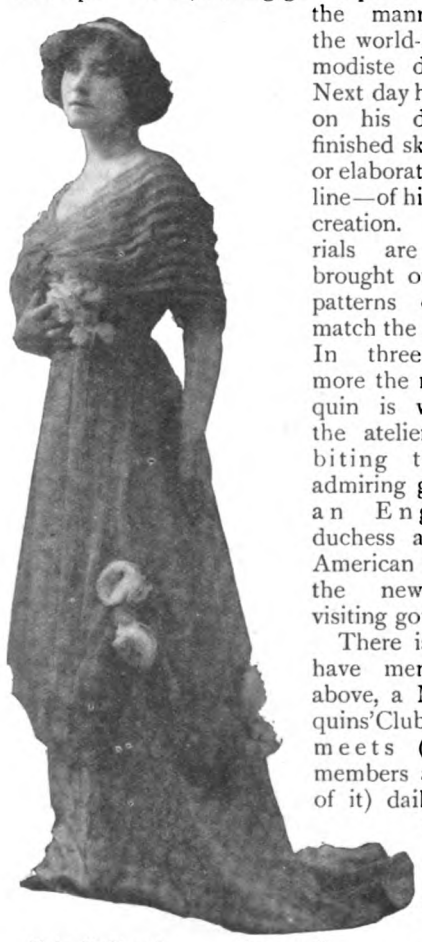
with, there's the bodice, so-and-so. No, give me your pencil and paper. Kindly continue to walk up and down, Miss Jones. Low neck—collarette so—vertical stripes here—horizontal here—skirt looping here—falling so. There—with a toque like this." With a smile of triumph he hands his sketch back to the artist. "Now, mademoiselle, please work that up!" And, having got inspiration from the mannequin, the world-famous modiste departs. Next day he finds on his desk a finished sketch—or elaborated outline—of his latest creation. Materials are then brought out and patterns cut to match the design. In three days more the mannequin is walking the atelier exhibiting to the admiring gaze of an English duchess and an American heiress the new-born visiting gown.

There is, as I have mentioned above, a Mannequins' Club, which meets (some members at least of it) daily at a certain tea-shop not far from Hanover Square. It deserves to be famous. The modest boast of its fifteen members is that it is the best-dressed club in Europe. But perhaps this is not quite accurate. As a club it is distinctly not well-dressed, which is hardly remarkable considering the average income of its members does not exceed thirty shillings a week. But they have their moments, and ere the bus bears this one to Camden Town and this other to Pimlico one overhears such talk as this:—

"I wore to-day three street gowns, four new tea-gowns — very *chic* — five evening gowns, and a Court robe, with a train of silver cloth studded with pearls."

"Really? You must have looked charming." (Not a syllable, by the way, of her interlocutor's being overdressed, as a chance auditor might expect.) "As for me, I wore eight evening gowns and two Court gowns, one with a perfect dream of a train of azure brocade, trimmed with old lace."

When we have followed a mannequin through her long day of continual costume changing, incessant posing, perpetual acting of the part of the agreeable lay figure; standing in this light or in that, parading the length of the showroom or just taking a few steps, we must not think that we have seen the whole of her work. During the slack hours, when she is not on show for customers, the mannequin is used as a living block for the trying-on of sample costumes. For this she must pose to a designer, who fits and refits and takes off a garment a dozen times. She must also pose frequently for the photographer, for the photographic fashion-plate is gradually supplanting the hand-made variety, especially in Paris; and it is itself something of an art to make an effective display of the points of a costume before the camera.



Photos. Reutlinger.] "GRACE" —COMPARED WITH— AWKWARDNESS.

The photographs by M. Reutlinger represent Mademoiselle Renée Desprez, of the Théâtre des Capucines (Paris), who kindly consented to pose for THE STRAND MAGAZINE in the "toilettes de saison" lent by the Maison Doucet.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

CHAPTER VI.

"BUT why?" asked Philip at dinner, which was no painted wonder of wooden make-believe, but real roast guinea-fowl and angel pudding. "Why do you only have wooden things to eat at your banquets?"

"Banquets are extremely important occasions," said Mr. Noah, "and real food—food that you can eat and enjoy—only serves to distract the mind from the serious affairs of life. Many of the most successful caterers in your world have grasped this great truth."

"But why," Lucy asked, "do you have the big silver bowls with nothing in them?"

Mr. Noah sighed. "The bowls are for dessert," he said.

"But there isn't any dessert *in* them," Lucy objected.

"No," said Mr. Noah, sighing again, "that's just it. There is no dessert. There has never been any dessert. Will you have a little more angel pudding?"

It was quite plain to Lucy and Philip that Mr. Noah wished to change the subject, which, for some reason, was a sad one, and with true politeness they both said "Yes, please," to the angel pudding offer, though they had already had quite as much as they really needed.

After dinner Mr. Noah took them for a walk through the town, "to see the factories," he said. This surprised Philip, who had been taught not to build factories with his bricks because factories were so ugly; but the factories turned out to be pleasant, long, low houses, with tall French windows opening into gardens of roses, where people of all nations made beautiful and useful things, and loved making them. And all the people who were making them looked clean and happy.

"I wish we had factories like those," Philip said. "Our factories *are* so ugly. Helen says so."

"That's because all your factories are *money* factories," said Mr. Noah, "though they're called by all sorts of different names. Everyone here has to make something that isn't just money or for money—something useful *and* beautiful."

"Even you?" said Lucy.

"Even I," said Mr. Noah.

"What do you make?" The question was bound to come.

"Laws, of course," Mr. Noah answered, in some surprise. "Didn't you know I was the chief judge?"

"But laws can't be useful and beautiful, can they?"

"They can certainly be useful," said Mr. Noah, "and," he added, with modest pride, "my laws are beautiful. What do you think of this? 'Everybody must try to be kind to everybody else. Anyone who has been unkind must be sorry and say so.'"

"It seems all right," said Philip, "but it's not exactly beautiful."

"Oh, don't you think so?" said Mr. Noah, a little hurt. "It mayn't *sound* beautiful, perhaps—I never could write poetry—but it's quite beautiful when people do it."

"Oh—if you mean your laws are beautiful when they're *kept*," said Philip.

"Beautiful things can't be beautiful when they're broken, of course," Mr. Noah explained. "Not even laws. But ugly laws are only beautiful when they *are* broken. That's odd, isn't it? Laws are very tricky things."

"I say," Philip said, suddenly, as they climbed one of the steep flights of steps between trees in pots, "couldn't we do another of the deeds now? I don't feel as if I'd really done anything to-day at all. It was Lucy who did the carpet. Do tell us the next deed."

"The next deed," Mr. Noah answered,

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"ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE MAKING THEM LOOKED CLEAN AND HAPPY."

"will probably take some time. There's no reason why you should not begin it to-day, if you like. It is a deed peculiarly suited to a baronet. I don't know why," he added, hastily; "it may be that it is the only thing that baronets are good for. I shouldn't wonder. The existence of baronets," he added, musingly, "has always seemed to the thoughtful to lack justification. Perhaps this deed which you will begin to-day is the wise end to which baronets were designed."

"Yes, I dare say," said Philip; "but what is the end?"

"I don't know," Mr. Noah owned; "but I'll tell you what the *deed* is. You've got to journey to the land of the Dwellers by the Sea and, by any means that may commend itself to you, slay their fear."

Philip naturally asked what the Dwellers by the Sea were afraid of.

"That you will learn from them," said Mr. Noah; "but it is a very great fear."

"Is it something we shall be afraid of *too?*" Lucy asked.

And Philip at once said, "Oh, then she really did mean to come, did she? But she wasn't to if she was afraid. Girls weren't expected to be brave."

"They *are*, here," said Mr. Noah. "The girls are expected to be brave and the boys kind."

"Oh," said Philip, doubtfully. And Lucy said:—

"Of course I meant to come. You know you promised."

So that was settled.

"And now," said Mr. Noah, rubbing his hands with the cheerful air of one who has a great deal to do and is going to enjoy doing it, "we must fit you out a proper expedition, for the Dwellers by the Sea are a very long way off. What would you like to ride on?"

"A horse," said Philip, truly pleased. He said horse because he did not want to ride a donkey, and he had never seen anyone ride any animal but these two.

"That's right," Mr. Noah said, patting him on the back. "I *was* so afraid you'd ask for a bicycle. And there's a dreadful law here—it was made by mistake, but there it is—that if anyone asks for machinery they have to have it and keep on using it. But as to a horse—well, I'm not sure. You see, you have to ride right across the Pebbly Waste, and it's a good three days' journey. But come along to the stables."

You know the kind of stables they would be? The long shed with stalls such as you had when you were little, for your little wooden horses and carts. Only there were not only horses here, but every sort of animal that has ever been ridden on: elephants, camels, donkeys, mules, bulls, goats, zebras, tortoises, ostriches, bisons, and pigs. And in the last stall of all, which was not of common wood but of beaten silver, stood the very hippogriff himself, with his long white mane and his long white tail, and his gentle, beautiful eyes. His long white wings were folded neatly on his satin-smooth back, and how he and the stall got here was more than Philip could guess. All the others were Noah's Ark animals, alive, of course, but still Noah's Arky beyond possibility of mistake. But the hippogriff was not Noah's Ark at all.

"He came," Mr. Noah explained, "out of a book—one of the books you used to build your city with."

"Can't we have *him?*" Lucy said. "He looks such a darling." And the hippogriff turned his white velvet nose and nuzzled against her in affectionate acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Not if you both go," Mr. Noah explained. "He cannot carry more than one person at a time. No; if I may advise, I should say go by camel."

"Can the camel carry two?"

"Of course. He is called the ship of the desert," Mr. Noah informed them, "and a ship that wouldn't carry more than one would be simply silly."

So *that* was settled. Mr. Noah himself saddled and bridled the camel, which was a very large one, with his own hands.

"Let me see," he said, standing thoughtful, with the lead rope in his hand, "you'll be wanting dogs."

"I *always* want dogs," said Philip, warmly.

"To use in emergencies." He whistled, and two Noah's Ark dogs leaped from their kennels to their chains' ends. Both were white; one had black spots, and the other's spots were brown.

"This is your master and that's your mistress," Mr. Noah explained to the dogs, and they fawned round the children.

"Then you'll want things to eat and things to drink, and tents and umbrellas in case of bad weather, and—— But let's turn down this street; just at the corner we shall find exactly what we want."

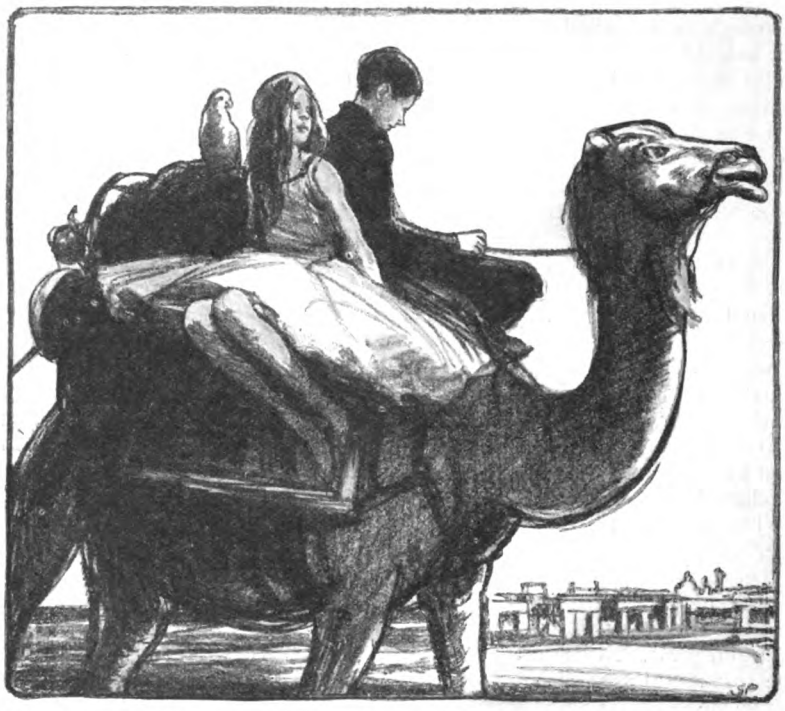
It was a shop that said outside, "Universal Provider. Expeditions fitted out at a moment's notice. Punctuality and dispatch." The shopkeeper came forward politely. He was so exactly like Mr. Noah that the children knew who he was even before he said, "Well, father?" And Mr. Noah said, "This is my son; he has had some experience in outfits."

"What have you got to start with?" the son asked, getting to business at once.

"Two dogs, two children, and a camel," said Mr. Noah. "Yes, I know it's customary to have two of everything, but I assure you, my dear boy, that one camel is as much as Sir Philip can manage. It is indeed."

Mr. Noah's son very dutifully supposed that his father knew best, and willingly agreed to provide everything that was needed for the expedition, including one best-quality talking parrot, and to deliver all goods, carefully packed, within half an hour.

So now you see Philip and Lucy, who still wore her fairy dress, packed with all their belongings on the top of a very large and wobbly camel, and being led out of the city by the usual procession, with seven bands of



"IN FRONT LAY THE VAST AND INTERESTING EXPANSE OF THE ABSOLUTELY UNKNOWN."

music all playing "See the Conquering Hero Goes," which is quite a different tune from the one you know, which has a name a little like that.

The camel and its load were rather a tight fit for the particular gateway that they happened to go out by, and the children had to stoop to avoid scraping their heads against the top of the archway. But they got through all right, and now they were well on the road, which was really little more than a field-path running through the flowery meadow country where the dragon had been killed. They saw the Stonehenge ruins and the big tower far away to the left, and in front lay the vast and interesting expanse of the Absolutely Unknown.

It was certainly very grand to ride on a camel, and Lucy tried not to think how difficult it would be to get on and off. The parrot was amusing too. It talked extremely well. Of course you understand that, if you can only make a parrot understand, it can tell you everything you want to know about other animals; because it understands *their* talk quite naturally and without being made. The present parrot declined ordinary conversation, and when questioned only recited poetry of a rather dull kind that went on and on. "Arms and the man I sing," it began, and then something about haughty Juno. Its voice was soothing, and riding on the camel was not unlike being rocked in a very bumpety cradle. The children were securely seated in things like padded panniers, and they had had an exciting day. As the sun set, which it did quite soon, the parrot called out to the nearest dog, "I say, Max, they're asleep."

"I don't wonder," said Max. "But it's all right. Humpty knows the way."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you young dog, can't you?" said the camel, grumpily.

"Don't be cross, darling," said the other dog, whose name was Brenda, "and be sure you stop at a really first-class oasis for the night. But I know we can trust *you*, dear."

A tumbling, shaking, dumping sensation—more like a soft railway accident than anything else—awakened our travellers, and they found that the camel was kneeling down.

"Off you come," said the parrot, "and make the fire and boil the kettle."

"Polly put the kettle on," Lucy said, absently, as she slid down to the ground; to which the parrot replied:—

"Certainly not. I wish you wouldn't rake up that old story. It was quite false. I never did put a kettle on and I never will."

Why should I describe to you the adventure of camping at an oasis in a desert? You must all have done it many times; or, if you have not done it, you have read about it. You know all about the well and the palm trees and the dates and things. They had cocoa for supper. It was great fun—and they slept soundly and awoke in the morning with a heart for any fate, as a respectable poet puts it.

The next day was just the same as the first, only, instead of going through fresh green fields, the way lay through dry yellow desert. And again the children slept, and again the camel chose an oasis with remarkable taste and judgment. But the second night was not at all the same as the first. For in the middle of it the parrot awakened Philip by biting his ear and then hopping to a safe distance from his awakening fists and crying out, "Make up the camp fire. Look alive. It's lions!" The dogs were whining and barking, and Brenda was earnestly trying to climb a palm tree. Max faced the danger, it is true, but he seemed to have no real love of sport.

Philip sprang up and heaped dead palm scales and leaves on the dying fire. It blazed up, and something moved beyond the bushes. Philip wondered whether those pairs of shining things, like strayed stars, that he saw in the darkness could really be the eyes of lions.

"What a nuisance these lions are, to be sure!" said the parrot. "No, they won't come near us while the fire's burning; but, really, they ought to be put down by law."

"THEY HAD COCOA FOR SUPPER."

"Why doesn't somebody kill them?" Lucy asked. She had wakened when Philip did, and, after a meditative minute, had helped with the palm scales and things.

"It's not so easy," said the parrot. "Nobody knows how to do it. How would *you* kill a lion?"

"*I* don't know," said Philip, but Lucy said, "Are they Noah's Ark lions?"

"Of course they are," said Polly. "All the books with lions in them are kept shut up."

"I know how you could kill Noah's Ark lions, if you could catch them," Lucy said.

"It's easy enough to catch them," said Polly. "An hour after dawn they go to sleep, but it's unsportsmanlike to kill game when it's asleep."

"I'm going to think, if you don't mind," Lucy announced, and sat down very near the fire. "It's just the opposite of the dragon," she said, after a minute. The parrot nodded, and there was a long silence. Then suddenly Lucy jumped up.

"I know," she cried. "Oh, I really *do* know. And it won't hurt them, either. I don't a bit mind killing things, but I do hate hurting them. There's plenty of rope, I know."

There was.

"Then, when it's dawn, we'll tie them up and then you'll see."

"I think you might tell *me*," said Philip, injured.

"No—they may understand what we say. Polly does."

Philip made a natural suggestion. But Lucy replied that it was not manners to whisper, and the parrot said it should think not indeed.

So, sitting by the fire, all faces turned to where those strange twin stars shone, and those strange hidden movements and rustlings stirred, the expedition waited for the dawn. And presently dawn came, not slow and silvery as dawns come here, but sudden and red, with strong, level lights and the shadows of the palm trees stretching all across the desert.

In broad daylight it did not seem so hard to have to go and look for the lions. They all went—even the camel pulled himself together to join the lion hunt, and Brenda herself decided to come rather than be left alone.

The lions were easily found. There were only two of them, of course, and they were lying close together, each on its tawny side, on the sandy desert at the edge of the oasis.

Very gently the ropes, with slip-knots, were fitted over their heads, and the other end of the rope passed round a palm tree. Other ropes round the trees were passed round what would have been the waists of the lions, if lions had such things as waists.

"Now!" whispered Lucy, and at once all four ropes were pulled tight. The lions struggled, but only in their sleep. And soon they were still. Then with more and more ropes their legs and tails were made fast.

"And that's all right," said Lucy, rather out of breath. "Where's Polly?"

"Here," replied that bird from a neighbouring bush. "I thought I should only be in the way if I kept close to you. But I longed to lend a claw in such good work. Can I help *now?*"

"Will you please explain to the dogs?" said Lucy. "It's their turn now. The only way I know to kill Noah's Ark lions is to *lick the paint off* and break their legs. And if the dogs lick all the paint off their legs they won't feel it when we break them."

Polly hastened to explain to the dogs, and then turned again to Lucy.

"They asked if you're sure the ropes will hold, and I've told them of course. So, now they're going to begin. I only hope the paint won't make them ill."

"It never did me," said Lucy. "I sucked the dove quite clean one Sunday, and it wasn't half bad. Tasted of sugar a little and eucalyptus oil, like they give you when you've got a cold. Tell them that, Polly."

Polly did, and added, "I will recite poetry to them to hearten them to their task."

"Do," said Philip, heartily; "it may make them hurry up. But perhaps you'd better tell them that we shall pinch their tails if they happen to go to sleep."

Then the children had a cocoa and date breakfast. And the noble and devoted dogs licked and licked and licked, and the paint began to come off the lions' legs like anything. And in the end all the paint was off the lions' legs, and Philip chopped them off with the explorer's axe which that experienced provider, Mr. Noah's son, had thoughtfully included in the outfit of the expedition.

"It seems a pity," he said. "Lions are such jolly beasts when they are alive."

"I never cared for lions myself," said Polly; and Lucy said:—

"Never mind, Phil. It didn't hurt them, anyway."

And that was the first time she ever called him "Phil."

"All right, Lu," said Philip. "It was jolly clever of you to think of it, anyhow." And that was the first time he ever called her "Lu."

They saw the straight pale line of the sea for a long time before they came to the place of the Dwellers by the Sea. For these people had built their castle down on the very edge of the sea, and the Pebbly Waste rose and rose to a mountain that hid their castle from the eyes of the camel-riders, who were now drawing near to the scene of their next deed. The Pebbly Waste was all made of small slippery stones, and the children understood how horrid a horse would have found it. Even the camel went very slowly, and the dogs no longer frisked and bounded, but went at a foot's pace with drooping ears and tails.

"I should call a halt, if I were you," said Polly. "We shall all be the better for a cup of cocoa. And, besides——"

Polly refused to explain this dark hint and only added, "Look out for surprises."

"I thought," said Philip, draining the last of his second mug of cocoa, "I thought there were no birds in the desert except you, and you're more a person than a bird. But look there."

Far away across the desert a moving speck showed, high up in the blue air. It grew bigger and bigger, plainly coming towards the camp. It was as big as a moth now, now as big as a tea-cup, now as big as an eagle—and . . .

"But it's got four legs," said Lucy.

"Yes," said the parrot, "it would have, you know. It is the hippogriff."

It was indeed that magnificent wonder.

Flying through the air with long sweeps of his great white wings, the hippogriff drew nearer and nearer, bearing on his back—what?

"It's the Pretenderette," cried Lucy; and at the same moment Philip said, "It's

that nasty motor thing."

It was. The hippogriff dropped from the sky to the desert below as softly as a butterfly alighting on a flower, and stood there in all his gracious whiteness. And on his back was the veiled motor lady.

"So glad I've caught you up," she said, in that hateful voice of hers. "Now we can go on together."

"I don't see what you wanted to come at all for," said Philip, downrightly.

"Oh, *don't* you?" she said, sitting up there on the hippogriff, with her horrid motor veil fluttering in the breeze from the now hidden sea. "Why, of course I have a right to be present at all experiments. There ought to be some responsible grown-up person to see that you really do what you're sure to say you've done."

"Do you mean that we're liars?" Philip asked, hotly.

"I don't mean to *say* anything about it," the Pretenderette answered, with an unpleasant giggle; "but a grown-up person ought to be present." She added something about a parcel of birds and children. And the parrot ruffled his feathers till he looked twice his proper size.

Philip said he didn't see it.

"Oh, but *I* do," said the Pretenderette; "if you fail, then it's my turn, and I might very likely succeed the minute after you'd failed. So we'll all go on comfortably together. *Won't* that be nice?"

A speechless despair seemed to have fallen on the party. Nobody spoke. The children looked blank, the dogs whined, the camel put on his haughtiest sneer, and the parrot fidgeted in his fluffed-out feather dress.

"Let's be starting," said the motor lady.

"Gee-up, pony!"

"FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH LONG SWEEPS OF HIS GREAT WHITE WINGS, THE HIPPOGRIFF DREW NEARER AND NEARER."

Suddenly the parrot spread its wings and flew to perch on Philip's shoulder. It whispered in his ear.

"Whispering is not manners, I know," it said, "but your own generous heart will excuse me. 'Parcel of birds and children!' Doesn't your blood boil?"

Philip thought it did.

"Well, then," said the bird, impatiently, "what are we waiting for? You've only got to say the word, and I'll take her back by the ear."

"I wish you would," said Philip.

"Nothing easier," said the parrot. "The miserable outsider! Intruding into *our* expedition! I advise you to await my return here. Or, if I am not back by the morning, there will be no objection to your calling, about noon, on the Dwellers. I can rejoin you there. Good-bye."

It stroked his ear with a gentle and kindly beak, and flew into the air and circled three times round the detested motor lady's head.

"Get away!" she cried, flapping her hands furiously. "Call your silly Poll Parrot off, can't you?" And then she screamed, "Oh! It's got hold of my ear!"

"Oh, don't hurt her!" said Lucy.

"I will not hurt her." The parrot let the ear go on purpose to say this, and the Pretenderette covered both ears with her hands. "You person in the veil, I shall take hold again in a moment. And it will hurt you much less if the hippogriff and I happen to be flying in the same direction. See? If I were you I should just say, 'Go back the way you came, please,' to the hippogriff, and then it will hardly hurt you at all. Keep your hands where they are. A nose will do just as well."

The person on the hippogriff put both hands to her nose. Instantly the parrot had her again by the ear.

"Go back the way you came," she cried; "but I'll be even with you children yet."

The hippogriff did not move.

"Let go my ear," screamed the lady.

"You'll have to say 'please,' you know," said Philip, "not to the bird, I don't mean—that's no good. But to the hippogriff."

"*Please*, then," said the lady in a burst of temper, and instantly the white wings parted and spread and the hippogriff rose in the air and went sailing away across the desert.

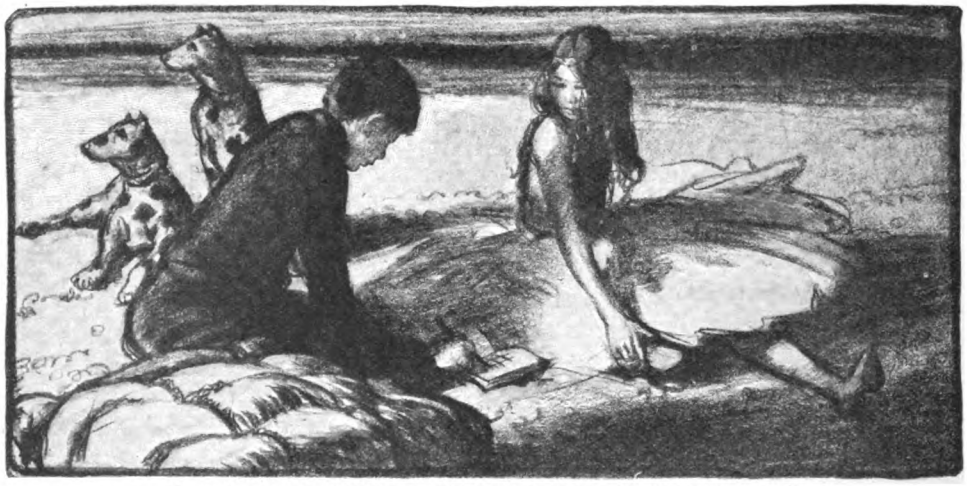
"What a treasure of a parrot!" said Philip.

But Lucy said, "Who *is* that Pretenderette? Why is she so horrid to us when everyone else is so nice?"

"I don't know," said Philip. "Hateful old thing!"

"I can't help feeling as if I knew her quite well, if I could only remember who she is."

"Do you?" said Philip. "I say, let's play noughts and crosses. I've got a note-book and a bit of pencil in my pocket. We might play a bit till it's time to go to sleep."



"THEY PLAYED NOUGHTS AND CROSSES ON THE PEBBLY WASTE."

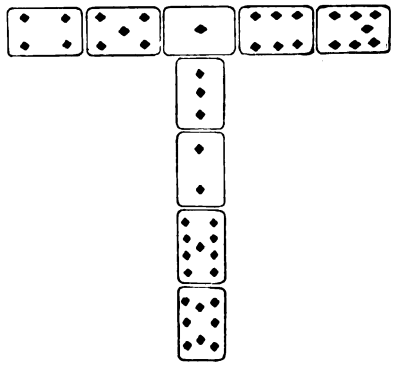
So they played noughts and crosses on the Pebbly Waste, and behind them the parrot and the hippogriff took away the tiresome one, and in front of them lay the high pebble ridge that was like a mountain, and beyond that was the Unknown and the Adventure and the Dwellers and the Deed to be done.

(*To be continued.*)

PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

4.—THE "T" CARD PUZZLE.



AN entertaining little puzzle with cards is to take the nine cards of a suit, from ace to nine inclusive, and arrange them in the form of the letter "T," as shown in the illustration, so that the pips in the horizontal line shall count the same as those in the column. In the example given they add up twenty-three both ways. Now, it is quite easy to get a single correct arrangement. The puzzle is to discover in just how many different ways it may be done. Though the number is high, the solution is not really difficult if we attack the puzzle in the right manner. The merely reverse way obtained by reflecting the illustration in a mirror we will not count as different, but all other changes in the relative positions of the cards will count. How many different ways are there?

5.—THE "STRAND" SQUARE.

The puzzle here is to complete the square, filling every vacant cell with one of the letters in the top row (regarding the full stop as a letter), so that no letter shall be in line with a similar letter, horizontally, vertically, or diagonally. Putting it in another way, if we regard the seven S's as chess queens, no queen with that letter must attack another of its own kind. And the same with all the other letters (and the full stop) taken separately. If the reader hits on the idea at once, as he is not unlikely to do, this puzzle becomes ridiculously simple. If he does not do so, it may give him a little trouble to fill every cell.

S	T	R	A	N	D	.

6.—A FAIR DISTRIBUTION.

A shopkeeper had oranges of three sizes for sale—one a penny, two a penny, and three a penny. So, of course, two of the second size, or three of the third size, were considered equal to one orange of the first size. Now, a lady who had an equal number of boys and girls gave her children sevenpence to be spent amongst them all on these oranges. The puzzle is to give each child an equal distribution of oranges. How was the sevenpence spent, and how many children were there? No oranges may be cut. Do not jump hastily at the conclusion that there are several equally correct answers, for there is really only one solution.

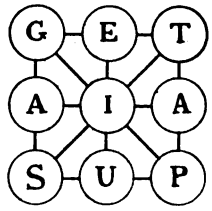
SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES
In Our Last Number.

1.—THE MOTOR GARAGE PUZZLE.

The exchange of cars can be made in forty-three moves, as follows: 6—G, 2—B, 1—E, 3—H, 4—I, 3—L, 6—K, 4—G, 1—I, 2—J, 5—H, 4—A, 7—F, 8—E, 4—D, 8—C, 7—A, 8—G, 5—C, 2—B, 1—E, 8—I, 1—G, 2—J, 7—H, 1—A, 7—G, 2—B, 6—E, 3—H, 8—L, 3—I, 7—K, 3—G, 6—I, 2—J, 5—H, 3—C, 5—G, 2—B, 6—E, 5—I, 6—J. Of course, "6—G" means that the car numbered "6" moves to the point "G." There are other ways in forty-three moves.

2.—A SPELLING PUZZLE.

The arrangement shown in the illustration gives the following words: GET, TEG, SUP, PUS, PAT, TAP, GAS, SAG, PIG, GIP, SIT, AIA, and 'TIS. If we admit the last contraction as a good word, then there are as many as thirteen words. "AIA" is, of course, a Brazilian bird. It will be seen that we here lose only three possible readings—EIU and UIE, which are not words, and a repetition of AIA. It may be possible to beat this, but I have not myself succeeded in doing it. If, however, we write in the three words, TAG, AIA, and BAN, we get a solution nearly as good, though 'GAN as a contraction of BEGAN is obsolete, whereas 'TIS is in common use.



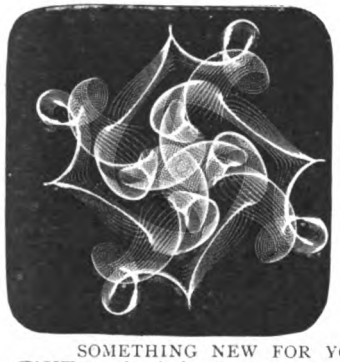
3.—A QUEER THING IN MONEY.

The only other sum of money that fulfils the conditions is £44,444 4s. 4d., the digits of which total to 28, as do also the digits in the case of the same value in pence—10,666,612. It is a curious coincidence that this last number should contain in its centre the figures of the other sum—£66 6s. 6d.

[The answers to the above puzzles, together with some new posers, will be given in the next number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.]

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



SOMETHING NEW FOR YOUR STEREOSCOPE.

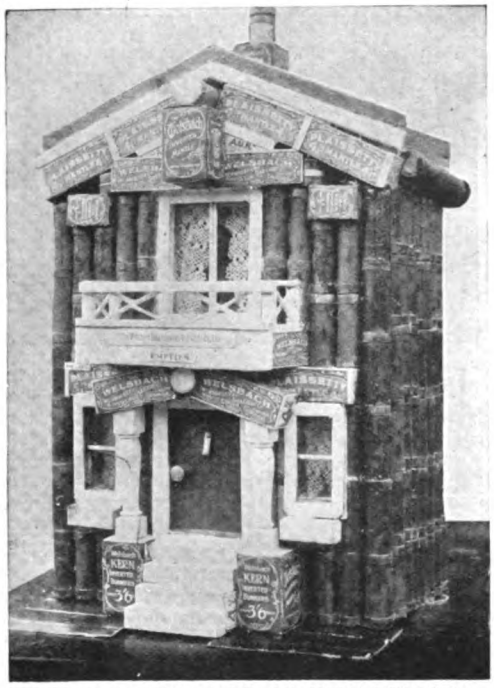
CUT out the design reproduced herewith, and after pasting it on a card look at it through a stereoscope, when you will be astonished at its beauty. It is one of a number of mechanical stereoscopic drawings which I have made with a pendulum apparatus, all of them being drawn on glass with the finest needles procurable and afterwards photographed.—Mr. William Parry, Rosedene, Lindisfarne, Hobart, Tasmania.

A HERMIT'S CAVE.

CLOSE to the city of Sydney, N.S.W., with a tram terminus almost at its door, yet hidden away on the rocky shore of one of the bays of the far-famed harbour, is this cave-dwelling. Here for ten or more years a man of retiring and literary disposition has made his home in a cave. In the centre is a draped bed with mosquito curtains; photographs and coloured prints adorn the walls and table. Visitors, of which there are rather too many, since the recent advent of the trams, to please this hermit, are always struck with the scrupulous cleanliness of everything in this unique dwelling-place. — Mr. F. T. Charles, Cowles Road, Mosman, Sydney, N.S.W.

A NEW WAY TO CARRY A CHILD.

A NEW and easy way of carrying a child—by means of a walking-stick—is shown in the following photograph. I prefer not to carry children, but if this duty must be performed it is pleasant for oneself and for the child to have a change from "pick-a-back" and "flying angel." The method illustrated, which has served me well on many occasions, has the following merits: 1. One can stand erect and swing himself along, while the child also enjoys the swing. 2. The child has perforce to hold on and thus helps to support itself.—Mr. Frank L. Baker, 1, Hastings Road, Auburn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.



DOLL'S HOUSE MADE OF INCANDESCENT GAS-MANTLE BOXES.

AS so many people now use incandescent light, I feel sure the accompanying photograph, showing a doll's house made from the boxes in which the gas mantles are bought, will prove of interest to your readers, or, at any rate, to their children. As will be seen, very little beside the empty boxes is needed to build such a house, and its general appearance is certainly more pleasing and artistic than that of many dolls' houses for which high prices are asked. Photograph by S. Carr, Ramsgate.—Mr. T. R. Gair, Torrington Villas, Northwood, near Ramsgate.

AN AMUSING ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following advertisement, which was circulated in Iquique some little time back, may be of interest to some of your readers. It is a very good example of English as it can be sometimes expressed in a foreign country.—Mr. J. C. Hardie, Iquique, Chile.

NOTICE

Jhave the pleasure of fferlng to the public at most moderate.

Prices the following novelties which owino tc the fact of sheir being seldon made in Iquiqne wi J. treust find favour amonjst those who apprecia te these little luscuries.

Corned Spice Beel
,. Plain Beef
,, Breaest of mutton rolled
,, Pickleed posk

Olso Brown Breed and Scones. & &.

Y guarantee that once you try these you wel be well satisfie as they are made of the best ingredients thas can ße procured and wilh the greatest care, all orderes will be promptly attended any famile requireng any of the above goods please give their orders to

J. SMITH.

A CURIOUS CRUCIFIX.

WAYSIDE crucifixes are familiar objects to travellers in Roman Catholic countries, but the one shown in our illustration constitutes perhaps a record in its completeness. It is thus described by Mr. W. H. Wolff, in his "Rambles in the Black Forest": "Above the cross is the familiar cock (of St. Peter). The Saviour's body is surrounded by little angels flitting adoringly about. On the cross there are fixed a chalice, the vessel from which the gall and the wine were taken, a hammer, and a mallet. Suspended from it are, on one side Judas's bag, on the other one of the lanterns borne by those who came into the garden. Lower down on the stem is a representation of Veronica's sudary; below it, our Lord's seamless garment; then come the soldiers' dice, the Mariola (image of the Virgin) in a yellow dress, and below that a ladder and a sword crossed; lower still is a twisted rope, a spiked club, a sheaf of something painted red, a scourge, a lily, and a burning torch, a hand extending from a blue sleeve, and at bottom is a fragment of a pillar — probably designed to indicate the destruction of Jerusalem. Behind the Saviour's body two spears are crossed."—Mr. H. J. Lewis, 46, Poet's Road, N.

AN INSECT WHICH SITS ON ITS EGGS.

FAMILY matters, in the case of insects, usually mean only the depositing of eggs in suitable situations for the independent development of the offspring, the parent insects often dying before the young appear. The earwig, however, provides a remarkable exception to the general rule, for it sits upon its fifty or more eggs until they are hatched, just as a bird would do; and, moreover, if the eggs get scattered, it carefully collects them together again. In the early months of the year, when digging the soil, female earwigs may frequently be found together with their batch of eggs, as shown in the photograph. At the slightest signs of danger the young, that eventually come from the eggs, huddle close to their mother, hiding beneath her body as far as it will cover so large a family.—Mr. John J. Ward, Somerset Road, Coventry.

TOBIAS HOBSON,

The Cambridge Carrier, & the first man who Let out Hackney Horses and from whom Originated the famous Adage

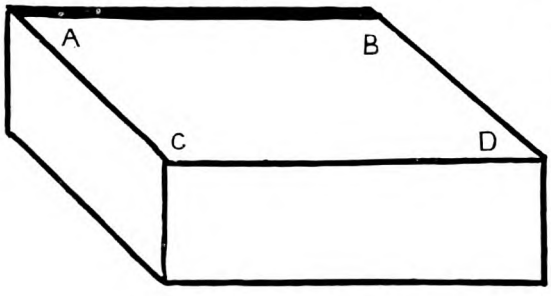
'Hobson's Choice that or none'

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"IT is a case of Hobson's choice," is a phrase that is used by many people without knowing exactly what it means. As a matter of fact, this adage has been handed down to us from the seventeenth century and had its origin in the eccentricities of one Tobias Hobson. This worthy was a carrier of Cambridge, who died in the year 1630. In addition to his ordinary business he kept a stable and let out horses to the students at the University. He made it an unalterable rule, however, that each animal should have an equal period of work and rest, and would never let one out of its turn. Consequently, instead of being allowed to select the steed they most fancied, his customers had to take the one that stood next to the door. If it did not meet with their approval they had to do without a ride. Hence, the proverbial expression "Hobson's Choice" used to signify a choice without an alternative.

THE DECEPTIVE SIZE OF A SIXPENCE.

I WAS making a diagram which required a circle, when, not having a compass handy, I thought I could make the circle by drawing a line round a sixpence, as the space seemed more than large enough. If the reader will try, however, he will see that it is impossible to get a sixpence between the lines A B and C D. — Mr. Geo. S. Guy, Clevedon, 47, Clayton Avenue, Wembley.



ERECT ICICLES.

THIS striking photograph shows the interior of the old Canadian Northern Railway's round-house (now disused) at Winnipeg, with the floor covered with an enormous number of icicles of all sizes standing upright. The icicles were caused by the snow on the roof thawing and falling through into the shed, where the temperature was below freezing-point.—Mr. Arthur Chaplin, 469, Gertrude Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada.

NATURE AS SCULPTOR.

THE yam shown in the accompanying photograph, which bears such an extraordinary likeness to the human form, was found by a Chinese vegetable-

planter amongst other yams in his garden at Bukit Timah, Singapore. Abnormal growths amongst fruits and vegetables are, of course, fairly common, but this one, I think, is of more than usual interest. — Mr. C. H. Clarke, 84, Waterloo Street, Singapore, Straits Settlements.

SOLUTIONS TO THE "DRAMATIC SITUATIONS" IN OUR APRIL NUMBER.

WE give below the titles for the seven pictures, as well as the missing words and details:—

	Title.	Missing Word and Detail.
1.	"The Rescue."	"ropes."
2.	"The Imprisoned Maniac."	"maniac."
3.	"Saved by a Balloon."	"grapnel."
4.	"Foiled!"	"bell cord."
5.	"A Father's Shame."	"burglar's kit."
6.	"The Burning House."	"fire."
7.	"The Trap-Door."	"ring."

SUNLIGHT ON SASKATCHEWAN.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON,

Author of "The New North" (D. Appleton and Co., London and New York).

THE life-blood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile:
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street;
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin red file;
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

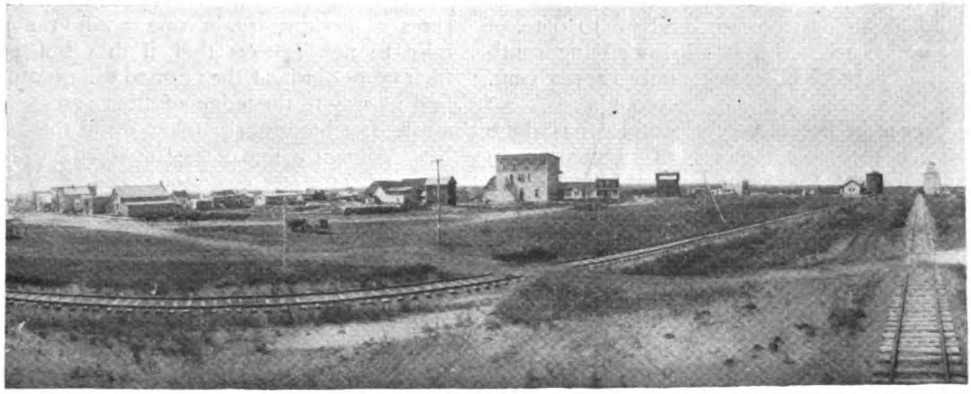
—CY WARMAN.

"WHAT and where is Saskatchewan?" asks the English brother, and the Canadian cousin thus addressed murmurs: "What do they know of England who only England know?"

Saskatchewan is the central one of Canada's three prairie Provinces. As large as France, twice the size of the British Isles, this wheat-growing mesa lies between Manitoba on the east, Alberta on the west, the United States on the south, and the 60th parallel on the north. Saskatchewan has a land surface of 155,000,000 acres, and the whole country lies at an average elevation of 1,500ft. above the level of the sea.

In her dower of sun and soil and stream Nature has been kind to this new land. The word "Saskatchewan" means "rushing water," the name given by the Indians to the great river which, rising in the Rockies, traverses the Province by two parallel branches from west to east, the total length of the stream being a full 1,200 miles.

A decade ago this vast Province was known only as a fur preserve, an Indian camping-ground, a wallow for the buffalo. To-day it is the goal of the greatest economic trek this world has ever known. Half the "home-



HOW A CANADIAN PRAIRIE TOWN GROWS UP, WITH A RAILWAY STATION AND A WHEAT ELEVATOR AS NUCLEUS—THE NEW TOWN OF RADISSON, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

steaders" who pushed into prairie Canada last year sought homes in Saskatchewan. Already into this sunny plain the greater flood-tide of 1910 is pouring. What is the lure that is drawing people to the heart of Saskatchewan? In one word—Wheat.

Over 7,000,000 acres were under crop in Saskatchewan in 1909. This Province produced 90,215,000 bushels of wheat last year, 105,465,000 bushels of oats, with 8,000,000 bushels of barley and 4,500,000 bushels of flax. These crop yields place Saskatchewan in the third rank among Provinces of Canada and States of the United States as a producer of wheat and oats. Minnesota and North Dakota are the only States which produce more wheat than Saskatchewan did last year. The State of Kansas, long considered the wheat-growing State *par excellence*, grew in 1909 only 87,000,000 bushels. In the average number of bushels per acre, in both wheat and oats, Saskatchewan stands head and ears above every State of the American Union.

ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY IN SASKATCHEWAN—ONE CAN'T SEE THE COUNTRY FOR THE WHEAT.

These figures are illuminating. But we are only at the beginning of things. All the present agricultural wealth of Saskatchewan is in the hands of 80,000 farmers, and up to date, of the arable acres of this Province lying south of the parallel of 55deg., only 12 per cent. has been brought under the plough.

Never in the history of Empire has there been a recorded increase of population to rival that of Saskatchewan; the five years between 1901 and 1906 witnessed here a population increase of 182 per cent. And hand in hand with the gain in population has gone the cultivation of the soil, the creation of new wealth. It is a fascinating story to read and to record.

The Canadian Northern Railway across this great wheat-plain has 1,000 miles of main line. At distances of seven miles along this whole length stations are built, and every station is a wheat-receiving and wheat-dispatching point. This is probably the only thousand miles of railroad in the world stretching its steel spine through a continuous wheat-field, the wheat-field of the famous Saskatchewan Valley.

The story of the bringing of this virgin soil under the plough reads like a fairy-tale. It is the growth of Jonah's gourd corrected to the latitude of Saskatchewan. Between Saskatoon and Kindersley, along this railroad, 125 miles of new line were completed last autumn, and with the close of the season over 3,000,000 bushels of wheat moved out of the virgin district.

In the year 1902 there were but three settlers between the points of Lumsden and Saskatoon, a distance of 160 miles; in the season of 1909 the Canadian Northern Railway moved 9,000,000 bushels of wheat out of this district. These facts are significant. They show many things: they prove how quickly the prairie has been opened up, how abundantly fruitful the soil is in this favoured land, how great is the opportunity for individual effort.

History is looking backward that we may intelligently look forward. Riding through these acres of nodding grain one reads the promise to new settlers that, if they but grow their crops of wheat, the railroad will eventually find its way to the edge of their acres. Are all the free homesteads taken up in this belt? No. Along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, between Saskatoon and Calgary in the Kindersley country, are still available vacant homesteads. But they will not last much longer. The American cousin, always alert to grasp the skirts of happy chance, is coming in by the hundred and occupying this pleasant valley. If the English brother wants his share in these homes among the yellow wheat, he must "speak now, or for ever hold his peace."

To-day Saskatchewan is a veritable crucible of colonization—a melting-pot of the races.

Climate, location, fecund soil, easy transportation—these are magnets which draw hither the increasing throngs of home-makers. "But is not all Western Canada remote and cold?" It is the question of the Doubting Thomas of the Motherland. One is forced to the conclusion that the present generation of home-cleaving Englishmen imbibed but little Empire geography in between the cricket matches, football rushes, and Latin verses of their boyhood. Someone once "in the beginning" formulated the doctrine that Canada is cold. The idea is insistent, persistent. Is it consistent?

The following of parallels of latitude across the map is fascinating and full of surprises. Denmark, Holland, Belgium, half of Russia, the greater part of Germany stretch as far northaswhere Regina on her Pile-o'-Bones Creek stands, the capital of Saskatchewan and the headquarters of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Farther north than the present wheatfields of Saskatchewan lie the European capitals of Edinburgh, Christiania, and St. Petersburg.

ONE OF THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE STARTING OUT FOR PRAIRIE DUTY.

Saskatchewan is cold in the winter. It could not grow bumper harvests of hard wheat if it were not. The elevation above sea-level gives this Province a clear and dry atmosphere; with its comparatively light precipitation, its preponderance of clear sunlight, this is essentially a healthy and liveable land. Saskatchewan is free from floods, blights, earthquakes, and cyclones.

Valuable forests, co-operative dairies, the richest furs in the world, the cattle on a thousand hills, the most generous school system in the Empire, free farms of 160 acres each – these are chapters in Saskatchewan's story of which here only the headings can be given. This young Province boasts 400,000 horses and half that number of milch-cows, with more than half a million head of other animals—giving us a grand total of agricultural assets aggregating in value £35,000,000. The Clydesdale horses of Saskatchewan are among the foremost in North America.

North of the fertile acres stretches a fascinating hinterland, with much to tempt the big-game hunter, the angler, and the wing shot. Moose, cariboo, and both black-tail and white-tail deer are found in the wooded country; waterfowl breed in the reedy margins of the lakes. In the autumn and winter the hunting of coyotes with horse and dogs gives many an exciting chase, while the grey wolf is still in evidence. The writer two summers ago took trout on Athabasca Lake which ran between thirty and forty pounds and eagerly rose to the fly.

But again we hark back to the wheat. In the past the United States sent food-stuffs north to Canada, while Canadian youth wandered south across the parallel of 49deg. to find careers and cash in the wider arena of the American States.

The international pendulum of immigration and exports between Canada and the United States has begun to swing backwards. Last year 100,000 farmers from the United States, with their wives and babies, steam-ploughs and reapers, horses, kine, and kindred, trekked north to find better conditions in Canada. It is estimated that each of these farmers brought with him as evidence of previous thrift, in cash or its equivalent, a capital of £200 sterling.

Western Canada is getting American brain and brawn in the person of these transplanted farmers. Soon she will be furnishing the United States of America with bread and breadstuffs. It is estimated that within forty years the Americans will require annually 400,000,000 more bushels of wheat than they can grow. If every person living in

the United States ate wheaten bread, the United States could not export a bushel of grain or one barrel of flour in this year of grace 1910. As it is, the imports of Canadian wheat into the United States are increasing steadily and rapidly, and within five years Americans will draw heavily on Canada for their food supply. When the United States ceases to export wheat the market price will be fixed by their local demand, and not at Liverpool, as now. This opens up a fascinating field of protection polemics which we may not now exploit, but which goes to prove that if, as the copy-books used to state, "there are two sides to every question," to this one at least the sides are three.

Turning in the saddle for our parting look at Saskatchewan, it is not the acres of serried wheat which hold the gaze and grip the imagination; it is the human factor in the problem of Empire-making—the man behind the plough. Of every nation is he. English-speaking people predominate in the drama of the wheat; a new nation is evolving on these fecund plains, and every country in the world contributes fibre to the fabric. Here is a German who has just stepped out of Grimms' fairy-tales, there a statuesque Scandinavian, here a Syrian shepherd in his sheepskin.

Destiny is at work here, and while the ostensible object of every man's life would seem to be the production of forty-bushel wheat, consciously or unconsciously he is creating a public opinion which will solidify into the ethics and ideals of this new Belt of Homes. Here everything is formative, and the human unit looms large. Western Canada will have her problems to face in working out her system of self government, but the whole situation is sane and hopeful. As one self-expatriated American citizen from Texas expressed it: "The laws are much the same in Canada as in the States, but in Canada they are better kept." In the new wheat cities local government is admirably organized and law is respected; the border ruffian has never held sway, the desperado class does not exist. When a frontier is crossed in the mad rush to gold-mines the sharper, the gambler, the "bad man" are the advance guard. It is the young, the strong, the hopeful, and the helpful who answer the call of the wheat.

A SETTLER'S FIRST HOME IN THE WHEAT-BELT OF WESTERN CANADA.

Criminals are not attracted into border-lands patrolled by the Royal North-West Mounted Police. The young school-teacher, whose modest trunk or kit-bag follows the big, red steam-plough over the prairie's edge, is sufficient guarantee that no criminal class is being allowed to form here, where the children of fifty nationalities crowd the prairie school-houses of the silver Saskatchewan.

Cocoa and Oil in the West Indies.

IN the West Indies, if sugar is king, a fitting royal consort is forthcoming in cocoa.

We all drink cocoa at some time or other—the consumption of it in recent years has been enormous throughout Europe. But how vague are the ideas of many of us concerning its growth and culture.

The cocoa plant is an evergreen which grows to a height of fifteen to thirty feet, bearing bright-pointed leaves from eight to twenty inches in length. The flowers and fruit, which it bears at all seasons of the year, grow off the trunk and the thickest part of the branches, with stalks only an inch long. The fruit is a large five-celled pod whose length varies from seven to nine and a half inches, and whose breadth is generally three or four inches. The colour varies from bright yellow to red and purple. The plants, when placed in suitable positions, begin to bear fruit in about the third or fourth year after they are planted; but in order to strengthen the tree the flowers are cut off for the first few years, and thus a cocoa plantation does not begin to bear to any appreciable extent until its fifth year, the yield increasing gradually until its twelfth year. On some estates there are trees a hundred years old still producing the finest cocoa, though, of course, on a reduced scale. The principal crop begins in October and November, and continues till the end of April, while there is a smaller crop in June.

It was the Spaniards who were responsible for the introduction of cocoa, as well as sugar, into the West Indies. When the possession of the West Indies passed out of their hands, the Spaniards left behind them well-established cocoa plantations—cocoa walks they were then called—in Jamaica, and the new industry spread rapidly over the other islands. To-day it is even more important in Trinidad than the sugar industry, and in Granada and

SHELLING COCOA. [*By courtesy of Algernon E. Aspinall.*

THE DERRICK OVER WELL NO. 3 OF THE CANADIAN OIL EXPLORATION COMPANY ON GUAYAGUAYARE BEACH.

Dominica only sufficient sugar is grown to satisfy local needs. The average annual quantity of the total exports of cocoa from the British West Indies is now nearly twenty-five thousand tons.

But if cocoa is fast taking the place of sugar in the West Indies, it seems likely that in a little while it, in turn, will be deposed—in Trinidad, at any rate. The discovery of petroleum in Trinidad has opened up a new and most promising future for that island. A glance at the map will show that in Jamaica and Trinidad Great Britain owns islands that guard the gateways of the Caribbean Sea. It has long been known that Trinidad would make an ideal naval base were it not for the lack of fuel. So with the discovery of petroleum in Trinidad, its increasing use as a fuel for naval purposes, and the completion of the Panama Canal in the near future, it is possible that Trinidad may rise to great importance, lying as it does at one of the most important points of what will be the great trade route.

The story of the discovery of the oil is a curious one. The then manager of the Colonial Bank had an estate (Aripero) for sale, with asphalt on it, and in addition there was found a dark green liquid pulsating up and down in a kind of tube. This liquid was found to be petroleum of a very fine quality. Its calorific value was tested by the Electric Light and Power Company of Trinidad, and also in the laboratory, and was found to equal 18·2. The crude oil contained a very large percentage of petrol, an article which is in increasing demand, and also a very high percentage of illuminating oil. In one sample of crude oil obtained from a natural spring no less than seventy-two per cent. of the same was illuminating oil of a very high character; in fact, it has been analysed by a New York firm of analysts, and was pronounced equal in illuminating value to almost double that of Pratt's Astral oil. The residues of the crude oils consist of lubricating oil, with a small percentage, five to six per cent. only, of solid bitumen. One of the oils that have been discovered is very rich in lubricating oil, and could be used as drawn from the No. 4 well for that purpose. If the Navy of the future is to be fed with oil-burning furnaces, then in Trinidad there is a magnificent supply of the fuel that would be required.

DRYING THE GOLDEN BEAN.

FOUR TOY CAPITALS.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON (ONTARIO).

WITH what a shock does the visitor to fertile Ontario hear the train-conductor call out "London!" and his fellow-passenger tell him that he is now crossing the Thames, that yonder spire is St. Paul's Cathedral, and yonder wide thoroughfare Piccadilly.

But when in the course of the same day he comes to and speeds away from Paris, Berlin, and Dublin, is not his curiosity excited? Does he not naturally seek to know something about these four toy capitals, which have grown up and are now thriving in what was formerly Canada West, but which, in view of the gigantic strides of the prairie provinces, is West no longer.

London is a busy place of some 40,000 inhabitants, situated in the County of Middlesex, settlers from its mighty counterpart at home. It has good railroad connections with all points east and west between Montreal and Chicago, and is also a point of importance in the routes from the West to the American cities of the Atlantic coast. Its public market-place is one of the finest and busiest in the world. All classes of agricultural produce have their mart there, and, because of the grain output, London is the centre of a great brewing industry. Oil and salt are also largely produced in the district, and the culture of tobacco is increasing rapidly.

Half-way between Hamilton and Woodstock lies Paris—a Paris without boulevards, without ramparts, without wickedness, with only a single Frenchman, but not without a sense of humour. For the river becomes a Seine and the Presbyterian church Notre-Dame, and the Parisians of this Occidental Paris have been known to allude jocularly to their little opera-house as the "Théâtre Français." But if the solitary Frenchman of the old Paris misses many things in Paris, Ont., he is constrained to admit that the girls of Paris are wholesome and pretty, and that poverty and privation are unknown here. Paris is rapidly growing into fame as a manufacturing town, and is clean and well-built.

Berlin has a population of 10,000 people.

VIEW OF PARIS (ONTARIO).

The inhabitants are mostly German, though some of the early settlers were of Dutch and Swiss origin. All brought to the town of their adoption those habits of thrift and industry so characteristic of their ancestors in the old lands. A fair sprinkling of the Anglo-Saxon element is also present, and all classes work together in harmony to advance the highest interests of the town. That they have succeeded, and are succeeding, is a statement which cannot be successfully challenged. In 1835 the first newspaper was established in the German language. In 1852, after an exciting contest with Galt, the village was honoured by being chosen as the county seat. The good news was brought from Brantford by a negro courier, and occasioned great rejoicing, which found expression in a display of fireworks, public speeches, etc. In 1854 it was incorporated as a village, and in 1870 as a town. Ten years later it had gained some prominence as a commercial and manufacturing centre, and since then has forged rapidly ahead, until today it occupies an enviable place among the larger towns and lesser cities of the Dominion.

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN (ONTARIO).

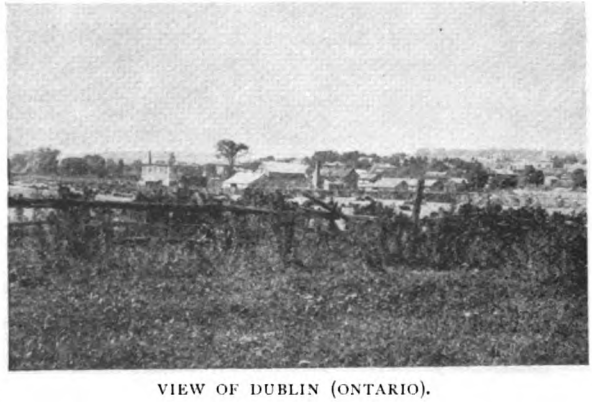
HOTEL GERMANIA, BERLIN (ONTARIO).

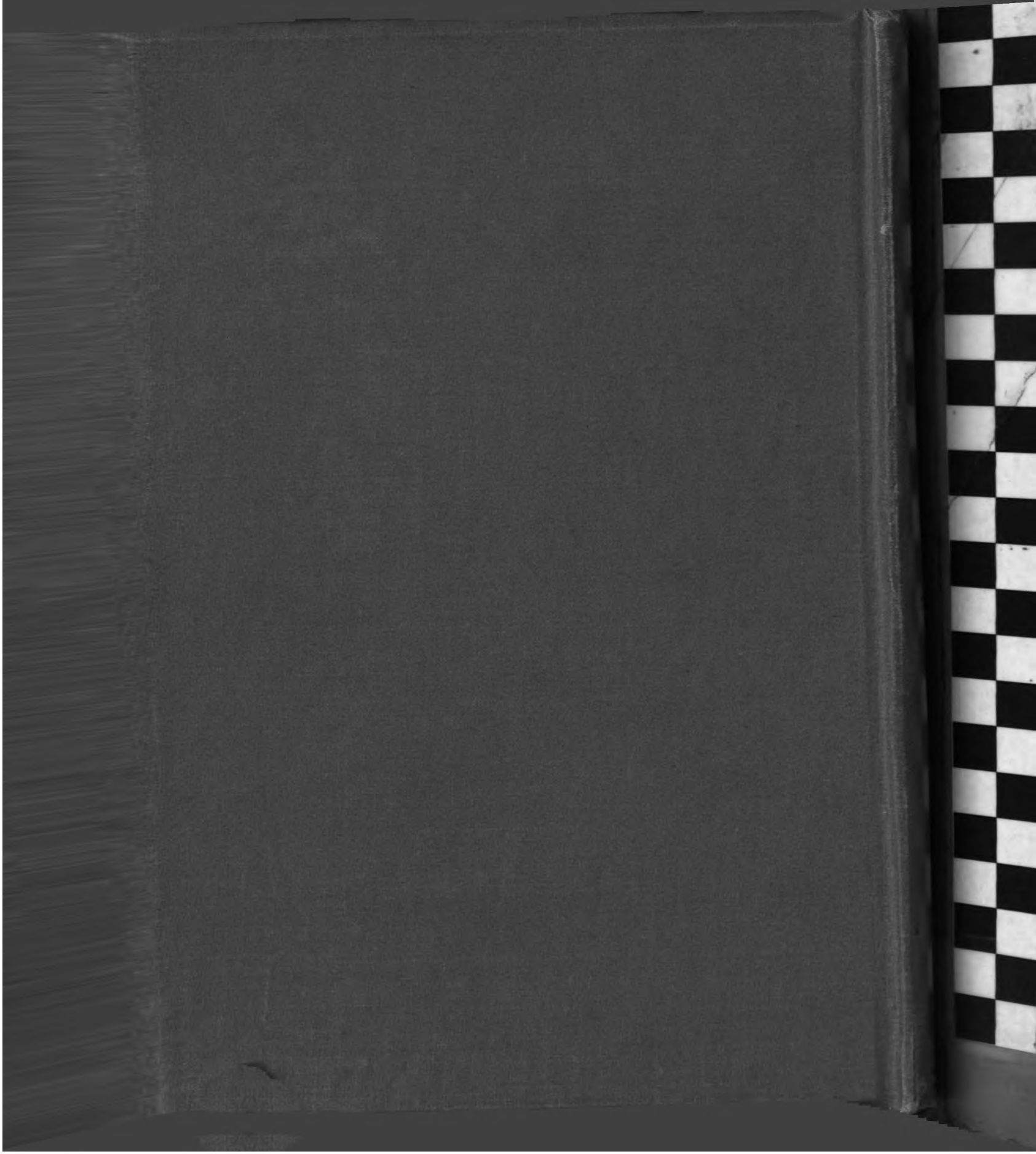
Berlin is beautifully situated in the heart of one of the best counties in Canada, of which it is the legislative, judicial, and commercial centre. For many miles around lie rich agricultural lands, unsurpassed anywhere in fertility.

An interesting story of the selection of the present name of the town has been handed down. Early in the '30's a group of villagers were seated one evening in the village inn, discussing the matter, when two strangers walked in and called for refreshments. The village spokesman, being curious, questioned them. "Where are you from?" was asked. "Berlin, Germany; and we are looking for homes." "Then," said the questioner, "settle here, and Berlin shall be the name of this place." And thus it was settled.

Berlin is, as it should be, the headquarters of the German immigrants of decades ago—a solid, virile class.

Berlin is especially noted as a manufacturing town. The wares sent forth from her busy workshops find a ready market in every corner of the Dominion, and even beyond the seas. So diversified are her industries that there is scarcely an article used for man's sustenance, either as food or apparel, that is not made within her gates.



VIEW OF DUBLIN (ONTARIO).

As for Dublin, its history is yet to be penned. So far its tale of prosperity is not great. But Paddy still tells his love to Norah by the Liffey, and both hope that with the steady influx of settlers that has characterized the province of late years, a Castle will still crown Dublin, and that wealth and power will come to Hibernia's new capital of the rejuvenated Ireland of the blissful future.